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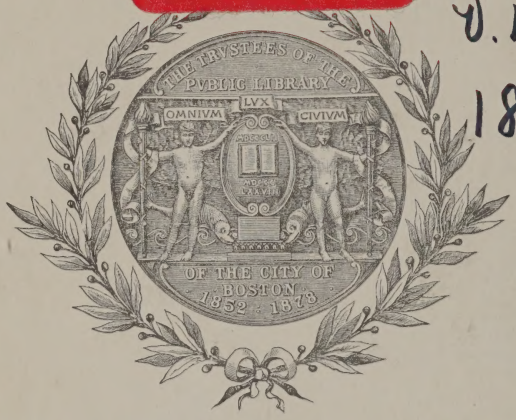

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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VOLUME XLVIII.—NUMBER 285

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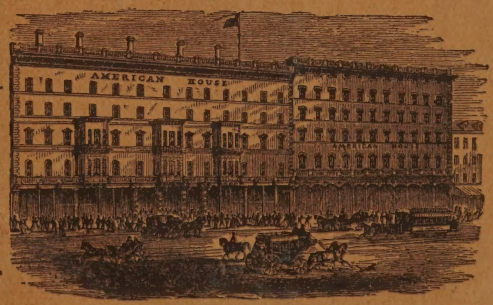

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MISCHIEF IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

The Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, in his History of Humor, remarks that in his investigations he encounters a formidable Demon of the Threshold. Any one who has studied the subject and attempted to unravel the mazes in which it is lost will understand at once what the demon is. It is one which causes almost hopeless confusion, entangles and ensnares the unwary, and inspires every student with a new definition. In a word, it is the demon which Mephistopheles represents himself to be when he says, "Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint," — the spirit that prompts every writer to differ with all others, and deny those conclusions which have been already arrived at. This bewildering uncertainty, which lies as a stumbling-block in the way of all researches as to the nature of humor, is as true with regard to its twin, mischief. Heretofore there has never been a monograph, much less a book, devoted solely to mischief; yet it forms a very common subject, distinct in itself, and, when clearly defined and understood, supplies the missing link in the moral world, bridging over the gulf between the animal creation and man. For mischief runs riot in those animals most distinguished for their intelligence, — in dogs, monkeys, and parrots; it characterizes the youth and childhood of the human individual and of the human race; it lights up with smiles the dim old mythologies of the world's childhood; it breaks out in the Middle Ages in the jesters and court-fools, in Pulcinello, the prototype of Punch; and it abounds and overflows in the rollicking Panurges and Eulenspiegels of literature.

Much confusion has arisen from the fact that the *noun*, mischief, has usually been defined as evil result, harm, or injury, and in this sense has been used by all standard English writers; whereas the *verb*, to be mischievous, conveys a very different meaning. But it is this latter signification, in accordance with the definition given by C. J. Smith in his Dictionary of Synonyms, that I would here adopt. I will then define mischief (*l'esprit malin*) as selfish wantonness or indulgence of animal spirits; that is, the desire of action not guided by reason, or the desire to feel one's own power, often inspired by humor, which is so common a part of enjoyment that it would almost seem as if, without it, mischief is no longer mischief. Malebranche says that the seventh condition of passion is "a certain sweetness which generally accompanies all passions, whether excited by good or evil. It is this joy which renders all our passions agreeable." This is the *dulcedo* of other writers contemporary with Malebranche. So we may say that the dulcedo, or joy which under-

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lies the successful achievement of mischief, is a feeling which would be equally excited by good or evil, and which belongs to neither. Morally it is

> "Half of one order, half another,
> A creature of amphibious nature,
> . . . . . .
> That preys on either grace or sin,
> A sheep without, a wolf within."

I sincerely trust that no one who reads these pages will consider any of the illustrations selected as simply humorous. There has hitherto been so little distinction between mischief *with* humor and humor *per se* that many who have not analytical minds will never learn the difference. As Mr. George H. Lewes found a gentleman whom he could not bring in three hours to understand the idea of substance without attribute, so I have found that there are those who cannot understand that there may be humor with or without mischief, or that the reckless or willful indulgence in fun involves something very different from fun itself. The difference is that between the will exerted with power and the instrument.

Mischief is often closely akin to pure evil. We see this in the Red Indian or South Sea Islander, who maliciously adds every conceivable torture to prolong the agonies of his victim, while the women and children, looking on, laugh with delight at each new contortion. But with the evolution of the moral sense, or the evolution of conduct, as Herbert Spencer calls it, the sympathies are gradually developed, until the connection between cruelty and the sense of humor is destroyed, and the cruel element, no longer the end desired, is merely a chance occurrence arising from the absence of reflection, though too often, unfortunately, evil in its results.

> "But evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart."

With this separation, mischief becomes gay, thoughtless, and merry, or the very spirit of youth, when an exuberance of mental activity is not counterbalanced by an equal development of the reasoning powers. This is true of races as well as of individuals, and hence we find the Middle Ages, when the Western world was young, overflowing with droll mischief. It was the order of the day. Artists and nobles, peasants and serfs, high and low, all dearly loved a jest, and went laughing through life as if it were a carnival, and one's only aim was to be jolly. There was a grotesqueness, a quaintness, a certain irresistible charm, about the mischief of those days which had never been before, and which can never be again. This was owing to two causes.

The first cause was this. When Christianity was established it had to wage war against a sensuality pervading every rank in life, and one which always marks a waning civilization. As a contradistinction to this the church went to the extreme of asceticism, and taught that all earthly pleasures are sinful. This doctrine was naturally accompanied by manifold evils. It prevented progress, for every new step forward brought with it greater attachment to the "lusts of the flesh." Pleasure is absolutely necessary to mental as well as physical development. Hence, the ignorance and degradation of that long period known as the Dark Ages, though originating in the incursions of barbarians, were heightened and prolonged by the promulgation of the strange doctrine of asceticism. But this could not last. Human nature will assert itself, and after the harsh and stern period there came the reaction. The scholastic philosophy, which had fettered the learned and been the limit of learning, vanished like night before the morning redness of the rising Renaissance. "The Occidental mind was then," says Professor Morris,[1] "like an overgrown, undisciplined boy, such as all savages are said to be. It celebrated its release from scholasticism and all its re-

[1] British Thought and Thinkers. By Prof. G. S. Morris. Chicago. 1880.

straints by hurling at it manly anathemas, very much as the boy, when the period of his youthful schooling is over, is apt to turn his back on the scene of his scholastic discipline and on his teachers with the exclamation, Good-by, old school! you can't rule me any longer!" It is no wonder that in such a state of society, when merriment burst its bands, mischief ran riot, and the lord of misrule became mighty.

The other cause for the merry roguery of the Middle Ages we find in the gradual civilization of the Northmen and their settlement over all Europe. These men, living in snow and ice, their long winter one endless night, seem from their very hardships and struggles to have evolved in a shorter time more sympathy than the Southern nations. There is a special tendency in the East and in Southern countries to associate pleasure with the exercise of cruelty. Though the Northmen were brutal enough, rough, unpolished warriors as they were, there was in them a queer, grotesque humor which softened their otherwise too rugged nature. Strong and invincible, they unconsciously influenced the people among whom they settled; and the spirit which arose from the blending of the rich humor of the North with the refined malice of the South rapidly made itself felt through Europe. We see it peeping out from the goblins and fantastic figures of Gothic architecture; we hear it in the merry shake of the cap and bells of the privileged fool; and we find it in the quaint literature of those days. Even Satan appears in a new light; we almost lose sight of the dignified Lucifer of the Hebrews, and in the Mephistophelian laugh which now accompanies all his exploits there is a gleam of the mischief-maker Loki. This stage of mischief served its good end. Luther and Calvin accomplished great reforms, but they might not have succeeded so readily had they been unaided by Rabelais, Ulrich von Hütten, and their brethren.

Every age is mirrored in its art and literature, and it is in them that the mischief of the Middle Ages is best studied. All Europe was nominally Christian, but more than a remnant of paganism remained, and there arose a new mythology, which embraced elements from all the old ones, producing a spirit world of demons, fairies, and goblins, and creating innumerable legends and superstitions. Many of these demons are represented, and their legends quaintly recorded, in the mediæval buildings and the illuminated manuscripts. From the walls of the old cathedrals monstrous figures look down upon us. Apes and foxes, youths and maidens with fair faces and bestial forms, hideous goblins with mouths distended in a diabolical grin, — every conceivable grotesqueness is there, until we wonder how the piety of the people could exist by the side of this seeming mockery. That it did have its effect upon their imagination is more than probable, for in some legends there is a marked confusion between the actual sculptured goblins and the weird visitants from the land of ghosts. This doubtless was the foundation of the Thuringian legend of a nun named Ursula. When alive, so the story goes, there was always something unearthly in her nature, and, while chanting matins and vespers, she continually made a howling noise like the hooting of an owl, for which reason she was nicknamed in the monastery Tûtursel, or Tooting Ursula. After death she became more deliberately mischievous. Returning to the convent chapel during the vesper hour, she would wander up to the ceiling or along the high wall, poke her head out through the carvings, and howl and wail like the wind. One day the sisters saw the goblin head peeping out from the Gothic tracery, pale and distinct against the deep tone of the background, and they ran, screaming, in a panic from the chapel. Duly exorcised, the Tûtursel was banished to the Hartz Mountains,

where she associated afterward with Hakelnburg, the Wild Hunter, who had sold his soul to the devil so that he might hunt to the day of judgment. She is the Owl always depicted in the Wild Hunt.

In the symbolism of that period queer three-legged frog-goblins, brazen and impudent, occur over and over again, as in China, and the monkey is made synonymous with the devil. In an illuminated manuscript the temptation of Adam and Eve is represented by a spiteful monkey sitting opposite to an innocent child, grasping it with one hand and holding an apple in the other. The sculptors and illuminators were especially fond of setting forth the fox as a humorous mischief-maker. In many cathedrals and manuscripts he is portrayed preaching to a flock of geese; or else in ecclesiastical garb, as in Japan, listening to priestly counsel, while from his hood peep out the heads of geese which he has captured, and with which he is making off. This conception of the fox as the type of cunning mischief reached its culminating point in the romance of Reineke Fuchs, where force overcome by craft, a favorite idea of the Middle Ages, is the moral of the tale.

In mediæval legends the scriptural Satan, no longer a spirit of pure evil or the arch-enemy of God, was transformed into a roguish demon. He was more like a droll hobgoblin playing tricks for his own amusement, and his "type" was the result of a queer combination of the pranks of the Northern Loki with the horns, tail, and cloven feet of the Southern Pan. He was easily recognized by his feet, his tail, or the strong smell of sulphur he left behind him. By no means all-powerful, he was often cheated and fooled. He was fond of bargaining for the souls of mortals, and, to seal such compacts, he required the signature of his victim written in blood. As compared with the Shemitic evil principle, or the awful demons and Northern trolls which had preceded him, he appears like a mischievous monkey. In all his representations, — and their name is legion, — there is one peculiarity which cannot possibly escape even the most inattentive: he is always depicted with a smirk of intense satisfaction at his own misdoings, joined to an inimitable expression of vulgar mischief. In one of the most popular of mediæval pictures demons are seen carrying the souls of the damned to hell; and very jolly work they seem to find it, for their mouths are stretched from ear to ear in hideous grins, and their grotesque features are contracted into that expression of demoniac fun which was perfected by the artists of the Middle Ages. The devil possessed to a marvelous extent the power of changing his form, and appeared in every shape: now, as a hunted stag, he led the hunter to the very brink of a deep precipice; or else, as in the legend of Floris II., Count of Holland, he came as a black dog, and hindered the workmen from filling up a certain dyke. Finally, a courageous workman caught the devil dog by the throat and hurled him into the abyss, whereupon they were able to proceed in their work; and the dam is to this day known as the Hundsdam, or the Dog's Dam. German students still call being in good luck "on the dam," and in misfortune "on the dog," but whether the sayings are connected with the legend is not recorded.

The devil as Friar Rush is the hero of a tale which was popular all over Northern Europe. Disguised as a simple youth, he became cook in a monastery, where he rendered himself valuable by his services. He pampered the good monks in all their secret foibles, but was at the same time mindful of his own relaxation. There is a proverb stating that God sends meat and the devil sends cooks, which was verified in the story of Friar Rush; only that, instead of cooking badly, as the proverb

would lead us to infer, he dinnered them so deliciously that he led his brethren into all the sins of luxury. I do not know whether we find here a reason why the *marmiton*, or pot-boy, in a French kitchen is so often called *le diable*, but men have been called devils for less. On one occasion Friar Rush secretly supplied every brother in the monastery with a heavy wooden stick, and when they were in their chapel chanting matins, before dawn, he, with subtle cunning, engaged them in a quarrel, which grew in intensity until each monk in turn drew forth his staff, and the battle began in real earnest. When the strife was at its height, and the good brothers were belaboring each other in the most unchristian-like manner, Rush blew out the lights, and then settled himself down to pure enjoyment of the wild scene of confusion that followed. He was so sly that in all his pranks he was never suspected, and his reign was long and merry. But the time of retribution came. One night when he went to attend a meeting of the spirits of evil, he was seen by a man who had concealed himself in a hollow tree. In the old black-letter story this meeting on the heath is made very picturesque in the Northern style. The man who witnessed the whole performance, "on the wild wold by demon light aglow," related it promptly to the abbot. Friar Rush was plentifully sprinkled with holy water, and, through the exorcisms of the abbot, was transformed into a horse and condemned to hardships little suited to his jovial nature. This story shows the identity of the evil spirit with the mere tricksy goblin. We lose all memory of a "Fende from Helle," and think of him only as a Robin Goodfellow.

As distinct as the mythology of Greece or Scandinavia was the fairy mythology of mediæval Europe. It borrowed from the one grace and sensuous recklessness, from the other ruggedness and humor, and formed a whole of sprightly mischief. Fairies, imps, hobgoblins, demons, and a hundred other spirits played in a fairy-land of their own. They were neither malevolent nor benevolent; they were simply mischievous. Sometimes visible, sometimes invisible, they never tired of teasing and fooling stupid mortals. In-doors, they upset the furniture; made strange noises; gayly flitted from one person to another, pulling their hair, pinching them, and ingeniously practicing on them every kind of minor torture. Out-of-doors, their tricks were more boisterous; it seemed as if the fresh air intoxicated them. They misled the traveler, guiding him into morasses and brambly thickets; or, appearing in the shape of a horse, one would stand quietly grazing, the picture of gentleness, until some unlucky man was tempted to mount him, and then away he flew, over heath and bog, over fen and moor, until the rider fell off, bruised and exhausted. They haunted wine-cellars and drank up the beer and wine, and were especially fond of playing this trick on the monks, whose love of good eating and drinking was then proverbial. Their kinship to Friar Rush was made apparent, for like him they succumbed at the first touch of holy water. In a certain monastery barrel after barrel of wine was mysteriously consumed, and not all the watching in the world could bring the thief to light. Finally, in despair, the monks sprinkled the barrels with holy water. In the morning, when they went down to examine the premises, lo! astride of one of them was a little shaggy elf, imprisoned there by the power of the sacred spell. This story frequently recurs in the literature devoted to this fairy mythology, of which the old ballad of Robin Goodfellow may be taken as a fair specimen; for mischievous Robin was the type of all the Pucks and tricksy elves of the Elizabethan period.

The mischief of the Middle Ages is again set forth in the jongleurs and court-fools. The object of the jesters

was, like that of the *mimi* of antiquity, to make people laugh until their sides ached, as Mürner says in his introduction to Tyll Eulenspiegel. To accomplish this end any folly was permitted. They played tricks worthy of Robin Goodfellow; they danced and tumbled, they grimaced and writhed; and every new absurdity and far-fetched conceit was met with peals of admiring laughter. There was little real wit among them; their fun was of the rudest, and their jests were coarse and rough. In those days one of the favorite amusements of the nobles was *gabbing*. This is best described in the Voyage de Charlemagne, by the *trouvère*, Turold. It is interesting to know that, like the gentleman in Pickwick, Charlemagne had the gift of the gab "wery gallopin;" while we find that the expression is by no means a modern vulgarism, but one rendered memorable by a good old age and royal example. Charlemagne and his twelve peers had once been nobly entertained by King Hugo. When the feast was over, the guest party retired to their chamber, where the usual after-dinner amusement began. As the wine passed around, the mirth became more hilarious and the jests bolder. The first gab was made by Charlemagne. With vaunts more flattering to himself than to his royal host, he declared that he could with utmost ease perform deeds of valor by which Hugo and his court would be discomfited and dishonored. Oliver's boasts were not complimentary to the king's fair daughter; while Turpin, the archbishop, nothing daunted by his clerical dignity from enjoying a good gab, boasted that he could execute tricks far surpassing those of ordinary mountebanks and jesters. The party grew jollier, and each tried to outvie the other; but their mirth was destined to a sad result. A spy, who had concealed himself in the room and listened to their jokes, reported all that had passed to Hugo, who became wrathful; and nothing short of a miracle and a gentle maiden's kindness would have saved them. If such was the coarse fun of the nobility, one cannot be surprised at the pranks and follies of the jesters, who had no other aim in life than to excite laughter.

One of the privileges the fool acquired with his cap and bells was perfect freedom of speech. With an air of simplicity he hurled his mischievous abuse at kings and bishops, knights and ladies, on every occasion. His boldest sallies met with less reproof than sympathetic applause. His seeming stupidity added immensely to the joke. Owing to their enormous popularity the fools were duly celebrated in poetry and prose, while their cap and bells and other insignia of folly found their place with the demons and grotesque animals of Gothic architecture, and, ornamenting the margin of manuscripts, served as a merry contrast to the weighty matter of many a ponderous tome.

Of all the fools of fiction or of reality there is not one who stands out in such bold relief, as a good-natured rogue and insatiable mischief-maker, as Tyll Eulenspiegel. He is irresistible. Whether we follow him to the bee-hive where he set the two thieves to fighting, while he made his escape, undetected; whether we accompany him to the church spire in Magdeburg on that famous occasion when he assembled crowds around the church, only to tell them they were bigger fools than he was himself; or whether we are witnesses of his imposture upon so august a person as the Pope, we cannot resist laughing heartily with him, while we admire his amazing ingenuity. His mischief began from his earliest years. His mother boasted that he had received three baptisms; for, as she carried him home from the baptismal font, she dropped him in the mud, and in consequence Master Tyll had his third plunge in a basin of water. Perhaps the mud counteracted the good

which should have come from his Christian initiation. However that may be, from that day forward he became the scourge of every town to which he went, so that to many he could return only well disguised. His adventures were various. He assumed every profession and every character. Doctor, magistrate, missionary, cook, priest, baker, — he was all these, and many things besides. He passed through as many professions as Louis Philippe does in the caricatures of Gavarni. But his cap peeped out at the most solemn moments, and the ring of his bells revealed the jester. There is a single idea incarnate in every popular book, in which it recurs like the refrain in a ballad, and constitutes the true charm. That in Baron Münchausen is lying adventure; that of the Seven Suabians is great stupidity allied to petty cunning, that of the Hindu Guru Simple is the same, with pretense of superior wisdom; that of Eulenspiegel is the literal execution of every command in such a way as to defeat its object by carrying it out too literally. He obeyed to the letter, but never to the spirit.

Gifted with the wisdom of infinite impudence, nothing daunted him. He was no misshapen goblin, but, like Le Glorieux, a handsome man. Added to this he possessed enormous physical strength and coolness. When the occasion required it, he could leave his mischief, and go forth from the town to slay a wolf. Slinging its dead body over his shoulders, he was as unconcerned as Thor was when he went on his expeditions against the trolls. This denotes clearly his Northern origin. He was ready for every emergency. Where a greater man would have been lost forever, the rogue shone with increased brilliance. Tricks were played upon him which he, in his sagacious folly, turned to his own profit. True to himself, his last thoughts were devoted to mischief. Dying, he made a will, in which he left his possessions, all contained in one large box, to be divided among his friends, the council of Müllen, and the parson of that town. But when his heirs opened the box they found only stones. Over Eulenspiegel's grave was placed a stone, on which was cut an owl, a looking-glass, and the following lines, recalling Shakespeare's epitaph:

> "Here lies Eulenspiegel buried low,
> His body is in the ground;
> We warn the passenger that so
> He move not this stone's bound."

Eulenspiegel was the true child of his age. Had we no other records of mediæval Europe, we could read its home-life in the Marvelous Adventures of Master Tyll. Wanton playfulness — mischief for the sake of mischief — is the key-note to the whole book, as it is to the wonderful centuries which separated the barbarism of the Dark Ages from the light of the Renaissance, — a period little understood by the world of the nineteenth century.

In the palmy days of jesters and fools, and of the grotesque in literature and art, the church was at its zenith. The clergy were all-powerful, but they had their weak points. Or rather their very weaknesses arose from their greatness. It was the dignity attached to the clerical character which made the priests and monks an inexhaustible subject for mischievous satire. Gluttony, personified by a fat, comfortable-looking monk, devouring in solitary enjoyment a dish of cakes, while a rakish little imp held up the dish for him, was an exquisite joke to the faithful. Equally mirth-inspiring was such a poem as one written by Nigellus Wireker in the twelfth century, in which a jackass figures as the hero. After going to Paris and plunging into every dissipation, the jackass became penitent and resolved to amend his ways. He turned his thoughts to the monastic life as the best road for repentance, and this gave him the opportunity to open the flood-gates of ridicule

upon the numerous religious orders. Each in turn was severely handled, until, in despair, the hero resolved, like Rabelais's Friar John, to found an order of his own. A monk was the victim of the crowning exploit of that fascinating good-for-nothing, François Villon, if we can believe the story as told by Rabelais.

But the period of careless light-heartedness, of gay *insouciance*, was coming to a close. Villon was a rake and a rogue, a very dare-devil in his flights of fun; but he was at the same time a melancholy man, as thoroughly convinced of the nothingness of life as are his pessimist admirers of our generation. Passing from its youth into manhood, the world was growing conscious of its ignorance. A rebound was about to follow the reaction, for such is the world's history, — reaction succeeding reaction, and so on, *ad infinitum*. A flood of learning was spreading over Europe. Greece was disclosing her rich treasures of literature and art. Mighty men were rising to awaken the people from the slumber of superstition and folly, and lead them to the everlasting light of science and learning. It was time to cast off the childish state, and with it the cap and bells, and all savoring of mischief. But, as often the highest flame will flare up from the dying embers, so the old spirit of misrule, making one last effort before it perished, produced the most perfect incarnation of mischief the world had yet seen. This was Panurge. Rabelais's other characters, Gargantua, Pantagruel, Friar John, were giants of jovial humor, but there was wisdom beneath their folly. Not so with Panurge, who thought of nothing, cared for nothing, but mischief. His tricks were always elaborate, the result of deep study and forethought. Now he is represented as lying in wait for the night-watch; as they came up a certain hill, he overturned a cart, hurling it with such force toward the poor men as to knock them over and over, — "like so many pigs," Rabelais says. Again, he saluted them with a well-laid train of gunpowder, "and then made himself sport to see what good grace they had in running away. . . . He commonly carried a whip under his gown, wherewith he whipped without remission the pages, whom he found carrying wine to their masters, to make them mend their pace. In his coat he had about six and twenty little fobs and pockets always full, one with some lead water and a little knife as sharp as a glover's needle, wherewith he used to cut purses; another with some kind of bitter stuff, which he threw into the eyes of those he met; another with clot-burs pinned with little geese or capons' feathers, which he cast upon the gowns and caps of honest people; . . . in another he had a good stock of needles and thread, wherewith he did a thousand little devilish pranks." Panurge, and after him the immortal Falstaff, were the last of the jolly crew. The Renaissance and the Reformation brought with them a seriousness and thoughtfulness that made wanton playfulness for the many an impossibility. The fun that remained acquired a more dignified tone, and satire, no longer the outcome of exuberance of spirits, became an instrument for great ends.

Man has progressed steadily since the Middle Ages, and the gains have been immense, but we cannot look back upon the good old times of minstrels and troubadours without a sigh of regret. No doubt the discomforts, physical and spiritual, were enormous. There were pestilences, famines, and dirt, but over all is thrown a charm as we listen to the silken rustling of fair ladies' robes, the twanging of troubadours' lutes, and the merry laugh of light-hearted men and women. It is the old story. The present may be happy, there may be glorious hopes for the future,

"Mais où sont les neiges d'autan?"

Elizabeth Robins.

TRIAL BY JURY IN CIVIL SUITS.

THERE is in the community a widespread distrust of the trial by jury. Its results are commonly spoken of as utterly uncertain. It is said that reasons alien to the merits of a cause are likely to decide it; that the relative ability of the parties to bear an unfavorable verdict is often quite conclusive; that a corporation has little chance of justice; that the plaintiff, having the closing argument, has an undue advantage; that a decently veiled unscrupulousness in the advocate is pretty sure to win, when opposed only by learning, talent, and integrity. Such charges are constantly made, and meet with little contradiction. Nor is this merely the loose talk of irresponsible grumblers. Baron Bramwell, on examination before the Law Courts Commission (Scotland), said, "If I wanted nothing but the truth in a particular case, I should prefer the verdict of a judge, and it seems to me impossible to doubt he is the preferable tribunal. . . . In an action against a railway company, they [juries] generally go wrong; in actions by tradesmen against gentlemen, in questions whether articles supplied were necessary to an infant or wife, they are sure to go wrong; in actions for discharging a servant, they generally go wrong; in actions as to malicious prosecution, they are always wrong." Mr. Patrick Fraser, well known as an advocate and law author, before the same commission said, "I think it [jury trial] the biggest farce that ever was instituted for the investigation and settlement of civil rights. . . . In a number of cases, unless the judge takes the case out of their hands, the verdict is sure to be one way. . . . But, apart from my opinion, the practical result is this: we have tried it for fifty years, and it has entirely failed. You can't bring people to the jury court. Merchants in Glasgow say they would rather resign their rights and interests altogether than submit their cases to a jury."

On the other hand, the institution has been the subject of a great deal of indiscriminate eulogy. Blackstone declares it to have been in use among the earliest Saxon colonies; to be more than once insisted on in Magna Charta as the principal bulwark of liberty; to be the most transcendent privilege which any subject can enjoy or wish for. And he concludes that Montesquieu had no right to infer that the liberties of England must in time perish from the fact that Sparta, Carthage, and Rome had lost theirs, since they were strangers to the trial by jury. So Judge Story, speaking of the seventh amendment of the constitution, says, "It places upon the high ground of constitutional right the inestimable privilege of trial by jury in civil cases." So, De Tocqueville: "C'est donc le jury civil qui a réellement sauvé les libertés de l'Angleterre."

The founders of our state and national governments regarded it as all important. By the constitution of 1780 it was secured for Massachusetts; and eight years later the opponents of the federal constitution found their most hopeful point for attack in the failure to provide for it in express terms. The friends of the constitution replied that it was already provided for in fact, if not in terms; but they yielded to the objection so far as to accompany the adoption of the constitution with a proposal to amend in this particular; and the amendment was made.

It is generally true that institutions have at some time met actual needs, or, at least, were the best attainable when they originated; but it does not follow that they are adapted to the wants

of a subsequent age. Time takes the soul out of them, and leaves the form, like the husks and stalks of last year's corn, — rubbish fit only to be burned. So it comes that they often continue to *be* long after they cease to be useful, and that the fact of being is small proof of the right to be. It may be considered as at least doubtful whether this institution has any rightful place in the world of to-day.

A brief sketch of the origin and history of trial by jury in civil suits, showing the modes of trial it displaced and the wants it met, will be a fitting introduction to an inquiry into its adaptation to the needs of modern society.

Recent investigations have shown Blackstone's statement that it was in use among the earliest Saxon colonies to be erroneous. It came into being by gradual development, and it would be as difficult to say when it began to be as to say when the acorn-sprout becomes an oak-tree; but it may be safely said that nothing that can properly be called by its name existed in England prior to the Norman Conquest.

Mr. Hallam has published a translation of an ancient record of a suit tried in a county court about 1025. It is invaluable for the light it throws upon the mode of conducting civil suits among our Saxon ancestors. We have room only for an abstract: "It is made known by this writing" that in the shiregemot held at Agelnothesstane there sat the bishop, the alderman and his son, and Leofwin, Wulfig's son, and the sheriff, and all the thanes of Herefordshire. Then came to the mote Edwin, son of Enneawne, and sued his mother for some lands. The bishop asked who would answer for his mother. Thurkil the White said he would if he knew the facts, which he did not. Then three thanes went to her and inquired what she had to say about the lands. She replied she had no lands that belonged to her son, and fell into a "noble passion" against him; and calling for Leofleda, her kinswoman, the wife of Thurkil the White, said to her, before them all, "This is Leofleda, my kinswoman, to whom I give my lands, money, clothes, and whatever I possess, after my life," and bade them be witnesses. Then they rode to the mote, and told all the good men what she had enjoined them. Then Thurkil addressed the court, and requested all the thanes to let his wife have the lands; and thus they did; and Thurkil rode to the church of St. Ethelbert, with the leave and witness of all the people, and had this inserted in a book in the church.

The thanes were the larger landholders. It is said that the ownership of six hundred acres carried with it the right to the dignity and name of a thane.

It is to be noticed that this is a trial of the title to land, the most important of Anglo-Saxon possessions; that the decision is made by the whole body of the thanes in the county, and without evidence; that, apparently, the bishop is presiding; that the mother's unwritten will is allowed while she is still living; that the court appears to have no records of its own doings; and that the plaintiff loses his title to the lands if he had any, and the chance of inheriting from his mother if he had none. Here was a case of "trial by the country," probably, in the original sense of the term. It would seem to us that, under such a system, the right of property would be about as secure as if held at the will of a town-meeting.

There has floated down to our time an account of another trial of a title to land. The case was first heard by the county court, and afterwards was submitted by the court to thirty-six thanes, chosen by the parties. This seems an admission that the tumultuous assembly of the freeholders was not competent to deal with the question, and marks a greater advance toward the better methods of later times than we can else-

where find among the scanty memorials of the Saxon period.

We next cite a case which occurred soon after the Conquest. It is from Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales, credited to an ancient manuscript in the Cottonian library. It related to land in Kent, claimed by the sheriff for the king, and by the Bishop of Rochester as belonging to his see. The king commanded that all the men of the county, that is, probably, all the freeholders, should assemble to determine which had the better right. The decision was in favor of the king. The Bishop of Baieux, who presided, was not satisfied with the result, and commanded that if they knew their verdict to be true they should select twelve of their number to confirm on oath what all had said. The selection was made. The twelve retired to consider, and, as the account states, were alarmed by a message from the sheriff. Finally they took the oath. Afterwards some of the twelve confessed that the verdict was false, and the bishop had his land again.

Probably the appointment of a limited number to confirm on oath the verdict of the whole was not without precedent, but it does not appear to have been usual. In another suit for land, in the same reign, the decision is said to have been by all the men of the county — French, and especially English — skilled in the ancient laws and customs.

The grand assize was introduced in the reign of Henry II., about 1155. Glanville, writing about 1181, speaks of it as a royal benefit emanating from the clemency of the prince with the advice of his nobles, and designed to enable men to possess their rights in safety, and at the same time to escape the hazard of infamy and premature death in the duel. He gives a full detail of the proceedings. It applied only to real estate, and rights and services connected with it. After what would seem to us interminable excuses and delays, the defendant appeared to answer. The plaintiff then set forth his demand, and the defendant had his election to defend by the trial by battle or submit his case to the assize. If he elected the latter, the king's writ was issued requiring the sheriff to summon four lawful knights of the vicinage to elect twelve lawful knights of the vicinage, *who knew the truth*, to return on oath whether plaintiff or defendant had the better right. If, when the twelve assembled, it appeared that a part or all of them were ignorant of the matter, resort was had to others, until twelve at least were found who knew the truth of the matter. Their information of the merits of the cause must be "either from what they had personally seen and heard, or from the declarations of their fathers and from other sources equally entitled to credit as if falling within their own immediate knowledge." If the twelve found to possess adequate knowledge of the facts did not agree, others were added, until twelve at least were found who agreed in favor of one party or the other. Each of the knights summoned swore that he would neither utter falsehoods nor conceal the truth.[1] When Glanville wrote, it seemed to be unsettled whether, if twelve could not be found in the county who knew the facts, a smaller number could be heard at all.

The grand assize had authority to try only such cases as would otherwise be submitted to the trial by battle, and by no means all such cases. Glanville informs us that "debts arising either from a purchase or a borrowing are substantiated by the general mode of proof in court; in other words, either by a writing or by duel." It was undoubtedly moulded in a great measure upon forms of procedure already in use for other purposes.

Our early law writers speak of the jury; Bracton discusses it quite fully;

1 Glanville, Book II. chap. xvii., Beames' translation.

but, writing for contemporaries, they omit explanations quite essential to us. Questions of fact were tried by it, but we know little of the extent or nature of its jurisdiction or its mode of procedure. The jury consisted usually, but not always, of twelve persons. Sometimes we find it resorted to to settle collateral questions arising in an assize, as whether a party was of full age, whether plaintiff and defendant were descended from the same stock, etc.

In Glanville's time, the chief difference between the jury and the assize seems to have been in the nature of the questions tried by them, and this distinction was soon lost, and both came to be known as "the jury." But the fact important to this discussion is that whatever the name of the tribunal, the trial was but a *recognition*, a method of proof. The jurors were witnesses to what they knew or were supposed to know. Their duty was to find some fact or facts within their knowledge. As we have seen in the case of the assize, the knowledge required was not always what we call personal knowledge. Tradition and to some extent reputation were regarded as sufficient. When property consisted principally of land and domestic animals, the ownership would usually be known by persons in the vicinity. If the facts in controversy were not likely to be known, other methods of proof were resorted to. We find in the Year Books the following report of a case tried in 1292: A had leased a mill to B for ten marks. A's executors sued B for the ten marks, and claimed a jury. B said he did not owe the money and demanded the right to defend by wager of law. The plaintiffs replied that if their claim were for money lent, B might so defend; but inasmuch as they were demanding a debt on the lease of a mill, of which B was then seized, it was a matter of which *a jury might well have knowledge*. B was allowed his defense, and made it "twelve handed," that is, swore he did not owe the debt, and produced eleven of his neighbors who swore they believed him.

It seems highly probable that trial by recognition was of Norman origin, and was not known in England until after the Conquest. It is certain that it existed in Normandy. We have in the Grand Coustumier de Normandie an interesting account of the method of proceeding, which we may assume was substantially the same as in England: "The names of the jurors having been called over in open court, the parties are at liberty to take any legal exceptions to them. The jurors are then individually sworn to speak the truth. The judge shall, in the next place, solemnly charge them to return a true verdict. . . . The jurors shall then consult upon their verdict, and in the mean time shall be strictly guarded, lest they be corrupted. Having considered of their verdict, if they all agree, one of them shall deliver it to the judge in open court."[1] After the verdict was delivered, if the case required it, the judge interrogated each juror as to his means of knowing what he had testified to.

The Chronicle of Joscelyn de Brackelonde, published by the Camden Society, furnishes some illustrations of the practical value of jury trial in this stage of its development. The Chronicle is a record of the monastery of St. Edmondsbury during the administration of Abbot Samson, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. In one case the question was whether certain land was the property of the church. The result is thus stated: "Juraverunt recognitores se nunquam scivisse illam terram fuisse separatam ab ecclesiâ." In another, a recognition was taken to determine the right of the abbey over three manors. The abbey produced a deed, but it went for nothing. The recognitors said they knew nothing of any deeds or private agreements; that they believed the other

[1] Grand Coust. de Normandie, c. 96.

party and his father and grandfather had held the manors for a hundred years. Still another case is reported, which we commend to the believers in the degeneracy of modern times. Five of the recognitors came to the abbot to know what they should swear, meaning to receive money. He gave them nothing, but bade them swear according to their consciences. They went away in anger, and found against him.

From the fact that anciently the jurors were witnesses only, came the rule that they must be taken from the vicinity ; strangers would not know the facts. Here also we find the origin of the law of attaint. It would be horrible to subject a juror to forfeiture of property and perpetual imprisonment for an error in judgment, but for a false finding of a fact within his knowledge he might well be punished as we punish perjury. So, also, the ancient practice of keeping a jury "without food, drink, fire, or candle" until they were agreed seems somewhat less absurd if we understand it to mean until they will all testify to facts within their knowledge, rather than until they think alike in relation to the weight of evidence laid before them. If such discipline were found wise in the latter case, it would be well to inquire whether something like it might not be applied to the judges of our supreme court, to hasten their unanimity in deciding questions of law.

The next step forward that we can trace was in "adjoining" witnesses to the jury, to inform them of some fact which, from its nature, was not likely to be known to them. It appears that about the middle of the fourteenth century the witnesses to a deed were "adjoined" to the jury, but without a right to participate in the verdict. Here began the change which in the end made jurors judges. This change cannot be fully traced. We find that in 1410 witnesses were examined at the bar, in the presence of the court and jury, and the jury, having heard the testimony, retired to consider their verdict; but for two or three centuries after that they continued to found their verdicts, when need be, in part on their own knowledge. In 1670 an attempt was made to punish certain jurors for finding a verdict against "full and manifest evidence." Vaughan, C. J., and his associates held that the law required jurors to be taken from the vicinage upon the presumption that they had sufficient knowledge of the facts to try the issue, if no evidence were produced; and that, although the evidence produced in court might seem to the court full and manifest, the court had no power to punish the jurors for their finding, since it might have been based upon other evidence within their own knowledge. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, it appears to have been first held that if a juror knew any fact in a case on trial he should make it known to the court, and be sworn and testify in the presence of the court. Since then jurors, in theory at least, consider only the testimony laid before them in the presence of the court.

Our ancestors brought with them to this continent trial by jury as part of their inheritance of English law; but the several colonies modified it somewhat by legislation. Thus the Body of Liberties, supposed to have been adopted in 1641, provided that when any jurors are not clear concerning any case before them "they shall have liberty in open court to advise with any man they shall think fit to resolve or direct them, before they give in their verdict;" and also, "if they cannot find the main issue," they shall have liberty "to find and present in their verdict so much as they can." These singular provisions were retained as late as 1672.

We have thus traced the rise and progress of this institution as accurately as we can from the scanty records which have come down to us, and as fully as our limits will permit. There seems lit-

tle in its history to show that it has any adaptation to the present. Originally, as a trial by recognitors, it was welcomed because it offered an escape from intolerable evils. It took the place of the Saxon trials by the freeholders of the county and by wager of law, and the Norman trial by battle; and thus in a large class of cases furnished a mode of settling rights of property by the aid of human knowledge and intelligence, previously determined by force or accident, or at best by the whim of a popular assembly, acting with or without evidence, and guided by no settled rules. In the course of centuries its character changed, to meet, so far as it might, changing needs. It became what it now is when the forms of property and business relations were so unlike those of the present that if it could be shown to have been the best, or the best attainable, for that time, no inference could be drawn that it has now a right to continued existence.

It must, then, stand upon its merits. If, as has been claimed, it is the great bulwark of liberty, even if it be important among the causes that have developed and now uphold constitutional government, we need inquire no further. Its value as a means of administering justice is of secondary importance. The safety of the state is paramount. It is, however, difficult to see how public liberty can be affected for good or evil by the fact that a court, in determining whether a parcel of land or a sum of money belongs to A or B, proceeds with or without a jury. Courts of admiralty, equity, and probate try questions of fact without juries. It cannot be said that their influence is unfavorable to free government. Can we trace any connection between this form of trial of civil suits and Magna Charta, the habeas corpus, the petition of right, the Revolution, the responsibility of the king's ministers, the life tenure of judges, the reform bills, or any of those great national attainments by which constitutional government has been advanced, regulated, and consolidated?

We have seen that Blackstone supposed trial by jury to be secured by Magna Charta, but modern investigations have shown that it is not so. The institution now known by that name and secured by the American constitutions is several centuries younger than Magna Charta. Indeed, that instrument does not mention recognitors even. They were not called "*pares*," nor was their finding called "*judicium*."

If we seek the reason why England has been able to maintain and perfect a free constitution, and why, among all the peoples springing from her and speaking her language, freedom and social order coexist, we shall find it not in the trial by jury, but in *race*. Most other races seem to lack capacity for social organization. The alternative for Ireland seems to be between anarchy and something very like despotism. Is there any hope for Mexico? The past of France fails to give assurance of her future. The Latin and the Celtic races have often been able to destroy oppressive governments, but not to establish liberty under the reign of law.

Trial by jury proves the existence of a free government; it is the exercise by the people of one branch of supreme power. When we say it founds or upholds it, we put the effect for the cause. But suppose its value for the conservation of liberty in the past were admitted, it does not follow that it is needed now for the like purpose. Officials are powerless beyond constitutional limits. Judges by the tenure of office are beyond the influence of executive power, and generally of the ballot-box. The end now to be sought is that the law, as the expressed will of the people, should be everywhere and always supreme and uniform in its administration. The disturbing influences now to be feared are popular clamor on the one hand, and on

the other great accumulations of wealth by corporations and individuals.

And so we come to this vital question: Is justice according to fixed rules of law more likely to be attained by our present system, or by one in which both fact and law are settled by the court without the intervention of a jury?

We have already adduced the testimony of experienced witnesses that in certain classes of cases juries are likely to go wrong, and it is safe to say that no judge, lawyer, or man of business with practical knowledge of the subject will deny it. Take, for illustration, suits against railroad and insurance corporations; the corporation is always at an immense disadvantage before a jury. Now, although great corporations may be dangerous and need restraint, it will not do to restrain them by injustice and the violation of jurors' oaths. The ideal tribunal is no respecter of parties. If litigants are not equal before the law, a fundamental principle of good government is violated. Here, then, we have an enormous evil that seems inseparable from this mode of trial.

Again, in cases in which we may assume that jurors would have no bias, it is obvious that they are greatly liable to error from the want of proper qualifications for the work they are to do. It was found in the beginning that the world's work could not be done without special preparation for special duties. Our neighbor may be a great man, but we do not call upon him to set a broken limb unless he has had the training of a surgeon. Much as we may esteem our physician, we do not ask his advice when a claim is set up to the estate we inherited and supposed our own. We never go to our shoemaker for a coat, nor to our tailor for boots. In our late war, we sometimes, when smarting under defeat, talked wildly about military genius and West Point machines; but in the end the value of military education was splendidly vindicated, while the civilians, who early in the war, by political influence or otherwise, obtained independent commands in the army, for the most part failed miserably, involving the country in vast loss and suffering. The average juryman is unaccustomed to continuous thought. He has never learned by practice to weigh and compare evidence, nor to judge of the truthfulness of witnesses. In protracted trials it is impossible for him to carry the testimony in his memory, or to aid his memory effectively by notes. At the close of the testimony the court instructs him in the law applicable to the case, and then it becomes his duty to make up his verdict by applying as best he may legal principles often imperfectly understood to testimony imperfectly remembered. We should not set a man to cultivate a farm or make a shoe without practical acquaintance with his work. We should expect nothing from him but failure, if his preparation had been only a lecture or a course of lectures. And yet we set jurors to the performance of the most responsible and difficult of all duties, with such preparation and aid only as they can receive from the arguments of the lawyers and the charge of the court.

Again, the juryman is impressed into the service. Often he brings with him the cares of the business from which he was taken; and if anxiety about the harvesting, the notes that must be paid before the banks close, or the conduct of the boy who thinks "epsom salts means oxalic acid" distracts his attention, he will console himself by the reflection that his responsibility is shared by eleven others.

On the other hand, the judge brings to the work a mind disciplined by years of study, followed by years of study and practice. His knowledge of law enables him to see what facts are to be proved, and on which of the parties rests the burden of proving them, and so, as each witness delivers his testimony, to appre-

ciate its probative value. Practice has taught him to read witnesses. For him not words only, but the manner, the tone, the gesture, the countenance, have force and meaning. He is not likely to be misled. He has opportunity to take full notes, if need be, and afterwards to revise and compare the statements of witnesses. The duties of his office are his work. His attention is not distracted by outside cares.

So much for the relative capacity of judge and jury to administer justice. Let us look next to their relative inducements to fidelity.

We assume that their sense of duty, man's highest motive, will be equal. This motive, however, with most men may be usefully reinforced by others less worthy. The individual juryman neither wins nor loses good name or fame by the verdicts of a tribunal of which he is a twelfth part. His brief term of office over, he returns to his business, and no one except the parties knows or cares what are the merits of the verdicts of the twelve, much less of his part in them. He need not give reasons for his votes in the jury-room. If he will, he can, without restraint or censure, act from pique, prejudice, or sympathy. On the other hand, the judge has a reputation to make or mar. Usually he gives the reasons for his decrees, and the law may require him always to do so. He alone is responsible. He cannot afford to be negligent or hasty, or to found judgments upon insufficient grounds.

The probability of attempts to influence a tribunal by unlawful means will be in proportion to the danger and the chance of success. Bald bribery is perilous, and therefore unusual; but there remains a wide range of other influences that may be brought to bear upon the juryman, without risk, and hopeful. His residence and place of business are easily ascertained; and a party willing to approach him will have no great difficulty in becoming acquainted with his weaknesses, wants, and prejudices. Considering the material of which juries are made, it is at least somewhat probable that frequently some one or more of the twelve may be found controllable by other means than those used in the presence of the court. Indeed, it is quite possible that a juryman may be thus swayed without consciousness of wrong. Since the practice of lobbying legislators in matters of private interest has come into use, there has grown up a looseness of thinking on such subjects that did not exist before. If a railroad corporation that seeks from the public a grant of land or a right of way may without scandal give the railway committee free tickets, or invite them to dinner, or press their claims on its members outside the committee room, why not use similar influence with a jury? It is difficult to see the distinction between the tribunal that is to determine whether a corporation shall be authorized to take A's land against his will and the jury that is to determine how much he is to be paid for it; between a committee that is to decide how much the state owes B and the jury that is to decide how much C owes him.

No doubt the danger is considerable that justice may thus suffer shipwreck in the hands of jurors; is it less with judges?

This question we have in part answered already. We may add that a judge, from his professional training, must know what may properly influence his judgment, and if he is swayed by any other consideration he sins willfully. The history of the English courts from the day they became independent of the crown, and of our own where the life tenure of office has been preserved, leads to the conclusion that justice is safe in the hands of judges.

Few persons will be found to deny that we are more sure of justice according to law without juries than with them; but it is said that their verdicts

are generally just, and if not according to law it is because the operation of the law is hard in the particular case. This may sometimes be true, but such verdicts are dangerous. They involve the violation of jurors' oaths, and substitute such notions of right and wrong as the twelve may chance to have for the expressed will of the community; and in view of them no man knows his rights or obligations.

We have spoken of the institution as a conservator of liberty, and as a means of administering justice. There are some other considerations that should not be overlooked. It is best that men should not be tempted. If we are right in supposing that jurors are more likely to be swayed by improper influences than judges, it follows that in the same proportion is the temptation to approach them greater. If unscrupulous advocacy is more likely to be successful with the jury than with the judge, so much greater is the temptation of the advocate to attempt to obtain verdicts by improper means, and of clients to employ unscrupulous advocates.

It is sometimes said that the institution is important as a means of public education. There is undoubtedly some truth in this. The small portion of the community who are called to act as jurors acquire during their term of office some knowledge of law, and some skill in weighing and comparing testimony. But if it be true that this mode of trial is not the best mode of administering justice, it is certain that the community cannot afford to furnish such means of education. To set men to decide controversies that they may learn how is no better than setting them to amputate limbs for the same purpose.

Probably a proposition to amend our constitution so as to take away the right to a jury in civil suits would meet with small favor. Men would fear that something terrible would come of it. Tradition and prejudice on this subject cannot yet be controlled by reason. Practically, in their own causes parties are usually quite willing to waive the right, except when on the winning side of one of those suits in which a jury is pretty sure to be wrong. In England the county courts, established in 1847, have jurisdiction to the amount of fifty pounds, with the right in either party to have a jury if the amount is over five pounds. It is said the right is not claimed in five cases in a thousand. In the United States, for nearly forty years, either party to a civil suit in admiralty, for a cause of action arising on the lakes or waters connecting them, has had by law the right to claim a jury, but we learn that suitors have seldom availed themselves of the privilege.

We do not propose to discuss the usefulness of juries in criminal trials. It is undoubtedly true that in the past juries have often maintained the right of persons accused against executive tyranny. Thus Throckmorton was saved from the tyranny of Mary. A jury delivered Lilburne out of the hands of Cromwell, and the seven bishops out of the hands of James. When judges held their places at the will of the crown, the jury was the only hope of the subject if the government sought his conviction. Even after the Revolution, juries rendered inestimable service in upholding the liberty of the press against Lord Mansfield's harsh constructions of the law of libel. In modern society the danger is rather from the mob than the ruler; and here the lesson of history is that in times of popular excitement nothing is to be hoped from juries. They availed the victims nothing against the madness of the Popish Plot, or the Salem Witchcraft. Courts and juries were alike swept away by the storm. In ordinary criminal trials the chance of acquittal is greater with a jury than with the court, and this fact seems conclusive in favor of the jury. For although many guilty persons may thus escape punish-

ment, it is safer that no man should be convicted unless the evidence is such as to leave no reasonable doubt in the mind of any one of the twelve. Conviction of an infamous crime is ruin to the convict, and the proof that justifies a community in laying such a burden on one of its members ought to be conclusive.

John C. Dodge.

WOUNDS.

THE night-wind sweeps its viewless lyre,
And o'er dim lands, at pastoral rest,
A single star's white heart of fire
Is throbbing in the amber west.

I track a rivulet, while I roam,
By banks that copious leafage cools,
And watch it roughening into foam,
Or deepening into glassy pools.

And where the shy stream gains a glade
That willowy thickets overwhelm,
I find a cottage in the shade
Of one high patriarchal elm.

Unseen, I mark, well bowered from reach,
A group the sloping lawn displays,
And more by gestures than by speech
I learn their converse while I gaze.

In curious band, youth, maid, and dame,
About his chair they throng to greet
A gaunt old man of crippled frame,
Whose crutch leans idle at his feet.

Girt with meek twilight's peaceful breath,
They hear of loud, tempestuous fray,
Of troops mown down like wheat by death,
Of red Antietam's ghastly day.

He tells of hurts that will not heal;
Of aches that nerve and sinew fret,
Where sting of shot and bite of steel
Have left their dull mementos yet;

And touched by pathos, filled with praise,
His gathered hearers closer press,
To pay alike in glance or phrase
Response of pitying tenderness.

But I, who note their kindly will,
  Look onward, past the box-edged walk,
Where stands a woman, grave and still,
  Oblivious of their fleeting talk.

Her listless arms droop either side;
  In pensive grace her brow is bent;
Her slender form leaves half descried
  A sweet fatigued abandonment.

And while she lures my musing eye,
  The mournful reverie of her air
Speaks to my thought, I know not why,
  In the stern dialect of despair.

Lone wistful moods it seems to show
  Of anguish borne through laggard years,
With outward calm, with secret flow
  Of unalleviating tears.

It breathes of duty's daily strife,
  When jaded effort loathes to strive;
Of patience lingering firm, when life
  Is tired of being yet alive.

Enthralled by this fair, piteous face,
  While heaven is purpling overhead,
No more I heed the old soldier trace
  How sword has cut, or bullet sped. . . .

I dream of sorrow's noiseless fight,
  Where no blades ring, no cannon roll,
And where the shadowy blows that smite
  Give bloodless wounds that scar the soul;

Of fate unmoved by desperate prayers
  From those its plunderous wrath lays low;
Of bivouacs where the spirit stares
  At smouldering passion's faded glow;

And last, of that sad armistice made
  On the dark field whence hope has fled,
Ere yet, like some poor ghost unlaid,
  Pale Memory glides to count her dead.

Edgar Fawcett.

ANDREW'S FORTUNE.

It was a cold day early in December, and already almost dark, though the sun had just gone down, leaving a tinge of light red, the least beautiful of all the sunset colors, on the low gray clouds in the southwest. The weather was forlorn and windy, and there had already been a light fall of snow, which partly covered the frozen ground, and was lying in the hollows of the fields and pastures and alongside the stone walls, where the wind had blown it to get it out of its way. The country was uneven and heavily wooded; the few houses in sight looked cold and winterish, as if the life in them shared the sleep of the grass and trees, and would not show itself again until spring. Yet winter is the leisure time of country people, and it is then, in spite of the frequent misery of the weather, that their social pleasures come into stunted bloom. The young people frolic for a while, but they soon outgrow it, and each rising generation is looked upon with scorn by its elders and betters for thinking there is any pleasure in being out-of-doors in cold weather. No wonder that a New England woman cheers herself by leaving her own sewing and going to the parish society to sit close to an air-tight stove and sew for other people; how should she dance and sing like an Italian peasant under a blue and kindly sky! There should have been another Sphinx on some vast northern waste where it is forever cold-weather, and the great winds always blow, and generations after generations of people have lived and died. Life is no surprise on the banks of the fertile old Nile, it could not help being, but the spirit of the North seems destructive; life exists in spite of it.

Along the country road a short, stout-built woman, well wrapped with shawls, was going from her own home, a third of a mile back, to the next house, where there were already lights in one of the upper and one of the lower rooms. She said to herself, "He must be livin' yet," and stepped a little faster, even climbing a low wall and going across a field to shorten the distance. She seemed to be in a great hurry, and as she went she left behind her a track of broken-down golden-rod stalks and dry stems of grass which had been standing, frozen and dry, with the thin snow about their roots. "Land sakes, how this field has run out!" said she, not without contempt; "but I don' know 's I ever expect to see it bettered."

She opened the side door of the house and went into the kitchen, where several persons were sitting. There was a great fire blazing in the fire-place, and a little row of mugs and two bowls, each covered with a plate, stood at one side of the hearth to keep warm, as if there were somebody ill in the house. And sure enough there was, for old Stephen Dennett, its master, was nearly at the end of his short last sickness. There were three women and two men in the kitchen, and they greeted the new-comer with subdued cordiality, as was befitting; it was a little like a funeral already, and they did not care to be found cheerful, though, to tell the truth, just before Mrs. Haynes came in they solemnly drank a pitcher of old Mr. Dennett's best cider, urging each other to take some, for there was no knowing that there might not be a good deal for them all to do before long. With this end in view of keeping up their strength, they had also shared a mince pie and a large quantity of cheese. "We 'd better eat while we can," said old Betsey Morris, who was hostess, having been housekeeper at the farm for a good many years. "I don't feel 's if I could lay the table," said she,

with unaffected emotion, and the mourners in prospective begged her not to think of it; but they were hungry, hard-working men and women, and were all glad to have something to eat. When some doughnuts were brought out they ate those also, all trying in vain to think of some apology for such good appetites at such a moment; but since they had to be silent the feast was all the more solemn.

It was evident that the sickness was either sudden, or had become serious within a very short time, for the family affairs had gone on as usual. It seemed as if the household had been taken unawares by the messenger of Death, and surprised in the midst of fancied security. It was Wednesday, and the clothes-horse, covered with the white folds of yesterday's ironing, stood in one corner of the kitchen, while the smaller horse, which Betsey Morris always facetiously called the colt, was nearer the fire, with its burden of flannels and blue yarn stockings. It was a comfortable old kitchen, with a beam across its ceiling, and two solid great tables, and a settle at one side the fire, where the two men sat who were going to watch. The fire-place took up nearly all one side of the room; the wood-work around it was painted black, and at one side the iron door of the brick oven looked as if it might be the entrance to a very small dungeon. There was a high and narrow mantel-shelf, where a row of flat-irons were perched like birds gone to roost; also a match-box, and a turkey-wing, and a few very dry red peppers; while a yellow-covered Thomas's Almanac, — much worn, it being December, — was hanging on its nail at one corner. There was a tall clock in the room, which ticked so slowly that one fancied it must always make waiting seem very tiresome, and that one of its hours must be as long as two. On one of the tables there was a spareribb which had been brought in to thaw. Jonas Beedle and Nathan Martin sat on the settle, while Mrs. Beedle and Mrs. Goodsoe and Betsey Morris were at different distances from the fire in splint-bottomed chairs. They had seen Mrs. Haynes coming across the field, — it was still light enough out-doors for that, — but they had not spoken of it to each other, though they put the cider-jug and the rest of the doughnuts into the closet as quickly as possible.

"I told 'em one day last week," said Jonas Beedle, "that Stephen seemed to be all wizened up since cold weather come. Why, here 's Mis' Haynes! Take a cheer right close to the fire, now won't ye? It 's a dreadful chilly night. We 've just ben a-havin' some ci—"

"Yes," said his wife, nudging and interrupting him desperately. "We was just a-sayin' we wondered where you was, but I misdoubted you was n't able to be out on account of your neurology."

"I went over to Ann's this morning," said Mrs. Haynes, still a little out of breath from her walk. "One o' her children 's took down with throat distemper, and she expects the rest 'll get it. Joseph, he brought in word after dinner that somebody goin' by said Mr. Dennett had a shock this morning, and wa'n't likely to come out of it, and I told 'em I must get right home. I felt 's if 't was one o' my own folks. How does he seem to be?"

"Laying in a sog," said Betsey Morris for the twentieth time that day. "The doctor says there ain't much he can do. He had me make some broth and teas, and he left three kinds o' medicine, — there 's somethin' steeping now in them mugs, in case he revives up. He said we could feed him a little to a time if he come to any, and if we could keep his strength up he might get out of it. He 's coming again about six. He was took dreadful sudden. I was washin' up the dishes after breakfast, and he said he was goin' over to the corners; there was a selec'men's meeting. He eat as good a breakfast as common, but he

seemed sort of heavy. He went out and put the hoss in, and left him in the barn, and come back to get his coat. Says he, 'Is there anything you 're in need of from the store, Betsey? It looks like foul weather.' And I says, No. I little thought it was the last time he 'd speak to me," and she stopped to dry her eyes with her apron, while the sympathetic audience was quiet in the firelight, and the tea-kettle began to sing as if it had no idea of what had happened. "He always was the best o' providers. It was only one day last week he was a-joking and saying he was going to keep me better this year than ever he did. Says he, 'I 'm going to take my comfort and live well long 's I do live.' There 's everything in the house; we killed early, and there 's the other hog he set for the first o' January; and he 's put down a kag of excellent beef. The sullar 's got enough in it for a rigiment, I told him only yesterday; and says he, 'Betsey, don't you know it 's better to have some to spare than some to want?' I can see him laugh now."

"There 's plenty will need it, if he don't," said Mrs. Goodsoe, who was a dismal, grasping soul, and sat furthest from the fire.

Mrs. Haynes gathered herself up scornfully, — she did not like her neighbor. "You were a-sayin' he was going to the selec'men's meeting," said she.

"Yes," said Betsey. "He said he 'd got to get some papers, and I offered to fetch 'em; but he never wanted to be waited on; and he went up-stairs, — I s'pose to that old chist o' drawers overhead. I heard a noise like something heavy a-falling; and my first thought was he 'd tipped the chist o' drawers over, for I know the lower drawers, where the sheets and pillow-cases is kept, sticks sometimes; and then something started me, and come across me, quick as a flash, that there was something wrong, and I got up-stairs as quick as ever I could, and found him laying on the floor."

"I s'pose he did n't know nothin'?" asked Mrs. Haynes.

"Bless you, no! I tried to get him up, and I found I could n't. I thought he was dead, but I see Jim Pierce a-goin' by, — he was some use for once in his life, — and I sent him for help. Mis' Beedle come right over, bein' so near, and Jim met the doctor up the road, and we got him into bed, and there he lays. It give me a dreadful start. I ain't myself yet."

"Andrer 's here, I s'pose," said Mrs. Haynes, as if she thought it of very little consequence.

"Yes," said Betsey. "He 'd walked over to the saw-mill right after breakfast to carry word about some boards his uncle wanted, but he got back just as the doctor was leavin'. He 's been real faithful; he ain't left the old gentleman a minute. He 's all broke down, he feels so. I never saw him so distressed; he ain't one that shows his feelins much of any."

"I think likely he 'll be married right away now," said Mr. Martin. "Stephen told me in the summer that he 'd left him about everything. He ain't no such a man as his uncle, but I don't know no harm of Andrew." A silence fell between the guests, and the fire snapped once in a while and made such a light that the one little oil lamp might have been blown out for all the good it did; nobody would have missed it.

"I told our folks last night there was going to be a death over this way," said Mrs. Goodsoe. "I was a-looking out o' the window over this way last night just before I went to bed, and I see a great bright light come down; and I says, There 's a great blaze fallen over Dennett's way, and my father always said it was a sure sign of a death. 'He' laughed, and says my eyes was dazzled from setting before the fire. I 'd like to know what he 'll say when he hears o' this," — triumphantly. "He went up to the wood-lot, chopping, before day."

"I did hear a death-tick in the wall after I went to bed, two or three nights ago," said Betsey Morris; and then there was another pause.

"I s'pose I might go up easy and jist look in, bein' a connection," ventured Mrs. Haynes meekly; and luckily nobody opposed her. In fact, they had all had that satisfaction.

"You might ask Andrer if he could n't rise his uncle's head by and by, so I could give him a little o' the broth; he ain't eat the value o' nothin' since morning, and he 's a hearty man when he 's about," suggested Betsey.

"You ought to help natur' all you can," said Nathan Martin; and armed with this sufficient excuse Mrs. Haynes went up-stairs softly.

Andrew Phillips sat by the bedside, looking as dismal as possible, — a thin, dark young man with a pleasant sort of face, yet you always felt at once that you could get on just as well without him. "Perhaps we had better wait now until the doctor comes," answered he when he heard the message from Betsey. "Do sit down, Mrs. Haynes. I have been wishing somebody would come up, — it 's lonesome since it got dark. Susan has n't sent any word, has she? I sent Jim Pierce over right after dinner, but I suppose he stopped in at every house" —

"Not as I 've heard of," said Mrs. Haynes. "I 've only just got here. I was over to Ann's to spend a day or so, and I never got word about y'r uncle till past two o'clock. How does he seem to be?"

"I don't know," said the young man. "He 's lost that red look, but he seems to have failed all away;" and they both went close to the bed to look at the face on the pillow, which showed at once that Death had come very near. The old man's eyes were shut, and he looked pinched and sunken, and as if he were ten years older than in the morning. One hand that lay outside the bed moved a little, and the fingers picked at the blanket. "He has n't stirred all day except his arm, and that hand once in a while, as you see it now."

Mrs. Haynes knew better than he what it meant, and she gave a long look and turned away with a heavy sigh. "He 's death-struck," she whispered, "but he may hold out for a good spell yet. He 's been a master strong man; I should ha' said yesterday he had as good a chance as any one of us. He 's been the best neighbor I ever had, I know that," and she sat down by the fire, and did not speak for a while. She had not taken it in that her old neighbor was nearing his end until she saw him, and her excitement and curiosity at hearing the news gave way to sincere sorrow. "He 'll be a great loss," said she in a changed voice, after some little time. "I do' know but I shall miss him more than anybody, except it was one of our own folks."

"He 's been like father and mother both to me," answered the young man, sorrowfully. "I can't bear to think of getting along without him."

"Yes, you 'll have to look out for yourself now, Andrer," said Mrs. Haynes. "I don't know 's you 're to blame for not being of a turn for farming, but I s'pose you 'll have a wife to look after, and it 's a poor sort of a man that can't keep what 's give to him. Susan 's a good smart girl; it 'll be a great thing for you to have a stirrin' wife." Andrew winced at this thrust, which had not been given through any malice, for Mrs. Haynes was a kind-hearted woman, if she did happen to be a little wanting in tact. "You 'll have to put right to it, next summer, to fetch the place up. I come across the seven-acre piece to save time as I come along, and it 's run out dreadfully within a year or two. It did n't look to me as if it would be fit for much more than pasture, unless it had a sight laid out on it. I don't see how the old gentleman come to neglect

it so; he used to take a good deal of pains with that piece years ago, — he cut a sight of hay off of it one spell."

It seemed heartless to young Phillips that she should speak slightingly of the man who lay there unable to defend himself. "He has been breaking up this good while," said he, "but I never seemed to see it before."

Down in the kitchen the neighbors were talking together. The pitcher of cider had come from the very oldest barrel in the cellar, and it had set the tongues of the company wagging. Mrs. Goodsoe had gone home; she said with a heavy sigh that there was nobody but herself to do anything, and she would be over again before bed-time if her lameness was n't too bad. She tied a great brown-checked gingham handkerchief over her head, and pinned a despairing old black shawl tight round her thin shoulders, and went out into the night.

"If you can make it convenient, I hope you 'll be over in the morning, Mis' Goodsoe," said Betsey.

"If it 's so that I can," groaned the departing guest.

"She would n't miss of it," snapped Mrs. Beedle, as the door was shut. And Betsey answered, —

"There! I did n't want her no more 'n an old fly, and she always did make my flesh creep, but I knew Mr. Dennett would n't want nobody's feelings hurt."

"I don't see what folks always wants to be complaining for," said Mrs. Beedle. "She always was just so when she was a girl. Nothin' ever suits her. She ain't had no more troubles to bear than the rest of us, but you never see her that she did n't have a chapter to lay before ye. I 've got 's much feelin' as the next one, but when folks drives in their spiggits and wants to draw a bucketful o' compassion every day right straight along, there does come times when it seems as if the bar'l was getting low."

Mr. Beedle and Betsey chuckled a little over this, approvingly. Mr. Martin was dozing at his end of the settle, but presently he roused himself, and asked Mr. Beedle, drowsily, "Do ye know what Otis got for them sticks o' rock-maple?"

"I don't," said Mr. Beedle; "they 're for ship timber, I understood. I heard yisterday he was going to cut some o' them white oaks near his house, the second-sized ones; they was extra nice ones for keels o' vessels, I was told."

"They ain't suitable for keels," said Nathan scornfully. He had once worked in a ship-yard, and was always delighted to parade his superior knowledge before his land-locked neighbors. "They might be going to use them for kilsons or sister-kilsons." This was added after grave reflection, and Mr. Beedle tried to remember what part of a ship a sister-keelson was, but he could not do it; and he asked Betsey Morris for the lantern, and the two men went out to the barn to look after the cattle, leaving the women alone together.

"Mis' Haynes seems to be stopping up-stairs quite a while," said Mrs. Beedle.

"I expect Andrer 's glad to have her; he ain't much used to sickness. Poor Andrer! I expect he 'll take it very hard, losing of his uncle," said Betsey.

"Well, I tell ye a fat sorrow 's a good sight easier to bear than a lean one; and then he 's got Susan. How that girl, that might have taken her pick, ever come to take up with Andrer Phillips is more 'n I know." (Mrs. Beedle's own daughter had at one time paid Andrew a good deal of attention.) "She wan't one to drop like a ripe apple off a bough the first time she got asked."

"Now Mis' Beedle," said Betsey with a good deal of spirit, "Andrer ain't the worst fellow that ever was. She might ha' done a good deal worse, even if he wa'n't expectin' property. I don't doubt she had an eye to the means, myself, but he 's stiddy as a clock, and his uncle al-

ways said he had a good mind. He ain't had to work for his livin'; and the old sir never was one that wanted to give up the reins. He expected the boy to live here after him, and he never had it on his mind to put him to a trade. He 'll make a farmer yet; there 's a sight o' girls turns out good housekeepers that never had no care before they was married. And Andrer 's got a sight o' book-learnin'."

"Book-learnin'!" said Mrs. Beedle, with a jerk of her head. "He 's a book-fool, if ever there was one. But I ain't goin' to set in judgment," she added in a different tone, suddenly mindful that the young man was likely to be her nearest and richest neighbor in a few hours. "I always set everything by his mother. Her and me was the same year's child'n, and was fetched up together. Don't ever hint I said anything that was n't pleasant. I ain't one that wants to make trouble, and he 'll find me a good neighbor. Anybody has to speak out sometimes."

"I ain't one to make trouble, neither," said Betsey. "I 've wondered sometimes, myself, he did n't spudge up and be somebody; his uncle never would ha' thwarted him, but then he never give a sign he was n't satisfied. And Andrer never give him a misbeholden word, — I can answer for that."

The doctor came and went, telling the women that he could not say how long the patient might last.

"I s'pose folks knows of it all over town?" asked Betsey, meekly conscious of the importance of the occasion and her own consequence.

"Yes, yes," said the doctor, who stood warming his great fur coat before the fire, having declined the offer of supper or something hot, for he was in a hurry to get home. His gig rattled away out of the yard, and silence once more fell on the house. Andrew came downstairs for a little while, looking grieved and tired, and said that he meant to watch, at least until midnight; the doctor thought that his uncle might be conscious before he died. Then Mrs. Haynes came down, and after a while Mrs. Beedle and Betsey tiptoed up the stairs, and as they listened outside the door they heard some one speaking.

"You don't suppose he 's got his reason?" whispered one to the other, and they waited a minute or two; it was very cold in the little entry.

"Yes, sir," they heard Andrew say gently, "you 've had an ill turn;" and then all was silent again.

"I must n't forget those town orders. I can't seem to think where they are," said a weak voice that was as unlike as possible the cheerful loud tone in which Mr. Dennett had usually spoken.

"Don't try to think, uncle," said Andrew. "Don't you feel as if you could eat a little broth?" But there was no answer.

"I shan't stand for selec'man another year; it 's a good deal o' trouble," said the weak voice, after a minute or two.

"He thinks it 's this mornin', poor creatur'," whispered Betsey. "I guess I 'll step down and get that broth; what do you think? Perhaps he would take a little." But when she came back she found it was not wanted. Mrs. Beedle had gone in, and the master of the house lay dying. They stood by the bedside watching, with awe-struck faces, while the mortal part of him fought fiercely for a minute to keep its soul, which had gently and surely taken itself away. There was this minute of distress and agony, and afterward the tired and useless body was still. The old man's face took on a sweet and strange look of satisfaction, — a look of rest, as if it found its sleep of death most welcome and pleasant. So soon it was over, the going away which the bravest of us shudder at sometimes and dread; but dying seems after all, to those who watch it oftenest, a simple and natural and blessed thing, and one forgets the lifeless

body in a sudden eagerness to follow the living soul into the new world.

The funeral was appointed for Saturday, and everybody was busy. Andrew instinctively took command, and Betsey and the women who came to help her consulted him with unwonted deference. The house had to be swept and dusted and put in order, and there were great preparations going on in the kitchen; for old Mr. Dennett had been a hospitable man, and it should not be said that any one went away from his house hungry.

"I declare, it don't seem more than yesterday it was Thanksgiving, and he made me make up double the mince pies I did last year. I little thought what they was going to be for," said Betsey Morris, whose heart was very sad.

The morning after Mr. Dennett had died, a letter came for him from an old friend in Boston, who had left that part of the country in his boyhood, and had made his fortune and become rich and prominent. None of his own family were living there, and he claimed Mr. Dennett's hospitality on the score of their early friendship and the occasional business letters which had passed between them since. Andrew was a little afraid at first to tell Betsey of this additional care, but she received the news graciously. She said, mournfully, how pleased the old gentleman would have been; but she thought also that she would show the city guest that they knew how to do things if they did live in the country, and since her pride as a housekeeper was put to its utmost test, she was not sorry to have so worthy a spectator among her audience.

But a new interest quickly followed this, for one of the women whispered to another that Andrew could not find the will. He had supposed that it was safe in the keeping of old Mr. Estes, who was the only lawyer in that region; but Mr. Estes had happened to say that two or three weeks before Mr. Dennett had taken it home with him. Andrew was told that it was written on a sheet of blue letter-paper, and sealed with a wafer.

"I looked all through the papers in the desk up-stairs," said he to Mrs. Haynes, "and in my uncle's coat pockets, but I can't seem to find it." It was an evident relief to tell this, and Mrs. Haynes was at once much interested. "It must have slipped between some of the other things, or he may have tied it up with some old bills, or something, by mistake. I suppose Betsey don't know?"

But she did not, and was deeply concerned, for she had long indulged hopes of a legacy. She helped Andrew look all through the pigeon-holes again, and in every likely and unlikely place they could think of; but it was no use, and the fear took possession of them that Mr. Dennett might have destroyed it, meaning to make another will, and never had done so.

"He told me only a week or two ago," said Andrew, "that everything was going to be mine, and I might do as I chose. I was speaking to him about the barn; you know he had set his mind on altering it. I don't know what to think," and he went to the bedside and lifted the sheet from the dead man's face; but he looked white and indifferent, and kept his secrets.

The days crept by until Saturday, and each night two neighbors came to watch, after the old custom; and those who were lying awake in the house heard them every little while tramp up the stairs and down again, and the grumble of their voices as they talked together in the kitchen, trying to keep themselves awake. On Friday Mr. Dunning came, and was shocked to find that the only person he really cared very much to see had so lately died; but he accepted Andrew's invitation, and made up his mind to stay until after the funeral, discovering that it was expected of him and looked upon as desirable. There was a strange contrast between him and his

old friend; the city man looked much younger in his well-fitting clothes, and his quick, business-like manner gave him an air of youth which was in great contrast to Mr. Dennett's slow, farmer-like ways. As he had grown older he had found himself thinking more and more about the people he had known when he was a boy, and the places where he had worked and played. It seemed strange at first to see hardly any familiar faces, and he had a curious sense of loneliness as he sat, himself an object of great interest, among the mourners; and the pomp and piety of the old-fashioned country funeral interested him not a little. The people gathered from far and near to pay respect to the good man who had died; and they came in by twos and threes, with solemn faces, to look at him, and many of them touched his face, lest they might have bad dreams of him. It was the first time his friends had come to his house and he had not welcomed them, but he lay in his coffin unmindful of them all, looking strange and priest-like in the black robe in which they had shrouded him. It was a bleak, cold day, and he would have looked more comfortable, and certainly more familiar, in his own old coat that was faded a little on the shoulders.

Betsey Morris was dressed in proper black, and was crying softly, with a big pocket handkerchief held close to her face, which she occasionally moved aside a little as the people came in, to dart a glance at them. Andrew looked worn and anxious. Every one told him that the will must be found, but he was by no means certain, and if it did not come to light he was left penniless. He was only the nephew of Stephen Dennett's wife, and though he had been always treated as a son he had never been formally adopted. Several people noticed that he had a manly look that they never had seen before, but for his part he felt helpless and adrift.

After a long and solemn silence the old minister rose to speak of the departed pillar of the church and town, as he called Mr. Dennett, and the old clock in the kitchen ticked louder than ever in the hush that followed. After the remarks were ended he lifted the great Bible which was lying ready on the light stand, and read slowly and reverently that short and solemn last chapter of Ecclesiastes; and, though there were fewer young people to heed the preacher's warning than old people to regret their long delay, it seemed to fit the occasion best. "Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl broken," he read in his trembling voice; "for man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." He thought of his kind friend and generous parishioner, and it was said afterward that, though the old parson was an able preacher and gifted in prayer, he never had spoken as he did that day. He knew this chapter by heart; he had read it at many a funeral before, and he repeated the last few verses, lowering the Bible as he held it in his arms, for it was heavy. And out from between the leaves slid a thin folded paper, which went wavering through the air to the floor; it was sealed with a big red wafer, and one or two persons who sat close by and saw it knew by a sudden instinct that it was the missing will.

Andrew Phillips turned very pale for a moment, and then as suddenly flushed. He started from his chair, but his respect for the time and place checked him, and with great propriety he nodded to the old woman at whose feet it had fallen, — a distant connection of the family, a feeble, wheezing old creature, — who had made a great effort to be present. She stooped over stiffly and picked it up; she looked as if it were only a commonplace paper, which must not litter the floor on such a day. The minister had already begun his prayer, but when he besought the Lord that the memory of the departed might be a lesson, and

that the young man on whom his mantle was to fall might prove himself worthy of it, Andrew prayed for himself still more heartily, and before the coffin-lid was screwed down he bent over and kissed his uncle's forehead. Some of the women's eyes filled with tears: he might not be a go-ahead young man, but his fondness for his uncle was unaffected, and, being his uncle's heir and standing in his place, his feelings were much more to be respected than if he were still a dependent.

When the mourners were called out he meant, as he went by old Mrs. Towner's chair, to take the will. He had tried to call her attention, and make her understand that he wanted the paper; but she was dull of sight, and sat there watching the proceedings with intense interest. Andrew was shy, and he had a horror of seeming anxious about the property before all the people; and when he and Betsey were called (Mr. Lysander Dennett and family, the only cousins, not responding), he went out into the yard, a little uneasy at heart, to take his place at the head of the procession.

They walked two by two across the wind-blown field to the little family burying-ground. It was a long procession, and the doctor was one of the mourners; he had pleaded in vain critical cases in the next town, for his wife, mindful of the exactions of society, would not hear to any excuses. He shivered and grumbled as he walked with her to the grave. "I shall be out every night for a week after this, looking after lung fevers," said he. "I don't see why people must go through with just so much!" and he hastily brushed away a cold tear that had started down his cheek when he caught sight of the clumsy coffin as it was carried unevenly along in the hands of the bearers. He had been deeply attached to old Mr. Dennett, but the people in front thought he showed very little feeling. When they were nearing the house again some one came running out and spoke to the doctor, who followed him hurriedly; the word was passed from one to another that old widow Towner was in some kind of a fit, and Andrew's first thought was of the will, for it was she who had it in her pocket.

She had stayed behind to keep the house, being so feeble, and spent with a long walk in the cold. "Foolish for old people to be out in such perishing weather," said the doctor to himself as he bent over her. "She's gone, poor soul," he told the startled people who were crowding round him. She was lying near the fire-place, on the kitchen floor; she had been putting on some wood. "I've been expecting this, — she's had a heart complaint these twenty years," said the doctor.

And the will had disappeared again. They looked in her pocket, but it was not there, and there was no trace of it anywhere; only at the side of the fire were some scraps of half-burnt writing paper, — the order in which people had been called out to take their places in the procession. "I meant to keep that," said Betsey Morris, almost angrily. Whether the old widow had been a little dazed, and had burnt the will also, nobody knew, but it was certainly gone. She had been trying to put the house in order a little; some of the borrowed chairs were already standing outside the door, for she was familiar with the contents of the house. Poor little drudge! she had worked to the very end.

It was almost too great an excitement for the towns-people; most of them had just heard of the missing will for the first time, and the crowd of wagons disappeared slowly. This sudden death was a great drawback to the funeral feast, but Betsey managed skillfully to muster those guests who were to stay, for that was an important part of the rites. Poor old widow Towner was comfortably disposed of, and wrapped in some coverlids, and carried away on the

floor of a wagon to the desolate little black house where she had lived alone for many years; and then the tables were laid, and the company gravely ate and drank their fill.

Andrew saw his lady-love alone only for a minute after the funeral. "I wish I could stay and help you look for it," said she, "but father says there 's a storm coming and we 'd better get home." It annoyed him to find that her only thought was of the will. To be sure, it was uppermost in his own mind, but he had too lately seen his oldest and kindest friend put into a frozen grave to be quite forgetful of him, and he would have liked best for Susan to sympathize with the better part of his thoughts. It flashed through his mind that he had once heard some one say that Susan had an eye to the windward, but he held her hand the more affectionately for a moment, as he helped her into her father's wagon, and tucked in the buffalo skin with care by way of making amends for such injustice. There had been times when it had seemed to him that Susan could not understand his best thoughts, and that she was a little bored if he talked about subjects instead of people, and he sighed a little and felt lonely as he went back to the house. "The higher you climb, the fewer you have for company," he said to himself; and it struck him as being a very fine thought.

There was a good deal of conversation going on in the house, and as he opened the kitchen door, where the women were busy clearing away the supper, there was a sudden hush. To tell the truth, they had been taking sides on the question of Susan's being willing to marry him if the will could not be found.

"You need n't tell me," said our friend Mrs. Beedle, as she stood at the closet putting away some plates. "Susan never 'd had him in the world if it had n't been for the property. I always thought she 'd a looked another way if the dollars had n't shone in her eyes. I don't blame her. I should n't pick out Andrer for his self alone. I 'd as soon live on b'iled rice the year round. I like to see a young fellow that 's got some snap to him."

"But there, now he 's got to be his own master he may start up," suggested some one. "I always thought well of Andrer."

"Land, so did I!" said Mrs. Beedle, with surprise. "I ain't saying nothing against him. What do you guess old lady Towner could a done with the will? It don't seem like her to have burnt it. But she need n't have burnt the paper o' names for the procession; they 're usually kept. I know we 've got 'em to our house for every funeral that 's been since I can remember: grand'ther's, and grandma'am's, and old Aunt Hitty's, and all. She had an awful sight o' folks follow her. You know she wa'n't but half-sister to grand'ther, and owned half the farm. 'T was her right to have a good funeral, and she had it; they set out the best there was. Her own mother was a Shepley, and she had over thirty own cousins on the Shepley side, and they were a dreadful clannish set. I know we set the supper table over five times; mother always said it was a real pleasant occasion; 't was in September, and a beautiful day for a funeral, and all the family gathered together. I don't more 'n just remember it myself. Aunt Hitty was in her ninety-fourth year, and of course her death was n't no calamity, for she had n't had her mind for above two years. I was small, but I can see just how she looked. She 'd get a word fixed in her mind in the morning, and she 'd keep it a-going all day; sometimes she 'd call grand'ther by name, and I rec'lect one day she said divil, divil, divil, till it seemed as if we could n't stand it no longer."

"I do hope I shan't out-live my usefulness," whined a thin little old woman in black. "I always had a dread o' being a burden to others."

"I say," said Mrs. Beedle stoutly, "that old folks has a right to be maintained and done for; it ain't no favor to them. It looks dreadful hard, to me, that after you 've toiled all your good years, and laid up what you could, and stood in your lot and place as long as you had strength, the minute you get feeble you 're begrudged the food you eat and the chair you set on. What 's the use of scanting yourself and laying up a little somethin', and seeing other folks spend it! Some ain't got no feelin's for the old, but for my part I like to make 'em feel of consequence."

"Poor old Mis' Towner!" said a pleasant-faced woman. "It keeps coming over me about her; somehow it seems to me as if she had been dreadful desolate, livin' all alone so. She would do it; many 's the time we 've asked her to our house to stop through a cold spell or a storm, but she never seemed inclined. I thought when I see her coming in to-day she 'd better be to home; but she always was a great hand to go to funerals when she could, and then bein' a connection, too. Mis' Ash and Mis' Thompson said they 'd hurry home and be to her place by the time they got her there."

"I s'pose likely she had a little something laid up?" asked Betsey Morris.

"Enough to bury her, it 's likely. I know of her having thirty-eight dollars she got for some wood a spell ago. You know she owned a little wood-lot over in the Kimball tract. She picked up a little now and then sellin' eggs, but I guess she ain't earnt anything tailoring this good while, her eyes have been failin' her so."

The will had not been mentioned since Andrew had come in and seated himself on the settle, which had been pushed back from its usual place. It had grown dark, and people had said it was no use to hunt any longer, and he had not the courage to go on with the search; beside, he could only look in the same places over again. He could not help feeling worried; he was impatient for the morrow to come. It seemed to him that all this suffering and loss was felt by himself alone. It was like a tornado that had blown through his life, but everybody else appeared to be on the whole enjoying it, and to have a great deal to talk about. He thought, as he listened to the busy, gossiping women, how cheerless and friendless an old age must be when there was no money in a man's pocket, and for the first time in his life he felt poor, and fearful of the future, which had always seemed secure until then. He remembered how often his uncle had said, "It 's a cold world when you 've nothing to give it;" and somehow there was a great difference in his own mind between his sitting there, uncertain and almost unnoticed, and his receiving the people earlier in the afternoon, as the chief mourner and his uncle's heir. He was the master of the house for the time being; to be sure, the will was missing then, but now it had disappeared almost before his face and eyes. This sudden change in his fortunes seemed very strange and sad to him, and he wished Susan had not gone home. Their love for each other was left, at any rate, and he was rich again in the thought that she was his; and then a dreadful doubt came, — what if she had an eye to the windward? But he crushed this serpent of a thought instantly.

Later Mr. Dunning came in; he had gone home with some old acquaintances who lived not far away, and had spent part of the evening. The snow had already begun to sift down as if there were a long storm coming; the people had all gone away, and Andrew and Betsey Morris and their guest were left to themselves.

"Now tell me what this trouble is about the will," said Mr. Dunning; and Andrew went over the story briefly.

"It looks dark for you," said Mr.

Dunning, "but it does n't seem as if anybody in their senses would burn such a thing without knowing what it was; however, she may not have been in her senses. It is a pity you did not take it yourself, before you left the house." Betsey thought so too, and could have mentioned that everybody said it was just like him. "It seems to me that she might have put it back in the Bible again, thinking it was a family record, or something of that kind."

"I thought of that, and I looked there, but I could not find it," said Andrew; but he went into the best room and brought out the Bible, and looked through it carefully, leaf by leaf.

"Who is the heir at law?" asked Mr. Dunning; and he was told that it was a cousin of Mr. Dennett's, old Lysander Dennett, who lived seventeen or eighteen miles away. It would have been a great sorrow to the old gentleman if he had thought of his property going in that direction.

"He would have given what he had to the State sooner than have such a thing happen!" said Betsey, excitedly. "I believe he 'd turn over in his grave. You know he was a very set man, but he did have excellent judgment."

"I wish I had come a little sooner; I should like to have seen Stephen again," said Mr. Dunning; and they were all silent for a time.

"Why don't you put your uncle's death in the Bible, now you 've got it right here, Andrer?" asked Betsey, and she brought the little stone bottle of ink, and Andrew carefully wrote the name and date. "He was the last of them," said Betsey mournfully, "and they was always respectable folks. I suppose you remember the old people well as I do, Mr. Dunning?" —

Mr. Dunning was not used to feeling sleepy at half past nine, though that hour was unusually late for his entertainers, and finding that he seemed disposed to linger, Andrew put more wood on the fire, and drew some cider, and brought some apples from the cellar; and the guest seemed very comfortable. It was like old times, he said. He asked Andrew a great many questions about the old dwellers in the town, — what had become of the boys and girls he used to know; and at last he asked the young man some questions about himself, and suddenly said with a directness that was startling, "In case of the will's not turning up, what do you mean to do?"

"I have hardly had time to think," said Andrew, flushing; and then, being sure of sympathy, he opened his heart to the gray-headed man, who seemed to him to be finishing his life while he was just beginning. "I believe I have n't a very good reputation, Mr. Dunning, but I feel sure I could make something of myself if I had the chance. I never have had anything to do that I liked to do. I never took to farming; my uncle never wanted to give up the reins, and I did n't want him to. He could n't bear the thought of my going away and leaving him, and you know there is n't much business in a farming town like this for a young man. I don't know which way to turn," said poor Andrew, a sense of the misery of the situation coming over him as it never had before. "I don't want to blame the best friend I ever had, but I wish now he had put me to some business or other."

"Yes, yes," answered Mr. Dunning absently. "It would have made it easier for you, perhaps; but if you did n't start of your own accord, he probably did n't want to push you; he was glad to have you here. My boys are all scattered;" and then he said no more for a while. Andrew felt half rebuked, and half convinced that it had been right to stay at home. He suspected that his guest was thinking of his own affairs, and wished he had not told so long a story.

All night long Andrew turned and tossed in his bed, and thought about his

troubles until his head ached, and it was a relief when it was time to get up in the early dark morning and go out to feed the cattle. As soon as it was light and breakfast was over, they all hunted again for the will, high and low, upstairs and down, but it was no use; and later they went decorously to meeting. The neighbors came in, and Mr. Dunning was the hero of the hour, and was treated with great ceremony and honor. He was a well-known man, and his coming was taken as a great favor. Mr. Dennett's fame had been only provincial, and Andrew's perplexities would wait to be considered later. It was a very exciting time, and the people met together in the farm-house kitchens and had a great deal to say to one another. One day had been much like another for a great while before that week, and life had been like reading one page of a book over and over again.

Early Monday morning Mr. Dunning went away. Andrew drove him over to the village to take the stage. He used to dream in his boyhood that he would come back some day a rich man; the dream had come true; but there was after all a dreary pathos in it. Everybody had made a king of him, and had seemed proud if he remembered them, and yet — he did not care as he used to think he should. He said he meant to come back in the summer, and he told Andrew that he hoped to find him master of the place; and Andrew made a desperate effort to smile. "If I can do anything for you, you must let me know, my boy," said he. "I thought a great deal of your uncle; he did me some good turns when we were young together."

"I have often heard him say that he wished he could see you again," said the young man. "He would have been so pleased to have this visit. He used to speak of your sitting together always at school, and he used to be so proud when he read your name in the papers."

Mr. Dunning coughed a little and looked away, and asked the name of one of the hills which he had forgotten. "Yes, I wish I could have seen him once more," he said after a few minutes; and then he was forced to think of his own schemes and plans, for he was on his way back to his every-day world again.

It was only two or three days before Betsey Morris heard the sound of bells, and looked out of the window to see Mr. Lysander Dennett coming in from the road, driving a lame white horse in an old high-backed sleigh. Andrew had gone to see Susan Mathes, so she was all alone. She told herself that he might have waited a full week before he came spying round, and she would not go to the door to welcome him; so he was a long time putting his horse under a shed and covering him with the buffalo robe, which was worn until it looked fit for only a blacksmith's apron. He stamped the snow off his boots and flapped his arms to get the stiffness out, for it was very cold; the sky looked as if there were another storm coming. He dallied as long as possible, hoping that somebody would come out; but at last he summoned courage, and crossed the yard to the house and knocked at the door. Betsey had been slyly watching him through the window with a grim chuckle, but she kept him waiting a few minutes longer, and then met him with affected surprise. She was apparently hospitable, but she placed a chair for him almost into the fire itself, and entreated him to lay off his coat and stop, it was so long since he had been over, — a cruel thrust at him for not having been at the funeral. "He never did come 'less it was after money, mean-spirited old toad!" thought she.

Cousin Lysander was slow of speech; he unwound a long, dingy yarn comforter from his throat, and then he bent forward and rubbed his hands together before the fire. He had a curious, narrow face, with a nose like a beak, and thin straggling hair and whiskers, with two great ears that stood out as if they were

a schooner's sails wing-and-wing. Betsey drew her chair to the other side of the fire-place, and began to knit angrily.

"We was dreadful concerned to hear o' cousin Stephen's death," said the poor man. "He went very sudden, did n't he? Gre't loss he is."

"Yes," said Betsey, "he was very much looked up to;" and it was some time before the heir plucked up courage to speak again.

"Wife and me was lotting on getting over to the funeral; but it 's a gre't ways for her to ride, and it was a perishin' day that day. She 's be'n troubled more than common with her phthisic since cold weather come. I was all crippled up with the rheumatism; we wa' n't neither of us fit to be out," plaintively. "'T was all I could do to get out to the barn to feed the stock while Jonas and Tim was gone. My boys was over, I s'pose ye know? I don' know 's they come to speak with ye; they 're backward with strangers, but they 're good stiddy fellows."

"Them was the louts that was hanging round the barn, I guess," said Betsey to herself.

"They 're the main-stay now; they 're ahead of poor me a'ready. Jonas, he 's got risin' a hundred dollars laid up, and I believe Tim 's got something, too, — he 's younger, ye know?"

But Betsey gave her chair an angry hitch at this mixture of humility and brag, and then was a little ashamed of herself, for the memory of old Mr. Dennett's kindness and patience rebuked her. "I 've always heard they was good boys," she said. "Mr. Dennett was speakin' of 'em only last week; he thought Jonas must be about out of his time."

"Next June," said Lysander, taking heart.

("I come just as near saying that he spoke of leavin' them something," said Betsey afterward, "but I did n't. I thought he might as well tell right out what he come for.")

"Andrer 's away, I take it?"

And Betsey answered yes, but that he would be back early. "He went off before dinner; he 's got to be home to see some folks that 's coming. You 'd better stop, now you 're over," she said, and her tone was milder. She was a tender-hearted soul, and she had made him uncomfortable until she was miserable herself.

"I tell you I dread to see Andrer," said the old man sincerely, in almost a whisper. "I thought I might as well come and have it over with, but I tell you when I got into the yard I wished I was home again. Sometimes I don't feel as if I had a mite o' right to what Stephen meant to give to somebody else; but Andrer aint got his proofs, and my boys has had a hard chance. Somehow or 'nother, it 's always been up-hill work to our place, and I feel 's if the law gives it to me, it 's the will o' Providence, and I ain't got no right to set my will ag'inst it. But I want to make things pleasant with Andrer; I thought if I come right over, and we talked it over pleasant together, we could fix it some way for the best. I mean well, Betsey, I tell ye honest I do; and if we can find out what Stephen calc'lated to do for you, you shall have every cent, if it has to come out o' my part."

"I ain't thought no great about that," said Betsey, who was already considering what there was in the house to make a hearty supper for him, he looked so starved and timid, like an old white rabbit. "But I do feel for Andrer, — you know how he has been brought up. There he is now, I declare, and he 's fetched Susan with him," and she bustled out to greet them, leaving the visitor more unhappy and at a loss than ever. He had thought that everything was getting on comfortably, and he meant to lay his case before Betsey Morris, and then steal away lest he might encounter Andrew, and the idea of meeting Susan was particularly unpleasant. But he re-

flected that it would all have to be gone through with some time or other, and he sat up as straight as he could in his chair, prepared to hold his own.

Betsey shut the kitchen door after her, and went out a few steps to speak to them before they drove on into the shed. "Lysander's come," — and for the life of her she could not help a smile. "I *was* mad at first, but when I come to see how meachin' he was I turned to and pitied him, just as your uncle used to. He 'd scold dreadfully when he see him a-coming, but he always loaded up his old wagon for him when he went home. I guess you can have things pretty much as you want 'em."

Andrew frowned. He had to go through the same process of mind as Betsey, but he achieved it in about the same length of time; and though he was very angry at first, after he had put up his own horse he gave the lame white beast a big measure of corn and a pitchforkful of hay, and put her in the warmest stall. He still felt as if he would like to ill-treat her master as he went into the house. Old Lysander looked more meaching than ever, as Betsey had expressed herself, and Susan sat near the fire, looking cross and cold. She was a pretty girl, but not a very good-tempered one, and it had been a serious annoyance to her to find that there was some danger of her having to come down from the high perch she had taken as mistress in prospect of the Dennett farm. Andrew had been laughed at for his old-fashioned, sober ways, and for his mind's habit of wool-gathering. Some blunders he had made were kept alive as great jokes, and he had suffered from contrast with a smart young fellow who had come from the nearest large town, and was clerk at the country store and post-office. He had a "way" with him, and Andrew had not, and Susan's heart had been pulled in both directions.

Andrew shook hands cordially with the old man; he looked a little like Mr. Dennett, and it seemed as if some thin and weather-beaten likeness of him were sitting there, forlorn, before his own fire, or as if he had come back unsuccessful from his adventure into the next world. "You 'll stop all night, of course," said the young man. "It 's rough traveling, and it 's getting dark now. You won't think of going home. I put up your horse. I suppose you want to have a little talk about business, too." It was hard work to say this, and Susan's eyes snapped and grew very black. "I wonder he don't ask him right off if he can't stop here himself," she muttered, and Betsey thought he was too free-spoken altogether. Lysander was evidently touched by this great civility. He had expected to be treated dreadfully, and to tell the truth, though his wife had started him off early in the morning, he had lingered all day at one place and another along the road.

It grew dark very soon, and Andrew went out to bring in the wood for the night and to do his usual work; and after a while he came in, looking pleasanter than before, which made Susan crosser. She was an honest and just girl according to her lights, and she would not have wished her lover to keep what was not his, but it was her way to make everybody feel that it was injustice, and that Andrew was making somebody else an out-and-out present for his conscience' sake. She was treating poor Lysander's attempts at conversation with lofty disdain, and he grew more and more humble, and consequently disagreeable. He felt that he was creeping into this good luck by a very crooked way, and it did not behoove him to put on airs and march in upon his possessions with his banners flying; and though he said to himself over and over that the law makes the best will after all, he was certainly Stephen's next of kin and always had had a hard time, that Andrew had been given many favors by some body who was no blood relation, yet he

was very sorry for the young fellow, and showed his sympathy as well as he knew how.

"I come over a purpose to say to ye that I mean to do what 's right about this," he said at last, at the end of a long and awkward pause. "I 've asked advice, and I find the property comes to me by the law. But I know Stephen had it in his mind to give you the best part of what he had, and I want to do what 's fair and right, and so does my woman and the boys. We 'll leave it out to anybody you name, or you may have your say, or we 'll share even. I don't want to have no trouble. The first thing I says when I got wind of it was I never 'd touch a cent by claim; but when I come to think it over, it 's come by law, and our folks have n't laid up nothin' to speak of; it 's been so we could n't. My sons are smart, stiddy fellows, and I 'd like to let the youngest one have some schooling; he always took to his book. I don't want to be a drag on 'em, when it gets so I can't work. I want ye to think well about it, and let me know. I won't hurry ye, and we 'll make out the papers all square whenever you say."

"Whining old thing!" said Susan to herself; and Betsey left her chair and hurried to the closet, impatiently, for nothing whatever, and gave the door a little slam when she shut it again.

Andrew moved a little in his chair. "No, Mr. Dennett," said he, bravely. "I could n't touch a cent unless the will was found. If I had ever seen it, and knew for certain what was in it, perhaps I should act different; but as it is I should feel as if I was living on you, and I should n't like that. The law gives you the property, as you say, and I hope you and your folks will be comfortable here. I want to speak about one thing: my uncle told me he had left Betsey five hundred dollars; he spoke to me about it several times, and I promised I would see to it when anything happened to him. He said he wanted to feel she would be comfortable when she got to be old. I 'm much obliged to you for what you say, and for coming right over and talking fair and kind."

Betsey told herself then that he talked like a fool, but she always insisted afterwards that he did speak up like a man. Susan thought her lover was better looking than he used to be; she really admired him at that moment, but her heart sank within her. "He is dreadful high-flown," she said to herself, with an uneasy sense of what might be required of her as to noble ideas in years to come, if he went on in this way. It was hard, when she had been thinking they would be the two richest young people in town, to find that Andrew had decided to make them almost the poorest. She wished him to go to law; she thought she was fond of him, but people had always known he had no turn for business, and she had trusted to her own wits to make the farm pay well. Andrew had talked to her in a way that touched her heart only that afternoon, as they drove over, and had told her that he meant to be somebody for her sake, and make her proud of him yet; and she had smiled and kissed him with great affection, but it had been almost too cold for love-making, and she was a sadly disappointed girl.

They spent a solemn evening. Old Lysander talked a great deal about the weather and the likelihood of there being more snow before morning, and then he fell asleep and snored; and later Andrew walked over with Susan to her aunt's, where she was going to spend a day or two, as often happened. She was dreading to meet her relatives, but Andrew was on provokingly good terms with himself. He told Susan that she was everything to him, and he did n't care about losing the farm so long as he had her; and she said that she was n't half good enough for him, and resolved that she would n't break his heart now,

for he was a well-meaning fellow, but before spring there would be some way she could get out of it.

The short winter days that followed were dreary enough to the hero of this story. His comfortable life had always seemed a certainty to him, and now new cares and perplexities had fallen heavily upon him. He could not help noticing that there was a change in the manner of his neighbors, and Betsey often mentioned that she could not imagine how her sister got on without her, and was evidently in a hurry to settle herself in her new home. The Dennetts had asked them both to stay until spring at the farm, when they meant to make a change, and it seemed the best thing to do; but Andrew kept himself busier than ever before in his life, lest he might be accused of idling and eating another man's bread. He undertook to keep the district school near by, and succeeded tolerably well, and it was a great satisfaction to be earning something. He hunted far and near for some employment, until he was discouraged. He knew that Susan would despise his hiring out on a farm for the summer, and there seemed to be nothing else, if there were even that. He felt very forlorn, and sometimes there was a chill in Susan's sunshine, which was the saddest thing of all.

One day late in January he made up his mind to write to Mr. Dunning and ask him to find some work for him in Boston, though it was awful to think of going so far away. Susan brightened when he spoke of it, and when a letter was received telling him to come as soon as possible he said good-by to her and went, and some one else finished the town school. He often smiled in after-years to think of the misgivings with which he left his home, and the tremendous distance which seemed to lie between it and the city; it was almost like going off into space. The change to city life was a very great one, and at first he felt as a small boy might who had fastened his sled behind a railway train. However, he proved equal to the place for which Mr. Dunning had recommended him; his steady, painstaking ways found favor with his employers, while he lost some of his natural slowness from being with people who were always in a hurry. He wrote long and edifying letters to Susan, and confided to her his aims and hopes, and his certainty that she would like the city as much as he did. She replied from time to time, but she had by no means the pen of a ready writer; and when, one day, he had been thinking a great deal about her, and wondering gratefully why she had fallen in love with him, a letter came to say that she had decided that they must part. Her father and mother would not consent to her settling so far away, and she hoped they would always be friends; she never had been good enough for him, — which was not honest, since she thought herself much too good. It was a heavy blow, and Andrew was miserable for some time. The loss of the will had involved this loss also, and life seemed very dismal.

But he did not mourn all his days, as at first he thought he should. His business grew very interesting, and he set his heart upon making a fortune, since other people had done it without any more hard work than he was willing to do; and after a while the news reached his old neighbors that his employers thought highly of him, and would soon send him out to China, — they being in the tea business. Then even Mrs. Beedle said she always knew there was a good deal to Andrew Phillips, and now folks that had laughed at him were going to see. And sure enough, he did make his way steadily upward, as many a country boy has done before and since. He changed little in reality: he dressed well, and behaved himself in the approved fashion, and gained a good knowledge of the world, and his manner, which had been

thought awkward, came to be considered good enough. While in his boyhood he had been called stupid and slow-moulded, among his business friends he passed for a reserved and discreet and cautious man. He never was very attractive; his associates found no fault with him, for his life was honorable and just, but he did not make many personal friends, though he was so much respected. You might have a strong feeling of attachment for him after you had known him long, but that was all; he was not a person whom one could be enthusiastic about. His was not the character which rouses enthusiasm, but after his own fashion he made a success of life, and that cannot always be said of men who are more popular with their fellows and more gifted by nature than he.

He married, after a while, an orphan niece of one of the firm, of which in time he rose to be a partner himself, and everybody thought it was a good match for both of them. The fair Susan was never thought of with a sigh; it is oftener in love stories than in real life that such wounds of the heart take long to heal. The world seems to come to an end, and then is begun anew; after people marry, their earlier lovers are seldom thought of with regret, however dear they were in their day. Andrew's wife was a far better wife for him than Susan ever would or could have been, and he always said so to himself when he thought of the matter at all. They had a pleasant house and a pleasant position in society, and our hero often smiled to think of his misery when he found that his uncle's estates were not to be his, after all. It was a good while before it flashed through his mind, one day, that it had been a blessing in disguise. There had been eight thousand dollars beside the farm; there never had been a fortune equal to it in that neighborhood; but his own possessions already covered it over and over again, and it made him fairly wretched to think how small and narrow his life would have been if he had stayed at home on the farm, how much he should have missed, and how much less he could have have done for himself and for other people. He said more than once that it had been the making of him, and that the hand of God had plainly shaped his course.

After a good many years he went back to his native place; he had been meaning to do it for a long time, and he was somehow often reminded of Mr. Dunning's visit. It was a pleasant week in late summer, and the old town was little changed; only there seemed to be very few old people and a great many younger ones. He went to see every one whom he knew, and his holidays were after all very pleasant. He called upon Susan, and found her old and homely and complaining, though she had married the smart young man at the store, and had been as fond of him as it was her nature to be of any one. It was odd that he was awkward and lank and slow-moulded now, while Andrew was in her eyes a most distinguished and elegant looking man, and she could not imagine how she ever had the courage to dismiss him. "You know I always set a great deal by you, Mr. Phillips," she said, with a look that made her a little like the Susan of old. He seemed a part of her triumphant youth, and it brought back all her old pride and ambition. She had meant to be somebody and had failed, and perhaps she never exactly understood where her mistake had been until then. It is likely that from that time forward she occasionally said that she might have been riding in her carriage.

Andrew stayed at the Dennett farm; nothing had ever told him so plainly how different a man he was from what he might have been, or how different a life he led, like coming back to the old house. It seemed very strange to wake up in the morning in his old room, which with unwonted sentiment he had asked if he

might occupy. Lysander Dennett had not lived long to enjoy his good fortune, but it had been a great blessing to his sons, who were farmers by nature; and now one lived in the old house, and the other in a new one near by, and they worked the farm together, while they were, by reason of their wealth, two of the foremost citizens, and one of them had even been sent to the legislature. The old place was not altered much. Andrew was reminded of his uncle and of his own boyhood at every step, and he offered to buy one or two old pieces of furniture, which were gladly given to him when he was found to be attached to them; and, since they were brass-mounted and claw-footed, his wife welcomed them with joy, and thought his pilgrimage to his native place had not been in vain. There was a son of Jonas Dennett's at the farm who reminded him of himself in his youth, and he made friends in a grave way with the boy, and said to himself that in a year or two he would give him a start in the world.

It happened that the day before he ended his visit was a rainy day, and he was shut up in the house, though between two showers in the morning he had gone over to pay a last call on Mrs. Beedle, who was still living, grown shorter and stouter than ever, until her little head and broad round shoulders made her look like a June bug. She took great pride in Mr. Phillips, who, indeed, had been kind to her in many ways, as well as to Betsey Morris, who had died not long before.

After he had come back he was at his wits' end what to do. Jonas Dennett was away and the women were busy, and at last he asked if there were not an old family Bible somewhere in the house, and was directed to the best room, — stiff and dismal as ever, — where it was taken down from the chimney cupboard, as the Bible belonging to the Lysander Dennett branch was occupying the post of honor on the little table in the corner. Andrew caught sight of some other ancient-looking volumes, and he mounted the chair himself, reaching in at arm's-length and taking out one old brown book after another. There was nothing very interesting; they were mostly like Law's Serious Call and the Rise and Progress, and some volumes of old sermons by New England divines. The last book was a great volume of Townsend's Arrangement of the Old Testament. It was almost as large as the Bible itself, and as he took it out it slipped from his hand and fell to the floor. One of the Dennett children, who stood by, stooped to pick it up, and as Andrew came down from the chair, dusty and disappointed in his search, she gave it to him. There was a paper half out between the leaves, which the fall had dislodged, and he pulled it out to replace it more carefully, thinking of something else all the time; but a strange feeling rushed over him at the sight of it, and he sat down, still holding the big book and the paper, and, to the little girl's surprise, he grew very red in the face.

It was strange that after so many years, he should have been the one to find the missing will. It was carefully written in his uncle's stiff, precise hand, and the farm and all the money, with the exception of Betsey Morris's legacy, and one to the young Dennetts, and some smaller ones to the church and the old minister, were left to his adopted son.

And now Andrew was the rightful heir when he did not wish to be, and he was anything but happy. He remembered the book, and that he looked in it himself; it used to be on a table in that same room, and poor old Mrs. Towner had carefully replaced the paper in the Bible, as she thought, for this book was not unlike it to her half-blind eyes. Soon after the funeral Betsey had put the room severely to rights, and had stored the books away in the chim-

ney cupboard, where they had been ever since. He could not imagine how he and the other people who had searched had overlooked this paper; it must have been fastened between two leaves and hidden somehow. Indeed, it had always been a puzzle to him why the will should have been in the Bible at all; it was not like his uncle to put it there; but after all it is only people in real life who do uncharacteristic things. Andrew went out to the barn and sat there alone for a while, listening to the rain on the shingles overhead and wondering what he should do. He had a great affection for the old place, and he would have liked to think it was his, as his uncle wished it to be. It cost a good deal of effort to give it up; but he knew that his wife would find it very dull for even a little while in the summer, and it was too far from the city for him to think of spending much time there. It would give him a great deal of trouble, too. And Jonas and Tim Dennett would be thrown out of their homes; they were worth five or six thousand dollars apiece and their farm now, but they would have to begin life all over again, — they and their wives and children. He was a rich man himself and only a little past middle age, and he came to the conclusion that he would not claim the property that his uncle had given him.

And when he went into the house he stood for a minute in the kitchen warming his hands a little over the stove, which to his sorrow had taken the place of the old fire-place; while nobody was looking he tucked a folded paper in at the draught, and saw it light quickly and burn, and the old wafer spluttered a little, while he felt very solemn, and seemed to his hostess all day to have something on his mind. He had a feeling of regret about it from time to time, and he thought sometimes that it would have been just as well to let them know how generous he had been. But he always told himself, whenever he thought of the will afterward, that it was the best thing for him to do.

So he lost his fortune when he wanted it, and found it was his when he would not take it; but he thought of the old place more and more as he grew older, and Jonas Dennett's boy came to the city that next spring.

Sarah O. Jewett.

FOUR DAYS WITH SANNA.

A PAIR of eyes too blue for gray, too gray for blue; brown hair as dark as hair can be, being brown and not black; a face fine without beauty, gentle but firm; a look appealing, and yet full of a certain steadfastness, which one can see would be changed to fortitude at once, if there were need; a voice soft, low, and of a rich fullness, in which even Norwegian "*sks*" flow melodiously and broken English becomes music, — this is a little, these are a few features, of the portrait of Sanna, all that can be told to any one not knowing Sanna herself. And to those who do know her it would not occur to speak of the eyes, or the hair, or the shy, brave look; to speak of her in description would be lost time and a half-way impertinence; she is simply "Sanna."

When she said she would go with me and show me two of the most beautiful fjords of her country, her beloved Norway, I found no words in which to convey my gladness. He who journeys in a foreign country whose language he does not know is in sorrier plight for the time being than one born a deaf-mute.

Deprived all of a sudden of his two chief channels of communication with his fellows, cut off in an hour from all which he has been wont to gain through his ears and express by his tongue, there is no telling his abject sense of helplessness. The more he has been accustomed to free intercourse, exact replies, ready compliance, and full utterance among his own people, the worse off he feels himself now. It is ceaseless humiliation added to perpetual discomfort. And the more novel the country, and the greater his eagerness to understand all he sees, the greater is his misery; the very things which, if he were not this pitiful deaf-mute, would give him his best pleasures are turned into his chief torments; even evident friendliness on the part of those he meets becomes as irritating a misery as the sound of waterfalls in the ears of Tantalus. Nowhere in the world can this misery of unwilling dumbness and deafness be greater, I think, than it is in Norway. The evident good-will and readiness to talk of the Norwegian people are as peculiarly their own as are their gay costumes and their flower-decked houses. Their desire to meet you half way is so great that they talk on and on, in spite of the palpable fact that not one word of all they say conveys any idea to your mind; and at last, when your despair has become contagious, and they accept the situation as hopeless, they seize your hand in both of theirs, and pressing it warmly let it fall with a smile and a shake of the head, which speak volumes of regret both for their own loss and for yours.

It took much planning to contrive what we could best do in the four days which were all that we could have for our journey. The comings and goings of steamboats on the Norway fjords, their habits in the matter of arriving and departing, the possibilities and impossibilities of carioles, caleches, peasant carts and horses, the contingencies and uncertainties of beds at inns, — all these things taken together, make any programme of journeying, in any direction in Norway, an aggregate of complications, risks, and hindrances enough to deter any but the most indomitable lovers of nature and adventure. Long before it was decided which routes promised us most between a Saturday afternoon and the next Wednesday night, I had abandoned all effort to grapple understandingly with the problems, and left the planning entirely to my wiser and more resolute companion. Each suggestion that I made seemed to involve us in deeper perplexities. One steamer would set off at three in the morning; another would arrive at the same hour; a third would take us over the most beautiful parts of a fjord in the night; on a fourth route nothing in the way of vehicles could be procured, except the peasant's cart, a thing in which no human being not born a Norwegian peasant can drive for half a day without being shaken to a jelly; on a fifth we should have to wait three days for a return boat; on another it was unsafe to go without having received beforehand the promise of a bed, the accommodations for travelers being so scanty. The old puzzle of the fox and the goose and the corn is an *a b c* in comparison with the dilemma we were in. At last, when I thought I had finally arranged a scheme which would enable us to see two of the finest of the fjords within our prescribed time, a scheme which involved spending a day and a night in the little town of Gudvangen, in the valley of Nerodal, Sanna exclaimed, shuddering, "We cannot! we cannot! The mountains are over us. We can sleep at Gudvangen; but a whole day? No! You shall not like a whole day at Gudvangen. The mountains are so" — and she finished her sentence by another shudder and a gesture of cowering, which were more eloquent than words. So the day at Gudvangen was given up,

and it was arranged that we were to wait one day at some other point on the road, wherever it might seem good, and upon no account come to Gudvangen for anything more than to take the steamer away from it.

The heat of a Bergen noon is like a passing smile on a stern face. It was cold at ten, and it will be cold again long before sunset; you have your winter wrap on your arm, and you dare not be separated from it, but the midday glares at and down on you, and makes the wrap seem not only intolerable but incongruous. As we drove to the steamer at twelve o'clock, with fur-trimmed wraps and heavy rugs filling the front seat of the carriage, and our faces flushed with heat, I said, "What an absurd amount of wraps for a midsummer journey! I have a mind to let Nils carry back this heavy rug."

"I think you shall be very glad if you have it," remarked Sanna. "Oh!" she exclaimed with a groan, "there is Bob!"

Bob is Sanna's dog, — a small black spaniel, part setter, with a beautiful head and eye, and a devotion to his mistress which lovers might envy. Never, when in her presence, does he remove his eyes from her for many minutes. He either revolves restlessly about her like an alert scout, or lays himself down with a sentry-like expression at her feet.

"Oh, what is to do with Bob?" she continued, gazing helplessly at me. The rascal was bounding along the road, curveting, and wagging his tail, and looking up at us with an audacious leer on his handsome face. "He did understand perfectly that he should not come," said Sanna; hearing which, Bob hung back, behind the carriage.

"Nils must carry him back," I said. Then, relenting, seeing the look of distress on Sanna's face, I added, "Could we not take him with us?"

"Oh, no, it must be impossible," she replied. "It is for the lambs. He does drive them and frighten them. He must stay, but we shall have trouble."

Fast the little Norwegian ponies clattered down to the wharf. No Bob. As we went on board he was nowhere to be seen. Anxiously Sanna searched for him, to give him into Nils's charge. He was not to be found. The boat began to move. Still no Bob. We settled ourselves comfortably; already the burdensome rug was welcome. "I really think Bob must have missed us in the crowd," I said.

"I do not know, I do not think," replied Sanna, her face full of perplexity. "Oh!" with a cry of dismay. "He is here!"

There he was! Abject, nearly dragging his body on the deck like a snake, his tail between his legs, fawning, cringing, his eyes fixed on Sanna, he crawled to her feet. Only his eyes told that he felt any emotion except remorse; they betrayed him; their expression was the drollest I ever saw on a dumb creature's face. It was absurd; it was impossible, incredible, if one had not seen it; as plainly as if words had been spoken, it avowed the whole plot, the distinct exultation in its success. "Here I am," it said, "and I know very well that now the steamer has begun to move you are compelled to take me with you. My heart is nearly broken with terror and grief at the thought of your displeasure, but all the same I can hardly contain myself for delight at having outwitted you so completely." All this while he was wriggling closer and closer to her feet, watching her eye, as a child watches its mother's, for the first show of relenting. Of course we began to laugh. At the first beginning of a smile in Sanna's eyes, he let his tail out from between his legs, and began to flap it on the deck; as the smile broadened, he gradually rose to his feet; and by the time we had fairly burst into uncontrolled laughter, he was erect, gamboling around us like a kid, and joining in the

chorus of our merriment by a series of short, sharp yelps of delight, which, being interpreted, would doubtless have been something like, "Ha, ha! Beat 'em, and they're not going to thrash me, and I'm booked for the whole journey now, spite of fate! Ha, ha!" Then he stretched himself at our feet, laid his nose out flat on the deck, and went to sleep as composedly as if he had been on the hearth rug at home; far more composedly than he would had he dreamed of the experiences in store for him.

"Poor Bob!" said Sanna. "It must be that we shall send him back by the steamer." Poor Bob, indeed! Long before we reached our first landing, Bob was evidently sea-sick. The beautiful water of the great Hardanger Fjord was as smooth as an inland lake; changing from dark and translucent green in the narrowing channels, where the bold shores came so near together that we could count the trees, to brilliant and sparkling blue in the wider opens. But little cared Bob for the beauty of the water; little did it comfort him that the boat glided as gently as is possible for a boat to move. He had never been on a boat before, and did not know it was smooth. Piteously he roamed about, from place to place, looking off; then he would come and stand before Sanna, quivering in every fibre, and looking up at her with sorrowful appeal in his eyes. His thoughts were plainly written in his countenance now, as before; but nobody could have had the heart to laugh at him. Poor fellow! He was not the first creature that has been bowed down by the curse of a granted prayer.

Presently there came a new trouble. All along the Hardanger Fjord are little hamlets and villages and clusters of houses, tucked in in nooks among rocks and on rims of shore at the base of the high, stony walls of mountains, and snugged away at the heads of inlets. Many of these are places of summer resort for the Bergen people, who go out of town into the country in summer, I fancy, somewhat as the San Francisco people do, not to find coolness, but to find warmth; for the air in these sheltered nooks and inlets of the fjords is far softer than it is in Bergen, which has the strong sea wind blowing in its teeth all the while. On Saturdays the steamers for the Hardanger country are crowded with Bergen men going out to spend the Sunday with their families or friends who are rusticating at these little villages. At many of these spots there is no landing except by small boats, and it was one of the pleasantest features of the sail, the frequent pausing of the steamer off some such nook, and the putting out of the row-boats to fetch or to carry passengers. They would row alongside, half a dozen at a time, bobbing like corks, and the agile Norwegians would skip in and out of and across them as deftly as if they were stepping on firm floor. The Norwegian peasant is as at home in a boat as a snail in his shell; women as well as men, they row, stand, leap, gesticulate, lift burdens, with only a rocking plank between their feet and fathomless water, and never seem to know that they are not on solid ground. In fact, they are far more graceful afloat than on ground: on the land they shuffle and walk in a bent and toil-worn attitude, the result of perpetual carrying of loads on their backs; but they bend to their oars with ease and freedom, and wheel, and turn, and shoot, and back their little skiffs with a dexterity which leaves no room for doubt that they can do anything they choose on water. It would not have astonished me, any day, to see a Norwegian coming towards me in two boats at once, one foot in each boat, walking on the water in them, as a man walks on snow in snow-shoes. I never did see it, but I am sure they could do it.

When these boats came alongside,

Bob peered wistfully over the railings, but did not offer to stir. The connection between this new variety of water-craft and terra firma he did not comprehend. But at the first landing which we reached, he gazed for a moment intently, and then bounded forward like a shot, across the gangway, in among the crowd on the wharf, in a twinkling.

"Oh!" shrieked Sanna, "Bob is on shore!" and she rushed after him, and brought him back, crest-fallen. But he had learned the trick of it; and after that, his knack at disappearing some minutes before we came to a wharf — thereby luring us into a temporary forgetfulness of him — and then, when we went to seek him, making himself invisible among the people going on shore was something so uncanny that my respect for him fast deepened into an awe which made an odd undercurrent of anxiety, mingling with my enjoyment of the beauties of the fjord. It was strange, while looking at grand tiers of hills rising one behind the other, with precipitous fronts, the nearer ones wooded, the farther ones bare and stony, sometimes almost solid rock, walling the beautiful green and blue water as if it had been a way hewn for it to pass; shining waterfalls pouring down from the highest summits, straight as a beam of light, into the fjord, sometimes in full torrents dazzling bright, sometimes in single threads as if of raveled cloud, sometimes in a broken line of round disks of glittering white on the dark green, the course of the water in the intervals between being marked only by a deeper green and a sunken line in the foliage, — it was strange, side by side with the wonder at all this beauty, to be wondering to one's self also what Bob would do next. But so it was hour by hour, all of our way up the Hardanger Fjord, till we came, in the early twilight at half past ten o'clock, to Eide, our journey's end. The sun had set — if in a Norway summer it can ever be truly said to set — two hours before, and in its slow sinking had turned the mountains, first pink, then red, then to an opaline tint, blending both pink and red with silver gray and white; all shifting and changing so fast that the mountains themselves seemed to be quivering beneath. Then, of a sudden, they lost color and turned gray and dark blue. Belts and down-stretching lines of snow shone out sternly on their darkened summits; a shadowy half moon rose above them in the southeast, and the strange luminous night lit up the little hamlet of Eide, almost light like day, as we landed.

At first sight Eide looked as if the houses, as well as the people, had just run down to the shore to meet the boat: from the front windows of the houses one might easily look into the cabin windows of the boat; so narrow strips of shore do the mountain walls leave sometimes along these fjords, and such marvelous depth of water do the fjords bring to the mountains' feet.

"Have you written for rooms? Where are you going? There is n't a bed in Eide," were the first words that greeted us from some English people who had left Bergen days before, and whom we never expected to see again. The disappearing, reappearing, and turning up of one's traveling acquaintances in Norway is one of the distinctive experiences of the country. The chief routes of tourist travel are so involved with each other, and so planned for exchange, interchange, and succession of goers and comers, that the perpetual rencontres of chance acquaintances are amusing. It is like a performance of the figures of a country dance on a colossal scale, so many miles to a figure; and if one sits down quietly at any one of the large inns, for a week, the great body of Norway tourists for that week will be pretty sure to pass under his inspection.

At Holt's, in Bergen, one sees, say forty travelers, at breakfast, any morning. Before supper at eight in the even-

ing these forty have gone their ways, and a second forty have arrived, and so on; and wherever he goes during the following week he will meet detachments of these same bands: each man sure that he has just done the one thing best worth doing, and done it in the best way; each eloquent in praise or dispraise of the inns, the roads, and the people, and ready with his "Oh, but you must be sure to see" this, that, or the other.

There were those who sat up all night in Eide, that night, for want of a bed; but Bob and we were well lodged in a pretty bedroom, with two windows white curtained and two beds white ruffled to the floor, on which were spread rugs of black-and-white goat skins edged with coarse home-made blue flannel. In the parlor and the dining-room of the little inn, carved book-cases, and pipe-cases hung on the walls; ivies trained everywhere; white curtains, a piano, black-worsted-covered high-backed chairs, spotless table linen, and old silver gave an air of old-fashioned refinement to the rooms, which was a surprise.

The landlady wore the peasant's costume of the Hardanger country: the straight black skirt to the ankles, long white apron, sleeveless scarlet jacket, with a gay beaded stomacher over a full white blouse, shining silver ornaments at throat and wrists, and on her head the elegant and dignified head-dress of fine crimped white lawn, which makes the Hardanger wives by far the most picturesque women to be seen in all Norway.

At seven in the morning a young peasant girl opened our bedroom door cautiously to ask if we would have coffee in bed. Bob flew at her with a fierce yelp, which made her retreat hastily, and call for protection. Being sharply reproved by Sanna, Bob stood doggedly defiant in the middle of the floor, turning his reproachful eyes from her to the stranger, and back again, plainly saying, "Ungrateful one! How should I know she was not an enemy? That is the way enemies approach." The girl wore the peasant maiden's dress: a short black skirt bound with scarlet braid, sewed to a short sleeveless green jacket, which was little wider than a pair of suspenders between the shoulders behind. Her full, long-sleeved white blouse came up high in the throat, and was fastened there by two silver buttons with Maltese crosses hanging from them by curiously twisted chains. Her yellow hair was braided in two thick braids, and wound tight round her head like a wreath. She had a fair skin, tender, honest blue eyes, and a face serious enough for a Madonna; but she laughed when she brought us the eggs for our breakfast, kept warm in many folds of linen napkin held down by a great motherly hen of gray china with a red crest on its head.

The house was a small white cottage; at the front door a square porch, large enough to hold two tables and seats for a dozen people; opposite this a vine-wreathed arch and gate led into a garden, at the foot of which ran a noisy little river. An old bent peasant woman was always going back and forth between the house and the river, carrying water in two pails hung from a yoke on her shoulders. A bit of half-mowed meadow joined the garden. It had been mowed at intervals, a little piece at a time, so that the surface was a patchwork of different shades of green. The hay was hung out to dry on short lines of fence here and there. Grass is always dried in this way in Norway, and can hang on the fences for two weeks and not be hurt, even if it is repeatedly wet by rain. One narrow, straggling street led off up the hill-side, and suddenly disappeared as if the mountains had swallowed it. The houses were thatched, with layers of birch bark put under the boards; sods of earth on top; and flowers blooming on them as in a garden. One roof was a

bed of wild pansies, and another of a tiny pink flower as fine as a grass; and young shoots of birch waved on them both. The little river which ran past the inn garden had come down from the mountains through terraced meadows, which were about half and half meadow and terrace; stony and swampy, and full of hillocks and hollows. New England has acres of fields like them: only here there were big blue harebells and pink heath, added to clover and buttercups, wild parsley and yarrow. On tiny pebbly bits of island here and there in the brook grew purple thistles, "snow flake," and bushes of birch and ash.

Bob rollicked in the lush grass, as we picked our way among the moist hollows of this flowery meadow. In Sanna's hand dangled a bit of rope, which he eyed suspiciously. She had brought it with her to tie him up, when the hour should come for him to be carried on board the steamer. He could not have known this, for he had never been tied up in his life. But new dangers had roused new wariness in his acute mind: he had distinctly heard the word "steamer" several times that morning, and understood it. I said to him immediately after breakfast, "Bob, you have to go home by the steamer this morning." He instantly crept under the sofa, his tail between his legs, and cowered and crouched in the farthest corner; no persuasions could lure him out, and his eyes were piteous beyond description. Not until we had walked some distance from the house, in a direction opposite to the steamer wharf, did he follow us. Then he came bounding, relieved for the time being from anxiety. At last Sanna, in a feint of play, tied the rope around his neck. His bewilderment and terror were tragic. Setting all four feet firmly on the ground he refused to stir, except as he was dragged by main force. It was plain that he would be choked to death before he would obey. The rope project must be abandoned. Perhaps he could be lured on board, following Sanna. Vain hope! Long before we reached the wharf, the engine of the boat gave a shrill whistle. At the first sound of it Bob darted away like the wind, up the road, past the hotel, out of sight in a minute. We followed him a few rods, and then gave it up. Again he had outwitted us. We walked to the steamer, posted a letter, sat down, and waited. The steamer blew five successive signals, and then glided away from the wharf. In less than three minutes, before she was many rods off, lo, Bob! back again, prancing around us with glee, evidently keeping his eye on the retreating steamboat, and chuckling to himself at his escape.

"O Bob, Bob!" groaned Sanna. "What is to do with you?"

We were to set off for Vossevangen by carriage at three; at half past two poor Bob was carried, struggling, into the wood-shed, and tied up. His cries were piteous, almost more than we could bear. I am sure he understood the whole plot; but the worst was to come. By somebody's carelessness, the wood-shed door was opened just as we were driving away from the porch. With one convulsive leap and cry, Bob tore his rope from the log to which it was tied, and darted out. The stable boys caught him, and held him fast: his cries were human. Sanna buried her face in her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, say to the driver that he go so fast as he can!" And we drove away, leaving the poor faithful, loving creature behind, to be sent by express back to Bergen on the steamer the next day. It was like leaving a little child alone among strangers, heart-broken and terrified. When we returned to Bergen we learned that he had touched neither food nor drink till he reached home, late the next night.

To go from Eide to Vossevangen, one must begin by climbing up out of Eide. It is at the bottom of a well, walled by green hills and snow-topped mountains;

at the top of the well the country spreads out for a little, only to meet higher hills, higher mountains. Here lies a great lake, rimmed by broad borders of reeds, which shook and glistened in the wind and sun like the spears of half-drowned armies as we passed. Clumps and groves of ash-trees on the shores of this lake looked like huge clumsy torches set in the ground; their tops had been cut down again and again, till they had grown as broad as they were high. The leaves are used for the feed of sheep, and the boughs for fire-wood; and as in the frugal Norwegian living nothing that can be utilized is left to lie idle, never an ash-tree has the chance to shoot up, become tall and full of leaf. Magpies flitted in and out among them.

"One is for sorrow, and two are for joy, three must be a marriage, and four do bring good fortune, we do say in Norway," said Sanna. "But I think we shall have all sorrow and joy, and to be married many times over, if it be true," she added, as the noisy, showy creatures continued to cross our road by twos and threes.

High up on the hills, just in the edge of snow patches, sœters were to be seen, their brown roofs looking as much a part of the lonely nature as did the waterfalls and the pine-trees. On all sides shone the water, — trickling fosses down precipices, outbursting fosses from ravines and dells; just before us rose a wall some three thousand feet high, over which leaped a foaming cataract.

"We shall go there," said Sanna, pointing up to it. Sure enough, we did. By loops so oval and narrow they seemed twisted as if to thread their way, as eyes of needles are threaded, the road wound and doubled, and doubled and wound, six times crossing the hill front in fifteen hundred feet. At each double, the valley sank below us; the lake sank; the hills which walled the lake sank; the road was only a broad rift among piled bowlders. In many places these bowlders were higher than our heads; but there was no sense of danger, for the road was a perfect road, smooth as a macadamized turnpike. Along its outer edge rows of thickly set rocks, several feet high, and so near each other that no carriage could possibly fall between; in the most dangerous places stout iron bars were set from rock to rock; these loops of chain ladder up the precipice were as safe as a summer pathway in a green meadow. On a stone bridge of three arches we crossed the waterfall: basins of rocks above us, filled with spray; basins and shelves and ledges of rocks below us, filled with spray; the bridge black and slippery wet, and the air thick with spray, like a snow-storm; precipices of water on the right and the left. It was next to being an eagle on wing in a storm to cross that bridge in upper air. At the sixth turn we came out abreast of the top of the waterfall, and in a moment more had left all the stress and storm and tumult of waters behind us, and glided into a sombre, still roadway beside a calm little river deep in a fir forest. Only the linnæa had won bloom out of this darkness; its courageous little tendrils wreathed the tree trunks nestled among the savage rocks, and held up myriads of pink cups wet with the ceaseless spray. It was a dreary, lonely place; miles of gaunt swamp, forest, and stony moor; here and there a farm-house, silent as if deserted.

"Where are all the people? Why do we not see any one moving about the houses?" I asked.

"In the house, reading, every one," replied Sanna. "On a Sunday afternoon, if there is no service in church, all Norwegian farm people do go into their houses, and spend all afternoon in reading and in religion."

At last we reached a more open country: an off-look to the west; new ranges of snow-topped mountains came in sight. We began to descend; another

silent river slipping down by our side; two more dark, shining lakes. On the shore of one, a peasant man — the first living creature we had seen for ten miles — was taking his cart out of a little shed by the roadside. This shed was the only sign of human habitation to be seen in the region. His horse stood near by, with a big barrel slung on each side: they were barrels of milk, which had just been brought down in this way from a sœter which we could see, well up in the cloud region, far above the woods on the left. Down the steep path from this sœter the man had walked, and the horse bearing the barrels of milk had followed. Now the barrels were to be put in the cart, and carried to Eide. Ten miles more that milk was to be carried before it reached its market; and yet, at the little inn in Eide, for a breakfast, at which one may drink all the milk he desires, he will be asked to pay only thirty-five cents. What else beside milk? Fresh salmon, trout, two kinds of rye bread and two of white, good butter, six kinds of cheese, herrings done in oil and laurel leaves in tiny wooden barrels, cold sausage, ham, smoked salmon (raw), coffee and tea, and perhaps — wild strawberries: this will be the Eide summer-morning breakfast. The cheese feature in the Norwegian breakfast is startling at first: all colors, sizes, shapes, and smells known of cheese; it must be owned they are not savory for breakfast, but the Norwegian eats them almost as a rite. He has a proverb in regard to cheese as we have of fruit: "Gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night;" and he lives up to it more implicitly than we do to ours.

As we neared Vossevangen, the silent river grew noisier and noisier, and at last let out all its reserves in a great torrent which leaped down into the valley with a roar. This torrent also was bridged at its leap; and the bridge seemed to be in a perpetual quiver from the shock of it. The sides of the rocky gorge below glistened black like ebony; they had been worn into columnar grooves by the centuries of whirling waters; the knotted roots of a fir forest jutted out above them, and long spikes of a beautiful white flower hung out from their crevices in masses of waving snowy bloom. It looked like a variety of the house-leek, but no human hand could reach it to make sure.

Vossevangen is a little farming hamlet on the west shore of a beautiful lake. The region is one of the best agricultural districts in Western Norway; the "Vos" farmers are held to be fortunate and well to do, and their butter and cheese always bring high prices in market.

On the eastern shore of the lake is a chain of mountains, from two to four thousand feet high; to the south, west, and north rise the green hills on which the farms lie; above these, again, rise other hills, higher and more distant, where in the edges of the snow tracts or buried in fir forests are the sœters, the farmers' summer homes.

As we drove into the village we met the peasants going home from church: the women in short green or black gowns, with gay jackets and white handkerchiefs made into a flying-buttress sort of head-dress on their heads; the men with knee-breeches, short vests, and jackets thick trimmed with silver buttons. Every man bowed, and every woman courtesied as we passed. To pass any human being on the highway without a sign or token of greeting would be considered in Norway the height of ill manners; any child seen to do it would be sharply reproved. Probably few things would astonish the rural Norwegian more than to be told that among the highly civilized it is considered a mark of good breeding, if you chance to meet a fellow-man on the highway, to go by him with no more recognition of his presence than you would give to a tree or a stone wall.

It is an odd thing that a man should be keeping the Vossevangen Hotel to-day who served in America's civil war, was for two years in one of the New York regiments, and saw a good deal of active service. He was called back to Norway by the death of his father, which made it necessary for him to take charge of the family estate in Vossevangen. He has married a Vossevangen woman, and is likely to end his days there, but he hankers for Chicago, and always will. He keeps a fairly good little hotel, on the shores of the lake, with a row of willow-trees in front; dwarf apple-trees, gooseberry and currant bushes, and thickets of rhubarb in his front yard; roses, too, besides larkspur and phlox, but the rhubarb has the place of honor. The dining-room and the parlor were like those at Eide, adorned with ivies and flowering plants; oleanders in the windows, and potted carnations on the table. In one corner of the dining-room was a large round table covered with old silver for sale: tankards, chains, belts, buttons, coins, rings, buckles, brooches, ornaments of all kinds, — hundreds of dollars' worth of things. There they lay, day and night, open to all who came; and they had done this, the landlady said, for years, and not a single article had ever been stolen: from which it is plain that not only is the Norwegian honest himself, there must be a contagion in his honesty, which spreads it to all travelers in his country.

The next morning, early, we set off in a peasant's cart to visit some of the farm-houses.

"Now you shall see," said Sanna, "that it was not possible if you had all day to ride in this kind of wagon."

It did not take long to prove the truth of her remark. A shallow wooden box set on two heavy wheels; a wooden seat raised on two slanting wooden braces, so high that one's feet but just reach the front edge of the box; no dasher, no sides to seat, no anything, apparently, after you are up, except your hard wooden seat and two pounding wheels below, — this is the peasant wagon. The horse, low down between two heavy thills, is without traces, pulls by a breast collar, is guided by rope reins, and keeps his heels half the time under the front edge of the box. The driver stands up in the box behind you, and the rope reins are in your hair, or on your neck, shoulders, ears, as may be. The walloping motion of this kind of box, drawn by a frisky Norwegian horse over rough roads, is droll beyond description. But when it comes to going down hills in it, and down hills so steep that the box appears to be on the point of dumping you between the horse's ears at each wallop, it ceases to be droll, and becomes horrible. Our driver was a splendid specimen of a man: six feet tall, strong built, and ruddy. When he found that I was an American, he glowed all over, and began to talk rapidly to Sanna. He had six brothers in America.

"They do say that they all have it very good there," interpreted Sanna; "and he thinks to go there himself so soon as there is money to take all. It must be that America is the best country in the world, to have it so good there that every man can have it good."

The roads up the hills were little more than paths. Often for many rods there was no trace of wheels on the stony ledges; again the track disappeared in a bit of soft meadow. As we climbed, the valley below us rounded and hollowed, and the lake grew smaller and smaller to the eye; the surrounding hills opened up, showing countless valleys winding here and there among them. It was a surpassingly beautiful view. Vast tracts of firs, inky black in the distances, emphasized the glittering of the snow fields above them and the sunny green of the nearer foregrounds below.

The first farm which we visited lay about three miles north of the village, — three miles north and up. The build-

ings were huddled together, some half dozen of them, in a hap-hazard sort of way, with no attempt at order, no front, no back, and no particular reason for approaching one way rather than another. Walls of hewn logs, black with age; roofs either thatched, or covered with huge slabs of slate, laid on irregularly and moss-grown; rough stones or logs for door-steps; so little difference between the buildings that one was at a loss to know which were meant for dwellings and which for barns, — a more unsightly spot could hardly be imagined. But the owners had as quick an instinct of hospitality as if they dwelt in a palace. No sooner did Sanna mention that I was from America, and wished to see some of the Norwegian farm-houses, than their faces brightened with welcome and good will, and they were ready to throw open every room, and show me all their simple stores.

"There is not a man in all Vos," they said, "who has not a relative in America;" and they asked eager question after question, in insatiable curiosity, about the unknown country whither their friends had gone.

The wives and daughters of the family were all away, up at the sœter with the cows; only the men and the servant maids were left at home to make the hay. Would I not go up to the sœter? The mistress would be distressed that an American lady had visited the farm in her absence. I could easily go to the sœter in a day. It was only five hours on horseback, and about a half hour's walk, at the last, over a path too rough even for riding. Very warmly the men urged Sanna to induce me to take the trip. They themselves would leave the haying and go with me, if I would only go; and I must never think I had seen Norwegian farming unless I had seen the sœter also, they said.

The maids were at dinner in the kitchen. It was a large room, with walls not more than eight feet high, black with smoke; and in the centre a square stone trough, above which was built a funnel chimney. In this hollow trough a fire smouldered, and above it hung an enormous black caldron, full of beer, which was being brewed. One of the maids sprang from her dinner, lifted a trap door in the floor, disappeared in the cellar, and presently returned, bringing a curious wooden drinking-vessel shaped like a great bowl, with a prow at each side for handles, and painted in gay colors. This was brimming full of new beer, just brewed. Sanna whispered to me that it would be bad manners if we did not drink freely of it. It was passed in turn to each member of the party. The driver, eying me sharply as I forced down a few mouthfuls of the nauseous drink, said something to Sanna.

"He asks if American ladies do not like beer," said Sanna. "He is mortified that you do not drink. It will be best that we drink all we can. It is all what they have. Only I do hope that they give us not brandy."

There was no window in the kitchen, no ventilation except through the chimney and the door. A bare wooden table, wooden chairs, a few shelves, where were ranged some iron utensils, were all the furniture of the gloomy room. The maids' dinner consisted of a huge plate of "*fladbröd*" and jugs of milk; nothing else. They would live on that, Sanna said, for weeks, and work in the hay-fields from sunrise till midnight.

Opposite the kitchen was the living-room: the same smoky log walls, bare floors, wooden chairs and benches. The expression of poverty was dismal.

"I thought you said these people were well to do!" I exclaimed.

"So they are," replied Sanna. "They are very well off; they do not know that it is not comfort to be like this. They shall have money in banks, these people. All the farmers in Vos are rich."

Above the living-room were two bedrooms and clothes-rooms. Here, in gay-

painted scarlet boxes and hanging from lines, were the clothes of the family and the bed linen of the house. Mistress and maid alike must keep their clothes in this common room. The trunks were ranged around the sides of the room, each locked with a key big enough to lock prison doors. On one side of one of the rooms were three bunk beds built in under the eaves. These were filled with loose straw, and had only blankets for covers. Into this straw the Norwegian burrows by night, rolled in his blankets. The beds can never be moved, for they are built in with the frame-work of the house. No wonder that the Norwegian flea has, by generations of such good lodging and food, become a triumphant Bedouin marauder, in comparison with whom the fleas of all other countries are too petty to deserve mention.

The good-natured farmer opened his mother's box as well as his wife's, and with awkward and unaccustomed hands shook out their Sunday costumes for us to see. From another box, filled with soft blankets and linen, he took out a bottle of brandy, and pouring some into a little silver bowl, with the same prow-shaped handles as the wooden one we had seen in the kitchen, pressed us to drink. One drop of it was like liquid fire. He seemed hurt that we refused more, and poured it down his own throat at a gulp, without change of a muscle. Then he hid the brandy bottle again under the blankets, and the little silver cup in the till of his mother's chest, and locked them both up with the huge keys.

Down-stairs we found an aged couple, who had come from another of the buildings, hearing of our presence. These were the grandparents. The old woman was eighty-four, and was knitting briskly without glasses. She took us into the store-rooms, where were bins of flour and grain; hams of beef and pork hanging up; wooden utensils of all sorts, curiously carved and stained wooden spoons, among other things, — a cask full of them, put away to be used when they had a merry-making. Here also were stacks of fladbröd. This is the staple of the Norwegian's living; it is a coarse bread made of dark flour, in cakes as thin as a wafer and as big round as a barrel. This is baked once a year, in the spring, is piled up in stacks in the store-rooms, and keeps good till the spring baking comes round again. It is very sweet and nutritious: one might easily fare worse than to have to make a meal of it with milk. On one of the storeroom shelves I spied an old wooden drinking-bowl, set away with dried peas in it. It had been broken and riveted together in the bottom, but would no longer hold water, so had been degraded to this use. It had once been gayly painted, and had a motto in old Norwegian around the edge: "Drink in goodwill, and give thanks to God." I coveted the thing, and offered to buy it. It was a study to see the old people consult with each other if they should let it go. It seemed that when they first went to housekeeping it had been given to them by the woman's mother, and was an old bowl even then. It was certainly over a hundred years old, and how much more there was no knowing. After long discussion they decided to sell it to me for four *kroner* (about one dollar), which the son thought (Sanna said), was a shameful price to ask for an old broken bowl. But he stood by in filial submission, and made no loud objection to the barter. The old woman also showed us a fine blanket, which had been spun and woven by her mother a hundred years ago. It was as gay of color and fantastic of design as if it had been made in Algiers. This too she was willing to sell for an absurdly small price, but it was too heavy to bring away. At weddings and other festivities these gay blankets are hung on the walls; and it is the custom for neighbors to lend all they can on such occasions.

The next farm we visited belonged to the richest people in Vos. It lay a half mile still higher up, and the road leading to it seemed perilously steep. The higher we went, the greater the profusion of flowers: the stony way led us through tracts of bloom, in blue and gold; tall spikes of mullein in clumps like hollyhocks, and "shepherd's bells" in great purple patches.

The buildings of this farm were clustered around a sort of court-yard inclosure, roughly flagged by slate. Most of the roofs were also slated; one or two were thatched, and these thatched roofs were the only thing that redeemed the gloom of the spot, the sods on these being bright with pansies and grasses and waving raspberry bushes. Here also we found the men of the family alone at home, the women being gone on their summering at the sœter. The youngest son showed us freely from room to room, and displayed with some pride the trunks full of blankets and linen, and the rows of women's dresses hanging in the chambers. On two sides of one large room these were hung thick one above another, no variety in them, and no finery; merely a succession of strong, serviceable petticoats, of black, green, or gray woolen. The gay jackets and stomachers were packed away in trunks; huge fur-lined coats, made of the same shape for men and for women, hung in the store-room. Some of the trunks were red, painted in gay colors; some were of polished cedar, finished with fine brass mountings. As soon as a Norwegian girl approaches womanhood, one of these trunks is given her, set in its place in the clothes-room, and her accumulations begin. Clothes, bedding, and silver ornaments seem to be the only things for which the Norwegian peasant spends his money. In neither of these houses was there an article of superfluous furniture, not even of ordinary comfort. In both were the same bunk beds, built in under the eaves; the same loose, tossed straw, with blankets for covering; and only the coarsest wooden chairs and benches for seats. The young man opened his mother's trunk, and took from one corner a beautiful little silver beaker, with curling, prow-shaped handles. In this the old lady had packed away her silver brooches, buttons, and studs for the summer. Side by side with them, thrown in loosely among her white head-dresses and blouses, were half a dozen small twisted rolls of white bread. Sanna explained this by saying that the Norwegians never have this bread except at their most important festivals; it is considered a great luxury, and these had no doubt been put away as a future treat, as we should put away a bit of wedding-cake to keep. Very irreverently the son tipped out all his mother's ornaments into the bottom of the trunk, and proceeded to fill the little beaker with fiery brandy from a bottle which had been hid in another corner. From lip to lip it was passed, returning to him well-nigh untasted; but he poured the whole down at a draught, smacked his lips, and tossed the cup back into the trunk, dripping with the brandy. Very much that good old Norwegian dame, when she comes down in the autumn, will wonder, I fancy, what has happened to her nicely packed trunk of underclothes, dry bread, and old silver.

There were several store-rooms in these farm buildings, and they were well filled with food, grain, flour, dried meats, fish, and towers of fladbröd. Looms with partly finished webs of cloth in them were there set away till winter; baskets full of carved yellow spoons hung on the wall. In one of the rooms, standing on the sill of the open window, were two common black glass bottles, with a few pond-lilies in each, — the only bit of decoration or token of love of the beautiful we had found. Seeing that I looked at the lilies with admiration, the young man took them out, wiped their dripping

stems on his coat sleeve, and presented them to me with a bow that a courtier might have envied. The grace, the courtesy, of the Norwegian peasant's bow is something that must date centuries back. Surely there is nothing in his life and surroundings to-day to create or explain it. It must be a trace of something that Olaf Tryggveson — that "magnificent, far-shining man" — scattered abroad in his kingdom eight hundred years ago, with his "bright, airy, wise way" of speaking and behaving to women and men.

One of the buildings on this farm was known, the young man said, to be at least two hundred years old. The logs are moss-grown and black, but it is good for hundreds of years yet. The first story is used now for a store-room. From this a ladder led up to a half chamber overhead, the front railed by a low railing; here, in this strange sort of balcony bedroom, had slept the children of the family, under observation all the time of their elders below.

Thrust in among the rafters, dark, rusty, bent, was an ancient sword. Our guide took it out and handed it to us, with a look of awe on his face. No one knew, he said, how long that sword had been on the farm. In the earliest writings by which the estate had been transferred, that sword had been mentioned, and it was a clause in every lease since that it should never be taken away from the place. However many times the farm might change hands, the sword must go with it, for all time. Was there no legend, no tradition, with it? None that his father or his father's father had ever heard; only the mysterious entailed charge, from generation to generation, that the sword must never be removed. The blade was thin and the edge jagged, the handle plain and without ornament; evidently the sword had been for work, and not for show. There was something infinitely solemn in its inalienable estate of safe and reverent keeping at the hands of men all ignorant of its history. It is by no means impossible that it had journeyed in the company of that Sigurd who sailed with his splendid fleet of sixty ships for Palestine, early in the twelfth century. Sigurd Jorsalafarer, or Traveler to Jerusalem, he was called; and no less an authority than Thomas Carlyle vouches for him as having been "a wise, able, and prudent man," reigning in a "solid and successful way." Through the Straits of Gibraltar to Jerusalem, home by way of Constantinople and Russia, "shining with renown," he sailed, and took a hand in any fighting he found going on by the way. Many of his men came from the region of the Sogne Fjord, and the more I thought of it the surer I felt that this old sword had many a time flashed on the deck of his ships.

Our second day opened rainy. The lake was blotted out by mist; on the fence under the willows sat half a dozen men, roosting as unconcernedly as if it were warm sunshine.

"It does wonder me," said Sanna, "that I find here so many men standing idle." When the railroad come, it shall be that the life must be different."

A heroic English party, undeterred by weather, were setting off in carioles and on horseback. Delays after delays occurred to hinder them. At the last moment their angry courier was obliged to go and fetch the washing, which had not arrived. There is a proverb in Norway, "When the Norwegian says 'immediately,' look for him in half an hour."

Finally, at noon, in despair of sunshine, we also set off: rugs, waterproofs; the india-rubber boot of the carriage drawn tight up to the level of our eyes; we set off in pouring sheets of rain for Gudvangen. For the first two hours the sole variation of the monotony of our journey was in emptying the boot of water once every five minutes, just in time to save a freshet in our laps. High mountain peaks, black with forests or icy white with snow, gleamed in and out

of the clouds on either hand, as we toiled and splashed along. Occasional lightings up revealed stretches of barren country, here and there a cluster of farm-houses, or a lowly church. On the shores of a small lake we passed one of these lonely churches. Only two other buildings were in sight in the vast expanse: one, the wretched little inn where we were to rest our horses for half an hour; the other, the parsonage. This last was a pretty little cottage, picturesquely built of yellow pine, half bowered in vines, looking in that lonely waste as if it had lost itself and strayed away from some civilized spot. The pastor and his sister, who kept house for him, were away; but his servant was so sure that they would like to have us see their home that we allowed her to show it to us. It was a tasteful and cozy little home: parlor, study, and dining-room, all prettily carpeted and furnished; books, flowers, a sewing-machine, and a piano. It did one's heart good to see such an oasis of a home in the wilderness. Drawn up on rests in a shed near the house, was an open boat, much like a wherry. The pastor spent hours every day, the maid said, in rowing on the lake. It was his great pleasure.

Up, up we climbed: past fir forests, swamps, foaming streams, — the wildest, weirdest road storm-driven people ever crossed. Spite of the rain, half-naked children came flying out of hovels and cabins to open gates: sometimes there would be six in a row, their thin brown hands all stretched for alms, and their hollow eyes begging piteously; then they would race on ahead to open the next gate. The moors seemed but a succession of inclosed pasture lands. Now and then we passed a little knot of cabins close to the road, and men who looked kindly, but as wild as wild beasts, would come out and speak to the driver; their poverty was direful to see. At last, at the top of a high hill, we halted; the storm stayed; the clouds lifted and blew off. At our feet lay a black chasm; it was like looking down into the bowels of the earth. This was the Nerodal Valley; into it we were to descend. Its walls were three and four thousand feet high. It looked little more than a cleft. The road down this precipitous wall is a marvel of engineering. It is called the Stalheimscleft, and was built by a Norwegian officer, Captain Finne. It is made in a series of zigzagging loops, which are so long and so narrow that the descent at no point appears steep; yet as one looks up from any loop to the loop next above, it seems directly over his head. Down this precipice into the Nerodal Valley leap two grand fosses, the Stalheimfos and the Salvklevfos; roaring in ceaseless thunder, filling the air, and drenching the valley with spray. Tiny grass-grown spaces between the bowlders and the loops of the road had all been close mowed; spaces which looked too small for the smallest reaping-hook to swing in were yet close shorn, and the little handfuls of hay hung up drying on hand's-breadths of fence set up for the purpose. Even single blades of grass are too precious in Norway to be wasted.

As we walked slowly down this incredible road, we paused step by step to look first up, then down. The carriage waiting for us below on the bridge looked like a baby wagon. The river made by the meeting of these two great cataracts at the base of the precipice was only a little silver thread flowing down the valley. The cataracts seemed leaping from the sky, and the sky seemed resting on the hill-tops; masses of whirling and floating clouds added to the awesome grandeur of the scene. The Stalheimfos fell into a deep, basin-shaped ravine, piled with great bowlders, and full of birch and ash shrubs: in the centre of this, by some strange play of the water, rose a distinct and beautifully shaped cone, thrown up closely in front of the fall, almost blending with it, and

thick veiled in the tumultuous spray, — a fountain in a waterfall. It seemed the accident of a moment, but its shape did not alter so long as we watched it; it is a part of the fall.

Five miles down this cleft, called valley, to Gudvangen run the road and the little river and the narrow strips of meadow, dark, thin, and ghastly; long months in utter darkness this Nerodal lies, and never, even at summer's best and longest, has it more than a half day of sun. The mountains rise in sheer black walls on either hand, — bare rock in colossal shafts and peaks, three, four, and even five thousand feet high; snow in the rifts at top; patches of gaunt firs here and there; great spaces of tumbled rocks, where avalanches have slid; pebbly and sandy channels worn from side to side of the valley, where torrents have rushed down and torn a way across; white streams from top to bottom of the precipices, all foam and quiver, like threads spun out on the sward, more than can be counted; they seem to swing down out of the sky as spider threads swing swift and countless in a dewy morning.

Sanna shuddered. "Now you see, one could not spend a whole day in Nerodal Valley," she said. "It does wonder me that any people will live here. Every spring the mountains do fall and people are killed."

On a narrow rim of land at base of these walls, just where the fjord meets the river, is the village of Gudvangen, a desolate huddle of half a dozen poor houses. A chill as of death filled the air; foul odors arose at every turn. The two little inns were overcrowded with people, who roamed restlessly up and down, waiting for they knew not what. An indescribable gloom settles on Gudvangen with-nightfall. The black waters of the fjord chafing monotonously at the base of the black mountains; the sky black also, and looking farther off than sky ever looked before, walled into a strip, like the valley beneath it; hemmed in, forsaken, doomed, and left seems Gudvangen. What hold life can have on a human being kept in such a spot it is hard to imagine. Yet we found three very old women hobnobbing contentedly there in a cave of a hut. Ragged, dirty, hideous, hopeless one would have thought them, but they were all agog and cheery, and full of plans for repairing their house. They were in a little log stable, perhaps ten feet square, and hardly high enough to stand upright in: they were cowering round a bit of fire in the centre; their piles of straw and blankets laid in corners; not a chair, not a table. Macbeth's witches had seemed full-dressed society women by the side of these. We peered timidly in at the group, and they all came running towards us, chattering, glad to see strangers, and apologizing for their condition, because, as they said, they had just turned in there together for a few days, while their house across the way was being mended. Not a light of any description had they, except the fire. The oldest one hobbled away, and returned with a small tallow candle, which she lit and held in her hand, to show us how comfortable they were, after all; plenty of room for three piles of straw on the rough log floor. Their "house across the way" was a little better than this; not much. One of the poor old crones had "five children in America." "They wanted her to come out to America and live with them, but she was too old to go away from home," she said. "Home was the best place for old people," to which the other two assented eagerly. "Oh, yes, home was the best place. America was too far."

It seemed a miracle to have comfort in an inn in so poverty-stricken a spot as this, but we did. We slept in straw-filled bunks, set tight into closets under the eaves; only a narrow door-way by which to get in and out of bed; but there

were two windows in the room, and no need to stifle. And for supper there was set before us a stew of lamb, delicately flavored with curry, and served with rice, of which no house need be ashamed. That so palatable a dish could have issued from the place which answered for kitchen in that poor little inn was a marvel; it was little more than a small dark tomb. The dishes were all washed out-of-doors in tubs set on planks laid across two broken chairs at the kitchen door; and the food and milk were kept in an above-ground cellar not three steps from the same door. This had been made by an immense slab of rock which had crashed down from the mountain top, one day, and instead of tearing through the house and killing everybody had considerately lodged on top of two other bowlders, roofing the space in, and forming a huge stone refrigerator ready to hand for the innkeeper. The inclosed space was cold as ice, and high enough and large enough for one to walk about in it comfortably. I had the curiosity to ask this innkeeper how much he could make in a year off his inn. When he found that I had no sinister motive in the inquiry he was freely communicative. At first he feared, Sanna said, that it might become known in the town how much money he was making, and that demands might be made on him in consequence. If the season of summer travel were very good, he said he would clear two hundred dollars; but he did not always make so much as that. He earned a little also by keeping a small shop, and in the winter that was his only resource. He had a wife and two children, and his wife was not strong, which made it harder for them, as they were obliged always to keep a servant.

Even in full sunlight, at nine of the morning, Gudvangen looked grim and dangerous, and the Nerö Fjord water black. As we sailed out, the walls of the valley closed up suddenly behind us, as with a snap which might have craunched poor little Gudvangen to death. The fjord is as wild as the pass; in fact, the same thing, only that it has water at bottom instead of land, and you can sail closer than you can drive at base of the rocky walls. Soon we came to the mouth of another great fjord, opening up another watery road into the mountains; this was the Aurland, and on its farther shore opened again the Sognedal Fjord, up which we went a little way, to leave somebody at a landing. Here were green hills and slopes and trees, and a bright yellow church, shaped like a blanc-mange mould in three pyramid-shaped cones, each smaller than the one below.

"Here is the finest fruit orchard in all Scandinavia," said Sanna, pointing to a pretty place just out of the town, where fields rose one above the other in terraces on south-facing slopes, covered thick with orchards. "It belongs to an acquainted with me: but she must sell it. She is a widow, and she cannot take the care to herself."

Back again across the mouth of the Aurland Fjord, and then out into the great Sogne Fjord, zigzagging from side to side of it, and up into numerous little fjords where the boat looked to be steering straight into hills, — we seemed to be adrift, without purpose, rather than on a definite voyage with a fixed aim of getting home. The magnificent labyrinths of walled waters were calm as the heavens they reflected; the clouds above and clouds below kept silent pace with each other, and we seemed gliding between two skies. Great snow fjelds came in sight, wheeled, rose, sank, and disappeared, as we passed; sometimes green meadows stretched on either side of us, then terrible gorges and pinnacles of towering rock. Picture after picture we saw, of gay-colored little villages, with rims of fields and rocky promontories; snow fjelds above, and fir forests between; glittering waterfalls shooting from the sky line to the water,

like white lightning down a black stone front, or leaping out in spaces of feathery snow, like one preternatural blooming of the forests all the way down the black walls rising perpendicularly thousands of feet; tiers of blue mountains in the distance, dark blue on the nearest, and shading off to palest blue at the sky line; the fjord dark purple in the narrows, shading to gray in the opens; illuminated spaces of green, now at the shore, now half-way up, now two thirds way up to the sky; tops of hills in sunlight; bars of sunlight streaming through dark clefts. Then a storm sweep across the fjord, far in our wake, — swooping and sweeping, and gone in a half hour; blotting out the mountains; then turning them into a dark slate wall, on which white sails and cross-sunbeams made a superb shining. And so, between the sun and the storm, we came to Valestrand, and sent off and took on boat-loads of pleasuring people; the boats with bright flags at prow and stern, and gay-dressed women with fantastic parasols like butterflies poised on their edges; Valestrand, where, as some say, Frithiof was born; and as all say, he burnt one of Balder's great temples. Then, Ladvik, on a green slope turning to gold in the sun; its white church with a gray stone spire relieved against a bank of purple gloom; the lights sinking lower and the shadows stretching farther every minute; shadows of hills behind which the sun had already gone thrown sharp and black on hills still glowing in full light; hills before us, shimmering in soft silver gray and pale purple against a clear golden west; hills behind us, folding and folded in masses of rosy vapor; shining fosses leaping down among them; the colors changing like the colors of a prism minute by minute along the tops of the ranges, — this was the way our day on the Sogne Fjord drew near its ending. Industriously knitting, with eyes firm fastened on her needles, sat an English matron near us on the deck. Not one glance of her eye did she give to the splendors of sky and water and land about her.

"I do think that lady must be in want of stockings very much," remarked Sanna quietly, "but she need not to come to Norway to knit."

Far worse, however, than the woman who knitted were the women and the men who talked, loudly, stupidly, vulgarly, around us. It was mortifying that their talk was English, but they were not Americans. At last they drove us to another part of the deck, but not before a few phrases of their conversation had been indelibly stamped on my memory.

"Well, we were in Dresden two days: there 's only the gallery there: that 's time enough for that."

"Raphaels, — lots of Raphaels."

"I don't care for Raphaels, anyhow. I 'll tell you who I like: I like Veronese."

"Well, I 'm very fond of Tintoretto."

"I like Titians; they 're so delicate, don't you know?"

"Well, who 's that man that 's painted such dreadful things, — all mixed up, don't you know? In some places you see a good many of them."

"You don't mean Rembrandt, do you? There are a lot of Rembrandts in Munich."

"There was one picture I liked. I think it was a Christ; but I ain't sure. There were four children on the ground, I remember."

When the real sunset came we were threading the rocky labyrinths of the Bergen Fjord. It is a field of bowlders, with an ocean let in; nothing more. Why the bowlders are not submerged, since the water is deep enough for big ships to sail on, is the perpetual marvel; but they are not. They are as firm in their places as continents, myriads of them only a few feet out of water; and when the sun as it sinks sends a flood of gold and red light athwart them they turn all

colors, and glow on the water like great smoke crystals with fire shining through. To sail up this fjord in the sunset is to wind through devious lanes walled with these jewels, and to look off, over and above them, to fields of purple and gray and green, islands on islands on islands, to the right and to the left, with the same jewel-walled lanes running east and west and north and south among them; the sky will stream with glowing colors from horizon to horizon, and the glorious silence will be broken by no harsher sound than the low lapsing of waters and the soft whirr of gray gulls' wings.

And so we came to Bergen in the bright midnight of the last of our four days.

Months afterwards Sanna sent me a few extracts from descriptions given by a Norwegian writer of some of the spots we had seen in the dim upper distances along the fjords, — some of those illuminated spaces of green high up among the crags, which looked such sunny and peaceful homes.

Her English is so much more graphic than mine that I have begged her permission to give the extracts as she wrote them: —

"Grand, glorious, and serious is the Sogne Fjord. Serious in itself, and still more serious we find it when we know where and how people do live there between mountains. And we must wonder or ask, Is there really none places left, or no kind of work for those people to get for the maintenance of the life, but to go to such desolate and rather impassable a place? . . .

"More than half of the year are the two families who live on the farm of Vetti separated from all other human beings. During the winter can the usual path in the grass not be passed in case of snow, ice, and perpetual slips, which leave behind trace long out in the summer, because the sun only for a short time came over this long enormous abyss, and does not linger there long, so that the snow which has been to ice do melt very slow, and seldom disappear earlier than in July. The short time in the winter when the river Utla is frozen may the bottom of the pass well be passed, though not without danger, on account of the mentioned slips, which, with the power of the hurricane, are whizzing down in the deep, and which merely pressure of the air is so strong that it throw all down.

"Late in the autumn and in the spring is all approach to and from Vetti quite stopped; and late in the autumn chiefly with ground and snow slips, which then get loosened by the frequent rain. The farm-houses is situate on a steep slope, so that the one end of the lowest beam is put on the mere ground, and the other end must be put on a wall almost three yards high. The fields are so steep, and so quite near the dreadful precipice, that none unaccustomed to it do venture one's self thither; and when one from here look over the pass, and look the meadows which is more hanging than laying over the deep, and which have its grass mowed down with a short scythe, then one cannot comprehend the desperate courage which risk to set about and occupy one's self here, while the abyss has opened its swallow for receiving the foolhardy.

"A little above the dwelling-houses is a quite tolerable plain, and when one ask the man why he has not built his houses there he answers that owing to the snow slips it is impossible to build there.

"Through the valley-streams the Afdals River comes from the mountains, run in a distance of only twenty yards from the farm-houses, and about one hundred yards from the same pour out itself with crash of thunder in a mighty foss. The rumble of the same, and that with its hurling out caused pressure of the air, is in the summer so strong that the dwelling-houses seems to shiver, and

all what fluids there in open vessels get placed on the table is on an incessant trembling, moving almost as on board a ship in a rough sea. The wall and windows which turns to the river are then always moistened of the whipped foam, which in small particles continually is thrown back from the foss.

"By the side of this foss, in the hard granite wall which it moisten, is a mined gut (the author says he can't call it a road, though it is reckoned for that), broad enough that one man, and in the highest one small well-trained horse, however not by each other's side, can walk therein. This gut, which vault is not so high that an full-grown man can walk upright, is the farm's only road which rise to a considerable height.

"But as this gut could not get lightened in a suitable height, one has filled up or finished the remaining gap with four timber beams, four or five yards long, which is close to the gut, and with its upper end leans on a higher small mountain peak, which beside this is the fastening for the bridge over the waterfall. In these beams is cut in flukes, just as the steps of a staircase, and when one walks up these flukes one looks between the beams the frothing foss beneath one's self, while one get wrapped up of its exhalation clouds.

"The man told me that the pass also is to be passed with horse, the time of the summer, and that all then is to be carried in a pack-saddle to the farm, of his own horse, which is accustomed to this trip. And when one know the small Lærdalske horses' easiness, and the extraordinary security wherewith they can go upon the most narrow path on the edge of the most dreadful precipices, in that they place or cast the feet so in front of each other that no path is too narrow for them, then it seems a little less surprising.

"From the Vetti farm continues the pass in a distance of about twenty-one English miles, so that the whole pass, then, is a little more than twenty-four miles, and shall on the other side of the farm be still more narrow, more difficult, and more dreadful. The farmer himself and his people must often go there to the woods, and for other things for his farm. There belongs to this farm most excellent sœter and mountain fields, wherefore the cattle begetting is here of great importance; and also the most excellent tract of firs belong to this farm.

"I was curious to know how one had to behave from here to get the dead buried, when it was impossible that two men could walk by the side of each other through the pass, and I did even not see how one could carry any coffin on horseback. I got the following information: The corpse is to be laid on a thin board, in which there is bored holes in both ends in which there is to be put handles of rope; to this board is the corpse to be tied, wrapped up in its linen cloth. And now one man in the front and one behind carry it through the pass to the farm Gjelde, and here it is to be laid into the coffin, and in the common manner brought to the churchyard. If any one die in the winter, and the bottom of the pass must be impassable then as well as in the spring and in the autumn, one must try to keep the corpse in an hard frozen state, which is not difficult, till it can be brought down in the above-mentioned manner.

"A still more strange and sad manner was used once at a cottager place called Vermelien. This place is lying in the little valley which border to the Vetti's field. Its situation by the river deep down in the pass is exceedingly horrid, and it has none other road or path than a very steep and narrow footpath along the mountain wall side with the most dreadful precipice as by the Vetti.

"Since the cottager people here generally had changed, no one had dead there. It happened, then, the first time a boy, on seventeen years old, died. One

did not do one's self any hesitation about the manner to bring him to his grave, and they made a coffin in the house. The corpse was put in the coffin, and then the coffin brought outside ; and first now one did see with consternation that it was not possible to carry the corpse with them in this manner. What was to do then ?

"At last they resolved to let the coffin be left as a *memento mori*, and to place the dead upon a horse, his feet tied up under the belly of the horse; against the mane on the horse was fastened a well-stuffed fodder bag, that the corpse may lean to the same, to which again the corpse was tied. And so the dead must ride over the mountain to his resting-place by Fortun's church in Lyster."

H. H.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXXV.

One afternoon, towards dusk, in the autumn of 1876, a young man of pleasing appearance rang at the door of a small apartment on the third floor of an old Roman house. On its being opened he inquired for Madame Merle, whereupon the servant, a neat, plain woman, with a French face and a lady's maid's manner, ushered him into a diminutive room, and requested the favor of his name.

"Mr. Edward Rosier," said the young man, who sat down to wait till his hostess should appear.

The reader will perhaps not have forgotten that Mr. Rosier was an ornament of the American circle in Paris, but it may also be remembered that he sometimes vanished from its horizon. He had spent a portion of several winters at Pau, and as he was a gentleman of tolerably inveterate habits he might have continued for years to pay his annual visit to this charming resort. In the summer of 1876, however, an incident befell him which changed the current, not only of his thoughts, but of his proceedings. He passed a month in the Upper Engadine, and encountered at St. Moritz a charming young girl. For this young lady he conceived a peculiar admiration ; she was exactly the household angel he had long been looking for. He was never precipitate ; he was nothing if not discreet ; so he forbore for the present to declare his passion ; but it seemed to him when they parted — the young lady to go down into Italy, and her admirer to proceed to Geneva, where he was under bonds to join some friends — that he should be very unhappy if he were not to see her again. The simplest way to do so was to go in the autumn to Rome, where Miss Osmond was domiciled with her family. Rosier started on his pilgrimage to the Italian capital, and reached it on the first of November. It was a pleasant thing to do ; but for the young man there was a strain of the heroic in the enterprise. He was nervous about the fever, and November, after all, was rather early in the season. Fortune, however, favors the brave ; and Mr. Rosier, who took three grains of quinine every day, had at the end of a month no cause to deplore his temerity. He had made to a certain extent good use of his time ; that is, he had perceived that Miss Pansy Osmond had not a flaw in her composition. She was admirably finished, she was in excellent style. He thought of her in amorous meditation a good deal as he might have thought of a Dresden-china shep-

herdess. Miss Osmond, indeed, in the bloom of her juvenility, had a touch of the rococo, which Rosier, whose taste was predominantly for that manner, could not fail to appreciate. That he esteemed the productions of comparatively frivolous periods would have been apparent from the attention he bestowed upon Madame Merle's drawing-room, which, although furnished with specimens of every style, was especially rich in articles of the last two centuries. He had immediately put a glass into one eye and looked round; and then, "By Jove! she has some jolly good things!" he had murmured to himself. The room was small, and densely filled with furniture; it gave an impression of faded silk and little statuettes which might totter if one moved. Rosier got up and wandered about with his careful tread, bending over the tables charged with knickknacks and the cushions embossed with princely arms. When Madame Merle came in she found him standing before the fire-place, with his nose very close to the great lace flounce attached to the damask cover of the mantel. He had lifted it delicately, as if he were smelling it.

"It 's old Venetian," she said; "it 's rather good."

"It 's too good for this; you ought to wear it."

"They tell me you have some better in Paris, in the same situation."

"Ah, but I can't wear mine," said Rosier, smiling.

"I don't see why you should n't! I have better lace than that to wear."

Rosier's eyes wandered, lingeringly, round the room again.

"You have some very good things."

"Yes, but I hate them."

"Do you want to get rid of them?" the young man asked quickly.

"No, it 's good to have something to hate; one works it off."

"I love my things," said Rosier, as he sat there smiling. "But it 's not about them, nor about yours, that I came to talk to you." He paused a moment, and then, with greater softness, "I care more for Miss Osmond than for all the *bibelots* in Europe!"

Madame Merle started a little.

"Did you come to tell me that?"

"I came to ask your advice."

She looked at him with a little frown, stroking her chin.

"A man in love, you know, does n't ask advice."

"Why not, if he is in a difficult position? That 's often the case with a man in love. I have been in love before, and I know. But never so much as this time, — really, never so much. I should like particularly to know what you think of my prospects. I 'm afraid Mr. Osmond does n't think me a phœnix."

"Do you wish me to intercede?" Madame Merle asked, with her fine arms folded, and her mouth drawn up to the left.

"If you could say a good word for me, I should be greatly obliged. There will be no use in my troubling Miss Osmond unless I have good reason to believe her father will consent."

"You are very considerate; that 's in your favor. But you assume, in rather an off-hand way, that I think you a prize."

"You have been very kind to me," said the young man. "That 's why I came."

"I am always kind to people who have good bibelots; there is no telling what one may get by it." And the left-hand corner of Madame Merle's mouth gave expression to the joke.

Edward Rosier started and blushed; his correct features were suffused with disappointment.

"Ah, I thought you liked me for myself!"

"I like you very much; but, if you please, we won't analyze. Excuse me if I seem patronizing; but I think you

a perfect little gentleman. I must tell you, however, that I have not the marrying of Pansy Osmond."

"I did n't suppose that. But you have seemed to me intimate with her family, and I thought you might have influence."

Madame Merle was silent a moment.

"Whom do you call her family?"

"Why, her father, and — how do you say it in English? — her *belle mère*."

"Mr. Osmond is her father, certainly; but his wife can scarcely be termed a member of her family. Mrs. Osmond has nothing to do with marrying her."

"I am sorry for that," said Rosier, with an amiable sigh. "I think Mrs. Osmond would favor me."

"Very likely, — if her husband does not."

Edward Rosier raised his eyebrows.

"Does she take the opposite line from him?"

"In everything. They think very differently."

"Well," said Rosier, "I am sorry for that; but it 's none of my business. She is very fond of Pansy."

"Yes, she is very fond of Pansy."

"And Pansy has a great affection for her. She has told me that she loves her as if she were her own mother."

"You must, after all, have had some very intimate talk with the poor child," said Madame Merle. "Have you declared your sentiments?"

"Never!" cried Rosier, lifting his neatly-gloved hand. "Never, until I have assured myself of those of the parents."

"You always wait for that? You have excellent principles; your conduct is most estimable."

"I think you are laughing at me," poor Rosier murmured, dropping back in his chair, and feeling his small mustache. "I did n't expect that of you, Madame Merle."

She shook her head calmly, like a person who saw things clearly.

"You don't do me justice. I think your conduct is in excellent taste, and the best you could adopt. Yes, that 's what I think."

"I would n't agitate her — only to agitate her; I love her too much for that," said Ned Rosier.

"I am glad, after all, that you have told me," Madame Merle went on. "Leave it to me a little; I think I can help you."

"I said you were the person to come to!" cried the young man, with an ingenuous radiance in his face.

"You were very clever," Madame Merle returned, more dryly. "When I say I can help you, I mean once assuming that your cause is good. Let us think a little whether it is."

"I 'm a dear little fellow," said Rosier, earnestly. "I won't say I have no faults, but I will say I have no vices."

"All that is negative. What is the positive side? What have you got beside your Spanish lace and your Dresden tea-cups?"

"I have got a comfortable little fortune, — about forty thousand francs a year. With the talent that I have for arranging, we can live beautifully on such an income."

"Beautifully, no; sufficiently, yes. Even that depends on where you live."

"Well, in Paris. I would undertake it in Paris."

Madame Merle's mouth rose to the left.

"It would n't be splendid; you would have to make use of the tea-cups, and they would get broken."

"We don't want to be splendid. If Miss Osmond should have everything pretty, it would be enough. When one is as pretty as she, one can afford to be simple. She ought never to wear anything but muslin," said Rosier, reflectively.

"She would be much obliged to you for that theory."

"It 's the correct one, I assure you; and I am sure she would enter into it. She understands all that; that 's why I love her."

"She is a very good little girl, and extremely graceful. But her father, to the best of my belief, can give her nothing."

Rosier hesitated a moment.

"I don't in the least desire that he should. But I may remark, all the same, that he lives like a rich man."

"The money is his wife's; she brought him a fortune."

"Mrs. Osmond, then, is very fond of her step-daughter; she may do something."

"For a love-sick swain you have your eyes about you!" Madame Merle exclaimed, with a laugh.

"I esteem a *dot* very much. I can do without it, but I esteem it."

"Mrs. Osmond," Madame Merle went on, "will probably prefer to keep her money for her own children."

"Her own children? Surely she has none."

"She may have yet. She had a poor little boy, who died two years ago, six months after his birth. Others, therefore, may come."

"I hope they will, if it will make her happy. She is a splendid woman."

Madame Merle was silent a moment.

"Ah, about her there is much to be said. Splendid as you like! We have not exactly made out that you are a *parti*. The absence of vices is hardly a source of income."

"Excuse me, I think it may be," said Rosier, with his persuasive smile.

"You 'll be a touching couple, living on your innocence!"

"I think you underrate me."

"You are not so innocent as that? Seriously," said Madame Merle, "of course forty thousand francs a year and a nice character are a combination to be considered. I don't say it 's to be jumped at; but there might be a worse offer. Mr. Osmond will probably incline to believe he can do better."

"He can do so, perhaps; but what can his daughter do? She can't do better than marry the man she loves. For she does, you know," Rosier added, eagerly.

"She does, — I know it."

"Ah," cried the young man, "I said you were the person to come to!"

"But I don't know how you know it, if you have n't asked her," Madame Merle went on.

"In such a case there is no need of asking and telling; as you say, we are an innocent couple. How did *you* know it?"

"I, who am not innocent? By being very crafty. Leave it to me; I will find out for you."

Rosier got up, and stood smoothing his hat.

"You say that rather coldly. Don't simply find out how it is, but try to make it as it should be."

"I will do my best. I will try to make the most of your advantages."

"Thank you so very much. Meanwhile, I will say a word to Mrs. Osmond."

"Gardez-vous en bien!" And Madame Merle rose, rapidly. "Don't set her going, or you 'll spoil everything."

Rosier gazed into his hat; he wondered whether his hostess had been after all the right person to come to.

"I don't think I understand you. I am an old friend of Mrs. Osmond, and I think she would like me to succeed."

"Be an old friend as much as you like; the more old friends she has the better, for she does n't get on very well with some of her new. But don't for the present try to make her take up the cudgels for you. Her husband may have other views, and, as a person who wishes her well, I advise you not to multiply points of difference between them."

Poor Rosier's face assumed an expression of alarm; a suit for the hand of Pansy Osmond was even a more complicated business than his taste for proper transitions had allowed. But the extreme good sense which he concealed under a surface suggesting sprigged porcelain came to his assistance.

"I don't see that I am bound to consider Mr. Osmond so much!" he exclaimed.

"No, but you should consider her. You say you are an old friend. Would you make her suffer?"

"Not for the world."

"Then be very careful, and let the matter alone until I have taken a few soundings."

"Let the matter alone, dear Madame Merle? Remember that I am in love."

"Oh, you won't burn up. Why did you come to me, if you are not to heed what I say?"

"You are very kind; I will be very good," the young man promised. "But I am afraid Mr. Osmond is rather difficult," he added, in his mild voice, as he went to the door.

Madame Merle gave a light laugh.

"It has been said before. But his wife is not easy, either."

"Ah, she 's a splendid woman!" Ned Rosier repeated, passing out.

He resolved that his conduct should be worthy of a young man who was already a model of discretion; but he saw nothing in any pledge he had given Madame Merle that made it improper he should keep himself in spirits by an occasional visit to Miss Osmond's home. He reflected constantly on what Madame Merle had said to him, and turned over in his mind the impression of her somewhat peculiar manner. He had gone to her *de confiance*, as they said in Paris; but it was possible that he had been precipitate. He found difficulty in thinking of himself as rash, — he had incurred this reproach so rarely; but it certainly was true that he had known Madame Merle only for the last month, and that his thinking her a delightful woman was not, when one came to look into it, a reason for assuming that she would be eager to push Pansy Osmond into his arms, gracefully arranged as these members might be to receive her. Beyond this, Madame Merle had been very gracious to him, and she was a person of consideration among the girl's people, where she had a rather striking appearance (Rosier had more than once wondered how she managed it) of being intimate without being familiar. But possibly he had exaggerated these advantages. There was no particular reason why she should take trouble for him; a charming woman was charming to every one, and Rosier felt rather like a fool when he thought of his appealing to Madame Merle on the ground that she had distinguished him. Very likely, though she had appeared to say it in joke, she was really only thinking of his bibelots. Had it come into her head that he might offer her two or three of the gems of his collection? If she would only help him to marry Miss Osmond, he would present her with his whole museum. He could hardly say so to her outright, — it would seem too gross a bribe; but he should like her to believe it.

It was with these thoughts that he went again to Mrs. Osmond's, Mrs. Osmond having an "evening," — she had taken the Thursday of each week, — when his presence could be accounted for on general principles of civility. The object of Mr. Rosier's well-regulated affection dwelt in a high house in the very heart of Rome; a dark and massive structure, overlooking a sunny *piazetta* in the neighborhood of the Farnese Palace. In a palace, too, little Pansy lived, — a palace in Roman parlance, but a dungeon to poor Rosier's apprehensive mind. It seemed to him of evil omen that the young lady he wished to marry, and whose fastidious father he doubted of his ability to conciliate, should be

immured in a kind of domestic fortress, which bore a stern old Roman name; which smelt of historic deeds, of crime and craft and violence; which was mentioned in Murray, and visited by tourists who looked disappointed and depressed; and which had frescoes by Caravaggio in the *piano nobile*, and a row of mutilated statues and dusty urns in the wide, nobly-arched *loggia* overlooking the damp court where a fountain gushed out of a niche. In a less preoccupied frame of mind he could have done justice to the Palazzo Roccanera; he could have entered into the sentiment of Mrs. Osmond, who had once told him that on settling themselves in Rome she and her husband chose this habitation for the love of local color. It had local color enough, and though he knew less about architecture than about Limoges enamel he could see that the proportions of the windows, and even the details of the cornice, had quite the grand air. But Rosier was haunted by the conviction that at picturesque periods young girls had been shut up there to keep them from their true loves, and, under the threat of being thrown into convents, had been forced into unholy marriages. There was one point, however, to which he always did justice, when once he found himself in Mrs. Osmond's warm, rich-looking reception-rooms, which were on the second floor: he acknowledged that these people were very strong in bibelots. It was a taste of Osmond's own, — not at all of hers: this she had told him the first time he came to the house, when, after asking himself for a quarter of an hour whether they had better things than he, he was obliged to admit that they had, very much, and vanquished his envy, as a gentleman should, to the point of expressing to his hostess his pure admiration of her treasures. He learned from Mrs. Osmond that her husband had made a large collection before their marriage, and that, though he had obtained a number of fine pieces within the last three years, he had got his best things at a time when he had not the advantage of her advice. Rosier interpreted this information according to principles of his own. For "advice" read "money," he said to himself; and the fact that Gilbert Osmond had landed his great prizes during his impecunious season confirmed his most cherished doctrine, — the doctrine that a collector may freely be poor if he be only patient. In general, when Rosier presented himself on a Thursday evening, his first glance was bestowed upon the walls of the room; there were three or four objects that his eyes really yearned for. But after his talk with Madame Merle he felt the extreme seriousness of his position; and now, when he came in, he looked about for the daughter of the house with such eagerness as might be permitted to a gentleman who always crossed a threshold with an optimistic smile.

XXXVI.

Pansy was not in the first of the rooms, a large apartment with a concave ceiling and walls covered with old red damask; it was here that Mrs. Osmond usually sat, — though she was not in her customary place to-night, — and that a circle of more especial intimates gathered about the fire. The room was warm, with a sort of subdued brightness; it contained the larger things, and, almost always, an odor of flowers. Pansy on this occasion was presumably in the chamber beyond, the resort of younger visitors, where tea was served. Osmond stood before the chimney, leaning back, with his hands behind him; he had one foot up, and was warming the sole. Half a dozen people, scattered near him, were talking together, but he was not in conversation; his eyes were fixed, abstractedly. Rosier, coming in unannounced, failed to attract his atten-

tion; but the young man, who was very punctilious, though he was even exceptionally conscious that it was the wife, not the husband, he had come to see, went up to shake hands with him. Osmond put out his left hand, without changing his attitude.

"How d'ye do? My wife 's somewhere about."

"Never fear; I shall find her," said Rosier, cheerfully.

Osmond stood looking at him; he had never before felt the keenness of this gentleman's eyes. "Madame Merle has told him, and he does n't like it," Rosier said to himself. He had hoped Madame Merle would be there; but she was not within sight; perhaps she was in one of the other rooms, or would come later. He had never especially delighted in Gilbert Osmond; he had a fancy that he gave himself airs. But Rosier was not quickly resentful, and where politeness was concerned he had an inveterate wish to be in the right. He looked round him, smiling, and then, in a moment, he said, —

"I saw a jolly good piece of Capo di Monte to-day."

Osmond answered nothing at first; but presently, while he warmed his boot-sole, "I don't care a fig for Capo di Monte!" he returned.

"I hope you are not losing your interest?"

"In old pots and plates? Yes, I am losing my interest."

Rosier for a moment forgot the delicacy of his position.

"You are not thinking of parting with a — a piece or two?"

"No, I am not thinking of parting with anything at all, Mr. Rosier," said Osmond, with his eyes still on the eyes of his visitor.

"Ah, you want to keep, but not to add," Rosier remarked, brightly.

"Exactly. I have nothing that I wish to match."

Poor Rosier was aware that he had blushed, and he was distressed at his want of assurance. "Ah, well, I have!" was all that he could murmur; and he knew that his murmur was partly lost as he turned away. He took his course to the adjoining room, and met Mrs. Osmond coming out of the deep doorway. She was dressed in black velvet; she looked brilliant and noble. We know what Mr. Rosier thought of her, and the terms in which, to Madame Merle, he had expressed his admiration. Like his appreciation of her dear little step-daughter, it was based partly on his fine sense of the plastic; but also on a relish for a more impalpable sort of merit, — that merit of a bright spirit, which Rosier's devotion to brittle wares had not made him cease to regard as a quality. Mrs. Osmond, at present, appeared to gratify all such tastes. The years had touched her only to enrich her; the flower of her youth had not faded; it only hung more quietly on its stem. She had lost something of that quick eagerness to which her husband had privately taken exception; she had more the air of being able to wait. Now, at all events, framed in the gilded door-way, she struck our young man as the picture of a gracious lady.

"You see I am very regular," he said. "But who should be if I am not?"

"Yes, I have known you longer than any one here. But we must not indulge in tender reminiscences. I want to introduce you to a young lady."

"Ah, please, what young lady?" Rosier was immensely obliging; but this was not what he had come for.

"She sits there by the fire, in pink, and has no one to speak to."

Rosier hesitated a moment.

"Can't Mr. Osmond speak to her? He is within six feet of her."

Mrs. Osmond also hesitated.

"She is not very lively, and he does n't like dull people."

"But she is good enough for me? Ah, now, that is hard."

"I only mean that you have ideas for two. And then you are so obliging."

"So is your husband."

"No, he is not, — to me," and Mrs. Osmond smiled vaguely.

"That 's a sign he should be doubly so to other women."

"So I tell him," said Mrs. Osmond, still smiling.

"You see I want some tea," Rosier went on, looking wistfully beyond.

"That 's perfect. Go and give some to my young lady."

"Very good; but after that I will abandon her to her fate. The simple truth is that I am dying to have a little talk with Miss Osmond."

"Ah," said Isabel, turning away, "I can't help you there!"

Five minutes later, while he handed a tea-cup to the young lady in pink, whom he had conducted into the other room, he wondered whether, in making to Mrs. Osmond the profession I have just quoted, he had broken the spirit of his promise to Madame Merle. Such a question was capable of occupying this young man's mind for a considerable time. At last, however, he became, comparatively speaking, reckless, and cared little what promises he might break. The fate to which he had threatened to abandon the young lady in pink proved to be none so terrible; for Pansy Osmond, who had given him the tea for his companion, — Pansy was as fond as ever of making tea, — presently came and talked to her. Into this mild colloquy Edward Rosier entered little; he sat by moodily watching his small sweetheart. If we look at her now through his eyes, we shall at first not see much to remind us of the obedient little girl who, at Florence, three years before, was sent to walk short distances in the Cascine, while her father and Miss Archer talked together of matters sacred to elder people. But after a moment we shall perceive that if at nineteen Pansy has become a young lady, she does not really fill out the part; that if she has grown very pretty, she lacks in a deplorable degree the quality known and esteemed in the appearance of females as style; and that if she is dressed with great freshness, she wears her smart attire with an undisguised appearance of saving it, — very much as if it were lent her for the occasion. Edward Rosier, it would seem, would have been just the man to note these defects; and in point of fact there was not a quality of this young lady, of any sort, that he had not noted. Only he called her qualities by names of his own, — some of which, indeed, were happy enough. "No, she is unique, — she is absolutely unique," he used to say to himself; and you may be sure that not for an instant would he have admitted to you that she was wanting in style. Style? Why, she had the style of a little princess; if you could n't see it you had no eye. It was not modern, it was not conscious; it would produce no impression in Broadway; the small, serious damsel, in her stiff little dress, only looked like an Infanta of Velasquez. This was enough for Edward Rosier, who thought her delightfully old-fashioned. Her anxious eyes, her charming lips, her slip of a figure, were as touching as a childish prayer. He had now an acute desire to know just to what point she liked him, — a desire which made him fidget as he sat in his chair. It made him feel hot, so that he had to pat his forehead with his handkerchief; he had never been so uncomfortable. She was such a perfect *jeune fille;* and one could n't make of a jeune fille the inquiry necessary for throwing light on such a point. A jeune fille was what Rosier had always dreamed of, — a jeune fille who should yet not be French, for he had felt that this nationality would complicate the question. He was sure that Pansy had never looked at a newspaper, and that, in the way of novels, if she had read Sir Walter Scott it was the very most. An

American jeune fille, — what would be better than that? She would be frank and gay, and yet would not have walked alone, nor have received letters from men, nor have been taken to the theatre to see the comedy of manners. Rosier could not deny that, as the matter stood, it would be a breach of hospitality to appeal directly to this unsophisticated creature; but he was now in imminent danger of asking himself whether hospitality were the most sacred thing in the world. Was not the sentiment that he entertained for Miss Osmond of infinitely greater importance? Of greater importance to him, — yes; but not probably to the master of the house. There was one comfort: even if this gentleman had been placed on his guard by Madame Merle, he would not have extended the warning to Pansy; it would not have been part of his policy to let her know that a prepossessing young man was in love with her. But he *was* in love with her, the prepossessing young man; and all these restrictions of circumstance had ended by irritating him. What had Gilbert Osmond meant by giving him two fingers of his left hand? If Osmond was rude, surely he himself might be bold. He felt extremely bold after the dull girl in pink had responded to the call of her mother, who came in to say, with a significant simper at Rosier, that she must carry her off to other triumphs. The mother and daughter departed together, and now it depended only upon him that he should be virtually alone with Pansy. He had never been alone with her before; he had never been alone with a jeune fille. It was a great moment; poor Rosier began to pat his forehead again. There was another room, beyond the one in which they stood, — a small room, which had been thrown open and lighted, but, the company not being numerous, had remained empty all the evening. It was empty yet. It was upholstered in pale yellow; there were several lamps; through the open door it looked very pretty. Rosier stood a moment, gazing through this aperture; he was afraid that Pansy would run away, and felt almost capable of stretching out a hand to detain her. But she lingered where the young lady in pink had left them, making no motion to join a knot of visitors on the other side of the room. For a moment it occurred to him that she was frightened, — too frightened perhaps to move; but a glance assured him that she was not, and then he reflected that she was too innocent, indeed, for that. After a moment's supreme hesitation he asked her whether he might go and look at the yellow room, which seemed so attractive, yet so virginal. He had been there already with Osmond to inspect the furniture, which was of the first French empire, and especially to admire the clock (which he did not really admire), an immense classic structure of that period. He therefore felt that he had now begun to manœuvre.

"Certainly, you may go," said Pansy; "and if you like, I will show you." She was not in the least frightened.

"That 's just what I hoped you would say; you are so very kind," Rosier murmured.

They went in together. Rosier really thought the room very ugly, and it seemed cold. The same idea appeared to have struck Pansy.

"It 's not for winter evenings; it 's more for summer," she said. "It 's papa's taste; he has so much."

He had a good deal, Rosier thought; but some of it was bad. He looked about him; he hardly knew what to say in such a situation. "Does n't Mrs. Osmond care how her rooms are done? Has she no taste?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, a great deal; but it 's more for literature," said Pansy, "and for conversation. But papa cares also for those things: I think he knows everything."

Rosier was silent a moment. "There is one thing I am sure he knows!" he

broke out presently. "He knows that when I come here it is, with all respect to him, with all respect to Mrs. Osmond, who is so charming, — it is really," said the young man, "to see you!"

"To see me?" asked Pansy, raising her vaguely-troubled eyes.

"To see you; that's what I come for!" Rosier repeated, feeling the intoxication of a rupture with authority.

Pansy stood looking at him, simply, intently, openly; a blush was not needed to make her face more modest.

"I thought it was for that," she said.

"And it was not disagreeable to you?"

"I could n't tell; I did n't know. You never told me," said Pansy.

"I was afraid of offending you."

"You don't offend me," the young girl murmured, smiling as if an angel had kissed her.

"You like me, then, Pansy?" Rosier asked, very gently, feeling very happy.

"Yes, — I like you."

They had walked to the chimney-piece, where the big cold empire clock was perched; they were well within the room, and beyond observation from without. The tone in which she had said these four words seemed to him the very breath of nature, and his only answer could be to take her hand and hold it a moment. Then he raised it to his lips. She submitted, still with her pure, trusting smile, in which there was something ineffably passive. She liked him, — she had liked him all the while; now anything might happen! She was ready, — she had been ready always, waiting for him to speak. If he had not spoken she would have waited forever; but when the word came she dropped like the peach from the shaken tree. Rosier felt that if he should draw her towards him, and hold her to his heart, she would submit without a murmur; she would rest there without a question. It was true that this would be a rash experiment in a yellow empire *salottino*. She had known it was for her he came; and yet like what a perfect little lady she had carried it off!

"You are very dear to me!" he murmured, trying to believe that there was after all such a thing as hospitality.

She looked a moment at her hand, where he had kissed it. "Did you say that papa knows?"

"You told me just now he knows everything."

"I think you must make sure," said Pansy.

"Ah, my dear, when once I am sure of you!" Rosier murmured in her ear, while she turned back to the other rooms with a little air of consistency which seemed to imply that their appeal should be immediate.

The other rooms, meanwhile, had become conscious of the arrival of Madame Merle, who, wherever she went, produced an impression when she entered. How she did it the most attentive spectator could not have told you; for she neither spoke loud, nor laughed profusely, nor moved rapidly, nor dressed with splendor, nor appealed in any appreciable manner to the audience. Large, fair, smiling, serene, there was something in her very tranquillity that diffused itself, and when people looked round it was because of a sudden quiet. On this occasion she had done the quietest thing she could do: after embracing Mrs. Osmond, which was more striking, she had sat down on a small sofa to commune with the master of the house. There was a brief exchange of commonplaces between these two, — they always paid, in public, a certain formal tribute to the commonplace, — and then Madame Merle, whose eyes had been wandering, asked if little Mr. Rosier had come this evening.

"He came nearly an hour ago; but he has disappeared," Osmond said.

"And where is Pansy?"

"In the other room. There are several people there."

"He is probably among them," said Madame Merle.

"Do you wish to see him?" Osmond asked, in a provokingly pointless tone.

Madame Merle looked at him a moment; she knew his tones to the eighth of a note. "Yes, I should like to say to him that I have told you what he wants, and that it interests you but feebly."

"Don't tell him that; he will try to interest me more, — which is exactly what I don't want. Tell him I hate his proposal."

"But you don't hate it."

"It does n't signify: I don't love it. I let him see that, myself, this evening: I was rude to him on purpose. That sort of thing is a great bore. There is no hurry."

"I will tell him that you will take time and think it over."

"No, don't do that. He will hang on."

"If I discourage him, he will do the same."

"Yes; but in the one case he will try and talk and explain, which would be exceedingly tiresome; in the other he will probably hold his tongue, and go in for some deeper game. That will leave me quiet. I hate talking with a donkey."

"Is that what you call poor Mr. Rosier?"

"Oh, he 's enervating with his eternal majolica."

Madame Merle dropped her eyes, with a faint smile. "He 's a gentleman; he has a charming temper; and after all an income of forty thousand francs" —

"It 's misery, — genteel misery," Osmond broke in. "It 's not what I have dreamed of for Pansy."

"Very good, then. He has promised me not to speak to her."

"Do you believe him?" Osmond asked, absent-mindedly.

"Perfectly. Pansy has thought a great deal about him; but I don't suppose you think that matters."

"I don't think it matters at all; but neither do I believe she has thought about him."

"That opinion is more convenient," said Madame Merle, quietly.

"Has she told you that she is in love with him?"

"For what do you take her? And for what do you take me?" Madame Merle added in a moment.

Osmond had raised his foot, and was resting his slim ankle on the other knee; he clasped his ankle in his hand, familiarly, and gazed a while before him. "This kind of thing does n't find me unprepared. It 's what I educated her for. It was all for this, — that when such a case should come up she should do what I prefer."

"I am not afraid that she will not do it."

"Well, then, where is the hitch?"

"I don't see any. But all the same I recommend you not to get rid of Mr. Rosier. Keep him on hand; he may be useful."

"I can't keep him. Do it yourself."

"Very good; I will put him into a corner, and allow him so much a day." Madame Merle had, for the most part, while they talked, been glancing about her; it was her habit, in this situation, just as it was her habit to interpose a good many blank-looking pauses. A long pause followed the last words I have quoted; and before it was broken again she saw Pansy come out of the adjoining room, followed by Edward Rosier. Pansy advanced a few steps, and then stopped, and stood looking at Madame Merle and her father.

"He has spoken to her," Madame Merle said, simply, to Osmond.

Her companion never turned his head. "So much for your belief in his promises. He ought to be horsewhipped."

"He intends to confess, poor little man!"

Osmond got up; he had now taken a sharp look at his daughter. "It does n't matter," he murmured, turning away.

Pansy, after a moment, came up to Madame Merle with her little manner of unfamiliar politeness. This lady's reception of her was not more intimate; she simply, as she rose from the sofa, gave her a friendly smile.

"You are very late," said the young girl, gently.

"My dear child, I am never later than I intend to be."

Madame Merle had not got up to be gracious to Pansy; she moved towards Edward Rosier. He came to meet her, and, very quickly, as if to get it off his mind, "I have spoken to her!" he whispered.

"I know it, Mr. Rosier."

"Did she tell you?"

"Yes, she told me. Behave properly for the rest of the evening, and come and see me to-morrow at a quarter past five."

She was severe, and in the manner in which she turned her back to him there was a degree of contempt which caused him to mutter a decent imprecation.

He had no intention of speaking to Osmond; it was neither the time nor the place. But he instinctively wandered towards Isabel, who sat talking with an old lady. He sat down on the other side of her; the old lady was an Italian, and Rosier took for granted that she understood no English.

"You said just now you would n't help me," he began, to Mrs. Osmond. "Perhaps you will feel differently when you know — when you know" —

He hesitated a little.

"When I know what?" Isabel asked, gently.

"That she is all right."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, that we have come to an understanding."

"She is all wrong," said Isabel. "It won't do."

Poor Rosier gazed at her half pleadingly, half angrily; a sudden flush testified to his sense of injury.

"I have never been treated so," he said. "What is there against me, after all? That is not the way I am usually considered. I could have married twenty times!"

"It 's a pity you did n't. I don't mean twenty times, but once, comfortably," Isabel added, smiling kindly. "You are not rich enough for Pansy."

"She does n't care a straw for one's money."

"No, but her father does."

"Ah, yes, he has proved that!" cried the young man.

Isabel got up, turning away from him, leaving her old lady, without saying anything; and he occupied himself for the next ten minutes in pretending to look at Gilbert Osmond's collection of miniatures, which were neatly arranged on a series of small velvet screens. But he looked without seeing; his cheek burned; he was too full of his sense of injury. It was certain that he had never been treated that way before; he was not used to being thought not good enough. He knew how good he was, and if such a fallacy had not been so pernicious he could have laughed at it. He looked about again for Pansy, but she had disappeared, and his main desire was now to get out of the house. Before doing so he spoke to Isabel again; it was not agreeable to him to reflect that he had just said a rude thing to her, — the only point that would now justify a low view of him.

"I spoke of Mr. Osmond as I should n't have done, a while ago," he said. "But you must remember my situation."

"I don't remember what you said," she answered, coldly.

"Ah, you are offended, and now you will never help me."

She was silent an instant, and then, with a change of tone, —

"It 's not that I won't; I simply can't!" Her manner was almost passionate.

"If you could, just a little," said Rosier, "I would never again speak of your husband save as an angel."

"The inducement is great," said Isabel gravely, — inscrutably, as he afterwards, to himself, called it; and she gave him, straight in the eyes, a look which was also inscrutable. It made him remember, somehow, that he had known her as a child; and yet it was keener than he liked, and he took himself off.

XXXVII.

He went to see Madame Merle on the morrow, and to his surprise she let him off rather easily. But she made him promise that he would stop there until something should have been decided. Mr. Osmond had had higher expectations; it was very true that as he had no intention of giving his daughter a portion such expectations were open to criticism, or even, if one would, to ridicule. But she would advise Mr. Rosier not to take that tone; if he would possess his soul in patience he might arrive at his felicity. Mr. Osmond was not favorable to his suit, but it would not be a miracle if he should gradually come round. Pansy would never defy her father, he might depend upon that; so nothing was to be gained by precipitation. Mr. Osmond needed to accustom his mind to an offer of a sort that he had not hitherto entertained, and this result must come of itself; it was useless to try to force it. Rosier remarked that his own situation would be in the mean while the most uncomfortable in the world, and Madame Merle assured him that she felt for him. But, as she justly declared, one could n't have everything one wanted; she had learned that lesson for herself. There would be no use in his writing to Gilbert Osmond, who had charged her to tell him as much. He wished the matter dropped for a few weeks, and would himself write when he should have anything to communicate which it would please Mr. Rosier to hear.

"He does n't like your having spoken to Pansy. Ah, he does n't like it at all," said Madame Merle.

"I am perfectly willing to give him a chance to tell me so!"

"If you do that he will tell you more than you care to hear. Go to the house, for the next month, as little as possible, and leave the rest to me."

"As little as possible? Who is to measure that?"

"Let me measure it. Go on Thursday evenings with the rest of the world; but don't go at all odd times, and don't fret about Pansy. I will see that she understands everything. She 's a calm little nature; she will take it quietly."

Edward Rosier fretted about Pansy a good deal, but he did as he was advised, and waited for another Thursday evening before returning to the Palazzo Roccanera. There had been a party at dinner, so that although he went early the company was already tolerably numerous. Osmond, as usual, was in the first room, near the fire, staring straight at the door, so that, not to be distinctly uncivil, Rosier had to go and speak to him.

"I am glad that you can take a hint," Pansy's father said, slightly closing his keen, conscious eye.

"I take no hints. But I took a message, as I supposed it to be."

"You took it? Where did you take it?"

It seemed to poor Rosier that he was being insulted, and he waited a moment, asking himself how much a true lover ought to submit to.

"Madame Merle gave me, as I understood it, a message from you, to the

effect that you declined to give me the opportunity I desire, — the opportunity to explain my wishes to you."

Rosier flattered himself that he spoke rather sternly.

"I don't see what Madame Merle has to do with it. Why did you apply to Madame Merle?"

"I asked her for an opinion, — for nothing more. I did so because she had seemed to me to know you very well."

"She does n't know me so well as she thinks," said Osmond.

"I am sorry for that, because she has given me some little ground for hope."

Osmond stared into the fire for a moment.

"I set a great price on my daughter."

"You can't set a higher one than I do. Don't I prove it by wishing to marry her?"

"I wish to marry her very well," Osmond went on, with a dry impertinence which, in another mood, poor Rosier would have admired.

"Of course I pretend that she would marry well in marrying me. She could n't marry a man who loves her more, or whom, I may venture to add, she loves more."

"I am not bound to accept your theories as to whom my daughter loves," Osmond said, looking up with a quick, cold smile.

"I am not theorizing. Your daughter has spoken."

"Not to me," Osmond continued, bending forward a little, and dropping his eyes to his boot-toes.

"I have her promise, sir!" cried Rosier, with the sharpness of exasperation.

As their voices had been pitched very low before, such a note attracted some attention from the company. Osmond waited till this little movement had subsided, then he said very quickly, —

"I think she has no recollection of having given it."

They had been standing with their faces to the fire, and after he had uttered these last words Osmond turned round again to the room. Before Rosier had time to rejoin he perceived that a gentleman, a stranger, had just come in, unannounced, according to the Roman custom, and was about to present himself to the master of the house. The latter smiled blandly, but somewhat blankly; the visitor was a handsome man, with a large, fair beard, — evidently an Englishman.

"You apparently don't recognize me," he said, with a smile that expressed more than Osmond's.

"Ah, yes, now I do! I expected so little to see you."

Rosier departed, and went in direct pursuit of Pansy. He sought her, as usual, in the neighboring room, but he again encountered Mrs. Osmond in his path. He gave this gracious lady no greeting, — he was too righteously indignant, — but said to her crudely, —

"Your husband is awfully cold-blooded."

She gave the same mystical smile that he had noticed before.

"You can't expect every one to be as hot as yourself."

"I don't pretend to be cold, but I am cool. What has he been doing to his daughter?"

"I have no idea."

"Don't you take any interest?" Rosier demanded, feeling that she too was irritating.

For a moment she answered nothing. Then, —

"No!" she said abruptly, and with a quickened light in her eye which directly contradicted the word.

"Excuse me if I don't believe that. Where is Miss Osmond?"

"In the corner making tea. Please leave her there."

Rosier instantly discovered the young girl, who had been hidden by intervening groups. He watched her, but her

own attention was entirely given to her occupation.

"What on earth has he done to her?" he asked again, imploringly. "He declares to me that she has given me up."

"She has not given you up," Isabel said, in a low tone, without looking at him.

"Ah, thank you for that! Now I will leave her alone as long as you think proper!"

He had hardly spoken when he saw her change color, and became aware that Osmond was coming towards her, accompanied by the gentleman who had just entered. He thought the latter, in spite of the advantage of good looks and evident social experience, was a little embarrassed.

"Isabel," said Osmond, "I bring you an old friend."

Mrs. Osmond's face, though it wore a smile, was, like her old friend's, not perfectly confident. "I am very happy to see Lord Warburton," she said. Rosier turned away, and now that his talk with her had been interrupted felt absolved from the little pledge he had just taken. He had a quick impression that Mrs. Osmond would not notice what he did.

To do him justice, Isabel for some time quite ceased to observe him. She had been startled; she hardly knew whether she were glad or not. Lord Warburton, however, now that he was face to face with her, was plainly very well pleased; his frank gray eye expressed a deep, if still somewhat shy, satisfaction. He was larger, stouter, than of yore, and he looked older; he stood there very solidly and sensibly.

"I suppose you did n't expect to see me," he said. "I have only just arrived. Literally, I only got here this evening. You see I have lost no time in coming to pay you my respects; I knew you were at home on Thursdays."

"You see the fame of your Thursdays has spread to England," Osmond remarked, smiling, to his wife.

"It is very kind of Lord Warburton to come so soon; we are greatly flattered," Isabel said.

"Ah, well, it 's better than stopping in one of those horrible inns," Osmond went on.

"The hotel seems very good; I think it is the same one where I saw you four years ago. You know it was here in Rome that we last met; it is a long time ago! Do you remember where I bade you good-by? It was in the Capitol, in the first room."

"I remember that myself," said Osmond; "I was there at the time."

"Yes, I remember that you were there. I was very sorry to leave Rome, — so sorry that, somehow or other, it became a melancholy sort of memory, and I have never cared to come back till to-day. But I knew you were living here, and I assure you I have often thought of you. It must be a charming place to live," said Lord Warburton, brightly, looking about him.

"We should have been glad to see you at any time," Osmond remarked, with propriety.

"Thank you very much. I have n't been out of England since then. Till a month ago, I really supposed my travels were over."

"I have heard of you from time to time," said Isabel, who had now completely recovered her self-possession.

"I hope you have heard no harm. My life has been a blank."

"Like the good reigns in history," Osmond suggested. He appeared to think his duties as a host had now terminated, he had performed them very conscientiously. Nothing could have been more adequate, more nicely measured, than his courtesy to his wife's old friend. It was punctilious, it was explicit, it was everything but natural, — a deficiency which Lord Warburton, who, himself, had on the whole a good deal

of nature, may be supposed to have perceived. "I will leave you and Mrs. Osmond together," he added. "You have reminiscences into which I don't enter."

"I am afraid you lose a good deal!" said Lord Warburton, in a tone which perhaps betrayed over much his appreciation of Osmond's generosity. He stood a moment, looking at Isabel with an eye that gradually became more serious. "I am really very glad to see you."

"It is very pleasant. You are very kind."

"Do you know that you are changed, — a little?"

Isabel hesitated a moment.

"Yes, — a good deal."

"I don't mean for the worse, of course; and yet how can I say for the better?"

"I think I shall have no scruple in saying that to you," said Isabel, smiling.

"Ah, well, for me — it's a long time. It would be a pity that there should n't be something to show for it."

They sat down, and Isabel asked him about his sisters, with other inquiries of a somewhat perfunctory kind. He answered her questions as if they interested him, and in a few moments she saw — or believed she saw — that he would prove a more comfortable companion than of yore. Time had laid its hand upon his heart, and, without chilling this organ, had discreetly soothed it. Isabel felt her usual esteem for Time rise at a bound. Lord Warburton's manner was certainly that of a contented man, who would rather like one to know it.

"There is something I must tell you without more delay," he said. "I have brought Ralph Touchett with me."

"Brought him with you?" Isabel's surprise was great.

"He is at the hotel; he was too tired to come out, and has gone to bed."

"I will go and see him," said Isabel, quickly.

"That is exactly what I hoped you would do. I had an idea that you had n't seen much of him since your marriage; that in fact your relations were a — a little more formal. That 's why I hesitated, like an awkward Englishman."

"I am as fond of Ralph as ever," Isabel answered. "But why has he come to Rome?"

The declaration was very gentle; the question a little sharp.

"Because he is very far gone, Mrs. Osmond."

"Rome, then, is no place for him. I heard from him that he had determined to give up his custom of wintering abroad, and remain in England, in-doors, in what he called an artificial climate."

"Poor fellow, he does n't succeed with the artificial! I went to see him three weeks ago, at Gardencourt, and found him extremely ill. He has been getting worse every year, and now he has no strength left. He smokes no more cigarettes! He had got up an artificial climate, indeed; the house was as hot as Calcutta. Nevertheless, he had suddenly taken it into his head to start for Sicily. I did n't believe in it; neither did the doctors, nor any of his friends. His mother, as I suppose you know, is in America, so there was no one to prevent him. He stuck to his idea that it would be the saving of him to spend the winter at Catania. He said he could take servants and furniture, and make himself comfortable; but in point of fact he has n't brought anything. I wanted him at least to go by sea, to save fatigue; but he said he hated the sea, and wished to stop at Rome. After that, though I thought it all rubbish, I made up my mind to come with him. I am acting as — what do you call it in America? — as a kind of moderator. Poor Touchett 's very moderate now. We left England a fortnight ago, and he has been very bad on the way. He can't keep warm, and the

further south we come the more he feels the cold. He has got a rather good man, but I 'm afraid he 's beyond human help. If you don't mind my saying so, I think it was a most extraordinary time for Mrs. Touchett to choose for going to America."

Isabel had listened eagerly; her face was full of pain and wonder.

"My aunt does that at fixed periods, and she lets nothing turn her aside. When the date comes round she starts. I think she would have started if Ralph had been dying."

"I sometimes think he is dying," Lord Warburton said.

Isabel started up.

"I will go to him now!"

He checked her; he was a little disconcerted at the quick effect of his words.

"I don't mean that I thought so to-night. On the contrary, to-day, in the train, he seemed particularly well; the idea of our reaching Rome — he is very fond of Rome, you know — gave him strength. An hour ago, when I bade him good-night, he told me that he was very tired, but very happy. Go to him in the morning; that 's all I mean. I did n't tell him I was coming here; I did n't think of it till after we separated. Then I remembered that he had told me that you had an evening, and that it was this very Thursday. It occurred to me to come in and tell you that he was here, and let you know that you had perhaps better not wait for him to call. I think he said he had not written to you." There was no need of Isabel's declaring that she would act upon Lord Warburton's information; she looked, as she sat there, like a winged creature held back. "Let alone that I wanted to see you for myself," her visitor added, gallantly.

"I don't understand Ralph's plan; it seems to me very wild," she said. "I was glad to think of him between those thick walls at Gardencourt."

"He was completely alone there; the thick walls were his only company."

"You went to see him; you have been extremely kind."

"Oh, dear, I had nothing to do," said Lord Warburton.

"We hear, on the contrary, that you are doing great things. Every one speaks of you as a great statesman, and I am perpetually seeing your name in the Times, which, by the way, does n't appear to hold it in reverence. You are apparently as bold a radical as ever."

"I don't feel nearly so bold; you know the world has come round to me. Touchett and I have kept up a sort of parliamentary debate all the way from London. I tell him he is the last of the Tories, and he calls me the head of the Communists. So you see there is life in him yet."

Isabel had many questions to ask about Ralph, but she abstained from asking them all. She would see for herself on the morrow. She perceived that after a little Lord Warburton would tire of that subject, — that he had a consciousness of other possible topics. She was more and more able to say to herself that he had recovered, and, what is more to the point, she was able to say it without bitterness. He had been for her, of old, such an image of urgency, of insistence, of something to be resisted and reasoned with, that his reappearance at first menaced her with a new trouble. But she was now reassured; she could see that he only wished to live with her on good terms, that she was to understand that he had forgiven her, and was incapable of the bad taste of making pointed allusions. This was not a form of revenge, of course; she had no suspicion that he wished to punish her by an exhibition of disillusionment; she did him the justice to believe that it had simply occurred to him that she would now take a good-natured interest in knowing that he was resigned. It was the resignation of a healthy,

manly nature, in which sentimental wounds could never fester. British politics had cured him; she had known they would. She gave an envious thought to the happier lot of men, who are always free to plunge into the healing waters of action. Lord Warburton of course spoke of the past, but he spoke of it without implication; he even went so far as to allude to their former meeting in Rome as a very jolly time. And he told her that he had been immensely interested in hearing of her marriage; that it was a great pleasure to him to make Mr. Osmond's acquaintance, since he could hardly be said to have made it on the other occasion. He had not written to her when she married, but he did not apologize to her for that. The only thing he implied was that they were old friends, intimate friends. It was very much as an intimate friend that he said to her, suddenly, after a short pause which he had occupied in smiling, as he looked about him, like a man to whom everything suggested a cheerful interpretation, —

"Well, now, I suppose you are very happy, and all that sort of thing?"

Isabel answered with a quick laugh; the tone of his remark struck her almost as the accent of comedy.

"Do you suppose if I were not I would tell you?"

"Well, I don't know. I don't see why not."

"I do, then. Fortunately, however, I am very happy."

"You have got a very good house."

"Yes, it 's very pleasant. But that 's not my merit, — it 's my husband's."

"You mean that he has arranged it?"

"Yes; it was nothing when we came."

"He must be very clever."

"He has a genius for upholstery," said Isabel.

"There is a great rage for that sort of thing now. But you must have a taste of your own."

"I enjoy things when they are done; but I have no ideas. I can never propose anything."

"Do you mean that you accept what others propose?"

"Very willingly, for the most part."

"That 's a good thing to know. I shall propose you something."

"It will be very kind. I must say, however, that I have in a few small ways a certain initiative. I should like, for instance, to introduce you to some of these people."

"Oh, please don't; I like sitting here. Unless it be to that young lady in the blue dress. She has a charming face."

"The one talking to the rosy young man? That 's my husband's daughter."

"Lucky man, your husband. What a dear little maid!"

"You must make her acquaintance."

"In a moment with pleasure. I like looking at her from here." He ceased to look at her, however, very soon; his eyes constantly reverted to Mrs. Osmond. "Do you know, I was wrong just now in saying that you had changed?" he presently went on. "You seem to me, after all, very much the same."

"And yet I find it 's a great change to be married," said Isabel, with gayety.

"It affects most people more than it has affected you. You see I have n't gone in for that."

"It rather surprises me."

"You ought to understand it, Mrs. Osmond. But I want to marry," he added, more simply.

"It ought to be very easy," Isabel said, rising, and then blushing a little at the thought that she was hardly the person to say this. It was perhaps because Lord Warburton noticed her blush that he generously forbore to call her attention to the incongruity.

Edward Rosier, meanwhile, had seated himself on an ottoman beside Pansy's tea-table. He pretended at first to talk to her about trifles, and she asked him

who was the new gentleman conversing with her step-mother.

"He 's an English lord," said Rosier. "I don't know more."

"I wonder if he will have some tea. The English are so fond of tea."

"Never mind that; I have something particular to say to you."

"Don't speak so loud, or every one will hear us," said Pansy.

"They won't heed us if you continue to look that way, as if your only thought in life was the wish that the kettle would boil."

"It has just been filled; the servants never know!" the young girl exclaimed, with a little sigh.

"Do you know what your father said to me just now? That you did n't mean what you said a week ago."

"I don't mean everything I say. How can a young girl do that? But I mean what I say to you."

"He told me that you had forgotten me."

"Ah, no, I don't forget," said Pansy, showing her pretty teeth in a fixed smile.

"Then everything is just the same?"

"Ah no, it 's not just the same. Papa has been very severe."

"What has he done to you?"

"He asked me what *you* had done to me, and I told him everything. Then he forbade me to marry you."

"You need n't mind that."

"Oh, yes, I must, indeed. I can't disobey papa."

"Not for one who loves you as I do, and whom you pretend to love?"

Pansy raised the lid of the tea-pot, gazing into this vessel for a moment; then she dropped six words into its aromatic depths: "I love you just as much."

"What good will that do me?"

"Ah," said Pansy, raising her sweet, vague eyes, "I don't know that."

"You disappoint me!" groaned poor Rosier.

Pansy was silent a moment; she handed a tea-cup to a servant.

"Please don't talk any more."

"Is this to be all my satisfaction?"

"Papa said I was not to talk with you."

"Do you sacrifice me like that? Ah, it 's too much!"

"I wish you would wait a little," said the young girl, in a voice just distinct enough to betray a quaver.

"Of course I will wait if you will give me hope. But you take my life away."

"I will not give you up, — oh, no!" Pansy went on.

"He will try and make you marry some one else."

"I will never do that."

"What, then, are we to wait for?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I will speak to Mrs. Osmond, and she will help us." It was in this manner that she for the most part designated her step-mother.

"She won't help us much. She is afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Of your father, I suppose."

Pansy shook her little head.

"She is not afraid of any one! We must have patience."

"Ah, that 's an awful word!" Rosier groaned; he was deeply disconcerted. Oblivious of the customs of good society, he dropped his head into his hands, and, supporting it with a melancholy grace, sat staring at the carpet. Presently he became aware of a good deal of movement about him, and when he looked up saw Pansy making a courtesy — it was still her little courtesy of the convent — to the English lord whom Mrs. Osmond had presented.

XXXVIII.

It probably will not be surprising to the reflective reader that Ralph Touch-

ett should have seen less of his cousin since her marriage than he had done before that event, — an event of which he took such a view as could hardly prove a confirmation of intimacy. He had uttered his thought, as we know, and after this he had held his peace, Isabel not having invited him to resume a discussion which marked an era in their relations. That discussion had made a difference, — the difference that he feared, rather than the one he hoped. It had not chilled the girl's zeal in carrying out her engagement, but it had come dangerously near to spoiling a friendship. No reference was ever again made between them to Ralph's opinion of Gilbert Osmond, and by surrounding this topic with a sacred silence they managed to preserve a semblance of reciprocal frankness. But there was a difference, as Ralph often said to himself, — there was a difference. She had not forgiven him, she never would forgive him; that was all he had gained. She thought she had forgiven him; she believed she did n't care; and as she was both very generous and very proud these convictions represented a certain reality. But whether or no the event should justify him, he would virtually have done her a wrong, and the wrong was of the sort that women remember best. As Osmond's wife, she could never again be his friend. If in this character she should enjoy the felicity she expected, she would have nothing but contempt for the man who had attempted, in advance, to undermine a blessing so dear; and if, on the other hand, his warning should be justified, the vow she had taken that he should never know it would lay upon her spirit a burden that would make her hate him. Such had been, during the year that followed his cousin's marriage, Ralph's rather dismal previsions of the future; and if his meditations appear morbid, we must remember that he was not in the bloom of health. He consoled himself as he might by behaving (as he deemed) beautifully, and was present at the ceremony by which Isabel was united to Mr. Osmond, and which was performed in Florence in the month of June. He learned from his mother that Isabel at first had thoughts of celebrating her nuptials in her native land, but that, as simplicity was what she chiefly desired to secure, she had finally decided, in spite of Osmond's professed willingness to make a journey of any length, that this characteristic would best be preserved by their being married by the nearest clergyman in the shortest time. The thing was done, therefore, at the little American chapel, on a very hot day, in the presence only of Mrs. Touchett and her son, of Pansy Osmond and the Countess Gemini. That severity in the proceedings of which I just spoke was in part the result of the absence of two persons who might have been looked for on the occasion, and who would have lent it a certain richness. Madame Merle had been invited, but Madame Merle, who was unable to leave Rome, sent a gracious letter of excuses. Henrietta Stackpole had not been invited, as her departure from America, announced to Isabel by Mr. Goodwood, was in fact frustrated by the duties of her profession; but she had sent a letter less gracious than Madame Merle's, intimating that had she been able to cross the Atlantic she would have been present not only as a witness, but as a critic. Her return to Europe took place somewhat later, and she effected a meeting with Isabel in the autumn, in Paris, when she indulged — perhaps a trifle too freely — her critical genius. Poor Osmond, who was chiefly the subject of it, protested so sharply that Henrietta was obliged to declare to Isabel that she had taken a step which erected a barrier between them. "It is n't in the least that you have married, — it is that you have married *him*," she deemed it her duty to remark; agreeing, it will be

seen, much more with Ralph Touchett than she suspected, though she had few of his hesitations and compunctions. Henrietta's second visit to Europe, however, was not made in vain; for just at the moment when Osmond had declared to Isabel that he really must object to that newspaper woman, and Isabel had answered that it seemed to her he took Henrietta too hard, the good Mr. Bantling appeared upon the scene, and proposed that they should take a run down to Spain. Henrietta's letters from Spain proved to be the most picturesque she had yet published, and there was one in especial, dated from the Alhambra, and entitled Moors and Moonlight, which generally passed for her masterpiece. Isabel was secretly disappointed at her husband's not having been able to judge the poor girl more humorously. She even wondered whether his sense of humor were by chance defective. Of course she herself looked at the matter as a person whose present happiness had nothing to grudge to Henrietta's violated conscience. Osmond thought their alliance a kind of monstrosity; he could n't imagine what they had in common. For him, Mr. Bantling's fellow-tourist was simply the most vulgar of women, and he also pronounced her the most abandoned. Against this latter clause of the verdict Isabel protested with an ardor which made him wonder afresh at the oddity of some of his wife's tastes. Isabel could explain it only by saying that she liked to know people who were as different as possible from herself. "Why, then, don't you make the acquaintance of your washerwoman?" Osmond had inquired; to which Isabel answered that she was afraid her washerwoman would n't care for her. Now Henrietta cared so much.

Ralph saw nothing of her for the greater part of the two years that followed her marriage; the winter that formed the beginning of her residence in Rome he spent again at San Remo, where he was joined in the spring by his mother, who afterwards went with him to England, to see what they were doing at the bank, — an operation she could not induce him to perform. Ralph had taken a lease of his house at San Remo, a small villa, which he occupied still another winter; but late in the month of April of this second year he came down to Rome. It was the first time since her marriage that he had stood face to face with Isabel; his desire to see her again was of the keenest. She had written to him from time to time, but her letters told him nothing that he wanted to know. He had asked his mother what she was making of her life, and his mother had simply answered that she supposed she was making the best of it. Mrs. Touchett had not the imagination that communes with the unseen, and she now pretended to no intimacy with her niece, whom she rarely encountered. This young woman appeared to be living in a sufficiently honorable way, but Mrs. Touchett still remained of the opinion that her marriage was a shabby affair. It gave her no pleasure to think of Isabel's establishment, which she was sure was a very lame business. From time to time, in Florence, she rubbed against the Countess Gemini, doing her best, always, to minimize the contact; and the countess reminded her of Osmond, who made her think of Isabel. The countess was less talked about in these days, but Mrs. Touchett augured no good of that; it only proved how she had been talked about before. There was a more direct suggestion of Isabel in the person of Madame Merle; but Madame Merle's relations with Mrs. Touchett had suffered a marked alteration. Isabel's aunt had told her, without circumlocution, that she had played too ingenious a part; and Madame Merle, who never quarreled with any one, who appeared to think no one worth it, and who had performed the miracle of living, more

or less, for several years with Mrs. Touchett without a symptom of irritation, — Madame Merle now took a very high tone, and declared that this was an accusation from which she could not stoop to defend herself. She added, however (without stooping), that her behavior had been only too simple; that she had believed only what she saw; that she saw that Isabel was not eager to marry, and that Osmond was not eager to please (his repeated visits were nothing; he was boring himself to death on his hill-top, and he came merely for amusement). Isabel had kept her sentiments to herself, and her journey to Greece and Egypt had effectually thrown dust in her companion's eyes. Madame Merle accepted the event, — she was unprepared to think of it as a scandal; but that she had played any part in it, double or single, was an imputation against which she proudly protested. It was doubtless in consequence of Mrs. Touchett's attitude, and of the injury it offered to habits consecrated by many charming seasons, that Madame Merle, after this, chose to pass many months in England, where her credit was quite unimpaired. Mrs. Touchett had done her a wrong; there are some things that can't be forgiven. But Madame Merle suffered in silence; there was always something exquisite in her dignity.

Ralph, as I say, had wished to see for himself; but while he was engaged in this pursuit he felt afresh what a fool he had been to put the girl on her guard. He had played the wrong card, and now he had lost the game. He should see nothing, he should learn nothing; for him she would always wear a mask. His true line would have been to profess delight in her marriage, so that later, when, as Ralph phrased it, the bottom should fall out of it, she might have the pleasure of saying to him that he had been a goose. He would gladly have consented to pass for a goose in order to know Isabel's real situation. But now she neither taunted him with his fallacies, nor pretended that her own confidence was justified; if she wore a mask, it completely covered her face. There was something fixed and mechanical in the serenity painted upon it; this was not an expression, Ralph said, — it was an invention. She had lost her child; that was a sorrow, but it was a sorrow she scarcely spoke of; there was more to say about it than she could say to Ralph. It belonged to the past, moreover; it had occurred six months before, and she had already laid aside the tokens of mourning. She seemed to be leading the life of the world; Ralph heard her spoken of as having a "charming position." He observed that she produced the impression of being peculiarly enviable; that it was supposed, among many people, to be a privilege even to know her. Her house was not open to every one, and she had an evening in the week, to which people were not invited as a matter of course. She lived with a certain magnificence, but you needed to be a member of her circle to perceive it; for there was nothing to gape at, nothing to criticise, nothing even to admire, in the daily proceedings of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond. Ralph, in all this, recognized the hand of the master; for he knew that Isabel had no faculty for producing calculated impressions. She struck him as having a great love of movement, of gayety, of late hours, of long drives, of fatigue; an eagerness to be entertained, to be interested, even to be bored, to make acquaintances, to see people that were talked about, to explore the neighborhood of Rome, to enter into relation with certain of the mustiest relics of its old society.

In all this there was much less discrimination than in that desire for comprehensiveness of development on which he used to exercise his wit. There was a kind of violence in some of her impulses, of crudity in some of her proceedings, which took him by surprise;

it seemed to him that she even spoke faster, moved faster, than before her marriage. Certainly she had fallen into exaggerations, — she, who used to care so much for the pure truth; and whereas of old she had a great delight in good-humored argument, in intellectual play (she never looked so charming as when in the genial heat of discussion she received a crushing blow full in the face, and brushed it away as a feather), she appeared now to think there was nothing worth people's either differing about or agreeing upon. Of old she had been curious, and now she was indifferent; and yet, in spite of her indifference, her activity was greater than ever. Slender still, but lovelier than before, she had gained no great maturity of aspect; but there was a kind of amplitude and brilliancy in her personal arrangements which gave a touch of insolence to her beauty. Poor human-hearted Isabel, what perversity had bitten her? Her light step drew a mass of drapery behind it; her intelligent head sustained a majesty of ornament. The free, keen girl had suffered a marked mutation; what he saw was the fine lady, who was supposed to represent something. What did Isabel represent? Ralph asked himself; and he could answer only by saying that she represented Gilbert Osmond. Good heavens, what a function! he exclaimed. He was lost in wonder at the mystery of things. He recognized Osmond, as I say; he recognized him at every turn. He saw how he kept all things within limits; how he adjusted, regulated, animated, their manner of life. Osmond was in his element; at last he had material to work with. He always had an eye to effect; and his effects were elaborately studied. They were produced by no vulgar means, but the motive was as vulgar as the art was great. To surround his interior with a sort of invidious sanctity, to tantalize society with a sense of exclusion, to make people believe his house was different from every other, to impart to the face that he presented to the world a cold originality, — this was the ingenious effort of the personage to whom Isabel had attributed a superior morality. "He works with superior material," Ralph said to himself; "but it 's rich abundance compared with his former resources." Ralph was a clever man; but Ralph had never, to his own sense, been so clever as when he observed, *in petto*, that, under the guise of caring only for intrinsic values, Osmond lived exclusively for the world. Far from being its master, as he pretended to be, he was its very humble servant, and the degree of its attention was his only measure of success. He lived with his eye on it, from morning till night, and the world was so stupid it never suspected the trick. Everything he did was *pose*, — pose so deeply calculated that if one were not on the lookout one mistook it for impulse. Ralph had never met a man who lived so much in the world of calculation. His tastes, his studies, his accomplishments, his collections, were all for a purpose. His life on his hill-top at Florence had been a pose of years. His solitude, his ennui, his love for his daughter, his good manners, his bad manners, were so many features of a mental image constantly present to him as a model of impertinence and mystification. His ambition was not to please the world, but to please himself by exciting the world's curiosity, and then declining to satisfy it. It made him feel great to play the world a trick. The thing he had done in his life most directly to please himself was his marrying Isabel Archer; though in this case, indeed, the gullible world was in a manner embodied in poor Isabel, who had been mystified to the top of her bent. Ralph of course found a fitness in being consistent; he had embraced a creed, and as he had suffered for it he could not in honor forsake it. I give this little sketch of its articles for what they are worth. It was certain that he was very

skillful in fitting the facts to his theory, — even the fact that during the month he spent in Rome at this period Gilbert Osmond appeared to regard him not in the least as an enemy. For Mr. Osmond Ralph had not now that importance. It was not that he had the importance of a friend; it was rather that he had none at all. He was Isabel's cousin, and he was rather unpleasantly ill: it was on this basis that Osmond treated with him. He made the proper inquiries: asked about his health, about Mrs. Touchett, about his opinion of winter climates, whether he was comfortable at his hotel. He addressed him, on the few occasions of their meeting, not a word that was not necessary; but his manner had always the urbanity proper to conscious success in the presence of conscious failure. For all this, Ralph had, towards the end, an inward conviction that Osmond had made it uncomfortable for his wife that she should continue to receive her cousin. He was not jealous, — he had not that excuse; no one could be jealous of Ralph. But he made Isabel pay for her old-time kindness, of which so much was still left; and as Ralph had no idea of her paying too much, when his suspicion had become sharp he took himself off. In doing so he deprived Isabel of a very interesting occupation: she had been constantly wondering what fine principle kept him alive. She decided that it was his love of conversation; his conversation was better than ever. He had given up walking; he was no longer a humorous stroller. He sat all day in a chair, — almost any chair would do, — and was so dependent on what you would do for him that, had not his talk been highly contemplative, you might have thought he was blind. The reader already knows more about him than Isabel was ever to know, and the reader may therefore be given the key to the mystery. What kept Ralph alive was simply the fact that he had not yet seen enough of his cousin; he was not yet satisfied. There was more to come; he could n't make up his mind to lose that. He wished to see what she would make of her husband, — or what he would make of her. This was only the first act of the drama, and he was determined to sit out the performance. His determination held good; it kept him going some eighteen months more, till the time of his return to Rome with Lord Warburton. It gave him indeed such an air of intending to live indefinitely that Mrs. Touchett, though more accessible to confusions of thought in the matter of this strange, unremunerative — and unremunerated — son of hers than she had ever been before, had, as we have learned, not scrupled to embark for a distant land. If Ralph had been kept alive by suspense, it was with a good deal of the same emotion — the excitement of wondering in what state she should find him — that Isabel ascended to his apartment the day after Lord Warburton had notified her of his arrival in Rome.

She spent an hour with him; it was the first of several visits. Gilbert Osmond called on him punctually, and on Isabel sending a carriage for him Ralph came, more than once, to the Palazzo Roccanera.

A fortnight elapsed, at the end of which Ralph announced to Lord Warburton that he thought after all he would n't go to Sicily. The two men had been dining together, after a day spent by the latter in ranging about the Campagna. They had left the table, and Warburton, before the chimney, was lighting a cigar, which he instantly removed from his lips.

"Won't go to Sicily? Where, then, will you go?"

"Well, I guess I won't go anywhere," said Ralph, from the sofa, in a tone of jocosity.

"Do you mean that you will return to England?"

"Oh, dear, no; I will stay in Rome."

"Rome won't do for you; it's not warm enough."

"It will have to do; I will make it do. See how well I have been."

Lord Warburton looked at him a while, puffing his cigar, as if he were trying to see it.

"You have been better than you were on the journey, certainly. I wonder how you lived through that. But I don't understand your condition. I recommend you to try Sicily."

"I can't try," said poor Ralph; "I can't move further. I can't face that journey. Fancy me between Scylla and Charybdis! I don't want to die in the Sicilian plains, — to be snatched away, like Proserpine in the same locality, to the Plutonian shades."

"What the deuce, then, did you come for?" his lordship inquired.

"Because the idea took me. I see it won't do. It really does n't matter where I am now. I 've exhausted all remedies, I 've swallowed all climates. As I 'm here, I 'll stay; I have n't got any cousins in Sicily."

"Your cousin is certainly an inducement. But what does the doctor say?"

"I have n't asked him, and I don't care a fig. If I die here Mrs. Osmond will bury me. But I shall not die here."

"I hope not." Lord Warburton continued to smoke reflectively. "Well, I must say," he resumed, "for myself I am very glad you don't go to Sicily. I had a horror of that journey."

"Ah, but for you it need n't have mattered. I had no idea of dragging you in my train."

"I certainly did n't mean to let you go alone."

"My dear Warburton, I never expected you to come further than this!" Ralph cried.

"I should have gone with you, and seen you settled," said Lord Warburton.

"You are a very good fellow. You are very kind."

"Then I should have come back here."

"And then you would have gone to England."

"No, no; I should have stayed."

"Well," said Ralph, "if that 's what we are both up to, I don't see where Sicily comes in!"

His companion was silent; he sat staring at the fire. At last, looking up, —

"I say, tell me this!" he broke out. "Did you really mean to go to Sicily when we started?"

"Ah, vous m'en demandez trop! Let me put a question first. Did you come with me quite — platonically?"

"I don't know what you mean by that. I wanted to come abroad."

"I suspect we have each been playing our little game."

"Speak for yourself. I made no secret whatever of my wanting to be here a while."

"Yes, I remember you said you wished to see the minister for foreign affairs."

"I have seen him three times; he is very amusing."

"I think you have forgotten what you came for," said Ralph.

"Perhaps I have," his companion answered, rather gravely.

These two gentlemen were children of a race which is not distinguished by the absence of reserve, and they had traveled together from London to Rome without an allusion to matters that were uppermost in the mind of each. There was an old subject that they had once discussed, but it had lost its recognized place in their attention; and even after their arrival in Rome, where many things led back to it, they had kept the same half-diffident, half-confident silence.

"I recommend you to get the doctor's consent, all the same," Lord Warburton went on, abruptly, after an interval.

"The doctor's consent will spoil it; I never have it when I can help it!"

"What does Mrs. Osmond think?"

"I have not told her. She will probably say that Rome is too cold, and even offer to go with me to Catania. She is capable of that."

"In your place I should like it."

"Her husband won't like it."

"Ah, well, I can fancy that; though it seems to me you are not bound to mind it. It 's his affair."

"I don't want to make any more trouble between them," said Ralph.

"Is there so much already?"

"There 's complete preparation for it. Her going off with me would make the explosion. Osmond is n't fond of his wife's cousin."

"Then of course he would make a row. But won't he make a row if you stop here?"

"That 's what I want to see. He made one the last time I was in Rome, and then I thought it my duty to go away. Now I think it 's my duty to stop and defend her."

"My dear Touchett, your defensive powers" — Lord Warburton began, with a smile. But he saw something in his companion's face that checked him. "Your duty, in these premises, seems to me rather a nice question," he said.

Ralph for a while answered nothing.

"It is true that my defensive powers are small," he remarked at last; "but as my aggressive ones are still smaller, Osmond may, after all, not think me worth his gunpowder. At any rate," he added, "there are things I am curious to see."

"You are sacrificing your health to your curiosity, then?"

"I am not much interested in my health, and I am deeply interested in Mrs. Osmond."

"So am I. But not as I once was," Lord Warburton added quickly. This was one of the allusions he had not hitherto found occasion to make.

"Does she strike you as very happy?" Ralph inquired, emboldened by this confidence.

"Well, I don't know; I have hardly thought. She told me the other night that she was happy."

"Ah, she told *you*, of course!" Ralph exclaimed, smiling.

"I don't know that. It seems to me I was rather the sort of person she might have complained to."

"Complain? She will never complain. She has done it, and she knows it. She will complain to you least of all. She is very careful."

"She need n't be. I don't mean to make love to her again."

"I am delighted to hear it; there can be no doubt at least of *your* duty!"

"Ah, no," said Lord Warburton, gravely, "none!"

"Permit me to ask," Ralph went on, "whether it is to bring out the fact that you don't mean to make love to her that you are so very civil to the little girl?"

Lord Warburton gave a slight start; he got up and stood before the fire, blushing a little.

"Does that strike you as very ridiculous?"

"Ridiculous? Not in the least, if you really like her."

"I think her a delightful little person. I don't know when a girl of that age has pleased me more."

"She 's extremely pleasing. Ah, she at least is genuine."

"Of course there 's the difference in our ages, — more than twenty years."

"My dear Warburton," said Ralph, "are you serious?"

"Perfectly serious, — as far as I 've got."

"I 'm very glad. And, Heaven help us!" cried Ralph, "how tickled Gilbert Osmond will be!"

His companion frowned.

"I say, don't spoil it. I shan't marry his daughter to please him."

"He will have the perversity to be pleased, all the same."

"He 's not so fond of me as that," said his lordship.

"As that? My dear Warburton, the drawback of your position is that people need n't be fond of you at all to wish to be connected with you. Now, with me, in such a case, I should have the happy confidence that they loved me."

Lord Warburton seemed scarcely to be in the mood for doing justice to general axioms; he was thinking of a special case.

"Do you think she 'll be pleased?"

"The girl herself? Delighted, surely."

"No, no; I mean Mrs. Osmond."

Ralph looked at him a moment.

"My dear fellow, what has she to do with it?"

"Whatever she chooses. She is very fond of the girl."

"Very true, — very true." And Ralph slowly got up. "It 's an interesting question, — how far her fondness for the girl will carry her." He stood there a moment with his hands in his pockets, with a rather sombre eye. "I hope, you know, that you are very — very sure — The deuce!" he broke off, "I don't know how to say it."

"Yes, you do; you know how to say everything."

"Well, it 's awkward. I hope you are sure that among Miss Osmond's merits her being a — so near her stepmother is n't a leading one."

"Good heavens, Touchett!" cried Lord Warburton, angrily. "For what do you take me?"

Henry James, Jr.

WHAT IS MYTHOLOGY?

WHAT is mythology? Let us look into our dictionaries. It is defined by Worcester as "a system of *fables*, or a treatise upon *fables*; the collective body of traditions of any heathen nation respecting its gods and other fabulous supernatural beings." And the same lexicographer defines a myth as "a work of *fiction*; a *fabulous* story; a *fable*; an *invention*; a *parable*; an *allegory*," — though the latter part of the definition is qualified by the much-needed remark that, while "the allegory is a reflective and artificial process, the myth springs up spontaneously and by a kind of inspiration." But in spite of this important qualification, the definition seems, on the whole, very defective. It describes well enough the vague popular use of words according to which the existence of a bogus mine or a falsely alleged Kuklux outrage is said to be a "myth," but it fails to exhibit the word under that aspect which, to a mind trained in the study of mythology, seems most important, if not even most prominent, of all. This short-coming is associated with the absence of any specific reference to the original sense of the Greek μῦθος, of which our English word is the abbreviated form; and it is by glancing for a moment at this original sense that we shall best come to a preliminary understanding of what mythology is. The word μῦθος does not primarily mean an "invention," or a "work of fiction," or a "fabulous story;" it primarily means "anything said," a "word" or "speech" in the most general sense. In the Homeric poems it is very frequently used, both in this general way and more specially, to signify a talk or conversation, a debate, a promise, or even a speech delivered before an audience. In Homer's language it also means a tale or story, — that is, "what people say," —

but without any reference to the truth or falsity of what is said, a distinction which appears for the first time in Pindar. By his time μῦθος seems to have come to designate a *poetical* tale as distinguished from a *historical* tale, which was called λόγος, though as yet it is not implied that the μῦθος is necessarily false, or the λόγος necessarily true. The one is simply such a kind of story as you are likely to meet with in poetry; the other such as you may expect to find in historical narration. Herodotos, indeed, makes a double distinction between λόγος, a mere tale, which may be true or not, μῦθος, a story which is not to be believed, and ἱστορία, an account which claims and receives credence; but it is certain that no such distinction was definitely established, nor does Herodotos consistently adhere to it himself. By the great Attic writers μῦθος is used to denote an old story or tradition relating to times or places indefinitely remote, and from this it quite naturally acquired the implication of the untrustworthy, the incredible, or the strictly fabulous. Without entering into further detail, what it concerns us to remember is that μῦθος is fundamentally not that which is true or untrue, credible or incredible, but is simply that which "they say." When you catechise the Italian *cicerone* concerning the authenticity of the marvelous legend associated by tradition with the ruined temple or fortress you are visiting, he does not usually commit himself by any skeptical utterance on the subject, but with a shrug and a "So they say," he illustrates the precise force of the word μῦθος as applied to the story in question; relegating it to a region where the canons of historical truth and falsehood are left unenforced.

To those, therefore, who are accustomed to weigh words carefully it will not seem correct to describe a myth as an invention or fable. It is impossible to use these words without suggesting intentional fabrication, whereas it is the most characteristic mark of a myth, properly so called, that nobody knows by whom, or at what time, or under what circumstances it was originated. Moreover, while by the time a myth has become recognized as such it does not command belief, yet at the outset it was quite otherwise. Originally myths were not told with a shrug of the shoulders, but they were told to be believed, and they were believed by those who told them. To disbelieve in the myths currently accepted was to be a heretic and blasphemer, and was likely to draw down upon one's self and one's kindred the vengeance of the gods, or at least the anathemas of society. Far from being a work of fiction, therefore, a myth is a story of obscure origin which embodies some belief now become antiquated, or which has its root in some habit of contemplating nature that is now outgrown and perhaps hardly intelligible. A collection of such stories, belonging to a particular age or people, is called "a mythology;" and the science or branch of study which describes, classifies, and interprets such stories is called "mythology."

Like all sweeping definitions, this requires some little qualification. The stories which form the subject matter of mythology are exceedingly multifarious in character. As a family, the gods have had strange vicissitudes of fortune; and tales of heroes or deities which once were an object of religious faith are often so closely linked with nursery ballads or household lore of goblins and spooks, or even with rhymes of minnesingers and romances of chivalry, that it becomes difficult to treat the myth exhaustively without occasional reference to the domain of conscious fiction. It is not only that almost all the fairy-tales which delight our children are largely made up of mythical incidents which in early times had a serious meaning, but also that even in such works as the Nibelungenlied and the Homeric poems,

which are among our principal storehouses of mythologic lore, conscious fiction, immemorial myth, and probably a few vestiges of traditional history are so intimately commingled that it is impossible to separate one element from another, and assign to each its share in the work. Nor can we assert positively of each and every one of the stories which make up the heterogeneous aggregates of Grecian or Indian or Scandinavian mythology that it had a really mythical origin. Now and then fable or apologue, or even allegory, may no doubt have contributed its mite to the grand total. But after making all needful allowance for these complicating circumstances, it remains true on the whole that the mythical story differs from the ordinary fictitious narrative by giving expression to some genuine belief that has been forgotten or superseded.

The study of mythology, therefore, when properly conducted, must throw light on some of the early thoughts of mankind, giving us glimpses of the way in which people reasoned about things before there was any such knowledge of nature as we are accustomed to call scientific. It is only within the present century, however, that the subject has been studied to any purpose, and it is only now that philosophical explanations of the myth-making tendency are beginning to be offered. According to the theory of Euhemeros, still advocated by the Abbé Banier about a hundred years ago, a myth is simply a bit of exaggerated or distorted history, and when the supernatural or extraordinary features of the story are stripped off we have a residuum of genuine history. Zeus and Wodan, for example, were ancient monarchs or heroes, who underwent a *post-mortem* process of deification like the early Cæsars, only with more lasting effect; and Herakles was a stalwart pioneer, addicted to hunting wild animals, who once broke into a garden and stole some oranges that were guarded by gigantic dogs. This theory originated in an age in which historical criticism was unknown. The process of eliminating history from legendary narrative by simply winnowing out the credible parts from the incredible is entirely inadmissible; for in order that a historical narrative be regarded as authentic, it is not enough that the events it contains should be perfectly credible; it is also necessary that they should be attested by contemporary records of some kind or other. The explanation is further contradicted by the myths themselves, which do not describe Wodan and Zeus and Herakles as human beings, but as belonging to a higher sphere of existence. The superhuman or marvelous element, which Euhemerism sought to winnow out, is really the essential part of the stories, without which the remainder would be worthless either as history or as legend. As Sir G. W. Cox has well said concerning the Iliad, "It is of the very essence of the narrative that Paris, who has deserted Oinone, the child of the stream Kebren, and before whom Here, Athene, and Aphrodite had appeared as claimants for the golden apple, steals from Sparta the beautiful sister of the Dioskouroi; that the chiefs are summoned together for no other purpose than to avenge her woes and wrongs; that Achilleus, the son of the sea-nymph Thetis, the wielder of invincible weapons and the lord of undying horses, goes to fight in a quarrel which is not his own; that his wrath is roused because he is robbed of the maid Briseis, and that he henceforth takes no part in the strife until his friend Patroklos has been slain; that then he puts on the new armor which Thetis brings to him from the anvil of Hephaistos, and goes forth to win the victory. The details are throughout of the same nature. Achilleus sees and converses with Athene; Aphrodite is wounded by Diomedes; and Sleep and Death bear away the lifeless Sarpedon on their noiseless

wings to the far-off land of light." Take away these marvelous features and there would be no point left to the story. But the Euhemeristic theory is still more completely discredited by its inability to account for a class of phenomena which were unknown at the time when it was suggested, — to wit, the substantial identity of the principal mythical personages of Greece and India with each other and with those of Scandinavia, and the diffusion of certain myths all over the world.

The Euhemeristic theory is perhaps worthy of this explicit mention by reason of the great reputation which it once enjoyed and the length of time during which it held its ground. The rival theory that myths are allegories, in which are enshrined profound scientific or philosophical mysteries apprehended by the "wisdom of the ancients," has found its supporters even within the present century; but it may be here passed over without comment, since this and all other arbitrary theories characteristic of the infancy of modern scholarship have been once for all set aside by the results of the application of the comparative method to the myths of antiquity and the naïve beliefs of contemporary savages.

Comparative mythology aims at interpreting the mythical stories of different peoples by comparing them with one another; so that, wherever possible, a story carrying its meaning on its face may throw light on some parallel story, the meaning of which could not well be detected but for some such comparison. This modern branch of study is primarily an offshoot from comparative philology, and it came into existence as soon as the philological interpretation of the Vedas had proceeded far enough to enable scholars to compare the myths of Greece with those of ancient India. As the Sanskrit language has in most cases preserved its roots in a more primitive form than the other Aryan languages, so in the Rig-Veda we find to some extent the same mythic phraseology as in Homer and Hesiod, but in a much more rudimentary and intelligible condition. Zeus, Eros, Hermes, Helena, Ouranos, and Kerberos reappear as Dyaus, Arusha, Sarameias, Sarama, Varuna, and Çarvara, but instead of completely developed personalities they are presented to us as vague powers, with their nature and attributes dimly defined, and their relations to one another are fluctuating and often contradictory. There is no theogony or mythologic system thoroughly worked out, as in Hesiod. The same pair of divinities appear now as father and daughter, now as brother and sister, now as husband and wife; while every now and then they quite lose their personal shapes, and appear as mere elemental forces or vivified phenomena of nature. Coupled with this is the fact that in the Vedas the early significance of the myths has not faded, but continually recurs to the mind of the poet; while in the Homeric poems this early significance is almost entirely lost sight of, save in so far as it may sometimes appear, unknown to the poet himself, to determine the current of his narrative. Looking thus to the Vedas to see what light they throw upon the true meaning of ancient myths in general, we find that the divinities and heroes of the Vedas usually exhibit themselves plainly as personifications of the great phenomena of nature; and this character is, at the outset, distinctly implied in their names. The name of Dyaus, for example, is derived from the root *dyu*, the same root from which comes the verb *dyut*, meaning "to shine." *Dyu*, as a noun, means "sky" and "day," — that is, "the brightness" or "the bright time." There is a passage in the Rig-Veda where Dyaus is addressed as the Sky, in company with Prithivi the Earth and Agni the Fire; and there are many such passages where the character of Dyaus as the personified sky or

brightness of day-time is unmistakably brought out. Here we have a key which opens at once some of the secrets of Greek mythology. So long as there was for the word *Zeus* no better etymology than Plato's guess, which assigned it to the root *zen*, "to live," the real elemental character of Zeus remained undetected. But when it was shown, in accordance with the canons of comparative linguistics, that the word *Zeus* is simply the Greek pronunciation of the same word which the Brahman pronounced as *Dyaus*, it followed at once that the supreme god of Greek mythology was originally the personified sky; and thus was revealed the literal meaning of such expressions as Horace's "sub Jove frigido," and the Attic prayer, "Rain, rain, dear Zeus, on the land of the Athenians and on the fields." The root *dyu* is again seen in *Jupiter*, which is identical with the Sanskrit *Dyaus pitar*, or Jove the Father. The same root can be followed into Old German, where *Zio* is also the god of day, and into Old English, where *Tiwsdaeg*, the day of *Tiws* or Zeus, is the ancestral form of *Tuesday*. Again, in Sanskrit the root *dyu* assumes the form *div*, whence *devas*, "bright" or "divine," and the Lithuanian *diewas*, Latin *deus*, and Greek *θεός*, all meaning God. Clearly, then, without the help of the Sanskrit root *dyu*, combined with the character assigned to Dyaus in the Vedas, we should be unable to interpret any of the names belonging to the chief deity of the early Aryans; but with this clue we can not only understand these names, but we also perceive that there was a time when our ancestors could speak of the bright sky as of a superhuman personality fit to be worshiped.

Advancing a step from this mere comparison of mythological names, let us briefly consider a famous mythical story, that we may see how much light is thrown upon it by the comparative method. In my Myths and Myth-Makers I have called attention to M. Bréal's admirable treatment of the story of Hercules and Cacus, which, although one of the oldest of the traditions common to the whole Aryan race, appears in Italy as a purely local legend, and is narrated as such by Livy, as well as by Virgil, Propertius, and Ovid. That is to say, it is a λόγος as well as a μῦθος, and for aught one could tell from the Latin legend alone it might be a distorted fragment of early history, as Banier would have had it. Hercules, it is said, journeying through Italy after his victory over Geryon, halts by the Tiber. While he is enjoying his *siesta*, a son of Vulcan, the formidable monster Cacus, comes and steals his cattle, and drags them, tail foremost, to a secret cavern in the rocks. "But the lowing of the cows arouses Hercules, and he runs toward the cavern, where the robber, already frightened, has taken refuge. Armed with a huge flinty rock, he breaks open the entrance of the cavern, and confronts the demon within, who vomits forth flames at him, and roars like the thunder in the storm-cloud. After a short combat his hideous body falls at the feet of the invincible hero, who erects on the spot an altar to Jupiter Inventor, in commemoration of the recovery of his cattle. Ancient Rome teemed with reminiscences of this event. . . . The place where Hercules pastured his oxen was known long after as the *Forum Boarium;* near it the *Porta Trigemina* preserved the recollection of the monster's triple head; and in the time of Diodorus Siculus sight-seers were shown the cavern of Cacus on the slope of the Aventine. Every tenth day the earlier generations of Romans celebrated the victory with solemn sacrifices at the *Ara Maxima;* and on days of triumph the fortunate general deposited there a tithe of his booty, to be distributed among the citizens." No better example than this could be desired to illustrate what

I said above in defining a myth. A myth such as this was no "fable" or "work of fiction," but a narrative or "saga," which the Roman people had always "heard told," and in the truth of which they believed very thoroughly, as is shown by the pains which they took to commemorate it. People do not hold religious services every tenth day in honor of fables or allegories. The Romans celebrated the victory of Hercules, because they believed both in the existence of this semi-divine national hero and in the reality of his exploit; and if any one had been found hardy enough to call in question the one or the other, he would doubtless have been put down as a pernicious heretic who sought to detract from the glory of the state and to discourage belief in its gods. Yet in its primitive Italian form the legend had nothing to do with Hercules, who was a quiet domestic deity, very unlike the mighty Doric Herakles, with whom the accidental resemblance of names caused him to be identified at a time when the conversion of the Romans to the Greek mythology had resulted in the mixing up and partial forgetting of their own early traditions. In the story as originally told, the hero is none other than Jupiter, the god of day himself, called by his Sabine name *Sancus*, which also means "the bright sky." And likewise the name of the demon was not *Cacus*, "the evil one," but *Cæcius*, "the one who darkens or steals light." It was because the story so closely resembled the Greek myth of the victory of Herakles over Geryon that the later confusion of names resulted. But the earlier names give us a hint as to the physical significance of the myth, which is confirmed when we turn to the Rig-Veda, and find the counterpart of both the Greek and the Latin stories, told over and over again in such words that it is impossible to mistake its meaning. Here we encounter, not Geryon himself, but his three-headed dog *Orthros* (written and pronounced in Sanskrit as *Vritra*), who is one of the *Panis*, or "robbers" that steal the daylight. Indra, the god of light, one of the chief deities of the Rig-Veda, is a herdsman, who tends a herd of bright golden or violet-colored cattle. Vritra, a snake-like monster with three heads, steals them and hides them in a cavern; but Indra slays him as Jupiter-Sancus slew Cæcius, and the cows are recovered. The scene of the conflict is not placed upon the earth, but in the firmament overhead, and the entire language of the myth is so transparent that the Hindu commentators of the Veda have anticipated modern scholars in explaining it as an account of the victory of the god of day over the fiend of the thunder-storm. These celestial cattle, with their resplendent coats of purple and gold, are the clouds lit up by the solar rays; and the demon who hides them in the cavernous rock is the fiend of darkness, who obscures the heavens in the storm and at night-fall, and against whom, in his manifold shapes, Indra and Herakles and the other bright divinities are always waging war. Not only in stormy weather, but every night, the cattle are stolen by Vritra, "he who shrouds or conceals," or by Cæcius, "the darkener;" and Indra is obliged to spend hours in looking for them, sending Sarama, the inconstant and untrustworthy twilight, to negotiate for their recovery. The Panis, of whom the storm-fiend Vritra is one, are uniformly represented in the Vedic hymns as night-demons. "They steal Indra's golden cattle, and drive them by circuitous paths to a dark hiding-place near the eastern horizon. Indra sends the dawn-nymph Sarama to search for them; but as she comes within sight of the dark stable the Panis try to coax her to stay with them: 'Let us make thee our sister; do not go away again; we will give thee part of the cows, darling!'" Sometimes she is described as scorning

their solicitations, but often the fickle dawn-nymph is characteristically said to coquet with the powers of darkness. "She does not care for their cows, but will take a drink of milk, if they will be so good as to get it for her. Then she goes back and tells Indra that she cannot find the cows." He kicks her, and she runs back to the hiding-place of the night-demons, followed by the exasperated deity, who smites them all with his unerring arrows and brings back the stolen light. In connection with this primitive story it is interesting to observe that, according to Max Müller, the word *Sarama*, "the creeping dawn," is the Vedic pronunciation of the word which from Greek lips sounds as *Helena*, just as *Sarameias* corresponds to *Hermeias* and *Surya* to *Helios*. This phonetic identity of names is only one out of many grounds for the suggestion that from this simple story of the fickle dawn-nymph and the stolen treasures of the day-god has been evolved the Grecian myth of the faithlessness of Helen.

The warfare of Indra with Vritra and the other Panis forms one of the principal themes of the Vedic hymns; and as we pass from India to Persia we see most strikingly illustrated the way in which such representations of natural phenomena have given rise to what may be properly called a system of theology. In the Veda the Panis do not seem to be regarded with any decided feeling of moral reprobation, but they are feared and hated as makers of mischief. They not only steal the daylight, but they parch the earth and wither the fruits, and they slay vegetation during the winter months. As *Cæcius*, the "darkener," became ultimately changed into *Cacus*, the "evil one," so the name of *Vritra*, the "concealer," the most famous of the Panis, was gradually generalized until it came to mean "enemy," like the English word "fiend," and began to be applied indiscriminately to any kind of evil spirit. In Persian mythology the process is carried much further. The fiendish Panis are concentrated in the person of Ahriman or Anro-mainyas, the "spirit of darkness," who maintains a perpetual warfare against the "spirit of light," Ormuzd or Ahura-mazda. The struggle is not for the possession of a herd of perishable cattle, but for the dominion of the universe. Ormuzd made the world beautiful and free from sin and pain, but after him came Ahriman and created evil. Not only does Ahriman keep the earth covered with darkness during half of the day, not only does he withhold rain and parch the standing corn, but he is also the author of all evil thoughts and the instigator of all wicked actions. Like his progenitor Vritra, and like Satan, who in many respects resembles him, he is represented under the form of a serpent; and the destruction which ultimately awaits these demons is in reserve also for him. Eventually there is to be a day of reckoning, when Ahriman will be bound in chains and rendered powerless, or when, according to another account, he will be converted to righteousness, as Burns hoped and Origen believed would be the case with "auld Nickie Ben."

In these various versions of the strife between Ormuzd and Ahriman, Indra and the Panis, Herakles and Geryon, Jupiter and Cæcius, we see well exemplified the diversity of forms which the same group of mythical ideas takes on in the course of its development in different parts of the world; and in the help which either version affords toward an understanding of the others we see the great advantage of the comparative method of studying myths. So completely has this method now taken possession of the field that it has become quite useless to attempt to interpret the mythology of any one people, at least within the Aryan domain, without taking into account all the kindred mythologies. Attempts, like that of Mr. Glad-

stone, to treat the Homeric legends without any reference to the hymns of the Veda, the sagas of Norway, and the popular epics of the old Germans are fruitful in little else but arbitrary speculation and unverifiable conjecture. The same mythical ideas, and often the same mythical personages with identical or equivalent names, run through all these webs of popular fancy; and without presenting them all in connection with one another we cannot hope to add much to our knowledge of any portion of Aryan mythology.

But with all the help thus afforded by philological and literary comparison, our conception of the true character of a myth is still incomplete. It is a great step in advance when we are able to say that Zeus was not some apotheosized Cretan king, but the personification of daylight, or when we can trace such a legend as that of Hercules and Cacus back to its more primitive version in the victory of Indra over the Panis. But a further step needs to be taken. What is, after all, the meaning of this way of speaking of the sky as a bright hero, and the darkness as a three-headed monster? Is it a mere poetical personification, or ingenious allegory; or, if not thus explicable, in what peculiarities of ancient thought or culture are we to look for the explanation? The suggestion of allegory or poetic license is not in harmony with the fact that the myths were once literally believed. Men do not believe allegories and metaphors. A more plausible explanation was offered by Max Müller in his famous essay on Comparative Mythology, published in 1856. This brilliant essay did much toward awakening general interest in the study of myths, and in many respects deserved the high reputation which it quickly won. But, admirable as many of its special interpretations undoubtedly are, its general philosophy of mythology is by no means satisfactory. According to Max Müller, a myth is a metaphorical saying of which the metaphorical character has been forgotten, so that it has come to be accepted literally. That is, Dyaus was originally a common noun signifying "sky;" and when the old Aryan said, "Dyaus rains," he only stated the plain fact that the sky pours down rain. But in later ages, when the Greek had forgotten the meaning of Zeus, the expression "Zeus rains" conveyed the notion that there is a person named Zeus who sends down the rain. And after this manner, according to Müller, all mythology grew up. An admirable illustration of this view is to be found in the legend of Daphne, the maiden who fled from the love of Phoibos Apollo, until, when her fluttering robe was almost within his grasp, she saved herself by plunging into the river Peneios; and on the bank from which she had leaped a laurel grew up to bear her name forever. In its Greek form this legend is hardly intelligible; for although Phoibos is always a personification of the far-darting sun, the name of Daphne, on the other hand, cannot be explained from Greek sources. But the Greek *Daphne* implies an Old Aryan form *Dahana*, from the root *dah*, which in Sanskrit still means to burn, or to be bright like a flame. This root *dah* seems to be connected with the German *tag* and the English words *day* and *dawn*. In Sanskrit there is a tendency to drop an initial Aryan *d*, as, for example, in *asru*, a "tear," which corresponds to the Greek δάκρυ; so, though we do not find the old name *Dahana* in Sanskrit, we do find *Ahana* occurring in the Rig-Veda as a name of the personified Dawn: —

"Grihám grihaṁ Ahanâ yati átchcha
Divé dive ádhi nâma dádhânâ, —

Ahana [the Dawn] comes near to every house, — she who makes every day to be known." [1] In view of this it is every way probable that the Greek Daphne is the rosy-fingered Dawn who takes to

[1] Müller, Chips, II. 91.

flight and vanishes at the approach of the sun. Her metamorphosis into a laurel results from a purely Greek association of ideas. The laurel, as a wood in use for kindling, was called δάφνη, and nothing more than such an identity of name was required to suggest the metamorphosis. Now, according to Müller, the people who first spoke of Daphne as fleeing from before Apollo only meant to say that the dawn fades from sight as the sun comes up; in the days when there was a common Aryan speech this would have been understood; but after the Greek had forgotten what the word δάφνη meant in this connection, and remembered it only as a name for the laurel, it would have acquired in the story the force of a proper name, and hence both the personification and the metamorphosis. This interpretation of the myth is accepted by so wary a scholar as Curtius, and I think we may safely admit it, though the evidence hardly amounts to demonstration. It is not improbable that mere etymological forgetfulness is sufficient to account for this particular instance of personification; but I do not see that we have got very far toward understanding the personifying tendency in general. To recur to our other example, there is no doubt that such a personification as Zeus or Dyaus is enabled to survive until a much later stage of culture when its physical meaning is forgotten than if it were remembered. A cultivated and skeptical Athenian of Plato's time, for instance, would not be likely to regard the sky as a person; but as long as Zeus was to him merely the name of a personal deity, not especially associated with the sky or with any other physical phenomenon, there was nothing to hinder belief in him. If it had been remembered that Zeus was but a name for the sky, Zeus would no doubt have lost his godship when people became too cultivated to personify natural phenomena otherwise than in metaphor. In just this way Uranus (whose name was the common Greek word for "sky") did actually get undeified; and similarly in Hindu mythology the too transparent character of Indra and his fights with the powers of darkness led to his being supplanted by the more mysterious deities, Brahma, Siva, and Vishnu. So far there is a germ of truth in Müller's theory. But it does not account for the personification of Dyaus in the first place. How did the sky ever get so thoroughly anthropomorphized that people had a chance to forget what its name Zeus originally meant? To this question Müller affords no answer; and our suspicion that he has presented the case wrong end foremost is strengthened by another illustration. He tells us that the familiar Greek expression "Erinys finds the criminal" was originally quite free from mythology; Erinys, the Sanskrit Saranyu, is admitted to be the Dawn; and thus the expression originally *meant no more than that crime would be brought to light some day or other;* but it became mythological when the speakers had forgotten what Erinys meant, and so were led to regard it as a person. To me this seems like getting the cart before the horse, and ignoring the enormous difference between civilized and primitive men in their ways of looking at things. To us the expression "Erinys finds the criminal" means no more than that crime will be brought to light, and to the cultivated Greek it probably meant no more than this. But the use of poetical metaphor as such is characteristic of civilized men, not of men in the myth-making stage of culture. Strictly speaking, uncivilized men do not talk in metaphor, but they believe in the literal truth of their similes and personifications, from which, by what Mr. Tylor calls survival in culture, our poetic metaphors are lineally descended. I regard it as much more consistent with what we know of barbaric thought to suppose that at the outset Erinys the Dawn and

Zeus the Sky were actually conceived as persons or beings exercising volition; and that such personifications now appear metaphorical to us only because we find it difficult to comprehend the naïve ignorance of the primeval men who made them in literal and sober earnest.

It is not strange that Max Müller stops far short of any such result as this. His study of myths has been a purely philological study, and has been carried on, too, mainly within the region of Aryan speech. He understands and admirably illustrates the comparative method, in so far as it explains a story in which the terminology is obscure by revealing its kinship with some other story in which the meaning of the terminology is unmistakable. But in order to understand what mythology is, we must go farther than this. As I have elsewhere said, "the principles of philological interpretation are an indispensable aid to us in detecting the hidden meaning of many a legend in which the powers of nature are represented in the guise of living and thinking persons; but before we can get at the secret of the myth-making tendency itself, we must leave philology, and enter upon a psychological study. We must inquire into the characteristics of that primitive style of thinking to which it seemed quite natural that the sun should be an unerring archer, and the thunder-cloud a black demon or gigantic robber, finding his richly merited doom at the hands of the indignant Lord of Light." For the purposes of such an inquiry as this, one must go outside of Aryan mythology, and take into the account the legends and superstitions of barbarous races. In the quaint but not illogical fancies of uncivilized men we may trace the processes of thought which gave rise to the elemental deities of Olympos and Valhalla, and to the heroes which figure in classic epos or humble fairy-tale.

Strange as old superstitions are apt to seem after they have once been entirely outgrown, there is perhaps no superstition so fantastic that we may not understand how it could once have been believed, if we only take the trouble to realize how differently situated the mind of the savage is from our own. It is quite natural to all men, whether savage or civilized, whether illiterate or cultivated, to draw conclusions from analogy, and to imagine intimate relations between phenomena that are in the habit of occurring simultaneously or in close succession. Newton's theory of gravitation was at the outset a case of reasoning from analogy; and so is the notion of the Zulu, who chews a bit of wood in order to soften the heart of the man with whom he is about to negotiate a trade. The superior correctness of the scientific conclusion is due to the fact that the civilized man has learned to exclude as preposterous a great many guesses which the barbarian has not learned to exclude. Long ages crowded with experiences have taught us that there are many associations of ideas which do not correspond to any connection of cause and effect among external phenomena; and this same long succession of experiences has permanently established in our minds a great number of associations of ideas with which it is needful that new notions should harmonize before we can accept them. But the savage has had but little of this sort of training in sifting his experiences, and such experiences of the world as he gets are but few, monotonous, and narrow. In his mind that enormous mass of associations answering to what we call "laws of nature" have not been formed; and hence, when he tries to reason about what he sees, there is little but the most superficial analogy to guide his thoughts hither or thither, and it is inevitable that he should arrive at many conclusions which to us seem quaint or grotesque. Mr. Tylor cites Lord Chesterfield's remark, "that the king had been ill, and that people generally expected the illness to

be fatal, because the oldest lion in the Tower, about the king's age, had just died. 'So wild and capricious is the human mind,'" observes the elegant letter-writer. But indeed, as Mr. Tylor justly remarks, being taught better by his familiarity with barbaric ideas, "the thought was neither wild nor capricious; it was simply such an argument from analogy as the educated world has at length painfully learned to be worthless, but which, it is not too much to declare, would to this day carry considerable weight to the minds of four fifths of the human race." Observing, thus, the great capacity for assent in uncultivated minds which have not learned to distinguish between sound and unsound analogies, we need find nothing extraordinary in the entire and literal faith which the barbarian puts in dreams. To him the visions seen and the voices heard in sleep possess as much objective reality as the gestures and shouts of waking hours. In relating his dream he tells how he *saw* certain dogs or demons, or *fought with* certain dead warriors, last night. In his crude language no words have been devised for stating the difference between seeing and dreaming that he saw; and the implication, both to himself and to his hearers, is "that his *other self* has been away, and came back when he awoke." The immense mass of evidence collected by Mr. Tylor shows that all uncivilized people have framed this notion of *another self;* and the hypothesis which serves to account for the savage's wanderings during sleep in strange lands and among strange people serves also to account for the presence in his dreams of parents, comrades, or enemies known to be dead and buried. The other self of the dreamer meets and converses with the other selves of his dead brethren, joins with them in the hunt, or sits down with them to the wild cannibal banquet. Thus arises the belief in an ever-present world of ghosts, — a belief which the entire experience of uncivilized man goes to strengthen and expand. The weird reflection of his person and gestures in rivers or still woodland pools is interpreted by the savage as an appearance of his other self; in the echo he hears the mocking voice of this phantom double, and as his fantastic shadow he sees it dogging his footsteps. Usually, if not universally, in barbaric thought the other self is supposed to resemble the material self with which it is customarily associated. For example, the Australian, not content with slaying his enemy in battle, cuts off the right thumb of the corpse, so that the departed soul may be incapacitated from throwing a spear. The Chinese allege as a reason for preferring crucifixion to decapitation that their souls may not wander headless about the spirit-world. Indeed, so grossly materialistic is the prescientific conception of soul that the savage will bore holes in the coffin of his dead friend, so that the soul may again have a chance, if it likes, to revisit the body; and in similar wise, even to-day, ignorant European peasants open the windows in sick-rooms, in order that the soul, if it choose to depart, need not be angered by hindrance. Very different is this from the modern philosophic conception of the soul as immaterial. And the difference is again strikingly illustrated when, taking a step farther, we observe that primitive culture makes no such distinction as that between the immortal man and the soulless brute, but speaks of the other selves of beasts in the same terms which are used of human ghosts. The Kafir who has killed an elephant will cry that he did n't mean to do it; and, lest the elephant's soul should still seek vengeance, he will cut off and bury the trunk, so that the crippled other self of the mighty beast may be unable to strike him. So the Assamese believe that the ghosts of slain animals will become in the next world the property of the hunter who kills them. Even plants

are accredited with souls, so that the Talein will not cut down a tree without first seeking to propitiate its ghost by laying the blame on some one else. But the matter does not end here. Not only the horse and dog, the bamboo and the oak-tree, but even lifeless objects, such as the hatchet, or bow and arrows, or food and drink of the dead man, possess other selves which pass into the world of ghosts. Fijians and other contemporary savages expressly declare that this is their belief: "If an axe or chisel is worn out or broken up, away flies its soul for the service of the gods." In this, as I have elsewhere urged, we see how simple and consistent is the logic which guides the savage, and how inevitable is the genesis of the great mass of beliefs, to our minds so arbitrary and grotesque, which prevail throughout the barbaric world. "However absurd the belief that pots and kettles have souls may seem to us, it is nevertheless the only belief which can be held consistently by the savage, to whom pots and kettles, no less than human friends or enemies, may appear in his dreams; who sees them followed by shadows as they are moved about; who hears their voices, dull or ringing, when they are struck; and who watches their doubles fantastically dancing in the water as they are carried across the stream." This is exemplified in the argument of the Algonkins, who insisted to Charlevoix that since hatchets have shadows as well as men, therefore the shadow or soul of the hatchet must accompany the shadow or soul of the warrior to the spirit-land. This primitive belief at once explains the custom, so general among uncivilized races, of sacrificing the wives and servants, the horses and dogs, of a departed chief, as well as of presenting at his tomb offerings of food, weapons, or money. In some countries, after surviving the phase of culture in which they originated, such offerings have no doubt come to be mere memorials of esteem or affection for the dead man; but evidence gathered from numberless savage tribes shows that originally they were presented that their ghosts might be eaten or otherwise employed by the deceased. The stout club which is buried with the dead Fijian sends its soul along with him, that he may be able to defend himself against the hostile ghosts which will lie in ambush for him on the road to the spirit-land, seeking to kill and eat him. Sometimes the club is afterwards removed from the grave as of no further use, since its ghost is all that the dead man needs.

Now, when this general theory of object souls, universal among uncultured men, is expanded into a still more general theory of indwelling spirits, we have before us a set of phenomena which go very far toward explaining the personification of mythology. To quote again from my work on this subject: "When once habituated to the conception of souls of knives and tobacco-pipes passing to the land of ghosts, the savage cannot avoid carrying the interpretation still further, so that wind and water, fire and storm, are accredited with indwelling spirits akin by nature to the soul which inhabits the human frame. That the mighty spirit or demon by whose impelling will the trees are rooted up and the storm-clouds driven across the sky should resemble a freed human soul is a natural inference, since uncultured man has not attained to the conception of immaterial force acting in accordance with uniform methods, and hence all events are to his mind the manifestations of capricious volition. If the fire burns down his hut, it is because the fire is a person with a soul, and is angry with him, and needs to be coaxed into a kindlier mood by means of prayer or sacrifice. Thus the savage has no alternative but to regard fire soul as something akin to human soul; and in point of fact we find that savage philosophy makes no distinction between the human

ghost and the elemental demon or deity. This is sufficiently proved by the universal prevalence of the worship of ancestors. The essential principle of manes worship is that the tribal chief or patriarch, who has governed the community during life, continues also to govern it after death; assisting it in its warfare with hostile tribes, rewarding brave warriors, and punishing traitors and cowards. Among such higher savages as the Zulus, the doctrine of divine ancestors has been developed to the extent of recognizing a first ancestor, the Great Father, Unkulunkulu, who made the world. But in the stratum of savage thought in which barbaric or Aryan folk-lore is for the most part based we find no such exalted speculation. The ancestors of the rude Veddas and of the Guinea negroes, the Hindu *pitris* (*patres*, 'fathers'), and the Roman manes have become elemental deities, which send rain or sunshine, health or sickness, plenty or famine, and to which their living offspring appeal for guidance amid the vicissitudes of life." The various theories of embodiment show how thoroughly the demons or deities, which cause disease are identified with human ghost souls. On the one hand, in Australasia it is a dead man's ghost which creeps up into the liver of the impious wretch who has dared to pronounce his name; "while, conversely, in the well-known European theory of demoniacal possession it is a fairy from elf-land or an imp from hell which has entered the body of the sufferer. In the close kinship, moreover, between disease possession and oracle possession, where the body of the Pythia or the medicine-man is placed under the direct control of some great deity, we may see how by insensible transitions the conception of the human ghost passes into the conception of the spiritual numen or divinity."

Thus, by a somewhat circuitous process, we have at last reached something like a consistent and satisfactory explanation of the true nature of mythology. On the one hand, philology has shown that a myth is an attempt to explain some natural phenomenon by endowing with human feelings and capacities the senseless factors in the phenomenon, as when the ancient Hindoo explained a thunder-storm as the smiting of Vritra by the unerring shafts of Indra. On the other hand, a brief survey of barbaric superstitions has shown how uncultured man, by the best use he could make of his rude common sense, has invariably come to regard all objects as endowed with souls, and all nature as peopled with supra-human entities shaped after the general pattern of humanity. Thus is suggested a natural mode of genesis for the personifications of which mythology is made up. As the Moslem camel-driver regards the deadly simoom as a malignant demon, so we need not wonder that the Greeks in prehistoric times should have personified the wind as Hermes, or the sun as an unerring archer, or an unwearying traveler, or an invincible hero. When we know that some people believe pots and kettles to have souls that live hereafter, there is not much difficulty in understanding how other people may have deified the blue sky as the sire of gods and men. We see, moreover, that these personifying stories are not parables or allegories, but sober explanations of natural phenomena. Where we have recourse to some elaborate scientific theorem, the ancient was content with telling a myth. It is only after ages of philosophizing that it begins to seem plausible to regard the clouds as masses of watery vapor suspended in the atmosphere, or the moon as a great planetary body covered with extinct volcanoes. In primeval times it was much simpler to call the cloud a rock, or a huge bird, or a Centaur, and to burn incense to the moon as the chaste goddess Artemis of the silver bow. Thus the study of mythol-

ogy, when pursued on the wide scale indicated in the present paper, throws light of no uncertain character on the thoughts and mental habits of primitive men, as well as on countless superstitious beliefs and customs which have survived in relatively high stages of culture. And perhaps there is no better evidence of the profoundly philosophic character of contemporary scholarship than the pains which it is taking to investigate methodically the legends and sayings which formerly were either thought unworthy of serious study, or were treated as subjects for idle and arbitrary speculation.

John Fiske.

FRIENDS: A DUET.

XVI.

Doña Sol. Je vous suivrai!
HERNANI.

So torn was Nordhall by the irresolutions and contradictions of his feeling that after he had left Mrs. Strong, and had got alone into the red library that day, he wrote her a note, which he mailed without giving himself time for that repentance sure to overtake the prudent man who commits an impulse to paper. In this letter he said: —

My dear Friend, — I cannot say I do not respect your decision, for I do; nor that I do not revere you for it, for I do. But alas! to increase reverence for what we love is not to ease or lessen love. I love you: this is my extenuation. If you would, you could love me: this is my argument.

The more I think of it, away from you and from the influence of your firm purpose, the more I am led to ask whether there is not another side to the lofty code by which you desire to regulate your life. Life is long and lonely, and you are young and alone. I do not say this to influence your judgment through your feeling, but rather your feeling through your judgment. Indeed, honestly, I cannot own that I say it with any profound hope of influencing you at all. Life is hard and exacting, and it has already exacted a good deal of you. If a happiness, real, however imperfect, and trustworthy, however insufficient, is possible to you, is it not *good sense* to accept it?

I 'm a plain fellow, without romantic ideas of conduct, and sometimes the plain sense of a thing comes uppermost to me, not with the pressure of a mood, but with the force of nature.

And yet I want to do right. I don't want to profane a sacrament (I 'm not too plain to believe in sacraments), for the sake of mere human happiness. Above all things, I want *you* to do right. I know that I am writing a contradictory, useless sort of note. But what I am trying to get at is whether the good sense of a matter *is* no guide to the *right* of a matter.

Will you tell me how it strikes you?

I am, in denial or delight, your faithful friend, Charles Nordhall.

To that letter he received in a few days this brief reply: —

Dear Friend, — It seems to me that the goodness of a thing *is* the good sense of it.

If I thought I cared for you in the way to make what you ask right, I suppose it would be the most sensible thing to do. Even then, I am not sure that the happiness you think of would come,

or could come, to you and me. Does it matter so much whether one is happy? If only one is true, I think that is best.

And yet I would rather you did not think me very happy, in causing you so deep a pain. Ever sincerely your friend,

RELIANCE STRONG.

P. S. I do not think we had better write or talk of these matters any more.

He took her at her word, with this, and urged her no more.

They sought, with such imperfect success as was possible, to return to their former relations. Nordhall was manly and brave about that. He had distinctly made up his mind that he would not deprive her of a friend because he could not win her for a wife. As long as he could bear it, she should not miss anything he could be or give to her. Women and men lived gladder, fuller, nobler lives for each other's mutual support. It ought to be possible to render that support, even staggering under a burden such as his shoulders were doomed to bear. Perhaps none but he who loved and could not win was capable of that devotion sifted of self, that high help and calm comfort, which only a wise and controlled masculine friendship can wrap about a woman's life.

As for himself, he chose the crumbs fallen from that dear, denying life, sweeter to him and richer than the feast of a goddess with her god.

This was *his* way of being true.

The supreme opportunity comes to each of us once. It may be in the surrender of a joy, in the renunciation of a love, in the acceptance of a daily burden almost too petty to rank among the heroisms, in the resistance of an obscure temptation striking to the roots of character, in the endurance of infliction whose subtlest blow aims at the very brain and marrow of enduring will, perhaps in the laying down of life itself, — but it comes once only.

The angel with averted face broods over us for that moment, and passes on. It remains with ourselves to dream of that unseen countenance, whether as the spectre or the seraph of our lives.

The patient pursuance of a high ideal is the crucial test of nature; desperately to miss it may be the final discipline of character.

Do you tell me this is a hard saying? He that hath ears to hear what passes on "the other side of silence," let him hear.

Reliance Strong's was no analytic mind, and she did not reflect upon ideals; she only served them. She was a gentle woman, whose instinct knew love from loneliness, and whose conscience wished to separate right and wrong.

After the conclusive scene between herself and Nordhall, she took up her life again, with perplexity in her brave brown eyes. She did not grow strong, or, if so, very slowly; and her spirits suffered with her suffering nerve. She was not able to carry on her benevolent work, and this gave her idle and depressed hours.

She was sorry and puzzled that Nordhall still retained such a grasp upon her daily thoughts. She did not wish to forget him, but she would have preferred to make an effort to remember him. She had to learn how inexorable is the twining of any two human lives; and that the dismembership of ties far lighter than the sincere and harmonious ones which had subsisted so long between herself and her friend is a process which can no more be hastened than the healing of a torn tendril, and no more be reasoned with than the quiver of the star-fish wrenched from the rock.

In this case, naturally, matters were not helped by the rock. Rock-like, Nordhall stayed by her. There was granite in his love. There was crystal in his unselfishness. She despised herself for leaning against a support she had arbitrarily refused. She did not know which to pity more, herself or

him. His fidelity and devotion made a species of slavery in her life, against which it seemed dishonorable to rebel. The inevitable awkwardness and consciousness of their present position towards each other overwhelmed her, now with a shallow sense of nervous irritation, now with a deep tide, half emotion, half reflection, like a dull despair.

This friendship, which had ruled her for so many years, could not abdicate without anarchy. It was not as if it had been a light experience, flexibly yielded to; a gust of feeling, born of rare circumstances, or of morbid solitude, ill health, or any of the conditions which create easy emotions in unobservant natures without fixed ideals. Reliance had been a cheerful, active woman, and, up to this time, a well one. Soul and body drew healthy breath. She knew not where to look for a substitute for a feeling which had been so happy, so natural, so calm, so free from remorse or reproach, but which, after this, could never become anything in which a woman of self-possession and sense could take womanly refuge. He might protest as he would, he might serve her unselfishly and heroically as he could. She knew that their golden age was over. She knew that they could never take comfort in each other any more. She battled with this knowledge. She withdrew into those experiences of which no woman's lip can speak. She sat like Penelope in her bower, and raveled by night the web she wove by day.

There was something terrible to her in the urgency of Nordhall's image. All other problems seemed to fold their hands and wait till this one thing was settled. All other people seemed, for the time, to slip out of her life. Only she and he were in the world. Like the hero and heroine of the drama, like the victor and the rival of a race, they saw the supernumeraries melt from the unreal stage, the racers grow specks in the distant dust.

Winter relented, and the reluctant New England spring looked in over the bare syringa bushes and red-brown horse-chestnut buds.

Reliance grew better, and worse again. She sent for Dr. Bishop, who was uncommonly busy, and returned word that he would come the first day he could. When he called, at last, he was absorbed in two deadly cases of diphtheria and a remarkable and interesting piece of surgery, — something about a boy who was cut open and lived without brains. Reliance listened impatiently to this cheerful story. It did not seem to her at all surprising that people could live without brains. Apparently life could go on without other vital conditions. She passionately objected to these men to whom a cut skull was more real than a cut soul. Only the stolid assurance that he could not possibly understand her, prevented her from telling Dr. Bishop what she thought of him; he would call her hysterical for her pains, being none the wiser, and herself the weaker, for the spasm of revolt.

She listened, therefore, in absolute silence, when he told her that he could find nothing the matter with her, advised a little Peruvian bark and a trip to Washington, — and went back to his dreadful boy.

It did not help matters much that the physician sent her a scientifically short note that evening, in which he said: —

Dear Mrs. Strong, — I was sorry to seem unsympathetic to-day, but I was driven to death. Had I been able to command "all the time there is," like the Indian, what could I have done for you? You have no physical ailment. I am not a physician of the soul. I see nothing for you but to work out your own cure. Truly yours,

E. F. Bishop.

This humiliated without helping her. She tore the note, denounced science,

and went and sat, uncomprehended, with Myrtle. She would have sat with Janet, just then, for sheer human companionship. Myrtle, too, was going to desert her. She had to return to her brother's by and by, where a sick (if undesirable) sister-in-law and a very new baby created duties "nearer," as the phrase goes, than these in the young widow's lonely and now less cheerful home.

It occurred bitterly to Reliance that she had no claim on anybody anywhere in a world full of shared sorrows and united joys.

She resolutely gathered her heart together, and crept out among her poor people. But for these most intense forms of human sympathy and exertion, a frame of iron should inclose a soul of sunshine.

Mr. Griggs came to her house, one day, and respectfully, but urgently, said,

"It ain't my business to look after you, but I 'm free to say somebody had ought to. I don't speak for nobody but myself; but it seems to *me* you 're sick. You 're tired all the time, and you 've got a cough, and you can't do for us folks at the mission like you used. I don't wish to be bold nor for'ard, but I know you took care and trouble on my account, — I can't help knowin'. Now I don't want you to take no more till you 're different to what you are now. Mrs. Strong, if you 'll go away somewhere, — among folks that ain't poor and don't drink, — and try to get better, I'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll reform myself without you! I 'll reform myself and every live man I can get hold on, from Cranby's to the sea! I will, so help me God!" cried the "redeemed man," drawing himself up. "I 've got it in me to do a sight of that sort of thing I 've never put my shoulder to, yet. Mebbe I 've depended too much on you — on a lady — on a lady's help," said Mr. Griggs, gently; "*and she 's nothing but a woman, after all!* And I 'm a strong, well man! I 'd ought to take care of myself, and help her along, too. Mrs. Strong, if you 'll be so good as to trust me, *I 'll* look after the meetins and the fellows while you 're gone. And we 'll pray for you every meetin'," added Mr. Griggs, conclusively. The tears were in his eyes. His rough hand shook. Reliance was greatly touched. She was in that unreasonable but highly sensitive mood when we are most ready to give a pledge to the person that has the least right to ask it. She told Mr. Griggs that if he would feel any better about it she would go away; she would travel somewhere, and get well enough to come back to anybody that needed her.

"And I 'm glad you said you would pray for me; I shall like to think of that. *I* need help, too, Mr. Griggs," she said, in her wistful voice, "as much as the poor men. We all need one another in this hard world."

Hers was at this time that inharmonious relation of soul and body when to take a resolution is to take the first step in recovery. She thrived upon her promise to Mr. Griggs, impulsively given, but honorably kept, and laid her plans with a great access of courage for what we used to call a change of scene, but now designate as a difference of environment.

As soon as Myrtle went she would close the house, give Janet a vacation, take Amy Rollinstall, and travel for an indefinite time. She would begin by going South, — to Washington, Charleston, Atlanta, possibly. If she found herself happy, they would run over to Switzerland and spend the summer. In the autumn she would come home, start a hospital for poor girls, and save every drunkard in Salem!

She drew up this practical and hopeful programme without consulting Nordhall. When her plans were fully laid, she sent for him, one yielding April day, — when light was soft, and thought obedient, and feeling gentle, — to tell him

what she was going to do, and to bespeak his Godspeed. She was not without some fear how her purpose would strike him.

It was one of the days we sometimes have as May approaches, with a heart-throb of midsummer in the veins of spring. It would have been oppressively warm, but for the afternoon sea-breeze. There had been thunder in the night and a heavy morning shower. The tender grass was vivid and wet. The bulbs in the garden were sprouting like jets of green fire from the moist, brown garden loam. Jacobs had been at work half the afternoon over Madam Strong's hollyhocks, which seemed to him to be growing old. The tall brown one was feeble. Jacobs thought it would die. He nursed it tenderly. He fancied the flowers missed their old mistress. The rose and the gold and the silver-white would blossom in the summer; but they, too, he thought, showed signs of age. They were experienced hollyhocks. Jacobs treated them with respect, and Kaiser smelt anxiously of every one. Janet came out with blue ribbons on, and was a long time dusting the front steps. She and Jacobs chatted across the budding garden in merry, but deferent voices.

Mrs. Strong and Miss Snow watched them from the garden paths.

"*They* make the idyl," said Myrtle, a little wistfully. The weather had won upon the caprices of the two ladies, and they had ventured into summer dresses. Myrtle looked like a bluebell in her thin stuffs. Reliance wore white that day, and Myrtle had teased her into laying aside the hot black ribbons. The yellowish laces melted against her throat.

"There 's going to be another shower!" cried Myrtle, suddenly. "Come down to the beach and see it gather. We will get back in time."

Reliance, after a moment's hesitation, assented, and bade Janet bring them wraps. She expected Nordhall, now, every moment, but did not like to refuse Myrtle for such a reason. They got themselves into their things, and ran down over the marshes with Kaiser, as if they had all three been girls — or dogs — together. The shower *was* coming. Reliance looked back over her shoulder at the garden, where Janet and Jacobs stirred in the sun. The burning green started out against the black loam, but on the trees that overhung the house a cloud of green mist settled. Jacobs was singing, now, that favorite song of his, — the "petunia song."

"Hear him!" cried Myrtle.

"Hasten, my heart, and greet her,
Loth and late, loth and late, though she be!"

Myrtle echoed the refrain in her cultivated soprano. The wind caught it, and carried it back.

There was no sun before them. Seaward, the sky gloomed. The beach was a dull white; the heart of the waves malachite, opaque, and forbidding. The gulls' wings turned from white to pearl, to ash, to iron, to black, to pearl again; one, like a silver boat, drifted against a lamp-black cloud. The waves suddenly grew black, with edges of white fire.

"We cannot dare any more," said Reliance breathlessly. "We must turn here."

They stood for a minute, wind-beaten and excited, poised on the crest of the cliff, still a quarter of a mile from the water's edge.

"I wonder what was the use of coming," commented Myrtle, philosophically, as they set their faces homewards.

"We 've *seen* it," said Reliance.

"And lost it," said Myrtle.

Reliance shook her head. The sea was there. It was not necessary to sweep and beat against the gale to point it out. Whether one fought, or whether one fled, wave of black and crest of fire flashed and thundered on the white, deserted beach.

The two women retreated before the shower, and came running lightly, fair and flushed, merrily back into the now

darkening garden. Janet had gone in to shut windows. Jacobs was covering some tender bulbs. The half-clothed trees tossed wildly. All the scene had grown dull and strange. Kaiser went into the house first, and came bounding out to tell Mrs. Strong that she had company. She said, —

"Yes, yes, Kaiser. I know."

Nordhall appeared when he heard their voices, and the four sat on the piazza in the unseasonable and unreasonable sultriness, and watched the advance of the storm.

When the lightning struck, Myrtle slipped away. She had theories about putting your bedstead into four tumblers when showers came in April. But it was not necessary to explain all one's scientific views.

Reliance did not want to move. She was still excited. She watched for the flash, and the thunder gave her electric strength.

A dart of terrible and tender color, crimson fire, pierced the zenith, and the unreal light played long and luridly over her.

"Come in!" said Nordhall, imperiously. "I can't have you expose yourself like this." She obeyed him reluctantly, and they went into the darkened parlor. She would not sit down, but moved from window to window, looking fantastic in her strange costume, — her thick woolen cape and cambric dress.

"I believe you 've got the storm in you!" muttered Nordhall.

"Then it will pass by," she said in a low voice. They did not speak to each other again till the shower was over, but sat silent and separate in the unnatural light and dark. Nordhall watched the strange colors play over her, — blue and scarlet and ghostly white. Her cape had slipped off, and every caprice of the lightning was taken up by her white dress. Kaiser crept close to her, a little frightened by the thunder, which was terrific. She stroked his head with that absent-minded tenderness which some women expend on anything that seeks their protection. The dog kissed her wrist profusely.

"I can't stand it!" cried Nordhall suddenly, between the lessening peals of thunder. "I wish you would n't let that dog touch you so!"

He had the masculine aversion to seeing women spoil their pets; in this case it seemed a cruel waste of feeling. He was irrationally annoyed and rasped. He was jealous of Kaiser.

"I — did not notice," said Reliance gently. "Was Kaiser making himself disagreeable? I was thinking of the thunder. There — Kaiser — good fellow — kisses enough, Kaiser! Go and lie down. Go!"

She took the dog's head between her slender hands. Her dismissal to the animal was an endearment a man might have died for.

"Such tenderness!" breathed Nordhall half audibly. He thought how her capacity for tenderness gave splendor and power to this gentle woman. If to love, as has been said, is a talent, Reliance Strong had genius.

The storm was over; dying with low cries and sobs, like a superabundant life that had fought hard for itself. The gloom had lifted from the room and from the sky. The scattering drops flashed with an elfin evanescence upon the glass, the grass, the trees. In the distance, where the black heart of the wave had grown green again, and the white fires of the still excited foam burned on the purified, bright beach, the breakers could be heard.

"It is over!" she said, with a sigh. She came and sat down beside him. All her restlessness and some of her strength had passed on with the lightning. She began to talk with him at once, in a business-like manner, explaining to him why she had sent for him, and what her plans were, and why she wished to carry them into effect; that she was not gaining

strength fast enough, that it was silly to be ill, that this seemed to be the only thing she could reasonably do, and that she thought he would like to know (he had always been so kind) about her life, and what she meant to do with it.

He listened to her in silence, leaning his head against the high-backed chair. He looked very tired. She saw this; it made her voice falter once or twice. In the natural, safe sunlight he seemed a different man to her from what he had in the darkness and the storm. She would have been glad to creep up to him and touch his arm, and say, —

"Oh, I am sorry!"

But she had grown too sadly wise. She sat upon the sofa, and folded her hands, and told her tale, and waited distantly to hear what he would say. When she had finished, he nodded once or twice, and said only, —

"Very well."

"You approve of my plans? You think I am acting wisely?" she asked timidly.

"Oh, very; with extreme wisdom. It is the thing for you to do. I did not look for it, it is true. I did not think *you* would have to go."

"It is not that I *have* to go!" Startled, she flashed at him.

"No, oh no, I understand. It amounts to the same thing. We won't dispute about it. I thought *I* might have to surrender. But I never meant to. And I never have, I thank God for it! I have stayed by you, Mrs. Strong, — and I would have. I have been able to remain and be your faithful friend."

He spoke these simple words with a sad and proud sincerity which went to her heart. Her eyes filled. They looked miserably at one another.

"Since it *is* so," said Nordhall, "and you are the one to go — I think — it may be better for me — to feel a little freer than I have. It would cost me some pain to hang around here these last few weeks before you start, and I don't see that I could help you any. If I could, it would be another thing."

"You always help me," she quivered, "but I don't want you to stay. I don't want you to make sacrifices . . . for me. . . . I don't deserve them."

"You deserve more than I can give," he replied, gravely. "But I have — taxed my courage somewhat. I think I had better get away at once. You would n't want me to stay and make blunders, and lose my wits, and bother you. I think, myself, we had better part, for a time at least, — and immediately. The strain" —

"Has it been so great a strain?" she asked pitifully. "You are so silent and unselfish — I am so selfish. . . . I do not think."

"It has been pretty hard at times," said Nordhall, patiently.

"Really, then," said Reliance, after some thought, "you would *like* to go where you would not have me to think about, — away from me? This is what you mean?"

"For my own sake, — yes."

"I never asked you to stay by me for my sake!"

"No. It was my privilege."

"And so at last you weary of your privileges? I don't blame you."

"I do not *weary* of them. You cannot understand — I won't go — now — if you wish me not to."

"I wish you to please yourself. I think you had better go," said Reliance, with a touch of dignity.

"It is child's play for us to be talking like this," answered Nordhall, after an awkward silence.

He turned and looked at her with his fine, faithful eyes. He had not seen her for five years without the tragic colors of her widowhood about her. She seemed to shrink a little from her own white dress, as if she knew how lovely she could be in it. Her hands were folded in her lap, the right above the left. Her eyelashes trembled upon her cheek.

The breaking sunlight found her, and brought out suddenly the hidden colors of her hair. It was like an unexpected joy calling forth the concealed capacities of youth. Nordhall could not help smiling when he saw it.

She stirred uneasily, moved back, and put out her hand.

"You can't do it!" he said.

"Do what?"

"You can't push the sun away."

"I only do not mean to be blinded!" said Reliance, with some feeling.

"It 's of no use," returned Nordhall, sighing. "We *cannot* get on like this. I think I 'll go home now. If I can serve you in any way about your plans, you know you have only to command me. You know you have only to speak, — now, or at any time. If I cannot — why, good-by!"

He rose, with a sharp motion, and she looked up; and she saw that he was going, and that he meant it, and that it was all over.

"Oh, wait a minute!" she cried, like a child to a surgeon. He obeyed her instantly, and sat down on the sofa beside her.

"It has all been too bad, too bad!" she mourned. "It has been all a mistake. I wonder if it is always so, — if everybody that tries to be friends behaves like this! If it 's *got* to fail, — if a man and woman cannot be all we tried to be; if people who are like other people could, — I mean people like you and me (I don't mean those great persons we talked about at Bethlehem), — I should feel happier, better, if I knew they could."

"I should n't," said Nordhall, in reply to this rather incoherent appeal; "it would n't help *us* any."

"It was such a noble thought," urged Reliance, lifting her head. "I felt as if it made all the world grander. I feel as if so much nobleness had gone out of life."

"The thing has been done," he said doggedly, "if that 's any comfort to you, by what you call 'people like other people.' I don't think there can be much doubt of that. Some men are stronger than I. All women are not as lovely as you. I don't see that our failure affects the theory. Theorize all you like about it. There *was* something fine about it, I admit."

He looked at her with wistfulness. What a woman she was! Wailing over a dead ideal, concerned about the nobility of the race, while he —

His sensitive face changed. Over his soul an April gale came sweeping. He must fight it or flee from it.

"Let me go!" he cried, with savage suddenness; as if she had held him.

She turned her troubled face towards him, all the hurt woman in it, wrapped in a dignity like a trampled lily. She, too, rose, and with a gesture of fine self-possession waved him away.

He went. Across the room, he turned and looked back at her.

"If I do," he cried, "it is forever! I have endured too much. If I come back, I make my own conditions."

She gave him only that fine gesture for his answer. Even then he revered it, and her because of it.

But he said: —

"Very well, then. If you let me go you must live without me."

"Will you say good-by — before" —

Her penetrating, sweet voice rang through the room and faltered.

He returned, and held out his shaking hand. She put hers into it without one word, and without a word they parted.

He went. He went like the spirit of the pursued and lost. He pulled his hat over his eyes, and groped down the garden walk, past the hollyhocks, under the horse-chestnuts and the elms, to the syringa bushes, where the faint, sickly smells of the unripe buds yielded themselves to the evening air. It seemed to him to have grown very dark. Indeed,

the twilight had come on. He stopped in the syringa arbor to gather life.

Kaiser came to him while he stood there, and whined. He looked at the setter stupidly. Kaiser, it was evident, had something to say. Nordhall remembered that he had not made his adieus to the dog.

"Good-by, Kaiser," he said thickly.

But Kaiser did not accept this apology. The dog turned and walked a little way up the garden path, looked over his shoulder at Nordhall, came back, and walked up the path again.

It occurred to Nordhall then that Kaiser desired him to return to the house.

He pushed the dog away from him and strode out of the gate, letting it slam as he passed through.

At this moment the consciousness of an unusual sound struck upon his excited senses. He stopped. It was like a woman's voice.

He thought he could distinguish words. "Charley Nordhall! *Charley Nordhall!*" He took a wild step back into the April night. The young moon was just climbing up from the sea, but only served as yet to emphasize the darkness.

Was that an outline, white as a wraith, real as a woman, mistily moving among the budding trees? Did it retreat? He advanced. Did it hasten? He pursued. Did it wave him back with that rare dignity? Too late now! Too late to stay a man by the turn of a soft wrist! Too late for repentance, were you wraith or woman! Too late, too late, for fear, or memory, or thought!

He strode on like fate, and burst into the half-lighted room. The door was open into the hall. She stood within it, startled, panting, in her white dress. Had she never left the spot? Her vision, was it, that had beckoned? Oh, they had followed visions long enough. She at least was here, and she was real.

"Did you send Kaiser to call me?" But she answered him not a word.

"*Did you send Kaiser to call me back?* I will be answered!"

"Oh, I did, I did!"

She bowed her broken face. Both her hands received and shielded it. It was too dark for him to have seen its expression of entreaty, wild as an eternal regret.

"And did you speak my name? Was it *you* who called?"

"Oh, don't ask me! *It was bad enough to send Kaiser.* It was"—

It was heaven on earth, at least, to him. If to her it was earth after heaven, what cared he?

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE GREEK PLAY AT HARVARD.

FEW persons were present at the first performance of the King Œdipus at Sanders Theatre who did not feel before the play was out that the occasion was of no trivial significance. Most of the audience had come out of natural curiosity to witness an unusual spectacle, with no very definite ideas as to what they were to see, or how far, except for its being in an ancient language, the performance would differ from an ordinary dramatic entertainment. They anticipated an evening's amusement, but were prepared to experience some weariness from the scholastic character of the exhibition; and they were inclined to judge kindly the short-comings of youthful actors, unfamiliar with the stage. Others had come with strong personal sympathies with the players and the promoters of

the play, hopeful but doubtful of the effect upon spectators less immediately concerned. The bustle of lively and uncertain expectation was hushed by the first notes of the preluding music, and the entrance of the white-robed suppliants, in slow and stately procession, at once fixed all eyes and raised the level of expectation. The key-note of the performance was happily struck. From that moment curiosity and sympathy gave way to interest, — interest that never flagged, but went on steadily increasing to a degree of intensity rarely experienced in any theatre. The whole assemblage was filled with a common emotion, and as the play reached its climax and drew to its close the audience no longer was concerned with the foreign language and the remote associations of the piece, no longer was occupied by personal considerations of actors and properties, but was stirred to its heart by the fortunes and the fall of King Œdipus. Sophocles had a great triumph. The power of Greek tragedy asserted itself with undeniable supremacy.

Nor did the impression pass away with the scene. Reflection confirmed the witness of emotion. The cool judgment of the critic was that the presentation of the play had been of exceptional excellence. The actors had not only mastered the difficulties of the language of their parts, but had, without exception, shown unusual ability in the rendering of the characters of the drama. The music had been strikingly original and effective. Acting and music had combined in a unique and admirable achievement.

The unity and depth of effect of the performance were the more remarkable because, though the play was ancient, the method of presentation of it was essentially modern. It would have been as vain to expect that young American students could so inspire themselves with the Athenian spirit that they could represent the passions of Jocasta and of Œdipus and the other personages of the play with the self-restraint, the loftiness, and the gravity of classic art, as that the audience should gather to witness the drama in the temper and mood of those who filled the benches of the theatre of Dionysus, to be moved by the presentment of the instability of human fortune and of the awful inexorableness of the moral law. To actors and audience the play could not mean what it meant to those for whom it was written. The spirit of the age is the most absolute condition of the arts. In one of his Discourses Sir Joshua Reynolds repeats an observation of Dr. Johnson's on Pope's translation of Homer which is much to the point: "When it was incidentally remarked that our translation of Homer, however excellent, did not convey the character, nor had the grand air of the original, Johnson replied that if Pope had not clothed the naked majesty of Homer with the graces and elegancies of modern fashions, though the real dignity of Homer was degraded by such a dress, his translation would not have met with such a favorable reception, and he must have been contented with fewer readers." The general taste has doubtless changed for the better in some respects since Johnson's day or Pope's, but it may well be questioned whether the "naked majesty" of Sophocles would have approved itself so distinctly to the audience at the Harvard play as that majesty did robed in the "graces and elegancies" of the modern and romantic stage. The Greek exhibition of passion, as we learn from the works of plastic art, and as we gather from the criticisms of Plato and of Aristotle, was as intense as our own, but there was less self-assertion and less sentimentalism in its display. It had the dignity and reserved force of imaginative and poetic idealism, as compared with the sympathetic and appealing realism of our modern dramatic art.

Happily the promoters of the play

had from the beginning accepted frankly the conditions under which it was to be produced. There was no attempt to secure an archæological correctness that could not with the best efforts be attained. It was the play only, not the mode of its presentation, that was classic. The dresses of the actors, indeed, were copied in all but color from ancient models, and the painted scene professed to represent the front of a Greek palace; but the music to which the choruses were set was rather of the music of the future than of the past, and was as modern in its mode of expression and interpretation of the sentiment of the drama as the acting of the performers on the stage.

It might beforehand have been fancied that such a commingling and contrast of ancient and modern elements would result only in a series of incongruities more or less grating to the feeling of the scholar, more or less amusing to the mere uncultured play-goer. But this was not the case. The play lent itself with curious readiness to the modern stage. Sophocles seemed less archaic than Racine. The truth of the art of the tragedy gave it a real contemporaneousness that prevented any sense of incongruity, and admitted of expression in the most recent modes. The striking and noble music of the living master was appropriate to the real passion of the drama, while the spirit of the actors revealed the universal human elements in its characters. The unsurpassed dramatic form of the work, for which it was famous even among the Greeks, the superb simplicity of its artistic construction, greatly helped this effect. The advantage of the unities of the Greek drama was strikingly apparent. In spite of the unfamiliarity of the audience with the plot, the story was easily followed, and the steady progression of the incidents step by step, as in accord with the advancing step of doom, each successive action leading up, as if by ethical necessity, to the tragic climax, not merely held the attention fixed, but produced the moral impression which it was the original intention of the poet to effect. The import of the drama was recognized, and the place given to the dramatic art in the moral life of the most civilized community the world has seen was justified to all who now saw this play.

There could be no question as to the impressive nature of the lesson it conveyed. It was that lesson of retribution as the order of destiny which Plato sets forth in a noted passage: "This is a divine justice which neither you, O young man, nor any other will glory in escaping, and which the ordaining powers have specially ordained; take good heed of them, for a day will come when they will take heed of you. If you say, I am small and will creep into the depths of the earth, or, I am high and will fly up to heaven, you are not so small or so high but you shall pay the fitting penalty. This is also the explanation of the fate of those whom you saw who had done unholy and evil deeds and from small beginnings had become great, and you fancied that from being miserable they had become happy; and in their actions, as in a mirror, you seemed to see the universal neglect of the gods, not knowing how they make all things work together, and contribute to the great whole."

This is the teaching of the play. The solidarity of human interests, by virtue of which a social quality is inherent in personal conduct, so that its consequences may affect not merely the responsible agent, but even remote and personally irresponsible individuals, is a hard doctrine, but it was accepted as the true lesson of experience by the deepest thinkers of Greece, as well as by all who have considered rightly the nature of the moral order of the world. The fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge, is a say-

ing of widest application. The course of retribution is uncertain; it seems irregular and lawless; the mode of exacting penalty appears arbitrary, but that the penalty for sin is exacted to the uttermost grain is a fact that cannot be blinked. The innocent people of Thebes suffered and died because of the pollution of a sin in which they had no part. And the moral grandeur of the character of Œdipus is revealed by his instant and complete acceptance of the doom which he had pronounced unwittingly against himself for a sin of which he had unwittingly been guilty. The drama is not a vindication but an exhibition of the moral law.

The interest that was taken by the public at large in this performance shows that it was rightly recognized as being of concern to the general community as well as to the special university whose classical instructors and students had undertaken it. The production of one of the masterpieces of the Greek drama on a university stage marks the advance in recent years of intelligent and interested study of the classics. It is an indication of the growth of a conviction, strong and though not yet very widespread becoming year by year more general, that it is to classical studies pursued with right methods that we have to look as the surest correctives of certain dangerous tendencies in the direction of our intellectual life, and as the most certain means for the formation of pure taste and correct judgment, not alone in literature and art, but in modes of daily life and conduct. The ground of this conviction may be clearly stated. It consists in the fact that the Greeks are the only race which in the works of its genius, at its best time, whether works of pure literature, or of the arts that address the intelligence through the eye, embodied ultimate principles of universal application, and of authority not merely in domains of the understanding and the imagination, but in those of conduct as well. For, in the last analysis, the laws of beauty and the laws of morality not only correspond, but are coincident; and the principles which gave its perfection of form to the Parthenon, or to the History of Thucydides, were the same as those on which rested the moral character of Pericles and the civic virtue of the Athenian people in the days of Marathon and Salamis. The preëminence of Greek literature and Greek art in general was due to the sanity of the Athenian temperament, and that sanity was not a mere endowment of nature, not an exceptional bounty of fate, but the effect of long-continued obedience of the Athenian people to the law of temperance and self-control. This obedience had already failed in the time of Sophocles, but its results are manifest in his work. Euripides shows the beginning of the decline, — a decline which was to proceed with ever-hastening step to a fall even more complete than that of Œdipus himself.

The success of this performance will do something to quicken the revival and increase of interest in Greek studies. Such an event as this in the annals of classical learning in this country ought to leave some permanent record. There could be no worthier commemoration of the occasion than by setting aside the proceeds of the entertainments to form the nucleus of a fund for the support of an American School of Classical Learning at Athens, for the benefit of the scholars not of Harvard alone, but of every part of the country. The Germans and the French have long had schools there, which have been fruitful in good work; the English are proposing to establish a similar institution. If we are not to be left behind in scholarship, whether in literature, art, or archæology, we too must have such a school. It is the chief need of Greek students in America, and would do more than anything else to maintain a lively and

genuine interest in Greek letters and arts.

If such a school should result from this performance, the Greek Department of Harvard, and all who have taken part in the play, will have added one more and no small claim to the gratitude of the country to the university.

Charles Eliot Norton.

IN MEMORY.

As a guest who may not stay
Long and sad farewells to say
Glides with smiling face away,

Of the sweetness and the zest
Of thy happy life possessed
Thou hast left us at thy best.

Warm of heart and clear of brain,
Of thy sun-bright spirit's wane
Thou hast spared us all the pain.

Now that thou hast gone away,
What is left of one to say
Who was open as the day?

What is there to gloss or shun?
Save with kindly voices none
Speak thy name beneath the sun.

Safe thou art on every side,
Friendship nothing finds to hide,
Love's demand is satisfied.

Over manly strength and worth,
At thy desk of toil, or hearth,
Played the lambent light of mirth,—

Mirth that lit but never burned;
All thy blame to pity turned;
Hatred thou hadst never learned.

Every harsh and vexing thing
At thy home-fire lost its sting;
Where thou wast was always spring.

And thy perfect trust in good,
Faith in man and womanhood,
Chance and change and time withstood.

Small respect for cant and whine,
Bigot's zeal and hate malign,
Had that sunny soul of thine.

But to thee was duty's claim
Sacred, and thy lips became
Reverent with one holy Name.

Therefore, on thy unknown way
Go in God's peace! We who stay
But a little while delay.

Keep for us, O friend, where'er
Thou art waiting, all that here
Made thy earthly presence dear.

Something of thy pleasant past
On a ground of wonder cast,
In the stiller waters glassed!

Keep the human heart of thee:
Let the mortal only be
Clothed in immortality.

And when fall our feet as fell
Thine upon the asphodel,
Let thy old smile greet us well,

Proving in a world of bliss
What we fondly dream in this, —
Love is one with holiness!

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE GENTLEMEN'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE LADIES' DEPOSIT.

"THE insolence, the ignorance, and the stupidity of the age has embodied itself and found its mouth-piece in men who are personally the negation of all that they represent publicly. We have men who in private are full of the most gracious modesty representing in public the most ludicrous arrogance; . . . we have men who have mastered many kinds of knowledge acting on the world only as embodiments of the completest and most pernicious ignorance."

Mallock was speaking of the Boston Ladies' Deposit Campaign, only he did not know it.

Upon this solid and firmly entrenched mass of insolence, ignorance, and stupidity one person can hope to make but little impression. Yet I suppose there is greater joy in heaven, and I know there is greater joy in earth, over a cordial thwack at it than over most other attainable forms of pleasure.

The Boston newspapers hurled Mrs.

Howe upon society like a glass bomb, and when she struck the explosion shattered reputations in all directions. Under that detonating dynamite disappeared the intelligence and the morality of women. The female school-teacher was denuded of all fitness for her position, and the woman suffragist was not left a leg to stand on. Now that Mrs. Howe, after legal investigation and by legal process, has been pronounced guilty, and local moral inflammation may be assumed to be somewhat allayed, I propose to show that the history of the Ladies' Deposit does not demonstrate the credulity of women, the immorality of women, or the educational or political incapacity of women; while it does show that men, so far as the Ladies' Deposit has tested them, are untrustworthy as reporters of facts or reasoners on facts, that they have either not culture enough to tell a straight or not conscience enough to tell a true story, and that they are utterly incompetent to be intrusted with the educational interests of children or with the financial interests of women.

In endeavoring to reconcile this slight discrepancy of opinion between Boston and myself, and declining to admit even for the sake of peace that geese are swans and swans are geese, I shall be obliged reluctantly to give the history of my own brief connection with the Ladies' Deposit, and to speak of messieurs the newspaper moralists with considerable frankness; but for the egotism I do not apologize, since it is but the gathering point of odium; of the courage I do not boast, since it is not founded on respect.

Having thus amicably arranged the preliminaries, I invite the attention of all who are interested in abstract truth, or in the morality of public schools, or in the adoption of woman suffrage, or who wrought folly in Israel by sheepishly following a sudden clamor. If my invitation is accepted, there will be silence in Boston for the space of half an hour!

I first heard of the Ladies' Deposit September 11, 1880, in my own house, from two ladies, of whose character and social standing I need, as the world is at present constituted, say no more than that one was a personal friend and sometime guest of one of the proprietors of the Boston Daily Advertiser, and the other a kinswoman of one of the editors. They had been told, as they informed me, that the Ladies' Deposit had been in existence eight years.

That it paid to depositors eight per cent. a month.

That no woman who owned more than fifteen hundred dollars, and no wife of an able-bodied man, was allowed to deposit.

That no one was allowed to deposit less than two hundred or more than one thousand dollars.

That no woman was allowed to add her interest to her deposit, on the ground that she needed her interest to live on; that subsequent additions might be made to her deposit, but that the interest was to be paid to her and taken away by her on the day it was due.

That a lady of wealth might deposit for a poor lady whom she wished to benefit.

That every new depositor must be introduced by some preceding depositor.

That the Ladies' Deposit had been attacked by the newspapers the preceding winter as a fraud; that the attack had produced a "run" upon the Deposit; that the Deposit had made no reply, had not asserted, defended, or explained itself, but had paid all dues demanded, and had declined to receive again deposits from those who had withdrawn them on account of the panic.

That the Deposit made no statements regarding its own character, and no solicitations for deposits.

I believe this information was substantially correct, with two exceptions: I have seen no proof that the Deposit was more than three years old, and there is

evidence that it did at times profess to be a charitable institution.

The idea that the Ladies' Deposit was a bank, or in any ordinary sense a business institution, was not entertained by my informants, — did not even present itself for discussion. The only question was, Is it a charity, or is it a cheat? This was debated with a liveliness, not to say levity, with a mixture of faith and fun, which, in view of the subsequent development of the decadence of female morals, cannot be too severely condemned.

In favor of the fraud theory stood only the general improbability of anything else.

In favor of the charity theory appeared (1) a yearly percentage nearly equal to the amount deposited. To the small capitalist six per cent. a month would be as alluring as eight, and to the swindler it would be more profitable. But if it were designed by a benefactor to help the worthy poor, if it were designed not to pamper paupers or to pauperize workers, we could see a reason for fixing upon a test sum not far from that which is required of voters in England, and then rewarding as well as testing thrift by bestowing that sum upon the accumulator in the guise of yearly income. That the amount deposited was not allowed to exceed a thousand dollars, that it was paid back in little more than nine months, that it was not allowed to remain at compound interest, but that each quarter's interest was imperatively awarded to the depositor, seemed to indicate the presence of some principle that was not greed for money.

(2.) That each depositor must be introduced by some previous depositor seemed to fix character as the basis of benefit. It seemed also that the Deposit might design thus not only to guard itself against imposition from the unprincipled rich, but to confine its operations within a manageable compass. As the Deposit had been several years in existence, as I had never heard of it before and my informants only within a few days, though living under the shadow of its refuge, it must have gone on quietly, without parade or publicity to tempt the adventurer; and might have been intended to pass only from the lips of one beneficiary to another, thus attracting only those whom it was to help, and designing not to attract even them in numbers too great for its resources.

(3.) The year's accumulation being paid back each year to the accumulator freed her in one year from possibility of loss, while in case the Deposit should at any time find its project unwieldy she would not be cast adrift, but would be left with at least as much capital as she brought to the Deposit at the outset.

(4.) That the Deposit had been in existence for years, had been attacked and had withstood the attack, without boisterousness or belligerency, but simply by going on its own way and paying its depositors all their dues, seemed an indication of strength.

All these devices might indeed be the ingenious invention of dishonesty, but they would be the natural development of benevolence. If there had been a great charity at the basis, I do not see how any wiser mode of distribution could have been framed. In view of the inexpressible relief which was afforded in the dozen or so cases of which I learned in the course of the discussion, I feel a thrill of regret whenever I remember that there was nothing in it.

In regard to general probability, I candidly avow that no originality and no magnitude of charity is so incredible as that the Omnipotent Creator of the world should let things go on as they are.

To the religious newspapers, whose hearts have been wrung by the decline and fall of female morals indicated by the Ladies' Deposit, let me make a consoling suggestion, which may be "skipped" by the world's people.

I have been told that Dr. Cullis professes to support his Home for Consumptives in the heart of Boston on prayer alone. In Brooklyn the Woman's Faith Home for Incurables has just published its Fifth Annual Report, and laid the corner-stone of a new building with joyful shoutings of Grace! grace unto it! I am not fully prepared to accept the philosophy of these institutions, but it is not denied that they are institutions, — established facts. Dr. Cullis and the Misses Campbell publicly announce that prayer and faith constitute their only capital. Of course, the virtue of the act consists in exercising the faith and offering the prayer, not in proclaiming them. If, then, prayer and faith, standing in the synagogues and on the corners of streets, can build houses and found homes, is it impossible that prayer and faith in the closet with shut doors can support poor women in homes of their own? If Christ could fish up money out of the sea wherewithal to pay his taxes, and if he said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do," why should it seem a thing incredible that he should pluck from the pockets of the rich a hundred fold or ninety-six fold the slender means of the deserving poor? I understand that Dr. Cullis's prayer is answered and Miss Campbell's faith justified through the workings of divine impulsion on the hearts of men to give the carpets, the bread, and the medicine which the invalids are known to want. Why is it imbecile or immoral to think divine power could work with equal facility in the heart of a man, for instance, who was bred on the stony acres of a New England farm; who saw a widowed mother grow prematurely old from hard work, a sister's youth ground into senility between the upper and nether millstone of unrelenting need? Going thence into the golden fields of California, or the silver mountains of Arizona, such a man should be far more likely to turn the streams of his manhood's wealth into the pit whence he was digged, should be far more likely to convert his money into rest and comfort for such mothers and sisters as won the deep compassion of his youth, than to build a house with sixty bedrooms, or buy the Column Vendome to illuminate for a ball-room. It has happened to me to be more conversant, probably, than most men or women, with the anxieties, the apprehension, the courage and the conflict, the heroism, and the martyrdom, of this class of women, and I can think of no way in which a fortune could be more satisfactorily spent than in raising them out of the shadow and foreboding in which they live to the heart's ease of ever so modest an independence.

Leaving the realms of prayer and faith, and returning to the palpable ground of good works, we actually have some magnificent charities. When the Bergen Savings Bank failed, Mr. William Walter Phelps, a politician and an office-holder, late a member of Congress, and now minister to Austria, himself, though entirely irresponsible for the loss, paid to the small depositors their dues. It is said to have cost him twenty thousand dollars, and from a business point of sight I do not see how it can be justified; but for solid happiness how can it be surpassed!

When the Hon. Philetus Sawyer, United States senator, paid off the mortgages of his poor neighbors and employees to the amount of thirty or more thousand dollars, and lifted the burden from Heaven knows how many heavy hearts, he was financially a fool; for money is made by foreclosing, not lifting, mortgages. But "Uncle Phile" did it, and I venture to say no investment ever gave him more real satisfaction. All the credulity involved in believing that the assuaging of human sorrow is the highest prerogative of wealth, and that in the present stage of the world's spir-

itual history wealth may at any moment assert its prerogative, I not only admit, but avow. And I maintain further that this credulity pertains neither to imbecility nor immorality, but is the natural result of our progress towards the higher life. No one can live long and intimately in political circles without being prepared for any development whatever of generosity and magnanimity.

At the time I learned of the Ladies' Deposit, I had in special sympathy three women, each alone in the world; two faltering through failing strength, after having fought a brave fight; all dependent on their own slender hands, or the compassion of chance friends; all highly educated, and nurtured in refined homes. I said I would try the Ladies' Deposit for them. If it were a bubble, my touch would be sure to burst it, judging from the gamesome precipitancy with which all stocks, bonds, and values shrink under my meekest approach. If it were indeed a rain from heaven, it was little for me to see that a friend's dish was right side up.

I begged an introduction from a depositor, and September 18th, one week after I first heard of it, I visited the Deposit. The house looked like any Boston house, solid and respectable, but in no way noticeable. The Pompeian splendor, the tropical bloom, which afterwards burst forth refulgent in the newspapers did not reveal themselves to my rustic gaze. A single visitor was present, besides myself, — a lady who only made inquiries, and was quietly and simply answered. Two women transacted the business: one curt and arrogant, as who dispensed a charity rather than lured a victim, the other noticeably gentle and pleasing. I said to them that I could make no deposit myself, under their rules, but I should like to deposit for some one else, whose circumstances I related. They suggested that she come herself to make her statement and receive her note. As I had not consulted her I did not feel at liberty to use her name, nor did I feel sure enough of the nature of the institution to be willing to subject her to the risk of disappointment. I said that I preferred myself to be the agent. They did not strenuously object. The only thing in the whole interview which impressed me unfavorably was that they were unwilling to take a check even upon the New England Trust Company of Boston, an institution whose stability and order are but feebly represented by the eternal march of the stars in their courses. I have a great though a somewhat blind faith in checks. They have a way of coming back to you when lost, and of proving things you have forgotten, which makes them seem like a friend, while they have also a uselessness which never tempts the burglar or burdens the possessor; so that life would be rather cumbersome and unwieldy without a system of checks, and a New England Trust Company to reckon on for the perpetual rectification of one's accounts. That the Deposit should not be willing to take a check looked like not living up to their privileges, — like not wishing to put themselves in the line of direct testimony. It had not much weight with me, but it had a little, — just enough to make me deposit for only one of my *protégées*, and to decide not to mention the others, but to wait a while, then to apply by letter, and see whether the Deposit officers really had any repugnance to putting themselves on paper. September 29th, therefore, I wrote to the Deposit a letter, of which I kept no copy, describing my other applicants, and saying that I would not willingly even seem to wish to encroach upon so divine a charity by grasping its benefits for persons who were not within its scope, — and viewed myself as a rather acute financial diplomatist. So far from considering myself credulous, I fancied that I was feeling my way

along with a most commendable caution.

In this exact conjunction stood the larger planets on the evening of Saturday, October 2d. My own interest was of a tentative and comparatively languid nature, — the interest attaching to a lively hope and a bare possibility on which one has ventured two hundred floating dollars; an interest entirely secondary to picking forty bushels of apples, making three barrels of cider, harvesting seven hills of potatoes as the result of three acres of tillage, pulling turnips which a healthy horse will not eat, and gathering the eight squashes of which even the Boston Daily Advertiser must be sorry to learn that six turned out to be pumpkins. Certainly nothing was further from my thoughts, when I plucked a moment now and then from the farm to try the Ladies' Deposit, than that the act should have the smallest interest to any one but myself, and, in the event of success, those whom I hoped to help.

Saturday evening, October 2d, my original informant sent me word, in some consternation, that the newspapers were attacking the Deposit again; that "they said dreadful things about Mrs. Howe," that my informant's friends were alarmed, and had withdrawn their deposits, and feeling that she was responsible for having involved me, desired authority to secure mine. She also furnished me the Boston Daily Advertiser of September 30th and October 2d to show the state of the case.

Before reading the Advertiser's *exposé* I replied that I had acted solely on my own risk; that even if the Deposit were a fraud it would, in case of a run upon it, pay out all it possibly could in order to keep itself alive; so that if my money did not go to the woman for whom it was intended, it would go to some other poor woman, and would not therefore be really lost, and I would let it be. (I forgot the lawyers!) It did not occur to me to do anything else; but since reading what the Boston newspapers seem to have considered the natural thing for one to do, I protest I am lost in admiration of my own moral heroism.

Then I read the two Advertisers, and found columns of very low scandal, rumor, conjecture, contradiction, wholesale objurgation of women, a great deal of gleeful, not to say gloating, narrative, but, to my surprise, not one particle of evidence. They even supplied the missing link by saying that Mrs. Howe had asserted the Ladies' Deposit to be a charitable institution. A letter from Mrs. Howe herself, published in one of the papers, was not reassuring, but it was suggested — begging pardon of the lawyers — that it might have been written by her lawyer. With all my knowledge of the conspicuous inexactness of newspapers, I still could not see why they should fabricate and collect such a heap of rubbish if they really had any truth underneath to tell.

The positions of the Advertiser were:

(1.) All the depositors hitherto were contemptible, "credulous women."

(2.) All who did not instantly repudiate the Ladies' Deposit on the sole strength of the Advertiser's information were "destitute of moral scruple."

But the Advertiser's sole authority was an anonymous "reporter." This deprived its information of legal value.

The story on its face developed gross inaccuracies and glaring contradictions. This deprived it of moral value.

No just judge would shoot a dog on such testimony.

Here the matter leaves my own modest little potato-patch, which shrinks under such scrutiny, and broadens out into the universe generally.

For I, at least, felt that it was impossible to decline this "trial by newspaper" with sufficient promptitude and thoroughness. I did my best, however, and sent my protest to the Advertiser as fast as steam could carry it. I dealt

in no glittering and sounding generalities, but gathered up the contradictory statements and set them side by side, and showed that the one devoured the other. I made no defense of Mrs. Howe or the Deposit; I said distinctly that I had never seen her and knew nothing about her; that I spoke only of the Advertiser articles of September 30th and October 2d, the only ones I had seen; and that I spoke in self-defense, as one charged with being a credulous woman devoid of moral scruples; and demanding that we should have truth and not falsehood. I proved by producing the contradictions that it was impossible for women to accept all the Advertiser's statements; that there was no standard for deciding which to accept, and therefore no possibility of accepting any as final. I showed that even as a business the Ladies' Deposit offered no greater profits and threatened no greater disasters than were offered and perpetrated by men without in the least affecting the moral character or mental standing of the men who received the profit and suffered the loss.

And the Advertiser — instead of saying "I have sinned. From long habit I am prone to fibbing as the sparks to fly upward. But in this case there is truth, though held in solution, as I see now that you have mentioned it, by falsehood. I will at once precipitate the truth, cast away the falsehood, and go and sin no more" — turned upon me, and declared, for substance of doctrine, that I had proved myself a knave and a partner to the fraud!

And Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart, and a good many other harmless little dogs, joined in the cry; some pulling a long face and mournful ululations, some with a frankly jubilant bow-wow-wow, but all betraying the same absence of rational speech and articulate thought.

For no one denied my contradictions. It was only replied that they were of no account. They were but "slight discrepancies." The principle of newspaper testimony is, No matter if the witness does bear false witness, so long as he tells the truth." The Advertiser gravely affirmed that its conspicuous inexactness was "of no importance, except so far as it bears upon the substantial accuracy and truthfulness of our statements," and did not in the least perceive that it was thus stating the whole question in an aside. Everything turned on the credibility of the Advertiser as a witness. Palpable false witness does not prove the accused innocent, but it never establishes his guilt. Still less does it establish the guilt of the judge who declines to admit it. When the Advertiser denounced its victims in the same breath for financial ignorance in believing that the Ladies' Deposit was a legitimate business institution, and for vulgar credulity in believing that it was an honest charitable institution, it attributed to them a feat of inscrutable logical legerdemain. When two contradictory assertions are made about the the same act, a woman is neither credulous nor knavish for refusing to accept either and demanding further evidence. To deny this is to be ignorant, insolent, and stupid. Five thousand persons denying it, five million newspapers repeating the denial, do not make it any the less insolent, ignorant, and stupid.

But it was my religious critic who gilded the refined gold of fatuity with the solemn reflection that "errors of a like trivial character would overthrow the whole Christian plan of salvation."

"Bredren," said the colored preacher to the pestilent questioner asking who made the fence against which his account of creation had set the first man up to dry, — "bredren, three more such questions would destroy de whole system of theology!" Any person who thinks the Christian plan of salvation is strapped on any newspaper's shoulders may well be left to dry against the same fence.

"Credulous fools!" said the newspapers to the depositors, slapping the money out of their hands at one blow, "renounce the devil and all his works, of which Mrs. Howe is chief!"

"Why — why — why?" gasped the surprised depositors.

"Because I bid you."

"But you have told a great many fibs in your day, and I can see that you are telling some now. How shall I know that this is not one of them?"

"Ugh! Knave! Hawk! Avaunt! You are a pal of thieves! You have no moral scruples! You have got your money! What ails you? Begone!"

Exit female depositors. Gentlemen of the press join hands and sing in concert: —

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth have smiled,
And made me from my earliest days
A male and Christian child!"

Chorus of their male relatives:

"Oh! thank the goodness, for
He might have been a woman
Unscrupulous, inhuman,
Or even a de-pos-i-tor!"

Providence, which sometimes interposes even for women, did not leave them without a witness against this newspaper blizzard.

While outraged Boston was piling bales of bail upon her frightful female, the "gigantic conspirator" of the newspapers, the "crazy old fool" of the lawyers, an elegant gentleman was running away with some ninety thousand dollars of the city's money dropping out of his pockets. The finances of the city of Boston were not managed by female school-teachers, nor by women of any degree, but by men. A man was specially appointed to treasure the funds, and a committee of men were specially appointed to watch the treasurer. This committee, say the aldermen, were not only men, but men distinguished as merchants, as bankers, as accountants; different men each year, and of the best men to be found in Boston. Every year these men examined the accounts of the treasurer, and every year the treasurer examined the accounts of Mr. Woodward; and every year the treasurer assured Mr. Woodward that the accounts were right, and every year the committee assured the treasurer and the city council and the Boston citizens that the accounts were right; and all the while for five years, under the very eyes of these wise watchmen, Mr. Woodward was helping himself to the city's money whenever he pleased, and escaping detection by the simple device of shifting the remaining money from one hand to the other, and so showing a full fist to the inspectors each time. But I listen in vain for a voice from State House Hill denouncing the credulity of men, and proclaiming their unfitness for financial or political trust.

Depositors had no more reason to know Mrs. Howe outside of the Deposit than Mr. Dennie and the committee had to know Mr. Woodward outside of the City Hall. The one letter of Mrs. Howe's which I saw — printed after the charges were made — was, I have admitted, not reassuring. But it does not compare unfavorably with the letters of Mrs. Amy Woodward. Women may have been deceived by a crazy old fool, but there is just as strong evidence that Mr. Woodward and Mr. Dennie and the treasury committee were beguiled by a crazy young fool. Officially, Mrs. Howe had paid every dollar promised just as promptly as Mr. Woodward had presented his accounts, and presumably for as long a period. Mr. Dennie and the committee did not discover Mr. Woodward's misdemeanor till the money disappeared, but Mrs. Howe's money did not disappear at all. The depositors had no defalcation to account for. Mrs. Howe was paying every dollar due, fully and promptly, up to the very last minute when the astute Boston business-men pounced upon her with a sheriff, so vigorously and rigorously that Mr. Woodward

slipped away from them, money and all. Therefore, the female school-teachers have displayed no more credulity than the Boston bankers. And the female school-teachers and other depositors were acting each on her own account, risking only her own money. They were under no obligations to any one to supervise Mrs. Howe. But the treasurer and committee were especially appointed to care for a trust fund, for other people's money. In the act of the women, therefore, there is no element of immorality, while in the oversight of the Boston committee there is the element of a breach of trust. But I have seen no attempt on the part of the Boston press to disfranchise, demoralize, and degrade the merchants and bankers of Boston; nor has the Rev. T. W. Higginson published in the Commercial Bulletin an article to show State Street that a committee of financial inspection should not allow accountants to present their accounts on the principle of the old nursery trick, —

> "Two little blackbirds sitting on a hill,
> One named Jack, one named Gill:
> Fly away, Jack, fly away, Gill;
> Come again, Jack, come again, Gill."

After the detection of Mr. Woodward and the apprehension of Mrs. Woodward, Sumner Albee, Esq., permitted himself to be retained in their defense. Why should not Mr. Albee be instantly expelled from Prospect Street Church for defending theft, conspiracy, profaneness, and the variety theatre? He is in precisely the attitude of those women who, after the charges against Mrs. Howe had been published, refused to condemn her on the strength of anonymous newspaper reports and contradictory assertions, and demanded, not that fraud should be justified, but that fraud should be proved before it should be punished. Neither Mrs. Howe, nor Mr. Woodward, nor any other creature of the world, the flesh, or the devil, has done anything to forfeit his right to the truth. Legal investigation is not a mere arbitrary fashion. It is the formulation of what time and trial have shown to be the most real investigation. The forms of law are not imperative because they are legal. They are legal because they are imperative. Evidence is not sifted because courts of justice require it. Courts of justice require it because only by sifting evidence can truth and justice be secured.

Now let us take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example. The Advertiser stoutly maintained that no woman could achieve such a "gigantic conspiracy," and that behind the offending woman there must be a gang of offending men, and on October 18th, in brief but significant summary, called attention to the fact that itself had caught and caged the woman, and prudently exhorted the police to go for the men! It bade the conscious blood to the policemen's cheek, if the policeman's cheek had not forgotten how to blush, — though nothing less than the Advertiser's extraordinary mental confusion would ever bring a blush and a policeman together, — and it was ashamed to think of the contempt which would rage in the breast of the Paris detectives when they heard the story!

Let the heathen rage and the policemen blush; what I wish to ascertain is why women, hundreds of miles away in the country, are required to know more about Boston notions than the Bostonians themselves? The Advertiser says that the Ladies' Deposit has been going on "for several years, — three by the lowest estimate. The police have either been as blind as bats, or they have known of its existence for the past two years." Yet the Advertiser declares that the police have done literally nothing towards detecting or arresting it. "When they were approached they said they had looked into it, and its managers were all right, all right!" So, then, this "gi-

gantic conspiracy" could flourish three years in the heart of Boston, under the very eyes of the police and the antennæ of the newspapers, without menacing an iota of man's intelligence, or honesty, or capacity for self-government; but the moment it struck a woman she must see through it completely, or instantly forfeit sense and suffrage. Women do not make the laws which protect property and detect fraud. Men make the laws. I beg to know if the fact that an institution has existed for three years, as the Advertiser says, "in no sense private," openly in the face of Boston, under the full inspection of the whole costly detective force which is organized to distinguish between the legal and the illegal, and has been pronounced by them all right, — I beg to know if that is not a fact on which women have a right to rely as affording at least presumptive evidence of legitimacy. If three weeks were enough to break up the Deposit and imprison its managers, who were most immoral and credulous, — the women of the suburbs who thought it might be a charity, or the men of the city who knew it must be a cheat, yet let it go on unmolested for three years?

And what of the newspapers? The Advertiser boasts that in three weeks it brought the fraud practically to an end. But why did it wait three years before beginning? It says, "The business was not only covered all over with the marks of its fraudulent purpose, but it was an open, palpable, certain, self-evident swindle," and at any time when the work was properly taken hold of, "in a few days thereafter the Ladies' Deposit would have fallen to pieces." How, then, can the Advertiser avoid being accessory to all the guilt incurred and all the disaster caused by the institution during all these years? It knew the guilt and the swindle, yet let women go on depositing their poor little hardly-gained capital for three years without opening its mouth. In one week from the time I first heard of the Deposit I had my finger on its pulse!

Will the Advertiser claim that it did not know of the Ladies' Deposit? It says, "The affair was in no sense private; it was, *and bore from the start* the marks of being, a *gigantic conspiracy*." Can a gigantic conspiracy go on in public three years, and an enterprising newspaper in the same city know nothing about it, or an honest newspaper say nothing about it, or a decent newspaper turn about and trample upon country women for not having known all about it in the beginning, or for not turning a corner at the end as fast as a man?

Further than this, it now appears that as long ago as the preceding January the Boston Herald made an exposé of this affair which the Advertiser calls "the largest piece of knavery which has ever been perpetrated in Boston." This enormous knavery the Advertiser boasts of having demolished in three weeks, but what was the Advertiser doing all these nine months after attention was publicly called to it? Was not the very fact that attention was publicly directed to it without effect a strong indication of its solidity? Did not the Advertiser by its silence become part and parcel of a conspiracy to allure the unwary? Did they not set a trap for women to fall into? Or if it has taken the Advertiser, on the spot, and with all detective appliances, nine months to lay the wires in order to secure the rogues, why does it argue intellectual fatuity in women that they did not detect roguery at once?

The Boston newspapers said, — I will quote but one, the sentiment was common, — "Who are the fools [of the Ladies' Deposit]? Quite a large proportion of them were school-teachers. . . . Probably only a small portion of them were actually deceived, . . . there was . . . knavery in their folly." Here, then, is a gigantic conspiracy in which a large proportion of the conspirators are school-teachers. Have these school-teachers

been dismissed from their schools? Has a single one of them been dismissed on account of her connection with the Ladies' Deposit? Have the Boston newspapers made any effort to dismiss them? I have not heard of a case. I do not believe a school-teacher has been expelled for this offense. I do not believe the Boston press has attempted to discharge one of these foolish and fraudulent teachers. It is therefore guilty of the unspeakable crime of permitting without protest the young children, the future citizens of the republic, to be committed to the charge of knaves and fools, and to remain in such charge after the knavery and folly were exposed. Either the newspaper press has slandered the school-teachers, or it has itself been guilty of a betrayal of trust compared with which any pecuniary knavery and folly sink into insignificance.

In its eagerness to rival the exploits of the New York Times with the Tweed robberies, and of the New York Tribune with the Cipher Dispatches, the Boston Advertiser, by strenuous and long-continued exertion, inflated one poor, deaf, illiterate old woman into a formidable and gigantic conspirator. Under the manipulations of the law she was speedily reduced to the more probable proportions of "a crazy old fool." But whichever or whatever she may be, there are no laurels on her brow for a man's wearing. The glory and crown of man is not in the discrimination, the justice, the watchful wisdom, revealed in him by the Ladies' Deposit or by his own. The argument against woman business, woman teaching, woman suffrage, is not that women are dishonest and imbecile, while men are wise and invincible. The glory of men and the safety of women is this: that men have wrought so faithfully, and fought so valiantly, and died so heroically, that security is achieved even for the defenseless; that the pink and pet of Boston, The Atlantic, which may not approve me, in the very heart of Boston which does not love me, gives me, in the chivalrous instinct of fair play, room to say my say, even against those whom it does love and approve; that when an army of men combine in a wild, petty, and cowardly folly, I — alone, a coward and a weakling like themselves — can tell them how poor a figure they make just as plainly, promptly, and safely as if I also were an army with banners!

M. A. Dodge.

SYMPATHETIC BANKING.

The time seems to have come for presenting in a compact form the history of that curious swindle known as "The Ladies' Deposit" of Boston. On the 25th of last April Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, its "president" and head, was found guilty of the crime of "cheating" certain of her depositors; her motion for a new trial was soon after overruled, and though it is possible that some of her exceptions may be sustained, that she may again be tried, and that through some technical defect in statute or indictment she may give justice the slip, — as she succeeded in doing when arraigned for another crime, six years ago, — yet the chances are rather in favor of her final conviction, and at all events the community may be said to have rendered its formal verdict upon her "deposit company" through the mouth of the foreman of her jury. It is not every swindle that deserves a chronicle. But the Ladies' Deposit possesses almost

every feature of interest which can characterize a fraud: it was successful on a large scale; it chose its victims in an original way; it was managed with much adroitness in many of its details; and yet in the total it was one of the most barefaced and preposterous cheats that ever presumed upon the credulity of an intelligent people. The manner of its downfall was also very instructive. So that swindle, swindlers, and swindled are each and all worth a little study. In what follows nothing will be set down as a fact for the verification of which there is not abundant proof: the author's opinions and guesses — of which he knows there must be many — will be branded with appropriate verbs and adverbs.

Precisely when and how the Ladies' Deposit came into existence will in all probability never be known. Much of its latest history is obscure, but going backward only a year from its decease, which was accomplished with Mrs. Howe's arrest last fall, one finds one's self in a region of myth, and utterly befogged between the mendacity of the managers and the reticence of the customers. Mrs. Howe herself — the very poorest of witnesses, to be sure — has said on several occasions, to newspaper reporters and others, that the idea of her benevolent enterprise originated among the Quakers of Alexandria, Va.; that it was first set agoing in a small way in Boston by Mrs. Dr. Caroline Jackson, and that she herself was first employed as its "agent" five years ago last autumn, under the "presidency" of Mrs. M. A. Rogers, a lady whom, whether dead or pursuing health in Florida, as she is variously reported — it would not be safe or easy to follow. The date last named is quite incorrect, Mrs. Howe, as will by and by appear, being otherwise occupied in the fall of 1875. Perhaps at that early time Mesdames Jackson, Rogers, and Howe began to assimilate the intellectual material out of which they afterwards spun their web, but it is not until more than three years later that any sure trace of their active operations can be found. Of the hundreds of "bank" pass-books put into the hands of Mrs. Howe's assignee in insolvency the oldest had for the date of its first deposit April 1, 1879; the title of the concern being then, apparently, the Pacific Loan Company, and the rate of interest paid to depositors *two per cent. a week*. The experiments upon the name and several other indications make it probable that the business was at that time in its extreme infancy, and that the whole of its rapid little life was included within the space of less than two years. If it existed any earlier, it must have been as a mere germ. The pass-books given to depositors were always of a very cheap and common sort, but those of the initial series were so small, so scrubby in paper and binding, and so illiterate in the style of their entries as to be actually comical. They would discredit the humblest grocer. It was some time before any printing was seen upon them, the "regulations" and promises of the establishment being originally communicated to customers by word of mouth; and when at length the fateful words appeared which have played such an important part in sending Mrs. Howe to jail they were substantially in the form which has become so familiar to Bostonians, and which will presently be reprinted here. The promissory note given to the depositor was also modeled, as soon as a printed blank was used for the purpose, upon the now familiar style, except that the name of Mrs. M. A. Rogers appeared at the top as "president," and Sarah E. Howe, or S. E. Howe, signed as "agent." The promise of two per cent. interest per week was soon abandoned, and in its stead the payment of eight per cent. a month "every three months in advance" was undertaken. For about a year — it seems incredible, but it is true — the

concern carried on business after this fashion, beginning with a few small customers, and increasing its operations steadily but swiftly, without the least public notice being taken of it or its doings. On the 8th of January, 1880, the first newspaper comment ever made upon the Ladies' Deposit appeared in the Boston Herald; and with that event, in which the characteristic alertness and enterprise of the paper were well shown, the mythical period of the enterprise may be said to end and the semi-historical to begin.

The story of the Herald's original attack upon this swindle is highly instructive. Its reporter, who was detailed to attend to the matter, apparently first tried in trousers to get the facts, and succeeded in getting little else besides snubs. He therefore resorted to stratagem, dressed himself as a woman, and in the guise of a possible depositor went to No. 2 Garland Street, the modest brick dwelling-house at the South End in which the Ladies' Deposit first saw the light, questioned the person in attendance, a "tall, slim maiden of thirty summers, with dark hair and keen, searching eyes," — presumably Miss Crandall, who has figured as maid of all work, "clerk," and "bookkeeper" for Mrs. Howe, — and obtained a good deal of the information and no-information which has since become common property. He told his experiences in a very lively "local" article, under the caption How's This for High? Eight per Cent. a Month paid by a South End Bank. For Women Only. How this Remarkable Enterprise is Conducted. And then for the first time the text of the notice, pasted within or indented upon the cover of each pass-book, was publicly printed. This was as follows: —

REGULATIONS.

The Ladies' Deposit is a charitable institution for single ladies, old and young.

No deposit received less than two hundred dollars, nor more than one thousand. Interest at the rate of $8.00 on a hundred per month is paid every three months in advance. The principal can be withdrawn upon call any day except Sunday.

No deposit received from persons owning a house.

Office hours from nine to twelve M., one to four [or sometimes five] P. M.

The promissory note, also given to each depositor, ran as follows: —

LADIES' DEPOSIT.

E. C. Howe [or M. A. Rogers], President.

Boston, —— ——, 188 .

Twelve months after date I promise to pay to the order of —— ——, —— hundred dollars. Value received.

(Signed.) S. E. Howe [or J. A. Gould], Agent; or (rarely) A. S. Crandall, Clerk.

The reporter's interview with Miss Crandall was detailed very amusingly, and special attention was called to her answers made to plain questions as to how it was possible to pay such interest, and who her references were: "We never disclose the methods by which we do business;" "We do not solicit;" "You need not deposit unless you wish;" "We never give references," etc., etc. The tone of the article was contemptuous and incredulous, but the fact was plainly stated — and quite properly, too, — that up to date none of the promises of the concern had been known to be broken. On the following day, January 9, 1880, another short "local" appeared, reporting some of Mrs. Howe's own dark sentences, in which she referred to the Alexandrian origin of her enterprise, "which was long known" in Virginia "as the Quaker Aid Society," spoke of it as a charity, and refused to tell how her funds were invested, because *she was afraid of the displeasure of her*

superior officers. (A remarkably fine touch of invention even for Mrs. Howe!) This second article disclaimed any intent of reflecting unfavorably upon Miss Crandall's personal character, but in a variety of ways expressed or implied the reporter's conviction that the concern was a fraud. On Saturday, January 10, 1880, the Herald — as an act of fairness, no doubt — printed a letter from Mrs. Howe replying to its strictures. This letter is a curiosity, and but for the prime necessity of condensation should be given here in full. In its composition Mrs. Howe probably had much assistance, — not improbably the assistance of some legal gentleman, — and its style is really admirable in respect of vigor and conciseness. The substance of her answer was this: that the men had better attend to their own concerns; that she did not do a general banking business, did not have a sign on her house, did not in any way "*solicit*" deposits of anybody, kept all her promises, and had been guilty, so far as she could discover, of no offense except that of refusing to disclose to prying reporters the methods by which she managed her private affairs. The master stroke of the letter was in one of its first sentences, in which she spoke of "the writer" of the articles in the Herald as "*prudently refraining from any direct charge of dishonesty,* while insinuating such a charge." The Herald thereupon dropped the matter, and Mrs. Howe was thus left with the last word, in which she had bidden the paper mind its own business, had assumed a most magnificent air of indifference to public patronage, and had said almost in terms that she was ready with an action for libel against the newspaper which dared directly to assail the honesty of her enterprise. The effect of all this upon many of the simpler readers of the paper must have been to display Mrs. Howe in the light of an injured and defiantly virtuous woman, while it advertised her scheme in a seductive fashion as one which had always kept its splendid promises. Mrs. Howe and her crew have often boasted of the good which came to them from this their first passage at arms with a newspaper. Their testimony is generally of little worth, and the *post hoc* is not to be confounded with the *propter hoc,* but it is unquestionably true that the rush of depositors was in the year 1880, and after the publication of the Herald's articles. Of the seven hundred and thirty women who had proved their claims in insolvency against Mrs. Howe's estate at the adjourned second meeting, fewer than one hundred and thirty-five had begun to deposit before the middle of January, 1880. The fact was that in the Herald, as in many other leading newspapers, a sharp distinction was made between the "local news" and "editorial" departments. The story of the Ladies' Deposit was told as a matter of news by a reporter, whose strictures were in fact, in spite of occasional flippancy of phrase, sound, sensible, and full of wise warning. Mrs. Howe's threat was of course beneath consideration, but for some reason or no reason the matter was not taken up editorially, and the Herald as a paper did not throw its weight against the swindle. If in the beginning of the year 1880 it had begun a resolute and persistent attack, there is little reason to doubt that Mrs. Howe and her business would have succumbed in a few weeks, and the honest portion of the community have been saved some thousands of dollars of its earnings.

The Ladies' Deposit now began to bud and bourgeon like a healthy young bay-tree. In the spring of 1880 Mrs. Howe found her quarters in Garland Street quite too contracted for her business, as well as for her personal comfort, and looked about her for a more spacious and elegant establishment. She discovered a house suited to her mind in a beautiful block on Franklin Square,

and without an instant's haggling about price agreed to pay the owner — a gentleman of high standing, who knew at the time nothing of her except that she was a little deaf, very civil, and exceedingly flush with her money — the sum he asked, which was twenty thousand dollars. Her only stipulation was that he and his family should vacate the premises within a fortnight, it being, as she said, necessary that she should take possession at once. Serious illness in the gentleman's family made his prompt removal impossible, and he supposed their business relations had been ended at once and forever: but Mrs. Howe, with scarcely a pause, renewed the negotiations, which at a first interview she had begun but never completed, for the purchase of another and still finer house belonging to the same gentleman and in the same block. His price for this building and its lot — which were situated at the corner of Washington and East Brookline streets — was forty thousand dollars. He mentioned this as the sum which he wished to get, the amount being considerably less than he had originally paid, and used no persuasion or argument whatever. Indeed, he needed to use none; he had scarcely named his price before Mrs. Howe had closed with him, and but for his scruples would have paid him a considerable part of the purchase money on the spot. Within a day or two she did pay him the entire amount due for his equity — twenty thousand dollars — in hundred-dollar bills, bunched together with rubber elastics, and produced, apparently, from the depths of a bureau drawer. A few hours later she had also settled with the mortgagee for his twenty-thousand-dollar claim, and the house and land, No. 2 East Brookline Street, Boston, were the unencumbered property of Sarah E. Howe, wife of Florimund L. Howe, then registered by herself at the City Clerk's office as a married woman, carrying on the business of "*financial agent.*" The estate was assessed that year at twenty-six thousand dollars, but Mrs. Howe, as can readily be imagined, was quite indifferent to any trifling question of fourteen thousand dollars, more or less. The deed was passed May 13, 1880, and directly afterward Mrs. Howe, her retinue of female servants and assistants, her husband, her Ladies' Deposit and its funds and effects, were transported to their sumptuous new quarters. A good deal of money had been expended on repairs, on a new conservatory, and on plants, pictures, plate, and furniture. The entire establishment, real and personal, must have cost at least fifty thousand dollars. Nothing succeeds like success, and business now increased enormously. Branch offices were established at New Bedford, and at No. 77 West Brookline Street, Boston. Mrs. Howe, who had previously seemed a little shy of the eye of society, during the summer of 1880 ventured into a modest watering-place or two; everywhere living in a generous way, spending freely and with kindly ostentation, and, as the almoner or cashier of an orientally munificent charity or bank, bearing her blushing social honors — with becoming indifference — thick upon her. The autumn came, and with it a killing frost, which nipped the root of all her gains and glories.

The destruction of the Ladies' Deposit was the remarkable result, as The Nation well expressed it, "of a conviction by newspaper." The truth about Mrs. Howe was simply this: that she was a miserable old rogue, who, beggared in reputation and poor as a church mouse, had opened a swindling savings bank, and caught the savings of depositors by a promise, which she could not perform, to pay a hundred and twenty-six per cent. interest a year; capital she had none, save her own inventive impudence and audacity; she had no more hold upon the Quakers than she had upon the Pope; and the "charity

fund of a million and a half," which she had often declared to be the support of her institution, was a pure fabrication of her brain, there being no such fund of the amount of even a five-cent piece. The object of the whole scheme was just to enable her and her satellites to live easily on other people's money. All this is quite plain now, and many a reader of The Atlantic will say, with a shrug, that it was equally plain to people of common sense nine months ago, or the moment they read the "regulation" promises of the Ladies' Deposit. No doubt; but many things which are plain to the sensible and thoughtful require demonstration to the foolish or heedless. The task undertaken by the Boston Daily Advertiser last fall seemed formidable then: the intelligence of the community was all arrayed on the side of the paper, but the amount of dullness and folly to be encountered could be gauged by the fact that nearly a half of a million of dollars had been actually intrusted to Mrs. Howe by her dupes. And she and her gang defended themselves, of course, to the very best of their ability; not very cleverly, it is true, but with some low cunning, and with the fury of rogues who knew that their all was at stake. The Daily Advertiser, as it happened, practically sustained the burden of the struggle in behalf of the public, — many other journals giving their countenance and timely sympathy, but none other keeping the sword in hand, — and the triumph of the paper bore striking testimony to the power of the press in America when wielded vigorously, persistently, and courageously, in the interests of honesty and sound sense.

The chronology of this campaign against evil is worth a glance. On Friday, September 24, 1880, the Ladies' Deposit was at the acme of its prosperity, having, according to the best estimate that can be made, about twelve hundred depositors, to whom it owed about $500,000, and was attracting new customers at the rate of about a dozen per diem. On the next day (Saturday, September 25th) the Advertiser printed its first article upon the swindle, and for the succeeding three weeks never once intermitted its attack. On Tuesday or Wednesday (September 28th or 29th) a "run" began upon the concern, which continued throughout the week, reaching its height on Friday, when the sum paid out amounted, according to Miss Crandall's subsequent sworn testimony, to about $40,000, and resulting in the return to depositors of a probable total of nearly $80,000. On Monday, October 4th, Mrs. Howe announced a partial suspension of payments; and this proved to be final, except as to the payment of interest and of principal due, according to the terms of her promissory notes, all of which were for one year, and very few of which had then matured. A pronunciamento that she would pay all claims "legally due" was made through the Boston Globe, and was evidently framed after taking legal advice. Not sound advice, however; and on Saturday, October 9th, the Advertiser published an opinion of seven of the foremost lawyers of the city, to the effect that, notwithstanding her one-year notes, she was immediately liable for principal deposited, on the printed promise of the pass-books, "The principal can be withdrawn upon call any day except Sunday." There was then a three days' lull, of the sort which precedes a thunderbolt. On Wednesday, October 13th, two attachments were put upon her real and personal estate. On Thursday, October 14th, a storm of legal process burst upon her; her gorgeous house, with its contents, came into the hands of the deputy sheriffs, and the Ladies' Deposit was no more. In just two weeks and five days from the publication of the Advertiser's first article, the destruction of the preposterous fraud known as the "Ladies' Deposit," or "Women's Bank," was

achieved. Fortunately for the interests of justice, the one thing which remained to do was done; and on Saturday, October 16th, Mrs. Sarah E. Howe and Mrs. Julia A. Gould (the latter a woman who had held the position of first mate in the pirate ship for several months, and whose signature as "agent" was upon most of the deposit notes) were arrested at the instance of the district attorney, upon the complaint of several of their victims, were held to bail in the sum of $20,000 and $10,000 respectively, and in default of such bail were sent to the jail of Suffolk County.

Leaving these two ladies thus securely lodged for a little while, let us now return to the story of the downfall of the "bank," and the intellectual and moral phenomena connected therewith. But first it seems proper to show, so far as may be, the nature and scope of Mrs. Howe's fraudulent undertaking, and something of the career and character of the woman herself. The trick, it is to be noted, is not a new one, but has been played successfully at least once within the past twenty-five years in each of the countries of France, Italy, and Bavaria. Its latest European form, the "Dachau bank" of an ex-actress, Adèle Spitzeder, which was operated in Munich from 1869 to 1872, and by which the Bavarians were cheated out of millions of dollars, is intrinsically the most interesting of these swindles, and is specially so to us because it had so many points in common with the Ladies' Deposit of Boston. No one, indeed, who has studied the stories of the two together can doubt that in some way or other, directly or indirectly, Fräulein Spitzeder's plan was the inspiration and model of Mrs. Howe's. Both opened banks of deposit, promised preposterous returns of interest, and successfully invited loans of money from the public. Neither had any pecuniary capital, or offered any security, the sole and sufficient reliance of each being upon her own impudence and the combined cupidity and credulity of her customers. Each made friends by playing the Lady Bountiful upon occasion, had a mixed party of gulls and knaves committed to her cause, drew herself out of poverty and into luxurious comfort by means of her bank, ended her career in prison, and left assets enough behind her to pay her creditors a dividend of about five per cent. The absolute essentials to long-continued success, as each swindler knew, were the prompt payment of the ridiculous rate of stipulated interest, and the prompt punishment in a depositor of any want of faith by a return of her principal and a haughty refusal ever to resume business relations with her. This latter operation, a very shrewd kind of moral "bulldozing," Mrs. Howe and her assistants used to perform magnificently and with great effect. Each counted with certainty upon a very rare withdrawal of principal, so long as the extraordinary interest was paid and the customer's confidence was unshaken. Many persons — and the writer admits to being one — at first found a little difficulty in understanding how such a concern could pay twenty-four per cent. a month quarterly in advance, even for a couple of years, without investing its funds or receiving help from without. But the explanation is really quite simple: when once the popular faith begins to be established in such a bank, the principal flows in for some time in an ever-increasing stream, and for quite a long period there is more than enough money always on hand to meet the *current* demand for interest, and leave the operator a handsome margin for silks, jewelry, hot-house flowers, and all other proper living expenses, — although, of course, at every moment the concern is in fact utterly insolvent. In the case of the Ladies' Deposit some of the figures already given illustrate this well enough: the number of depositors in 1880 was

five times as great as in 1879, and the receipts from the first quarter of the former year were therefore far more than enough by themselves to meet all the demands for interest then accruing on deposits of 1879, to take care of the usual small withdrawal of principal, and to give Mrs. Howe and her friends everything which they needed for their comfort. To keep such a concern alive there must be a like increase of deposits upon a geometric ratio all the time, and such a rate of advance cannot possibly be maintained for many years. The longer the thing lasts the wider is the circle of its final disaster and injustice, and the duty, therefore, of every honest *man*, whatever the duty of honest woman may be, is to destroy such an enterprise as soon as it is unearthed. Mrs. Howe quite surpassed Miss Spitzeder in scrupulous obedience to the spirit of their common scheme. The latter sometimes — though rarely, to be sure — made investments of her deposited funds; the former never did such a thing, excepting once, when she lent a few hundred dollars to a furniture dealer; and her Ladies' Deposit had not a single cent of "*income*," in the banker's sense of the word. Mrs. Howe, in fact, carried on her business in all its branches with appropriately Spartan simplicity. She took her depositors' money; kept it in the drawers of a *chiffonière* in the business parlor by day, as Mrs. Gould has often said, carried it off in baskets at night, and put it somewhere — probably under her bed — for safe keeping; paid out interest and principal from it when there were calls for such disbursements; bought her own house and land and furniture and fixtures with it; and always treated it entirely as her own, — which, indeed, in an important sense, it was. For this sort of banking none of the frippery of modern masculine book-keeping was needed, and none was used; the accounts of a Fiji Island fish dealer could not have been kept more simply than those of Mrs. Howe, the Boston "financial agent," and Miss Crandall, who testified in court that she did not know the difference between a day-book and a ledger, was the very woman to serve as her chief clerk. Such a system of accounts works peculiarly well when the bank ends as the Ladies' Deposit ended. At the adjourned third meeting of its creditors eight hundred and eighty-one claims, aggregating just about $271,000, had been presented; it may be guessed that about three hundred depositors have got the $100,000 or so which was due them in full, and that perhaps two hundred others have never offered their claims. On the credit side there is — or rather was — the forty-thousand dollar house, which has recently brought, by its sale at auction, $21,000, out of which $1000 has been paid to Mr. Howe for the release of his courtesy, and $5000 obtained from the sale of the furniture: only that; and nothing more. How the rest of the money went the "books" of the concern of course give no idea, and nobody knows or will ever know; Mrs. Howe and her followers and friends had two jolly years out of it, at all events, and some of them very likely could account for certain thousands, if they had a mind. Mrs. Howe's scheme also worked a peculiar kind of inverted highwayman's justice, as we know: she took from the poor to give to the poor, so that divers of her early customers got their money back again twice over; and perhaps some of her humble depositors, who lost all they gave her, can derive a little cool comfort from the thought that a portion of their hard earnings were handed over to a fellow-toiler who had previously drawn two hundred per cent. on her principal. In audacity the German operator somewhat surpassed her American imitator, but in cunning the latter absolutely excelled. Mrs. Howe — or whoever elaborated the original conception of her bank — recognized

the decided superiority in sensibility and inquisitiveness of the average Bostonian over the average Bavarian, and her operations were conducted, especially at first, with an almost exquisite tact. The air of reserve and coyness with which the management enveloped itself acted like magic upon the credulity of the ordinary uneducated woman. Miss Susan Smith went to the Ladies' Deposit with her two hundred dollars in her pocket, a little timorous, somewhat dubious, rather incredulous. To her surprise, she found that her patronage was by no means solicited, — was not even wished, unless she was exactly the right sort of woman and precisely met some four or five conditions. In a few moments she began to burn with desire to enter the inclosure thus jealously guarded; and if she succeeded — as she generally did in the end — in persuading the person in charge to take her little all, she departed with a sense of deep gratitude that she had been permitted to become a depositor. The same idea, a little varied, was beautifully carried out in the request, delicately but firmly made in almost every case, that the customer would not gossip about the Ladies' Deposit. If, indeed, she had a particular female friend, who was excessively worthy and greatly in need, and who happened to have two hundred dollars or more, such a friend might, as a favor, be very quietly informed of the privileges of the establishment; but there was to be no babbling into the world's rude ear about these sacred mysteries of Eleusis. All this showed a fine knowledge of human nature, and in practice worked charmingly; the method resembling that often used in selling tickets to a charity ball, where it is mysteriously whispered to a few that the company will be *very* select, and admissions *very* hard to procure. Nice little points were also made in fixing the minimum deposit at two hundred dollars, and the maximum at one thousand dollars. Mrs. Howe did not propose to bother with the small savings of the virtuous poor, — only with good large lumps; and the naming of the larger sum seemed business-like and harmonious with the "charity" idea. The story about the huge Quaker fund upon which the establishment rested, and the accompanying theory that the Ladies' Deposit was a charity, appears to have been Mrs. Howe's one concession to the reasoning powers of her customers: it was a small concession, and, as Mrs. Howe now sees, ought never to have been made. The scheme of the Ladies' Deposit as a business enterprise was on its face so monstrous and so hopelessly incapable of explanation that its manager seems to have doubted its ability to stand alone in Boston. Spitzeder, who never conceded anything to the intelligence of her clients, could have given our countrywoman a lesson on this point. Mrs. Howe should simply have replied to all questions, "I do not disclose my methods of doing business, and I do not care for your patronage;" in every other respect she should have done exactly what she did. The prosperity of the Ladies' Deposit would have been a little slower in coming, but it would have come; and, though the bank must of course have exploded just the same, its president need never have suffered the disgrace of imprisonment for "false pretenses." There was, however, one feature of Mrs. Howe's plan which was both masterly and unique, and which gave what the patent lawyers call "novelty" to her improvement upon the Spitzeder invention. The Bavarian took money from high and low and rich and poor, from men, women, and children; the American kept a bank of women, by women and for women, simply and solely. Mrs. Howe, whose contempt for her sex's powers of understanding was evidently thorough and profound, reasoned out the most original feature of her plan in this way:

"To achieve success in a community so shrewd and enlightened as this, I must confine my dealings to those who as a class are in business affairs the most credulous, the most ignorant, and the least protected, — that is to say, to unmarried women and widows, in humble or moderate circumstances." If it had been practicable to weed out fathers, brothers, sons, and sweethearts, as well as husbands, from among her constituents, she would, no doubt, have been glad to do so; but such a wholesale exclusion would have been suspicious, and would have left her very few patrons; single women and widows, on the other hand, were numerous, and naturally the recipients of "charity." But Mrs. Howe always remained true to her distrust and dread of the creature man, and in many cases, when her fingers must have itched to get hold of a bunch of bank bills, she prudently "forbore" their "touch upon her palm," because she discovered in the background the shadow of some vigorous male personage whose influence with the female applicant was ominously great. It is putting it mildly to say that the success of her enterprise did not discredit the wisdom of its most characteristic part.

Mrs. Howe's own personal history now demands a paragraph by itself. The chronicle is unpleasant in many ways, but it will not be necessary to offend the taste of the reader with its most unsavory particulars. Sarah Emily Howe was probably the daughter of a man named Chase and a woman named Burr, and was probably born in Providence, R. I. The date of her birth is of no particular consequence to the public, but, as she has quite forgotten it, and represented on her entrance into the jail last fall that she was fifty-four years of age, perhaps she may herself be interested to learn that she is at least sixty-two years old, having been married in Seekonk, November 28, 1835, to one James M. Solomon, a half-breed negro or Indian, who is now living in Rhode Island. With this man she lived some thirteen years, and then the pair separated, the marriage being undoubtedly null and void, because the ancient statute against the union of persons of different colors was in force at the time the ceremony took place. She next contracted a marriage with a man named Lane, or Chase, Mr. Solomon — and this is the only thoroughly droll incident in her career — playing the part of a most active and diligent promoter of her second union. Mr. Lane is reported to have died at sea; her third marriage, which was with her present husband, Florimund L. Howe, took place in Manchester, N. H., in 1852, where he was pursuing the double vocation of house-painter and dancing-master, she the allied trades of clairvoyant and fortune-teller. All her early life is enveloped in an atmosphere of petty crime, of which it is not worth while to give the particulars. After her final marriage she and Mr. Howe wandered about the country for several years, picking up a precarious subsistence. He served in the war as a musician, was honorably discharged in 1864, and soon after the pair came to Boston, where they were befriended by relatives. Her behavior, which had often been "queer" before, soon took on such extraordinary shapes that an application was made by some of her acquaintance for her commitment as an insane person. Her case was tried before Judge Ames, of the probate court, and after a long hearing — in which she stoutly, and with the help of able counsel, resisted the complainant's charges — she was on the 20th of April, 1867, found insane by a jury of six men, and sent to the State Lunatic Asylum in Taunton, whence, after a confinement of about two years, she was, it is understood, discharged as "well." This is believed to be the only case ever yet heard in Suffolk County by a jury of six, under the statute of 1862, touching insane persons. In 1871 she was

again in Boston with her husband, and did business as a "female physician" and clairvoyant, told fortunes with cards, cast horoscopes at twenty-five cents apiece, and in short practiced all the arts she knew, but was pitifully poor most of the time. In 1875 she committed a very elaborate set of frauds, which carried her before the criminal courts. She had bought a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture from a respectable lady, — one Mrs. M., — and was to give back a first mortgage for most of the purchase money. Just as the furniture was delivered Mrs. M. fell sick, and the making of the mortgage was delayed for a month or two, at the expiration of which time Mrs. Howe, upon request, executed the promised conveyance. In a few weeks, however, it appeared that Mrs. Howe had slipped in no fewer than four earlier mortgages to two other persons, without disclosing the fact to Mrs. M., having executed one pair of deeds as Sarah E. Howe, and one pair as Sarah E. Chase, to the great discomfiture of the person who lent to her under the latter name; and she capped the climax by giving a sixth mortgage on the same property, signing thereto the name of one of her neighbors. It would be hard to say how many different crimes Mrs. Howe committed in this affair, but she was complained of for only one, — that of "unlawfully conveying mortgaged property," — was tried before the municipal court for criminal business in Boston, convicted, and sentenced to "one year in the common jail." From this judgment she appealed to the superior court, was held to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars, and, being so poor and friendless that she could not procure bondsmen even to that amount, was obliged to go to jail, and there to remain for six weeks, pending her appeal. In the superior court the indictment was found to be faulty; the jury, by instruction of the judge, brought her in "not guilty, by reason of a variance," and she was suffered to go free. In 1879, when the surplus funds of the Ladies' Deposit began to be available, she settled with Mrs. M. for the sum out of which she had thus previously defrauded her. She was suspected, with the best of reason, of several other serious offenses, but was never convicted of any others, to the writer's knowledge. This is not the career of a great criminal, but of a miserable adventuress, of a woman always sorely distressed to get a living, of one wretchedly brought up and much to be pitied. She had very little early education, and remains to this day illiterate, and in many ways very ignorant; but she has always been a keen observer, a quick learner, and a shrewd student of human nature. It would be more nearly correct to call her unmoral than immoral; for from her extreme youth she appeared to have a serious constitutional difficulty in discerning the difference between right and wrong, between her own property and her neighbor's. All her thieving has been marked by a grand air of unconsciousness rather than by eager, covetous greed. Her disposition seems to be somewhat good-natured and generous, and to show a kind of native *bonhomie*, and at the height of her prosperity as a "banker" she became very popular with a certain set, which was especially rich in mesmerists, fortune-tellers, and female physicians of an irregular sort. In one respect, as all disinterested persons who have known her well will testify, she is really distinguished: she is one of the most exuberant, spontaneous, imaginative, and unnecessary liars that ever breathed, decidedly preferring falsehood to the truth even when the two seem equally serviceable. She has a great natural gift of utterance, and a singularly plausible manner, and has often overpersuaded the incredulous in the very teeth of their better judgment. There is a touch of craziness every now and then in her looks and words which is quite

suggestive of the Taunton episode, but which is not inconsistent with her possession of abundant cunning. That she is not a rogue of the first order can be inferred from her investing in her own name in a house, and from her paying out so much of the Deposit money during the run, instead of eloping with it. Having sailed prosperously so long, and weathered one heavy gale, she evidently thought she could save her ship even in a great typhoon; a clearer-sighted rascal would have seen that the game was up. Besides this, Mrs. Howe was ignorant enough to believe that her house could not be taken from her so long as she had the deed of it in her pocket. There is of course great doubt whether a person of her calibre could have conceived and operated the Ladies' Deposit without help from some mind of greater strength, and more erudition in the art of cheating, and this is a doubt which will very likely never be solved. Up to this time Mrs. Howe is the only person who can be certainly identified as the brain and fingers of the swindle.

It would be vain to attempt, in the space that The Atlantic can spare, a minute account of the newspaper work of the three weeks in which the downfall of the Ladies' Deposit was wrought. Nothing at once more exciting, varied, amusing, pathetic, instructive, and satisfactory has been known in the history of our journalism. There were good things about the matter in all the Boston papers; bright bits came from the country towns, from New York and the West, and the Advertiser was filled from day to day with interesting and clever articles. Such a rallying in of volunteer correspondents was certainly never seen here as to quality. Bright men started up like the seed of Cadmus, each with some keen, or sensible, or witty, or learned contribution to the war against fraud. Amongst them the story of all the European prototypes of Mrs. Howe's bank was vividly told; several of them, who had previously looked into and seen through the swindle, told their experiences with the lady "managers;" one of them, who signed himself "Drowsy State Street," showed in figures which must have given Mrs. Howe a cold shiver exactly how her scheme could be made to work in practice. Yet some of the argument made both by the paper and by its special contributors seems almost childish now. In hundreds of different ways the intelligent reader was entreated to take notice of the fact that two and two make four, always made four, never made five, or sixteen, or three hundred, or seven thousand. Mrs. Howe was handled rather gingerly at first, as if there were a bare possibility that she might be something better than a thief. Her Quaker fund of a million and a half was discussed at times almost gravely, and readers were requested to consider whether it was likely that such a sect ever had such a fund, or would ever have such a fund, or would intrust such a fund if they had it to such a woman as Mrs. Howe, or would leave it without watching it, etc., etc. Pretty soon Mrs. Howe was challenged to tell what her investments were, who subscribed to the Quaker foundation, how she had climbed from penury to luxurious ease in three years, and where she got the money to buy her fifty-thousand-dollar house. The air, indeed, was vocal with challenges to common sense, and dumb while the answers were awaited. In spite of the self-control generally practiced, the thorough contempt of most of the male writers for the credulity of the female victims often cropped out. It had come to light that Mrs. Howe's customers — who, although principally in Boston and its suburbs, were scattered widely through the rest of Massachusetts and New England — were counted by hundreds, and included many ladies of good social position, some teachers, and a few authors and artists; that for about six months there had been a per-

fect craze among women to become depositors; and that divers of them had begged and besought their male friends to lend them money at six per cent. in order that they might live on the ninety per cent. of profit to be made by the deposit. One old woman was discovered who had mortgaged all her worldly possessions for a thousand dollars, and handed the sum over to Mrs. Howe without a tremor. One person, who had made a like deposit of all she was worth, was reported to have gone to Europe, where she found it easy to live on her income of nine hundred and sixty dollars per annum. The idea that there was any degradation in being pensioners upon "charity" never occurred, so far as the writer has heard, to any of Mrs. Howe's customers, — not even to those who were well to do and quite capable of taking care of themselves. The men sneered at all this so contemptuously that the spoken rejoinders were generally meek and timid. Generally, but not always. Not a few of the customers mustered the courage to say their souls were their own, and some of them even went farther than that. At the bank itself, every day, in the very midst of the "run," dozens of energetic females were to be seen, furious at the papers, sorry for the "persecuted" manager, and firmer than ever in their faith in the Ladies' Deposit. It was not uncommon for them to lift their hands to heaven and implore its continued blessing upon Mrs. Howe's head and the "divine charity" of which she was president. Very often they gave expression to the pleasure which they had taken and still expected to take in transacting business at the Ladies' Deposit, for Mrs. Howe, with excellent judgment, had grown franker, easier, and more friendly as her circle of operations had widened. One elderly woman at one of these *séances* sketched in very vivid language the difference between the treatment she received at the men's savings banks, where they grabbed her money without a thank you, and threw her her pass-book without a word, and at Mrs. Howe's, where she was urged to take a chair, kindly thanked for her deposit, encouraged to present the questions connected with her "winter suit," and where, as she expressed it in one felicitous word, the banking was "sympathetic." On the other hand, the male writers not only sneered at the women who deposited for their ignorance and credulity, but lectured them for their dishonesty in accepting or seeking an amount of interest which of course must be stolen from some other women, — a charge, in the writer's opinion, most unfair and unkind, for no woman whose understanding allowed her to trust the Ladies' Deposit could have been capable of grappling with the question as to where her interest came from. There was one class of Mrs. Howe's adherents who surpassed any who have yet been mentioned: a couple of hundred or so of these to this day admit no decline in their faith, and say that if Mrs. Howe were allowed to go free she would soon pay all she owes to such as had always clung to her. Many of these persons are evidently "stool pigeons," and perch suspiciously near to the "president," but some of them are as evidently sincere, and their existence proves the power of Mrs. Howe's personality as well as the fathomless folly of human nature. Out of these devoted dupes the attempt was made — and for a little while with some promise of success — to raise a subscription fund of $1000, in order to secure the services of General Butler in defense of the woman who had robbed them. Of any one of this sort Mrs. Howe might say as Iago of Othello, — with a very slight change of Shakespeare's text, — "I have made her thank me, love me, and reward me for making her egregiously an ass, and practicing upon her peace and quiet." The most ludicrous features of the whole business were the suggestions that the hostility of the men grew out of their

jealousy at female success in financiering which they could neither understand nor equal, and that a feeling of "gallantry" ought to have deterred them from so vigorously attacking the schemes of a number of "ladies." It looked a little as if some rather intelligent women were touched by the latter idea. But it was too absurd a point to argue: the policeman who stops the hand of a murderess or even of a female pickpocket may surely be pardoned for deranging her crimps. On the 2d of October, it is to be noted, Mrs. Howe appeared in her own defense in a long communication addressed to the Advertiser, in the composition of which she had plainly been helped. This letter was simply a piece of insolent vulgarity, without argument or even sense, and showed from beginning to end the hand of a desperate adventuress. It followed hard upon the appearance of a certain carpenter at the Advertiser office, whom Mrs. Howe had sent to the editor upon a vain message of peace, and whose services as ambassador she had secured by the payment of five dollars in advance.

During the three weeks in which the Ladies' Deposit was the subject of all this varied comment, not a person of any recognized position in the world of society, of business, or of thought had a word to say in support of the fraud, or attempted to weaken the attack upon it, with one notable exception. On the 5th of October, there appeared in the columns of the Advertiser a letter signed by Miss Mary Abigail Dodge, of Hamilton, in which the critics of the Ladies' Deposit were criticised, and the concern and its "president" defended. It appeared at first to those who read this letter that there must be some mistake about its authorship. To be sure, there were touches in it of Miss Dodge's keen wit, traces of her shrewd humor, many of her characteristic vivacities of style; but where were the clearness of sight, the swift intuition, the "saving common sense," by which so much of her writing had been distinguished? Where, indeed? Anger seemed to be the inspiration of the epistle, and in many places its words "breathed a kind of fury," and struck here, there, and everywhere, like the blows of a man blind with impotent rage. What the production as a whole meant, or was meant to mean, few persons after reading it could tell, unless it were the old familiar truth that the men were a poor set of sneaks, incapable through their dullness of comprehending feminine enterprise, through their baseness of appreciating feminine benevolence. Miss Dodge's comments upon the Advertiser's articles were very amusing. Its trustworthiness in reporting she pulverized by triumphantly showing that the paper had contradicted itself as to the regulation hour of closing the bank for business, and had in one place insisted that that hour was five, when in point of fact it was four! The chronicle of Mrs. Howe's career she characterized as "scullery scandal," — though every word of it was true, and its most important statements could be verified by reference to court records which were cited, or to living persons whose names were given. Finally, in one peculiarly unfortunate sentence Miss Dodge let it be seen that she had a very faint conception of what she was talking about. She quoted from the Advertiser, "Every one with a moment's thought knows it is impossible to fulfill its [the Deposit's] extraordinary promises [of interest] except for short periods," and this was her reply: "Very well. It is only necessary to fulfill them for short periods to secure every one against loss. How short? In nine months and two weeks every woman receives her whole capital back again." "Bredren, if ebery one of you would jus' come early, ebery one of you could have a front seat," said a darkey preacher to a crowded congregation that complained of insufficient sittings; which anecdote coupled with

Miss Dodge's own words "is enough" and "will serve," as Mercutio says, to demonstrate just how well she understood the situation at Mrs. Howe's bank. It is not the writer's purpose to moralize Miss Dodge's letter, and her sufferings from press and magazine ridicule just after its publication must have expiated any fault she committed; but no record of the decline of the Ladies' Deposit would be complete without a mention of her contribution. The truth seemed to be that Miss Dodge had attempted, with some personal sacrifice, to help certain poor acquaintances to comfort by depositing for them in this bank, and that the newspaper attacks which soon followed ruined her kindly projects. She was naturally disappointed, and perhaps not unnaturally angry. But the extreme rage even of a clever woman will not enable her to write a sensible letter on a difficult subject of which she has no knowledge. Afterward, in the Boston Journal, Miss Dodge hedged a good deal, — so much so, indeed, that her last utterances were darker than Delphic oracles. In the light of subsequent events her public attitude has an intensely comic look. One may picture the situation as something like this: Miss Dodge, clad in flamboyantly feminine garments, surmounted by a brilliant sunshade of a golden red, sits tranquilly in the midst of a plain upon a camp-stool. She is presently aware of a squad of journalists rapidly approaching from the front. "Madam or Miss," says the chief of the troop, "permit us to inform you that a furious cow is making at your rear, with intentions evidently hostile to you and your parasol." "And why so officious?" sniffs the lady; "why so critical of the conduct of a cow? Poor spiteful man, look to your own sex. Are the bulls all peaceful and harmless? Answer me that?" "They are not, I confess it," the journalist replies, "and numbers of them now gore at large; but really, Miss, this cow, which is now quite near you, has a very bad reputation, and" — "Indeed!" Miss Dodge interrupts, "has she so? And how did you learn that? Have you seven affidavits in your breast-pocket to make good your charge?" "Not quite seven," the reporter stammers, "but I have three, and very strong ones, too." "Tell me, then," rejoins the lady, "what color do you claim that this animal's eyes are?" "Dark green, I should say," gasps the penman; "but really I have not" — "I thought as much," shrills Miss Dodge, "miserable lying caitiff, with your three little wretched bits of scullery scandal trying to ruin the fame of a cow that has sky-blue orbs! And has it occurred to you that the presence of you and your low companions might excite a beast otherwise harmless to injurious rage? I can inform you, however, that the cow which you thus cruelly asperse is the most gentle and charitable quadruped" — And upon this word the catastrophe comes, Miss Dodge and her theories go up together, and her parasol is carried off on the animal's horns. We chastely avert our eyes. The lady herself must be on her feet again very soon, and it will be interesting to know which of her theories survives the shock, or whether she admits that she and they were tossed at all. Most *men* will probably remain firm in the opinion that her disaster was the result of her sex, her parasol, and the cow's disposition combined.

The remainder of the story may be quickly told. On the 18th of October, 1880, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Gould were brought up in the municipal court of the city of Boston for criminal business, waived examination, and were held to bail for their appearance in the superior court in the sums specified at the beginning of this article. In a few weeks they both obtained bail and were set at liberty; but a little later Mrs. Howe was surrendered by her bondsmen and returned to jail, where she has spent

most of the time since her original arrest. Her trial in the superior court before Mr. Justice Aldrich occupied several days, and she was defended by A. O. Brewster, Esquire, and C. H. Crosby, Esquire, with all possible vigor and devotion. The indictment against her was in five counts, and charged her with "cheating by false pretenses" — a crime distinguished in our statutes from "common cheating" — five different depositors. The false pretense alleged and proved was her statement of the existence of a Quaker fund of a million and a half upon which her "bank" was founded, which false pretense induced the women named in the indictment to give her their money. The government did not ask for a conviction upon the fifth count. The judge conducted the trial with the utmost care and with scrupulous impartiality. The government was ably and powerfully represented by Mr. M. O. Adams, the assistant district attorney. The jury took a little more than an hour to deliberate, and rendered a verdict of guilty upon each of the first four counts, and of not guilty on the fifth. The prisoner's exceptions to certain of Judge Aldrich's rulings are still pending, as has already been said. A "true bill" was found by the grand jury against Mrs. Gould, but she has not yet been tried. Soon after Mrs. Howe's arrest her depositors attempted to find and take her property, and various legal proceedings were begun for that purpose, in all of which Mrs. Howe, aided by her attorneys, was as obstructive as possible. It was not until November 5, 1880, that she was adjudicated insolvent, under the "involuntary" process; and a fortnight later Augustus Russ, Esquire, was appointed her assignee, with results which have already been substantially set out. From the first to the last of the whole business the police and detective force of the city of Boston stood simpering by. The matter transcended all their experience and precedents, and they were as helpless, as useless, and as mute as so many oysters in the bed of Charles River. This is not the first instance, nor is it the tenth, in the history of this country in which crimes have been discovered and criminals brought to justice through the agency of the newspaper.

Henry A. Clapp.

PHILIP'S DEATH CELL IN THE ESCORIAL.

HERE Philip died. A dark, low-vaulted room,
With one cramped window, void of heaven or day,
Through which a vision swells of columns gray
Lifting a great gray dome; and in the gloom
Rise jasper altar-stairs. Above them loom
The stretched arms of the Cross, — Life, Truth, and Way
All centred there to him who, dying, lay
Here where I stand, — dying with Herod's doom
Full fastened on him. And I seem to be
Alone with Philip's presence, and to grow
Incorporate with the time and man; to see
With clearer eyes how hate to man may flow
From love to Christ outpoured mistakenly,
And ask, Shall such be crimson, or as snow?

A. A. Adee.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE new books concerning Madame de Staël (Le Salon de Madame Necker and A Study of the Life and Times of Madame de Staël) will probably renew the everlasting riddle of Madame Récamier. In Dr. Stevens's book we are again confronted by that gentle sphinx, smiling, shedding tears, sympathizing right and left as usual, making as many conquests in her Indian summer as in her May. Two distinguished men, who never bowed the knee at her shrine, have declared that by observing her dispassionately they discovered her secret. One of these was the celebrated lawyer and orator Berryer. There were strong influences to propel him within the circle of her sempiternal charm. Châteaubriand and Berryer were the most eminent members of the Legitimist party, and Châteaubriand and Madame Récamier were the sun and moon of the adoring group which assembled in her little drawing-room at the Abbaye aux Bois. But while Châteaubriand had withdrawn from the world, and stood apart, like the solitary column of the Colonnas, Berryer was in the fervid activity of professional and public life and social success, the standard-bearer of the white banner of the Bourbons. His personality and self-assertion were too marked to permit him to make one of Madame Récamier's coterie, all men of talent, learning, or distinction, but among whom Châteaubriand alone was recognized as illustrious. So Berryer frequented the Abbaye aux Bois, not as a worshiper, but as a spectator, and he came to the conclusion that Madame Récamier's irresistible attraction lay in her art of listening. He said that she had cultivated it as an accomplishment, and showed marvelous study and skill in the degrees and shades of her silence and attention; that a man in talking to her always felt her presence, never her individuality,— she belonged to him for the moment.

The other recalcitrant is Mérimée, who asserted that her spell consisted in a few phrases of direct and rather coarse flattery, repeated like a litany in the ear of every man to whom she talked. His harsh judgment is confirmed in a measure by Sismondi, who in one of his letters or diaries records with impatience the arrival of Madame Récamier at Coppet, where Madame de Staël's brain-club was in session, and says that now there will be no more conversation, as the beauty talks with only one person at a time, apart, and in an undertone. This account accords with Madame Sophie Gay's description of Madame Récamier's appearance in Madame de Staël's drawing-room one night when the Duke of Wellington was expected there, and the lady of the house going aside and whispering with her until the duke was announced.

There is a convergence in the testimony of these witnesses which strengthens Berryer's theory. Mérimée was not a talker himself; his laconisms and epigrams did not give Madame Récamier scope to exercise her accomplishment, and he mistook the intention of her flattering murmurs. If listening was her one talent, it is easy to understand why she preferred a sort of public *tête-à-tête* to general conversation. But the mystery evaporates. To be the most beautiful woman of one's time cannot be given to every daughter of Eve, nor, alas, to have a sweet temper and amiable disposition; but it has never been asserted that these gifts, or even these in conjunction with graceful manners, explained Madame Récamier's magical power over men. If, however, it lay in the perfection with which she listened,

it is an open secret, and ladies all, you have the recipe; it remains only to apply it!

— As old copies of favorite pieces of music grow tattered and tumble to pieces with much playing, and are replaced by new ones, I am surprised and sorry to see that the dedications have disappeared from the new editions. I find no exception; it is the same whether published by old or new houses. There may be a reason for this, and I hope that there is, and a good one, as otherwise it is a species of robbery. After a composer's death, the fame of his works belongs to him, the profit to his publishers, the sentimental association to those to whom they were originally inscribed. The dedications are data for the men's memoirs. There are, no doubt, unwritten ones, not always understood even by those to whom they are addressed. The young daughter of Count Esterhazy, one of Schubert's generous friends, herself the ideal love of his short, sad life, asked him once why he never dedicated anything to her. "Everything I write is dedicated to you," he replied. So, doubtless, said Chopin to George Sand, whose name, written so indelibly on his life, appears on no composition of his. These dedications belong to the inner, secret history, which is told only in the music. But on the title-page of the first copy is generally the name of a splendid patron, like Beethoven's Prince Lichnowsky; of a woman of fashion, whose smiles have encouraged the artist, and perhaps brought him into notice; of a brother or sister musician, composer or performer; sometimes of an humble, obscure friend. With many of these, noble or obscure, the dedication is their best title to remembrance, and the honor which was paid them by a genius should connect their memory with his. All dedications have historical value; Thackeray's to the tailor who gave him credit is a touching bit of biography. In taking a number of books from the shelf at hazard, I find the original dedication in the latest editions. If this right of property be respected in literature, why not in music?

— The pang of envy with which we listen to Jones when he tells of his intimate acquaintance with famous authors, artists, etc., admits of consolation. Jones has often purchased his privilege at a considerable advance beyond its value. If he is a man of sensibility, he has suffered much disappointment in the destruction of those ideals which his synthetic fancy had created from qualities apparently indicated in the artists by their various works. Until calloused by experience, he must have been pained to find that Apollo was not Apollo unless padded with his art, and that the god was, morally, a very knock-kneed, undeveloped divinity. This ruinous effect of a near approach to the creative sources brings unwelcome doubts as to whether art has any essential connection with morals; and even after overcoming our skepticism we are still confronted with the paradox so frequently exhibited by artists whose cleverest strokes are made in delineating the very qualities which they personally lack.

It is commonly assumed that when work shows a delicate appreciation for some lofty idea its creator must be actuated, in his private relations, by a corresponding sentiment. But if we accept the logical import of Jones's evidence, we are led to the conclusion that so long as the world yields moral material to work in, artists may, without much detriment to their visible standard of production, dispense with a direct interest in questions relating to the rectitude of their own actions. That sensitiveness to the beauty of virtue which is evinced in their works does not argue a corresponding thinness of the moral epidermis.

This is an unfailing source of wonder to Jones. It nonpluses him that Mrs. Q., who leaves her sick baby in order to

appear in society, can sing lullabies with such exquisite tenderness; and that T., the actor, is able to portray such delightful constancy, when his domestic affairs are known to be in hopeless confusion. Happily for those concerned, Jones turns from the ruins of one ideal to the construction of another. This touching, obstinate faith may compensate for all the short-comings found among instances like those referred to; but it does not help us to answer the puzzling question how artists are often able seemingly to refute the aphorism that "something cannot come from nothing." The usual way of getting over the difficulty is to accuse our own powers of perception, and to assume that the poet, actor, painter, possesses, in some unfamiliar form, the virtue of which his works show a fine conception. Taken in the broad sense, which regards him as one of nature's forces, working always and by impulsion towards what is highest, such a view is not wide of the mark; but it shows him as he should be, rather than as we find him. The present question is personal, not general. A dealer in artists' materials is not reconciled to the theft of his brushes because they are to be used in painting a picture of Honesty.

The moral temperament examines everything from within, outwards. Its interest is first awakened by the indwelling intent, and from this it proceeds to external effects, which are regarded as of secondary importance, being but reflections of the real and valuable. It perceives beauty only from the central point of morality, and weighs it in its single regard to the social welfare.

The æsthetic temperament stands without, and looks inwards. It sees, first, beauty; then, if its vision be clear enough, virtue. Its antennæ are so acutely sensitive as to reveal to it the harmonies not only of sensuous, but also of moral, things. Its attention is absorbed by these harmonies, however, and there is needed the addition of a sympathy with that which lies beyond, if it is ever to see and reach so far. This sympathy is not akin to the so-called "feeling" betrayed by the best artists. The former incites to a moral act; the latter to the reproduction of the beauty contained in such an act. Pure morality arrives at beauty through goodness; pure æstheticism reaches goodness through beauty. By the latter progression goodness is indeed reached, but in the impersonal form, as a result of law.

It is at this point that we are apt to become perplexed, when we descend from generalizations, and undertake to consider the artist as an individual. We see him constantly making little journeys towards the moral centre, and we are surprised that he has not long since reached it. At a certain place we lose sight of him. The work leaves its author behind, shakes off his fettering personality, and becomes part of a divine whole, as a spirit is said to be merged in the essence of Brahma.

The man who remains unsatisfied with his expression of a lofty idea in art until he has followed that idea still farther, and made it a part of his moral code, does just what we expect of him. He has produced something grand and elevating, — has strengthened his soul by the intelligent exercise of his genius in order to reach an aim greater than that which forms the immediate office of art. The type which puzzles us consists of such as stop short at the point of revealment. They are endowed with an intellectual appreciation, delicate sensibility, æsthetic sense, — call it what you will, — that enables them to conjure up from the materials which creation offers conceits which are often not inferior to those of the first-mentioned type; but, having made them perceptible to others, they rest content with the beauty they have brought into the world. Such people look at a stone arch for its pictorial effect; the question respecting

its strength is of comparatively small importance to them. They do not, indeed, omit this element from their calculations, for they know its æsthetic value; there being, however, no probability that they will ever stand upon the arch, their interest ceases when their own end is served.

An artist can render to us only the likenesses of his impressions; but whether the latter have accorded with his individual virtues, or been influenced by the mere desire to accomplish art's proximate object, — to please, — is not discoverable from his impressions as reflected in his work, because these may consist of only a perfect intellectual appreciation of the manner in which this or that virtue makes itself manifest. When weaknesses are shown, it is not because they exist in the artist's character, and must therefore force themselves into notice, but because they happen to preponderate over his æsthetic capabilities. His art is not large enough to hide him. If, however, he is able to give full expression to a love for beauty, his failings may be veiled by the inherent morality of his work. In this way, we can imagine a devil lost to his own deviltry by an overpowering attraction to the beautiful, and giving his own nature the lie by the production of highly moral works. As the artist's picture, poem, statue, gives us only the representation of a thing, and not the thing itself, so his relation to virtue may be simply external, connecting him, in proportion to his degree of talent, more or less completely with its indications, but not, as an artist, with its internal experience.

Every one is ready to laugh at the story which Mr. Lewes tells of a French actor, whose person was unsafe in public because of the ire roused against him by his truthful delineation of the character of a villain; yet the public sentiment in this case is perhaps no more to be ridiculed than a private prejudice which, founded upon the similar ground of an art manifestation, should induce the opposite conclusion, and cause one to regard the artist as a necessarily model man.

— A while ago one of the members of the Contributors' Club remarked that some Americans consider the German ideal of wifehood the true one, but deprecated any general imitation of the German wife by American women.

Now, although the English authoress of German Home Life gives a painful picture of the narrowness, drudgery, and ungrace of the lives of matrons in Germany, and compares them most unfavorably with her own countrywomen, and though my fellow contributor intimated that few American ladies ever iron a shirt-front, peel potatoes, or are scolded over the household bills, the evidence before us favors the belief that our ladies are constantly undergoing just those experiences, or their equivalents. As for the housekeeping-book, is there a family in the land, of which the husband holds the purse-strings, where it is not the unfailing *casus belli?* I mean where the married pair have any disagreements at all. Of course there are pairs who never have any differences, and their situation, as Dr. Watts said concerning the conventicle, must be

"Like a little heaven below."

But my contributor admits that the German wife is contented, and assumes that her contentment with her shirts and potatoes indicates an inferiority; and, conversely, that the American is not contented; she has, in fact, a soul above buttons. Now, I maintain that by so much as the German *haus-frau* is satisfied with her lot, to that extent has she the advantage of her American sister, for many reasons. The portraitures in German Home Life notwithstanding, I must give the experience of a gifted American girl, who spent six years in various German families in Hamburg and Berlin, as contradicting the asser-

tion that German husbands are not attentive to their wives. This lady stated that she had been much struck not only with the skill of the German housewives, and their entire supremacy in their homes, but with the devotion of their husbands to them. She said that the matrons went constantly to theatres and gardens with their husbands, who also escorted them, as a matter of course, to all the social gatherings which they were pleased to attend. Everywhere the presence of married ladies was observable.

Thus it appears that the German wife, hard as her labors are, is rewarded by a certain social consideration, and a certain amount of out-door diversion, which no doubt is the secret of her contentment. She also entertains her friends according to her means, and enjoys the approval which her culinary successes call forth from them. But the American wife differs from the foreign in several prime respects, especially in our highly respectable and educated New England. First, because in the depths of her free-born soul the ideal existence does *not* include housework, while the real article compels much of it, generally complicated by incompetent servants. Secondly, the American wife pays a degree of homage to the demon of style, which the German does not. In the American wife's house there must be upholstery and carpets, upon her clothing all the varieties of trimming it is able to carry, and everything about her must be as orderly and as ornate as her own ingenuity and exertion can make it. Not so with the German matron, who puts the money those things cost into hospitality, and the delightful pleasures of music, drama, and a hundred little inexpensive excursions out-of-doors. Consequently she is less nervous and debilitated with the care of her six or eight children crowded into a flat than the American in her four-story house, with few or no children. For the American matron tries to be a good manager, careful mother, skillful cook, nurse, dressmaker, general decorator, philanthropist, and active church member besides, and runs up and down stairs sempiternally to do it all. The German woman leaves the church to the government, wears dowdy dresses, and when she goes out visiting takes her bit of exquisite fancy-work or knitting to employ her fingers; she is not counting the minutes, card-case in hand, to make sure that her full-dress "call" is not too long! The American matron *must* be well dressed, though her husband is usually conspicuously absent from her side; so we judge that she arrays her person, as she regulates her conscience, in accordance with some higher law, and not with a view to selfish advantage.

Summing up the difference between the two, we find it as follows: The German matron is less beautiful and ethereal, less dainty in her surroundings. But she has more real pleasure and greater social prestige, though there is less *show* of compliment to her, and she is not troubled with vain ambitions nor weak nerves. The American woman is a more complex creature; more outwardly charming, less inwardly harmonious. She is the slave of appearances, willing or not, and once married is, in Solomon's expressive phrase, "a fountain sealed." If she have children, she is practically lost to society until they are nearly grown up, and she is too fatigued with the effort of rearing them to care for anything but the eventless quiet of a forgotten middle age.

For my part, I think that the German matron has the best of it.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science. In the International Scientific Series, the latest volume is Karl Semper's Animal Life as affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence. It is an attempt to apply exact investigation to the doctrine of variability. The book is furnished with two maps and one hundred and six woodcuts. (Appleton.) — The Endowment of Scientific Research is the title of an address given by Prof. George Davidson before the California Academy of Sciences, of which the author is president. His claim is that the State should furnish the endowment. — Dr. St. George Mivart's monograph on The Cat, an introduction to the Study of Backboned Animals, especially mammals, has been published by Scribners in an octavo volume, apparently from English plates, certainly in a fair page, with abundant illustration. The work is necessarily a contribution also to the question of the origin of species. — A second series of Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects, by H. Helmholtz, translated by E. Atkinson, has been published by Appleton. One interesting topic is on the relation of optics to painting, and the essays and addresses are marked by candor and freshness of interest. — In the International Scientific Series, the thirty-second volume is entitled General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves, by Dr. J. Rosenthal. The volume is in some sense a pioneer work in the subject. (Appleton.) — The History of a Mountain, translated from the French of Elisée Reclus, by Bertha Ness and John Lillie (Harpers), is a poetic rather than fanciful biography of mountain forms; one may be glad that science is here popularized in a genuine and not artificial manner. — Electric Meteorology is a pamphlet which comes to us from G. A. Rowell, at Oxford (Slatter & Rose), and is an endeavor to show the general agency of electricity in the cause of rain and its allied phenomena, with an appeal for the consideration of the theory advanced. — Mr. Alexander Ramsay sends the first number of The Scientific Roll and Magazine of Systematized Notes (London: Bradbury, Agnew & Co.), the application, apparently, to current scientific literature of the method used for furnishing lawyers with the points of recent decisions. — From G. Reimer, Berlin, we have received Zinn, eine Geologisch-Montanistisch-Historische Monografie, von E. Reyer. Industrial statistics form also an important feature.

Lexicography. A Handbook of English Synonyms is a compact little book of a hundred and fifty pages, giving in alphabetical order a large number of words in ordinary use, with their synonyms, but with no definitions or distinctions. The object is to supply one with a better word than the one he has in his mind. The compiler is Loomis J. Campbell, who has had much experience with school-books. (Lee & Shepard.) — Mr. Alfred Leach has written a clever little book on The Letter H, Past, Present, and Future (London: Griffith & Farran; New York: Dutton), in which, with serious intent, he gives rules for the silent *h*, based on modern usage, and notes on *wh*; the treatise is deliberate, but the author easily gets caught in the humorous toils of his subject.

Medicine and Hygiene. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's Lectures on Diseases of the Nervous System, especially in Women (H. C. Lea's Son & Co.), comes with authority from the writer's reputation; and if any one needs further assurance, let him read the catalogue of Dr. Mitchell's memberships on the title-page. — The Wilderness Cure, by Marc Cook (Wood), is a matter-of-fact, interesting report, by one who has tried it, of the therapeutic powers of the Adirondacks in cases of pulmonary phthisis. The record is by a layman, but is well supplemented by professional testimony. There is some evidence from the style of the writer that he had a resolution and a sanguinary temperament, which must count on the side of recovery.

Domestic Economy. D. Appleton & Co. have begun the publication of a series of Home Books, as they are called, devoted to all subjects pertaining to the home and the household. Three volumes have been published, Building a Home, How to Furnish a Home, and The Home Garden. The first is by A. F. Oakey, the others by Ella Rodman Church; all are illustrated, and from their limited dimensions are compelled to treat the subjects suggestively. We think more suggestion could have been had if the writers had written less; there is no room in such books for chat. It is a pity that something should not have been said of landscape gardening on a small scale, a subject which has only just begun to receive attention, but may well be made interesting to multitudes of small householders. — Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes is the title of a carefully prepared volume by Constance Cary Harrison (Scribners), which by illustrations and patterns and explicit directions offers to supply all aspiring and decorative women with works wherewith to make their homes blossom. If only one could supply taste as well!

Fiction. The Sword of Damocles is a new novel by Anna Katharine Green (Putnams), and belongs to the same class as her previous stories, The Leavenworth Case and A Strange Disappearance. Like them it ties hard knots and unties them with great elaborateness. — Mr. Perkins' Daughter, by the Marchioness Clara Lanza (Putnams), has a portrait of the heroine facing the title-page, and an explanatory note advising the reader that Periodical Amnesia was not invented by her. But would not the dedication have been sufficient guarantee? — It is but a thin disguise which was thrown off by Rev. W. M. Baker when he brings out his latest novel, Blessed Saint Certainty, as an extension in some ways of His Majesty Myself, which was published in the No Name Series. (Roberts Bros.) This novel has the incisive and irregular power which has marked other of his books. The

strength of conviction with which he writes goes far to redeem his novels from their artistic faults. — The latest novel of Feuillet which has been translated is Bellah, a historical novel, the scene laid in Brittany in the years of the French Revolution. (Petersons.) — The latest issues in the Leisure Hour Series (Holt) are Matrimony, by W. E. Norris (the reader may be assured that there is no nonsense about the title. The marriage does take place, contrary to the principles of some novelists of the day); and A Matter-of-Fact Girl, by Theo. Gift, who wrote the agreeable storyof Pretty Miss Bellew. — In the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) the latest issues are, My Love, by E. Lynn Linton, — his love is Stella Branscombe, and her lover is Cyril Ponsonby, and with these two names the reader may let his imagination take wings; Beside the River, by Katharine S. Macquoid, which is dedicated pleasantly to Robert Browning's Son ; Harry Joscelyn, by the industrious Mrs. Oliphant. — In the No Name Series the latest issue is Manuela Parèdes, which will be found sufficiently stimulating. — The second part of Jules Verne's The Steam House, with the subtitle Tigers and Traitors, has been translated by Miss Agnes D. Kingston, who translated also the first part. It is occupied with Northern India, and completes the work. — Rochefort's novel of Mademoiselle Bismarck has been translated by Virginia Champlin (Putnams), and published in the series of Trans-Atlantic Novels. What an advertising advantage these fire-brand public men have when they publish their *first* novel! — It is with a little reluctance that we class here the very interesting Loukis Laras, reminiscences of a Chiote merchant during the Greek War of Independence, by D. Bikelas (Appleton, Handy-Volume Series), so strongly does it appeal to the reader's historic taste. — The Earl of Mayfield, by Thomas P. May (Petersons), is a fresh issue of an old book, published anonymously. The novel deals with such late history as the war for the Union. The writer announces himself as a Southern Unionist; that he is a Southerner appears from the noble birth and fortunes of his hero, a Confederate private.

Philosophy, Theology, and Religion. Rev. W. R. Alger, in his essay, The School of Life (Roberts Bros.), develops the thought involved in the title, and by an ingenious use of the appointments of education throws light upon the development of human character in the conduct of life. — The Boston Monday Lectures, which for several years were the exclusive property of the Rev. Joseph Cook, were during the past winter distributed among a number of eminent divines, representing in general the evangelical school of thought, and the result is contained in a volume entitled Christ and Modern Thought (Roberts Bros.): the first lecture being by Mr. Cook; those following by Bishop Clark, Drs. Hopkins, McCosh, Crosby, Robinson, John Cotton Smith, and others. The lecture platform is certainly most valuable when there is, as here, a positive appeal to thought, and a well-planned conspectus of some great theme. — In the series of English Philosophers the latest volume is that devoted to David Hartley and James Mill, by G. S. Bower. (Putnams.) Two short chapters are given of a biographical character, the rest of the book being an examination of the system, of which they were successive exponents. — Christianity's Challenge, and some Phases of Christianity submitted for Candid Consideration, is the title of a small volume of lectures, by the Rev. Herrick Johnson, D. D. (Chicago: Cushing, Thomas & Co.) Its title intimates the aggressive character of the treatment, but the aggressiveness is of the sort that is resenting an insult. — A Companion to the Revised Version of the New Testament, by Alexander Roberts, D. D., one of the English revisers (Cassell), explains the reasons for the changes made. The volume contains a supplement noting the work done by the American committee. The book will be a convenient aid to those who wish to understand the scope of the revision without minute study of their own. — The Fathers of the Third Century, by Rev. Geo. A. Jackson, is the second volume in the useful series of Early Christian Literature Primers, edited by Prof. G. P. Fisher. (Appleton.) — The Old Testament in the Jewish Church, Twelve Lectures on Jewish Criticism (Appleton), will be read with interest, since the lectures formed the basis of attack upon the author, Professor W. Robertson Smith, of Aberdeen, who was driven from his chair. The revival of interest in biblical science is a noteworthy sign of the times.

Criticism. Thomas Carlyle, the Man and his Books, illustrated by personal reminiscences, table-talk, and anecdotes of himself and his friends, by Wm. Howie Wylie, has been published in the Franklin Square Series. (Harpers.) It was printed in England before the appearance of the Reminiscences, and may thus be taken as an independent piece of biographic criticism. In the same series appears Lord Beaconsfield, a Study, by the Danish critic, Georg Brandes. The author, following the line of his own studies, presents Beaconsfield as he finds him in Disraeli's writings. — The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People, by John George Bourinot (Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.), is a review of the journals, native literature, and educational movements in Canada. There are a great many names, and the author has a hopeful mind. He sees also that progress must be along the line of self-reliant nationality, and that Canada is still eminently provincial. — Corneille and Racine, by Henry M. Trollope (Lippincott), is a volume in the series of Foreign Classics for English Readers. The work is rather descriptive and summary than critical.

Social Science and Political Economy. Coöperation as a Business, by Charles Barnard (Putnams), is a lively account of the various coöperative enterprises which have succeeded. Its readableness is increased by the author's habit of looking at the enterprises as if he wished to embark in them all. One can in an hour or two get from this book a clear notion of societies which to the uninitiated appear complicated and mysterious. — Mr. Steuben T. Bacon has invented a ballot-box which is intended to circumvent all rascals who use it, and secure too the registering of honest

votes. He has published a little pamphlet, not descriptive of it, but as a plea for its necessity, under the title The Ballot, Dangers from its Perversion: An Appeal and Method for maintaining its Purity. The author may be addressed at 125 W. Concord Street, Boston. His sincerity and his ingenuity are equally commendable. — Col. J. W. Powell, the president of the Anthropological Society of Washington, has prepared and issued an abstract of the society's transactions, together with his annual address; the material is drawn largely from explorations among Indian tribes. — Two pamphlets containing information for emigrants have been published: one by John R. Procter, on the Climate, Soils, Timber, etc., of Kentucky, contrasted with those of the Northwest (Frankfort, Ky.: S. T. M. Major); the other upon Texas and her Capabilities, by W. W. Lang, of Marlin, Texas. — Culture and Cooking, or Art in the Kitchen, by Catherine Owen (Cassell), like many books of its class, protests at once against being called a cookery book. We should have supposed it was from its contents: hash, puff-paste, windsor pie, remarks on soups, potted meats, potato salad, — are all these creatures of the imagination? There are mingled observations on economy and servants, which probably deceive the author. — The Society for Political Education, New York, has issued a useful list, in its series of Economic Tracts, of books recommended for general reading, and as an introduction to special study on Political Economy and Political Science.

History and Biography. In Cassell's Popular Library has been published The Scottish Covenanters, by Dr. James Taylor, a brief compend of their history; its popularity will depend largely upon the sympathy of its readers. — Dr. Bartol's discourse on Mr. Fields (Boston: A. Williams & Co.) is not a biographic sketch, but a kind characterization, a sketch, indeed, with the mere incidents of his life omitted. — The Life-Work of Elbridge Gerry Brooks, by his son (Universalist Publishing House), is a biographic sketch, which undertakes to treat the subject not individually, but in its relations. Mr. Brooks might perhaps say that he had modeled not a separate statue of his father, but one figure on a bas-relief. — Mr. George T. Ferris continues his music series of brief biographic sketches in The Great Violinists and Pianists. (Appleton, Handy-Volume Series.)

Bibliography. The thirty-second annual report of the trustees of the Astor Library has been published. (Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co.) It is a legislative document, required by the act of incorporation, and indulges the reader with little beyond statistics.

Literature. A new and enlarged edition of Mr. Field's Underbrush (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) was ready for publication just at the time of his death, and now appears in a pretty dress, a cheerful souvenir of the friendly writer. The last pages of the book contain sketches which were not in the first edition. — Mr. Frederic May Holland has translated Browning's Sordello into a brief story. (Putnams.) — Journal of a Farmer's Daughter is the title of a little volume of prose notes on country life, with occasional poetical interludes, written by Elaine Goodale. The book is honest in its bearing, though not free from self-consciousness; we are a little impatient at this persistency of print. Might not Miss Goodale be a severer critic upon herself in the simple matter of publication? (Putnams.)

Books for Young People. How surprised De Foe will be when he reads this page to find Robinson Crusoe under this heading! It is issued in Harper's Franklin Square series. The edition seems to be complete. — The Harpers, who keep an eye on all classes of readers, have just issued a couple of books for the little folk, The Young Nimrods in North America, by Thomas W. Knox, and Who was Paul Grayson? by John Habberton. Both volumes are lavishly illustrated. If Mr. Habberton's story has for the juvenile mind as much charm as it lacks for the adult reader, it ought to be a very popular work. The Young Nimrods, as its title intimates, is a narrative of lively hunting adventures.

Business. Dr. T. Sterry Hunt publishes a report on The Mineral Resources of the Hocking Valley. (Boston: S. E. Cassino.) The Hocking Valley is in Southeastern Ohio, and Dr. Hunt gives an account of its coals, iron-ores, blast furnaces, and railroads. A careful map of the region accompanies the work.

Geography and Travel. From the Government Printing Office is issued Captain C. L. Hooper's report of the cruise of the United States revenue steamer Corwin in the Arctic Ocean. The cruise was on the Alaska coast and in the Behring Sea, and the report contains a little of various kinds of information respecting the country and its inhabitants, the sea, its ice, and its whales. — A new edition of D. Mackenzie Wallace's Russia has been issued by Henry Holt & Co. — Seven Years in South Africa, by Dr. Emil Holub (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an elaborate work in two octavo volumes, recording the travels, researches, and hunting adventures between the diamond-fields and the Zambesi (1872–1879). It is abundantly illustrated and furnished with maps. — Random Rambles, by Mrs. L. C. Moulton (Roberts), is a collection of short sketches of foreign life and scenes, desultory and untroubled about weighty matters.

Poetry and the Drama. The production of the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles at Sanders Theatre in Cambridge, has stimulated Mr. William W. Newell, a Harvard graduate, to render the play into English verse. This may be taken as one of the incidental advantages of the Greek play. It will be a pity if the representation does not inspire still further classic adventures. (Cambridge, Mass.: C. W. Sever.) — Volume XV. of the Harvard Shakespeare of Mr. Hudson (Ginn & Heath) contains King Lear and Timon of Athens; Volume XVI., Antony and Cleopatra, and Troilus and Cressida.

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DEVOTED TO

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME XLVIII.—NUMBER 286

AUGUST, 1881

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Björnson gives a picture of Norwegian life of charming simplicity, yet in many respects graphic and of an interest broadly human. He shows us the sturdy farmer as he appears at the fireside; the gathering at church and wedding ceremony; the hearty manliness of the young son of Norway; the roughly grand landscape, touched with sunshine and storm. — *Boston Traveller.*

TO THE CENTRAL AFRICAN LAKES AND BACK.

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**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

Richard Grant White's New Book, "England Without and Within," embodies the admirable articles on England, English customs and peculiarities, which Mr. White has contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly" for several months past; and to these, which have been carefully revised, are added other articles on the same subject, — the whole forming a volume which discusses some features of English society and character which ordinary tourists either do not see, or fail to appreciate and describe with any fullness. Mr. White's book is not by any means an ordinary book of travel: it is a book of observation, of study, of reflection; and while it is written with that charm of style which makes all of Mr. White's works so readable, and thus will attract the attention of those who seek merely to be entertained, those who wish a book of positive value and fresh suggestion in regard to England, and its diversified literary and social customs and interests, will find this book peculiarly satisfactory.

Miss Phelps's New Story. — Those who have read the monthly installments of "Friends" in successive numbers of the "Atlantic" will be glad to know that the story has been published in book form. Perhaps no one of Miss Phelps's previous stories has excited more interest, or been read with more eager attention, than this. It has all those characteristics which have made Miss Phelps's stories peculiarly interesting to a large number of American readers; and those who have read her "Gates Ajar," "The Silent Partner," "Hedged In," and "The Story of Avis" do not need to be told what those characteristics are; they are entirely satisfied with the stories themselves, and any analysis of them, or eulogy of the genius which produces them, is superfluous. This story is brought out in a book which is externally more attractive than any of Miss Phelps's previous books, and it may reasonably be expected to be found at all the mountain and seaside resorts this summer. Certainly the season will bring very few books so worthy of attention, and so sure to excite and reward interest as this.

The Philosophy of Carlyle. — Although the "Reminiscences" of Carlyle have caused much criticism, and have produced a distaste to hear about Carlyle this feeling is to all thoughtful minds clearly a temporary feeling. The "Reminiscences" manifestly represent Carlyle diseased. Thoughtful persons will gladly appeal from these to Carlyle in health, as represented in the great works which have given him his immortal repute as one of the great classical writers in English literature. Mr. Edwin D. Mead has written a small volume to set forth in clear and orderly style the distinguishing features of Carlyle's philosophy, and to ascertain what are his real rank and value as a thinker. This little volume is not intended as a transient dam against the tide of adverse judgment caused by the "Reminiscences," nor is it a blind panegyric of Carlyle's opinions, but is rather a calm, dispassionate effort to ascertain as precisely as possible the characteristic traits and permanent elements in Carlyle's views of the great subjects to which he devoted his thoughts in those works which most commend him to the admiration and gratitude of mankind.

Edgar Fawcett's New Story. — One of the pleasantest novels of last year was Mr. Edgar Fawcett's story "A Hopeless Case." Its freshness and graphic descriptions of New York society, and the attractive character of its heroine, combined to make it one of the most popular and readable stories of recent years. This year Mr. Fawcett gives us a story of equal attractiveness, entitled "A Gentleman of Leisure," and summer readers can safely arrange to secure this for a part of their entertainment for the coming season. Mr. Fawcett's opportunities for observing the characters and customs of society in our largest cities, and his literary facility, insure a book of positive value as a picture of current social life, as well as a book of decided literary value.

Three New "Modern Classics." — Three new volumes have just been added to the attractive series of Modern Classics. These have been chosen with special reference to the tastes of people for summer reading. One of them includes "Tales of the White Hills," and "Legends of New England," selected from Hawthorne's works, prefaced with Mr. Fields' admirable essay upon Hawthorne. The second contains Mr. Lowell's delightful essays, "A Moosehead Journal," "My Garden Acquaintance," and "A Good Word for Winter," together with Bloomfield's poem, "The Farmer's Boy." The third is composed entirely of essays and sketches by Mr. Howells, contain-

ing "A Day's Pleasure," "Buying a Horse," "Flitting," "The Mouse," and "A Year in a Venetian Palace." Those who are seeking pleasant and every way delightful books for summer reading should make a note of these three.

An Important Work on Theism. — Prof. Diman's Lowell Institute Lectures on the "Theistic Argument as affected by Recent Theories," has just appeared in a handsome octavo under the very competent editorship of Prof. George P. Fisher of Yale College. The work is of peculiar interest not merely on account of its scholarship, and its remarkable literary skill, but yet more for the admirable skill and perfect good temper with which the author treats those theories of modern scientists which have been regarded as antagonistic to Theism. In a commemorative discourse upon Prof. Diman, Prof. Murray of Princeton, says: "In the autumn of 1879 he was invited to give a course of Lowell lectures, and deferring to the strongly expressed wish of Mr. Lowell that they should discuss some subjects connected with Natural Theology, he turned aside from his favorite historic studies, chose for his theme the relation of the latest scientific theories to Theism, and gave a long and laborious winter to their preparation. He read widely and thoroughly all that scientific scholarship had to urge on which he could lay his hands; he grappled with the subject, shunned no difficulties, and the result of it all was, in the words of Prof. Fisher, a man competent to judge, 'a noble vindication of Theism, treating fully and satisfactorily the problems and objections raised by the sciences of the day, and having the literary charm that belongs to everything he wrote.'"

Dr. Mulford's Great Work, "The Republic of God," is probably destined to produce more important results than almost any other religious book published for many years. It will make no special commotion, but by its vigorous, constant appeal to the larger hope and the inmost trust of mankind, it cannot fail to aid very powerfully in the removal of barriers between men and the truth, in the uplifting of men from easy content with a creed into the energy and joy of a positive life inspired by a reasonable and divine faith. — While the critics are deeply considering their verdict, the following paragraph from the *New York Times* about the mechanical execution of the volume may be of interest: —

The contents of Dr. Mulford's "Republic of God" have already been mentioned, but the book itself, so far as the printer's and binder's art has to do with it, is quite as remarkable as what is to be found within it. No book has ever been issued from the Riverside Press, it is safe to say, which in many points is so thoroughly made and so fitted in its outside dress to its inward thought as this. The page, the margins, the rough edges, the flexible back, the plain binding, the rich color of the cloth, and even the lettering of the paper title on the back are in thorough keeping and harmony. For once a scholar's book is sent forth in the dress which scholars admire.

Parton's Life of Voltaire, in two stately volumes, is far the fullest and most complete account ever given in English of this remarkable man. Probably no one was ever discussed, disputed over, represented and misrepresented, and in almost every conceivable particular lied about, so much as Voltaire. Mr. Parton has aimed to extract the truth from this huge mass of irreconcilable statements, and the world now has probably the most nearly accurate report ever made of Voltaire, and certainly the most interesting. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: —

Mr. James Parton's "Life of Voltaire" is the great American book, thus far, of the year 1881, and one of the most entertaining works of biography in our language. In this line of literature Mr. Parton is without a living rival. He has explored all the huge mass of Voltaire's works and the huger one of the books that have been written about him. Collecting and arranging all the best material thus obtained, he has made a narrative, clear and continuous, that fills two big volumes, but that no reader would like to have abridged. In thus telling the story of Voltaire's life, Mr. Parton tells the story of European political, literary and social life as it was during the greater part of the eighteenth century. The grosser scandals of courts and society are omitted, but there are points of them touched upon that give piquancy and pungency to the narrative, while they present nothing that can shock the modesty of the conventionally proper reader.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* pronounces this "one of the most important books of the year," and adds: "Mr. Parton is one of the most agreeable writers of English in our day, and this 'Life of Voltaire' is as pleasant reading as one could wish to take up."

The Gospel of the Resurrection. — The book which Dr. Whiton published a few years since, "Is Eternal Punishment Endless?" has had no small influence on Christian thought, and no less may be expected of his "Gospel of the Resurrection," just issued. It is a book that will stimulate thinking upon a subject where there has been too little thinking and too much blind believing. Following the inductive rather than the dogmatic method, it aims to show what to think by showing how to think. Its presentation, at once Biblical and rational, compact and clear, of truths which dogmatism has embarrassed with much needless difficulty, will commend it to many, both in the church and out of it, who want to know how the facts of the Christian revelation can be held in harmony with their perceptions, more or less clear, of the Divine order of the world under the reign of law. Although not professedly a book of consolation, it will prove such in reality to many of "the brotherhood of the bereaved," to whom it is dedicated.

Longfellow Leaflets. — The best teachers of to-day are impressed by the facility with which all children learn to read, and alarmed by the equal facility with which, after they have learned to read, they devote themselves so largely to bad reading. They feel profoundly the need of doing something to foster

in the minds of children a love for good books. Miss J. E. Hodgdon, an intelligent teacher in New Hampshire, has prepared a little collection, called "Longfellow Leaflets," comprising numerous extracts from the poems and prose writings of Mr. Longfellow, chosen with special reference to use in schools, — pieces that can be used for recitation, declamation, for reading at sight, for reading in concert, etc. All of these selections have been tried, and have been found to enlist the hearty interest of pupils. They are arranged in two forms: one a pamphlet for the teacher's use, the other grouping these various pages as leaflets in an envelope, and intended to be distributed among the pupils, so that they may read or commit to memory the poems or prose passages which the leaflets contain. Some of these may be used each day as a kind of literary impulse, and can also be used on special afternoons which may be devoted entirely to literary exercises. The character of the selections promises the best results from their use, and we are certain that not only all good teachers, but all good citizens, will rejoice in every effort like this to foster in children of all classes a love for the best and purest literature.

Edgar Quinet is a name little known in America; but among all intelligent readers in France, and the best readers in England, his name stands for what is noblest in the scholarship, philosophy, patriotism and manhood of the France of this century. Mr. Richard Heath has written an account of Quinet's early life and of his writings, in a volume which has just been brought out in the "Philosophical Library," and which commends itself to the careful attention of those who wish to know how the most important problems presented themselves to the mind of this very clear-sighted and resolute student of the facts of philosophy and of life.

A New Book of African Exploration. — In the years 1878–80 an expedition was made, under the auspices of the British Royal Geographical Society, to the Central African lakes. The expedition was sent out under the command of Mr. Keith Johnston, son of the distinguished geographer, and after his death, which occurred before the expedition was fairly begun, the command devolved upon Joseph Thomson, who conducted with eminent success the explorations and observations, which the expedition was organized to make, with the loss of but one man out of the 150 with which he started. His expedition confirmed many of the points made by previous explorers, and made not a few additional discoveries, which are described with great clearness and in an altogether interesting style by Mr. Thomson. The work comprises two octavo volumes, with a portrait of Mr. Keith Johnston, and a map, and is a very opportune work just now when so much interest is felt in regard to the territory, people, and resources of all parts of Africa before unexplored. The work is an excellent companion to Holub's "Seven Years in South Africa." Indeed, the London *Athenæum* says that "neither Major Pinto nor Dr. Holub has added so largely to our knowledge of regions hitherto unknown."

Birthday Books. — The Emerson Birthday Book, which has just appeared, is a model of its class. Instead of the haphazard way in which many books of this kind are made up, the selections in this have been made with so great intelligence, and arranged with so great care, that it is a positive work of art. The skill shown in choosing from Mr. Emerson's writings those passages which apply best to the beginning and end of the year, to the various seasons of the year, and to special days, is quite remarkable; and we are confident that all who admire Mr. Emerson's works will find unusual pleasure in looking over these selections, which include the most significant and characteristic passages from his prose and poetry. As in the case of the Longfellow Birthday Book, the value and interest of the little volume are increased by an admirable new portrait, and by twelve fine illustrations, one for each month. Both these Birthday Books have a value far above that which most books of their class possess; and instead of being mere toys and curious trifles, will be found by all the lovers of Longfellow and Emerson delightful repositories of their wisest and most delightful sayings. The right hand pages, which contain blank spaces for autographs and other important records, render the books valuable as albums to record the names of one's family friends and associates; and in time one of these little books, in addition to its literary value, will become a casket of the most interesting personal associations.

A Delightful Book for Boys and Girls. — The New York *Evening Post* says: —

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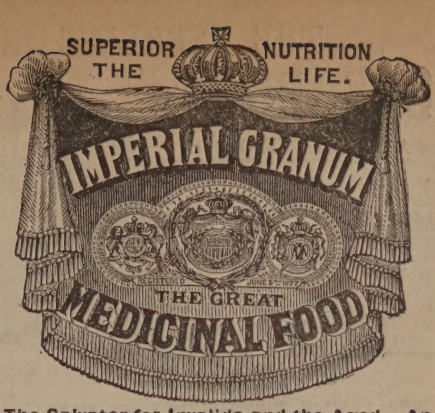

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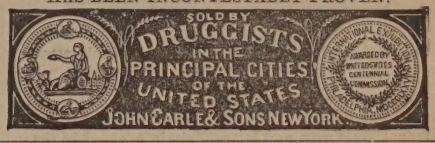

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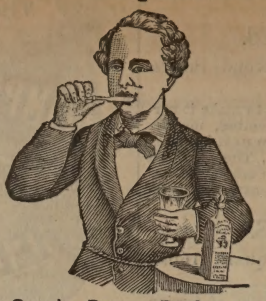

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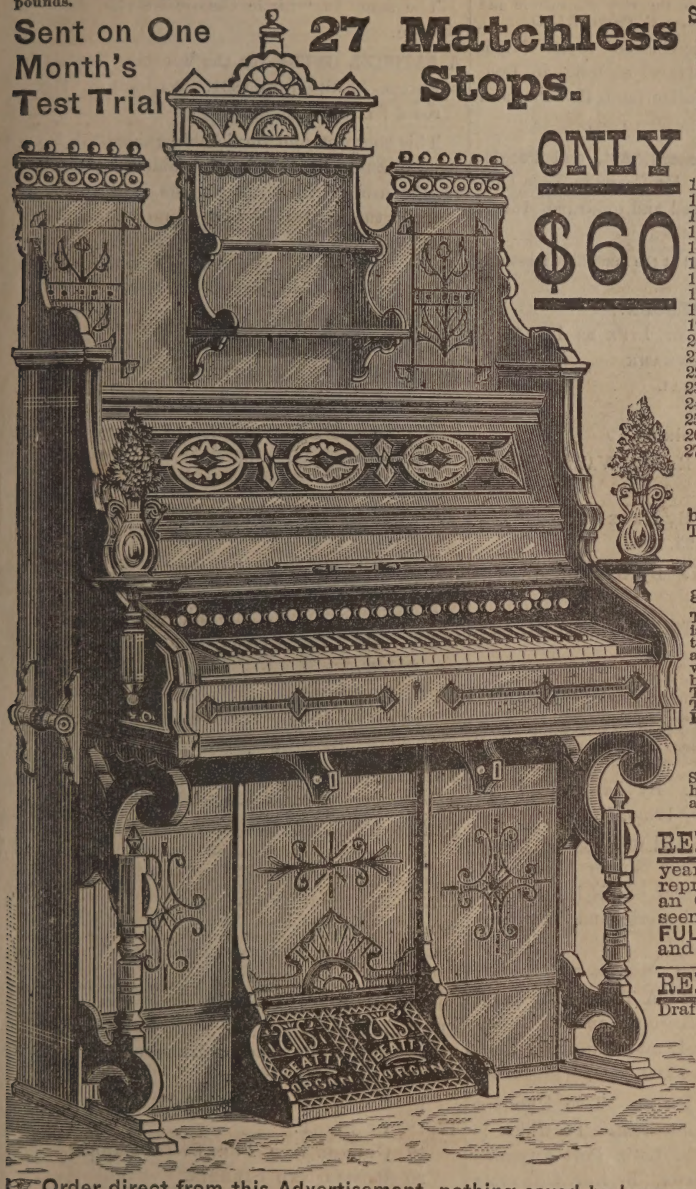

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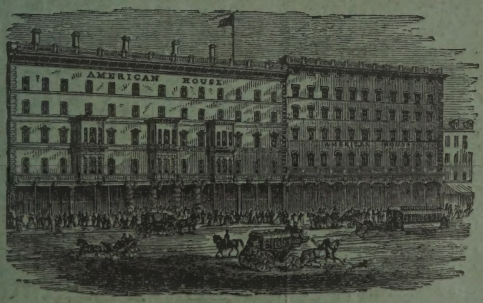

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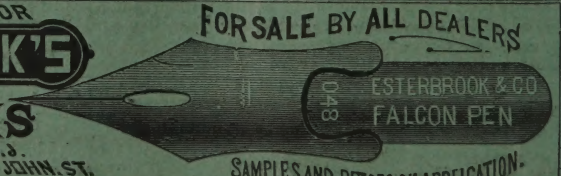

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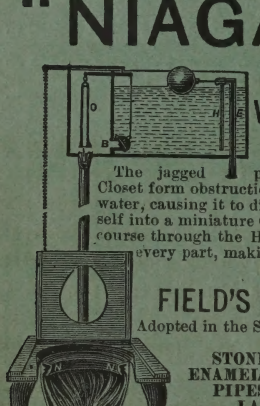

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THE

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DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.[1]

I.

NEAR the verge of a bold promontory stands the hotel, and looks southeastward over a sweep of sea unbroken to the horizon. Behind it stretches the vast forest, which after two hundred years has resumed the sterile coast wrested from it by the first Pilgrims, and has begun to efface the evidences of the inroad made in recent years by the bold speculator for whom Jocelyn's is named. The young birches and spruces are breast high in the drives and avenues at Jocelyn's; the low-blackberry vines and the sweet-fern cover the carefully graded sidewalks, and obscure the divisions of the lots; the children of the boarders have found squawberries in the public square on the spot where the bandstand was to have been. The notion of a sea-side resort at this point was courageously conceived, and to a certain extent it was generously realized. Except for its remoteness from the railroad, a drawback which future enterprise might be expected to remedy in some way, the place has many natural advantages. The broad plateau is cooled by a breeze from the vast forests behind it, which comes laden with health and freshness from the young pines; the sea at its feet is warmed by the Gulf Stream to a temperature delicious for bathing. There are certainly mosquitoes from the woods; but there are mosquitoes everywhere, and the report that people have been driven away by them is manifestly untrue, for who ever comes to Jocelyn's remains. The beach at the foot of the bluff is almost a mile in its curve, and it is so smooth and hard that it glistens like polished marble when newly washed by the tide. It is true that you reach it from the top by a flight of eighty steps, but it was intended to have an elevator, like those near the Whirlpool at Niagara. In the mean time, it is easy enough to go down, and the ladies go down every day, taking their novels or their needle-work with them. They have various notions of a bath: some conceive that it is bathing to sit in the edge of the water, and emit shrieks as the surge sweeps against them; others run boldly in, and after a moment of poignant hesitation jump up and down half a dozen times, and run out; yet others imagine it better to remain immersed to the chin for a given space, looking toward the shore with lips tightly shut and the breath held. But after the bath they are all of one mind; they lay their shawls on the warm sand, and, spreading out their hair to dry, they doze in the sun, in such coils and masses as the unconscious figure lends itself to. When they rise from their beds, they sit in the

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shelter of the cliff and knit or sew, while one of them reads aloud, and another stands watch to announce the coming of the seals, which frequent a reef near the shore in great numbers. It has been said at rival points on the coast that the ladies linger there in despair of ever being able to remount to the hotel. A young man who clambered along the shore from one of those points reported finding day after day the same young lady stretched out on the same shawl, drying the same yellow hair, who had apparently never gone up-stairs since the season began. But the recurrence of this phenomenon in this spot at the very moment when the young man came by might have been accounted for upon other theories. Jocelyn's was so secluded that she could not have expected any one to find her there twice, and if she had expected this she would not have permitted it. Probably he saw a different young lady each time.

Many of the same boarders come year after year, and these tremble at the suggestion of a change for the better in Jocelyn's. The landlord has always believed that Jocelyn's would come up, some day, when times got better. He believes that the narrow-gauge railroad from New Leyden — arrested on paper at the disastrous moment when the fortunes of Jocelyn's felt the general crash — will be pushed through yet; and every summer he promises that next summer they are going to have a steam-launch running twice a day from Leyden Harbor. But at present his house is visited once a day by a barge, as the New England coast-folks call the vehicle in which they convey city boarders to and from the station, and the old frequenters of the place hope that the station will never be nearer Jocelyn's than at present. Some of them are rich enough to afford a sojourn at more fashionable resorts; but most of them are not, though they are often people of polite tastes and of æsthetic employments. They talk with slight of the large watering-places, and probably they would not like them, though it is really economy that inspires their passion for Jocelyn's with most of them, and they know of the splendid weariness of Newport mostly by hearsay. New arrivals are not favored, but there are not often new arrivals at Jocelyn's. The chief business of the barge is to bring fresh meat for the table and the gaunt bag which contains the mail; for in the first flush of the enterprise the place was made a post-office, and the landlord is postmaster; he has the help of the lady-boarders in his official duties.

Scattered about among the young birches there are several of those pine frames known as shells, within easy walk of the hotel, where their inmates board. They are picturesque interiors, and are on informal terms with the public as to many domestic details. The lady of the house, doing her back hair at her dressing-room glass, is divided from her husband, smoking at the parlor fire-place, only by a partition of unlathed studding. The arrest of development in these shells is characteristic of everything about the place. None of the improvements invented since the hard times began have been added to Jocelyn's; lawn-tennis is still unknown there; but there is a croquet-ground before the hotel, where the short, tough grass is kept in tolerable order. The wickets are pretty rusty, and it is usually the children who play; but toward the close of a certain afternoon a young lady was pushing the balls about there. She seemed to be going over a game just played, and trying to trace the cause of her failure. She made bad shots, and laughed at her blunders. Another young lady drooped languidly on a bench at the side of the croquet-ground, and followed her movements with indifference.

"I don't see how you did it, Louise," panted the player; "it's astonishing how you beat me."

The lady on the bench made as if to answer, but ended by coughing hoarsely.

"Oh, dear child!" cried the first, dropping her mallet, and running to her. "You ought to have put on your shawl!" She lifted the knit shawl lying beside her on the bench, and laid it across the other's shoulders, and drew it close about her neck.

"Oh, don't!" said the other. "It chokes me to be bundled up so tight." She shrugged the shawl down to her shoulders with a pretty petulance. "If my chest 's protected, that 's all that 's necessary." But she made no motion to drape the outline which her neatly-fitted dress displayed, and she did not move from her place, or look up at her anxious friend.

"Oh, but don't sit here, Louise," the latter pleaded, lingering near her. "I was wrong to let you sit down at all after you had got heated."

"Well, Grace, I had to," said she who was called Louise. "I was so tired out. I 'm not going to take more cold. I can always tell when I am. I 'll put on the shawl, in half a minute; or else I 'll go in. I 'm sure there 's nothing to keep me out. That 's the worst of these lonely places: my mind preys upon itself. That 's what Dr. Nixon always said: he said it was no use in air so long as my mind preyed upon itself. He said that I ought to divert my mind all I could, and keep it from preying upon itself; that it was worth all the medicine in the world."

"That 's perfectly true."

"Then you ought n't to keep reminding me all the time that I 'm sick. That 's what *starts* my mind to preying upon itself; and when it gets going once I can't stop it. I ought to treat myself just like a well person; that 's what the doctor *said*."

The other stood looking at the speaker in frowning perplexity. She was a serious-faced girl, and now when she frowned her black brows met sternly above her gray eyes. But she controlled any impulse she had to severity, and asked gently, "Shall I send Bella to you?"

"Oh, no! I can't make society out of a child the *whole* time. I 'll just sit here till the barge comes in. I suppose it will be as *empty* as a gourd, as usual." She added, with a sick and weary negligence, "I don't even know where Bella is. She 's run off, somewhere."

"It 's quite time she should be looked up, for tea. I 'll wander out that way and look for her." She indicated the wilderness generally.

"Thanks," said Louise. She now gratefully drew her shawl up over her shoulders, and faced about on the bench so as to command an easy view of the arriving barge. The other met it on her way to the place in the woods where the children usually played, and found it as empty as her friend had foreboded. But the driver stopped his horses, and leaned out of the side of the wagon with a little package in his hand. He read the superscription, and then glanced consciously at the girl. "You 're Miss Breen, ain't you?"

"Yes," she said, with lady-like sweetness and a sort of business-like alertness.

"Well," suggested the driver. "This is for Miss Grace Breen, *M. D.*"

"For me, thank you," said the young lady. "I 'm Dr. Breen." She put out her hand for the little package from the homœopathic pharmacy in Boston; and the driver yielded it with a blush that reddened him to his hair. "Well," he said slowly, staring at the handsome girl, who did not visibly share his embarrassment. "They *told* me you was the *one;* but I could n't seem to get it through me. I thought it must be the *old* lady."

"My mother is *Mrs.* Breen," the young lady briefly explained, and walked rapidly away, leaving the driver stuck in the heavy sand of Sea-Glimpse Avenue.

"Why, *get* up!" he shouted to his

horses. "Goin' to stay here all *day?*" He craned his neck round the side of the wagon for a sight of her. "Well, dumn 'f I don't wish *I* was sick! Steps along," he mused, watching the swirl and ripple of her skirt, "like — *I* dunno what!"

With her face turned from him Dr. Breen blushed, too; she was not yet so used to her quality of physician that she could coldly bear the confusion to which her being a doctor put men. She laughed a little to herself at the helplessness of the driver, confronted probably for the first time with a graduate of the New York homœopathic school; but she believed that she had reasons for taking herself seriously in every way, and she had not entered upon this career without definite purposes. When she was not yet out of her teens, she had an unhappy love affair, which was always darkly referred to as a disappointment by people who knew of it at the time. Though the particulars of the case do not directly concern this story it may be stated that the recreant lover afterwards married her dearest girl-friend, whom he had first met in her company. It was cruel enough, and the hurt went deep; but it neither crushed nor hardened her. It benumbed her for a time; she sank out of sight; but when she returned to the knowledge of the world she showed no mark of the blow except what was thought a strange eccentricity in a girl such as she had been. The world which had known her — it was that of an inland New England city — heard of her definitely after several years as a student of medicine in New York. Those who had more of her intimacy understood that she had chosen this work with the intention of giving her life to it, in the spirit in which other women enter convents, or go out to heathen lands; but probably this conception had its exaggerations. What was certain was that she was rich enough to have no need of her profession as a means of support, and that its study had cost her more than the usual suffering that it brings to persons of sensitive nerves. Some details were almost insuperably repugnant; but in schooling herself to them she believed that she was preparing to encounter anything in the application of her science.

Her first intention had been to go back to her own town after her graduation, and begin the practice of her profession among those who had always known her, and whose scrutiny and criticism would be hardest to bear, and therefore, as she fancied, the most useful to her in the formation of character. But afterwards she relinquished her purpose in favor of a design which she thought would be more useful to others: she planned going to one of the great factory towns, and beginning practice there, in company with an older physician, among the children of the operatives. Pending the completion of this arrangement, which was waiting upon the decision of the other lady, she had come to Jocelyn's with her mother, and with Mrs. Maynard, who had arrived from the West aimlessly, sick and unfriended, just as they were about leaving home. There was no recourse but to invite her with them, and Dr. Breen was finding her first patient in this unexpected guest. She did not wholly regret the accident; this, too, was useful work, though not that she would have chosen; but her mother, after a fortnight, openly repined, and could not mention Mrs. Maynard without some rebellious murmur. She was an old lady, who had once kept a very vigilant conscience for herself; but after making her life unhappy with it for some threescore years, she now applied it entirely to the exasperation and condemnation of others. She especially devoted it to fretting a New England girl's naturally morbid sense of duty in her daughter, and keeping it in the irritation of perpetual self-question. She had never actively opposed her studying medicine; that am-

bition had harmonized very well with certain radical tendencies of her own, and it was at least not marriage, which she had found tolerable only in its modified form of widowhood; but at every step after the decisive step was taken she was beset with misgivings lest Grace was not fully alive to the grave responsibilities of her office, which she accumulated upon the girl in proportion as she flung off all responsibilities of her own. She was doubtless deceived by that show of calm which sometimes deceived Grace herself, who, in tutoring her soul to bear what it had to bear, mistook her tense effort for spiritual repose, and scarcely realized through her tingling nerves the strain she was undergoing. In spite of the bitter experience of her life, she was still very ardent in her hopes of usefulness, very scornful of distress or discomfort to herself, and a little inclined to exact the heroism she was ready to show. She had a child's severe morality, and she had hardly learned to understand that there is much evil in the world that does not characterize the perpetrators: she held herself as strictly to account for every word and deed as she held others, and she had an almost passionate desire to meet the consequence of her errors; till that was felt, an intolerable doom hung over her. She tried not to be impulsive; that was criminal in one of her calling; and she struggled for patience with an endeavor that was largely successful.

As to the effect of her career outside of herself, and of those whom her skill was to benefit, she tried to think neither arrogantly nor meanly. She would not entertain the vanity that she was serving what is called the cause of woman, and she would not assume any duties or responsibilities toward it. She thought men were as good as women; at least one man had been no worse than one woman; and it was in no representative or exemplary character that she had chosen her course. At the same time that she held these sane opinions, she believed that she had put away the hopes with the pleasures that might once have taken her as a young girl. In regard to what had changed the current of her life, she mentally asserted her mere nullity, her absolute non-existence. The thought of it no longer rankled, and that interest could never be hers again. If it had not been so much like affectation, and so counter to her strong æsthetic instinct, she might have made her dress somehow significant of her complete abeyance in such matters; but as it was she only studied simplicity, and as we have seen from the impression of the barge-driver she did not finally escape distinction in dress and manner. In fact, she could not have escaped that effect if she would; and it was one of the indomitable contradictions of her nature that she would not.

When she came back to the croquet-ground, leading the little girl by the hand, she found Mrs. Maynard no longer alone and no longer sad. She was chatting and laughing with a slim young fellow, whose gay blue eyes looked out of a sunburnt face, and whose straw hat, carried in his hand, exposed a closely shaven head. He wore a suit of gray flannel, and Mrs. Maynard explained that he was camping on the beach at Birkman's Cove, and had come over in the steamer with her, when she returned from Europe. She introduced him as Mr. Libby, and said, "Oh, Bella, you dirty little thing!"

Mr. Libby bowed anxiously to Grace, and turned for refuge to the little girl.

"Hello, Bella!"

"Hello!" said the child.

"Remember me?"

The child put her left hand on that of Grace holding her right, and prettily pressed her head against the girl's arm in bashful silence. Grace said some coldly civil words to the young man, without looking at Mrs. Maynard, and passed on into the house.

"You don't mean *that's* your doctor?" he scarcely more than whispered.

"Yes, I do," answered Mrs. Maynard. "Is n't she too lovely? And she 's just as *good!* She used to stand up at school for me, when all the girls were down on me because I was Western. And when I came East, this time, I just went right straight to her house. I knew she could tell me exactly what to do. And that 's the reason I 'm here. I shall always recommend this air to anybody with lung difficulties. It 's the greatest *thing!* I 'm almost another person. Oh, you need n't look after *her*, Mr. Libby! There 's nothing flirtatious about Grace," said Mrs. Maynard.

The young man recovered himself from his absent-minded stare in the direction Grace had taken, with a frank laugh. "So much the better for a fellow, I should say!"

Grace handed the little girl over to her nurse, and went to her own room, where she found her mother waiting to go down to tea.

"Where is Mrs. Maynard?" asked Mrs. Breen.

"Out on the croquet-ground," answered the daughter.

"I should think it would be damp," suggested Mrs. Breen.

"She will come in when the tea-bell rings. She would n't come in now, if I told her."

"Well," said the elder lady, "for a person who lets her doctor pay her board, I think she 's very independent."

"I wish you would n't speak of that, mother," said the girl.

"I can't help it, Grace. It 's ridiculous, — that 's what it is; it 's ridiculous."

"I don't see anything ridiculous in it. A physician need not charge anything unless he chooses, — or she; and if I choose to make Louise my guest here it 's quite the same as if she were my guest at home."

"I don't like you to have such a guest," said Mrs. Breen. "I don't see what claim she has upon your hospitality."

"She has a double claim upon it," Grace answered, with a flush. "She is in sickness and in trouble. I don't see how she could have a better claim. Even if she were quite well I should consider the way she had been treated by her husband sufficient, and I should want to do everything I could for her."

"I should want her to behave herself," said Mrs. Breen dryly.

"How behave herself? What do you mean?" demanded Grace, with guilty heat.

"You know what I mean, Grace. A woman in her position ought to be more circumspect than any other woman, if she wants people to believe that her husband treated her badly."

"We ought n't to blame her for trying to forget her troubles. It 's essential to her recovery for her to be as cheerful as she can be. I know that she 's impulsive, and she 's free in her manners with strangers; but I suppose that 's her Westernism. She 's almost distracted. She was crying half the night, with her troubles, and kept Bella and me both awake."

"Is Bella with her now?"

"No," Grace admitted. "Jane 's getting her ready to go down with us. Louise is talking with a gentleman who came over on the steamer with her; he 's camping on the beach near here. I did n't wait to hear particulars."

When the nurse brought the little girl to their door, Mrs. Breen took one hand and Grace the other, and they led her down to tea. Mrs. Maynard was already at table, and told them all about meeting Mr. Libby abroad.

Until the present time she and Grace had not seen each other since they were at school together in Westhampton, where the girl used to hear so much to the disadvantage of her native section

that she would hardly have owned to it if her accent had not found her out. It would have been pleasanter to befriend another person, but the little Westerner suffered a veritable persecution, and that was enough to make Grace her friend. Shortly after she returned home from school she married, in that casual and tentative fashion in which so many marriages seem made. Grace had heard of her as traveling in Europe with her husband, from whom she was now separated. She reported that he had known Mr. Libby in his bachelor days, and that Mr. Libby had traveled with them. Mr. Maynard appeared to have left to Mr. Libby the arrangement of his wife's pleasures, the supervision of her shopping, and the direction of their common journeys and sojourns; and it seemed to have been indifferent to him whether his friend was smoking and telling stories with him, or going with his wife to the opera, or upon such excursions as he had no taste for. She gave the details of the triangular intimacy with a frank unconsciousness; and after nine o'clock she returned from a moonlight walk on the beach with Mr. Libby.

Grace sat waiting for her at the little one's bedside, for Bella had been afraid to go to sleep alone.

"How good you are!" cried Louise, in a grateful under-tone, as she came in. She kissed Grace, and choked down a cough with her hand over her mouth.

"Louise," said Grace, sternly, "this is shameful! You forget that you are married, and ill, too."

"Oh, I'm ever so much better, to-night. The air's just as dry! And you need n't mind Mr. Libby. He's such an *old* friend! Besides, I'm *sure* to gain the case."

"No matter. Even as a divorced woman, you ought n't to go on in this way."

"Well, I would n't, with *every* one. But it 's quite different with Mr. Libby. And, besides, I have to keep my mind from preying on itself *some* how."

II.

Mrs. Maynard sat in the sun on the seaward-looking piazza of the hotel, and coughed in the warm air. She told the ladies as they came out from breakfast that she was ever so much better, generally, but that she seemed to have more of that tickling in her throat. Each of them advised her for good, and suggested this specific and that; and they all asked her what Miss Breen was doing for her cough. Mrs. Maynard replied, between the paroxysms, that she did not know: it was some kind of powders. Then they said they would think she would want to try something active; even those among them who were homœopathists insinuated a fine distrust of a physician of their own sex. "Oh, it 's nothing serious," Mrs. Maynard explained. "It 's just bronchial. The air will do me more good than anything. I'm keeping out in it all I can."

After they were gone, a queer, gaunt man came and glanced from the doorway at her. He had one eye in unnatural fixity, and the other set at that abnormal slant which is said to qualify the owner for looking round a corner before he gets to it. A droll twist of his mouth seemed partly physical, but there is no doubt that he had often a humorous intention. It was Barlow, the man-of-all-work, who killed and plucked the poultry, peeled the potatoes and picked the peas, pulled the sweet-corn and the tomatoes, kindled the kitchen fire, harnessed the old splay-footed mare, — safe for ladies and children, and intolerable for all others, which formed the entire stud of the Jocelyn House stables, — dug the clams, rowed and sailed the boat, looked after the bath-houses, and came in contact with the guests at so many points that he was on easy terms with them all. This ease tended to an intimacy which he was himself powerless to repress, and which, from time to time,

required their intervention. He now wore a simple costume of shirt and trousers, the latter terminated by a pair of broken shoes, and sustained by what he called a single gallows; his broad-brimmed straw hat scooped down upon his shoulders behind, and in front added to his congenital difficulty of getting people in focus. "How do you do, this morning, Mrs. Maynard?" he said.

"Oh, *I'm* first-rate, Mr. Barlow. What sort of day do you think it's going to be for a sail?"

Barlow came out to the edge of the piazza, and looked at the sea and sky. "First-rate. Fog 's most burnt away, now. You don't often see a fog at Jocelyn's after ten o'clock in the mornin'."

He looked for approval to Mrs. Maynard, who said, "That 's so. The air 's just splendid. It 's doing everything for me."

"It 's these pine woods, back o' here. Every breath on 'em does ye good. It 's the balsam in it. D' you ever try," he asked, stretching his hand as far up the piazza-post as he could, and swinging into a conversational posture, — "d' you ever try whisky — good old Bourbon whisky — with white-pine chips in it?"

Mrs. Maynard looked up with interest, but, shaking her head, coughed for no.

"Well, *I* should like to have you try that."

"What does it do?" she gasped, when she could get her breath.

"Well, it 's soothin' t' the cough, and it builds ye up, every ways. Why, my brother," continued the factotum, "he died of consumption when I was a boy, — reg'lar old New England consumption. Don't hardly ever hear of it any more, round here. Well, I don't suppose there 's been a case of *reg'lar* old New England consumption — well, not the old New England *kind* — since these woods growed up. *He* used to take whisky with white-pine chips in it; and I can remember hearin' 'em say that it done him more good than all the doctor's stuff. He 'd been out to Demarary, and everywheres, and he come home in the last stages, and took up with this whisky with white-pine chips in it. Well, it 's just like this, I presume: it 's the balsam in the chips. It don't make any difference how you git the balsam into your system, so 's 't you *git* it there. *I* should like to have you try whisky with white-pine chips in it."

He looked convincingly at Mrs. Maynard, who said she should like to try it. "It 's just bronchial with me, you know. But I should like to try it. I *know* it would be soothing; and I 've always heard that whisky was the very thing to build you up. But," she added, lapsing from this vision of recovery, "I could n't take it unless Grace said so. She 'd be sure to find it out."

"Why, look here," said Barlow. "As far forth as that goes, you could keep the bottle in my room. Not but what I believe in going by your doctor's directions, it don't matter *who* your doctor is. I ain't sayin' nothin' against Miss Breen, you understand?"

"Oh, *no!*" cried Mrs. Maynard.

"I never see *much* nicer ladies than her and her mother in the house. But you just tell her about the whisky with the white-pine chips in it. May be she never heard of it. Well, she *hain't* had a great deal of experience yet."

"No," said Mrs. Maynard. "And I think she 'll be glad to hear of it. You may be sure I 'll tell her, Mr. Barlow. Grace is everything for the balsamic properties of the air, down here. That 's what she said; and as you *say*, it does n't matter how you get the balsam into your system, so you get it there."

"No," said the factotum, in a tone of misgiving, as if the repetition of the words presented the theory in a new light to him.

"What I think is, and what I 'm always telling Grace," pursued Mrs. May-

nard, in that confidential spirit in which she helplessly spoke of her friends by their first names to every one, "that if I could once get my digestion all right, then the cough would stop of itself. The doctor said — Dr. Nixon, that is — that it was more than half the digestion, any way. But just as soon as I eat anything — or if I over-eat, a little — then that tickling in my throat begins, and *then* I commence coughing; and I 'm back just where I was. It 's the digestion. I ought n't to have eaten that mince pie, yesterday."

"No," admitted Barlow. Then he said, in indirect defense of the kitchen, "I think you had n't ought to be out in the night air, — well, not a *great* deal."

"Well, I don't suppose it *does* do me *much* good," Mrs. Maynard said, turning her eyes seaward.

Barlow let his hand drop from the piazza post, and slouched in-doors; but he came out again, as if pricked by conscience to return.

"After all, you know it did n't cure him."

"What cure him?" asked Mrs. Maynard.

"The whisky with the white-pine chips in it."

"Cure who?"

"My brother."

"*Oh!* Oh, *yes!* But mine 's only bronchial. I think it might do me good. I shall tell Grace about it."

Barlow looked troubled, as if his success in the suggestion of this remedy were not finally a pleasure; but as Mrs. Maynard kept her eyes persistently turned from him, and was evidently tired, he had nothing for it but to go in-doors again. He met Grace, and made way for her on the threshold to pass out.

As she joined Mrs. Maynard, "Well, Grace," said the latter, "I do believe you were right. I *have* taken some more cold. But that shows that it does n't get worse of itself, and I think we ought to be encouraged by that. I 'm going to be more careful of the night air after this."

"I don't think the night air was the worst thing about it, Louise," said Grace, bluntly.

"You mean the damp from the sand? I put on my rubbers."

"I don't mean the damp sand," said Grace, beginning to pull over some sewing which she had in her lap, and looking down at it.

Mrs. Maynard watched her a while in expectation that she would say more, but she did not speak. "Oh, *well!*" she was forced to continue herself, "if you 're going to go on with *that!*"

"The question is," said Grace, getting the thread she wanted, "whether *you* are going on with it."

"Why, I can't see any possible harm in it," protested Mrs. Maynard. "I suppose you don't exactly like my going with Mr. Libby, and I know that under some circumstances it *would n't* be quite the thing. But did n't I tell you last night how he lived with us in Europe? And when we were all coming over on the steamer together Mr. Libby and Mr. Maynard were together the whole time, smoking and telling stories. They were the greatest *friends!* Why, it is n't as if he was a *stranger*, or an *enemy* of Mr. Maynard's."

Grace dropped her sewing into her lap. "Really, Louise, you 're incredible!" She looked sternly at the invalid; but broke into a laugh, on which Mrs. Maynard waited with a puzzled face. As Grace said nothing more, she helplessly resumed: —

"We did n't expect to go down the cliff when he first called in the evening. But he said he would help me up again, and — he did, nicely. I was n't exhausted a bit; and how I took more cold I can't understand; I was wrapped up warmly. *I* think I took the cold when I was sitting there after our game of croquet, with my shawl off. Don't you think so?" she wheedled.

"Perhaps," said Grace.

"He did nothing but talk about you, Grace," said Mrs. Maynard, with a sly look at the other. "He 's awfully afraid of you, and he kept asking about you."

"Louise," said the other, gravely ignoring these facts, "I never undertook the care of you socially, and I object very much to lecturing you. You are nearly as old as I am, and you have had a great deal more experience of life than I have." Mrs. Maynard sighed deeply in assent. "But it does n't seem to have taught you that if you will provoke people to talk of you, you must expect criticism. One after another you 've told nearly every woman in the house your affairs, and they have all sympathized with you and pitied you. I shall have to be plain, and tell you that I can't have them sneering and laughing at any one who is my guest. I can't let you defy public opinion here."

"Why, Grace," said Mrs. Maynard, buoyed above offense at her friend's words by her consciousness of the point she was about to make, "you defy public opinion yourself a good deal more than I do, every minute."

"I? How do I defy it?" demanded Grace, indignantly.

"By being a doctor."

Grace opened her lips to speak, but she was not a ready person, and she felt the thrust. Before she could say anything Mrs. Maynard went on: "There is n't one of them that does n't think you 're much more scandalous than if you were the greatest flirt alive. But *I* don't mind them, and why should *you?*"

The serious girl whom she addressed was in that helpless subjection to the truth in which so many New England women pass their lives. She could not deny the truth which lurked in the exaggeration of these words, and it unnerved her, as the fact that she was doing what the vast majority of women considered unwomanly always unnerved her when she suffered herself to think of it. "You are right, Louise," she said, meekly and sadly. "They think as well of you as they do of me."

"Yes, that 's just what I *said!*" cried Mrs. Maynard, glad of her successful argument.

But however disabled, her friend resumed: "The only safe way for you is to take the ground that so long as you wear your husband's name you must honor it, no matter how cruel and indifferent to you he has been."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Maynard, ruefully, "of course."

"I mean that you must n't even have the appearance of liking admiration, or what you call attentions. It 's wicked."

"I suppose so," murmured the culprit.

"You have been brought up to have such different ideas of divorce from what I have," continued Grace, "that I don't feel as if I had any right to advise you about what you are to do after you gain your suit."

"I shall not want to get *married* again for *one* while; I know *that* much," Mrs. Maynard interpolated, self-righteously.

"But till you do gain it, you ought not to regard it as emancipating you in the slightest degree."

"No," came in sad assent from the victim of the law's delays.

"And I want you to promise me that you won't go walking with Mr. Libby any more; and that you won't even see him alone, after this."

"Why, but Grace!" cried Mrs. Maynard, as much in amazement as in annoyance. "You don't seem to understand! Have n't I told you he was a friend of the family? He 's *quite* as much Mr. Maynard's friend as he is mine. I 'm sure," she added, "if I asked Mr. Libby, I should never think of getting divorced. He 's *all* for George; and it 's as much as I can do to put up with him."

"No matter. That does n't alter the appearance to people here. I don't wish you to go with him alone any more."

"Well, Grace, I won't," said Mrs.

Maynard, earnestly. "I won't, indeed. And that makes me think: he wanted you to go along, this morning."

"To go along? Wanted me — What are you talking about?"

"Why, I suppose that 's his boat, out there, now." Mrs. Maynard pointed to a little craft just coming to anchor inside the reef. "He said he wanted me to take a sail with him, this morning; and he said he would come up and ask you, too. I do hope you 'll go, Grace. It 's just as calm; and he always has a man with him to help sail the boat, so there is n't the least danger." Grace looked at her in silent sorrow, and Mrs. Maynard went on with sympathetic seriousness: "Oh! there 's one thing I want to ask you about, Grace: I don't like to have any concealments from you." Grace did not speak, but she permitted Mrs. Maynard to proceed: "Barlow recommended it, and he 's lived here a *great* while. His brother took it, and he had the regular old New England consumption. I thought I should n't like to try it without your knowing it."

"Try it? What are you talking about, Louise?"

"Why, whisky with white-pine chips in it."

Grace rose, and moved towards the door, with the things dropping from her lap. One of these was a spool, that rolled down the steps and out upon the sandy road. She turned to pursue it, and recovered it at the cost of dropping her scissors and thimble out of opposite sides of her skirt, which she had gathered up apronwise to hold her work. When she rose from the complicated difficulty, in which Mrs. Maynard had amiably lent her aid, she confronted Mr. Libby, who was coming towards them from the cliff. She gave him a stiff nod, and attempted to move away; but in turning round and about she had spun herself into the folds of a stout linen thread escaping from its spool. These gyves not only bound her skirts, but involved her feet in an extraordinary mesh, which tightened at the first step and brought her to a stand-still.

Mrs. Maynard began to laugh and cough, as Mr. Libby came to her friend's help. He got the spool in his hand, and walked round her in the endeavor to free her; but in vain. She extended him the scissors with the stern passivity of a fate. "Cut it," she commanded, and Mr. Libby knelt before her and obeyed. "Thanks," she said, taking back the scissors; and now she sat down again, and began deliberately to put up her work in her handkerchief.

"I 'll go out and get my things. I won't be gone half a minute, Mr. Libby," said Mrs. Maynard, with her first breath, as she vanished in-doors.

Mr. Libby leaned against the post lately occupied by the factotum in his talk with Mrs. Maynard, and looked down at Grace as she bent over her work. If he wished to speak to her, and was wavering as to the appropriate style of address for a handsome girl, who was at once a young lady and a physician, she spared him the agony of a decision by looking up at him suddenly.

"I hope," he faltered, "that you feel like a sail, this morning? Did Mrs. Maynard" —

"I shall have to excuse myself," answered Grace, with a conscience against saying she was sorry. "I am a very bad sailor."

"Well, so am I, for that matter," said Mr. Libby. "But it 's smooth as a pond, to-day."

Grace made no direct response, and he grew visibly uncomfortable under the cold abstraction of the gaze with which she seemed to look through him. "Mrs. Maynard tells me you came over with her from Europe."

"Oh, yes!" cried the young man, the light of pleasant recollection kindling in his gay eyes. "We had a good time. Maynard was along: he 's a first-rate fellow. I wish he were here."

"Yes," said Grace, "I wish so, too."

She did not know what to make of this frankness of the young man's, and she did not know whether to consider him very depraved or very innocent. In her question she continued to stare at him, without being aware of the embarrassment to which she was putting him.

"I heard of Mrs. Maynard's being here, and I thought I should find him, too. I came over yesterday to get him to go into the woods with us."

Grace decided that this was mere effrontery. "It is a pity that he is not here," she said; and though it ought to have been possible for her to go on and rebuke the young fellow for bestowing upon Mrs. Maynard the comradeship intended for her husband, it was not so. She could only look severely at him, and trust that he might conceive the intention which she could not express. She rebelled against the convention and against her own weakness, which would not let her boldly interfere in what she believed a wrong; she had defied society in the mass, but here, with this man, whom as an atom of the mass she would have despised, she was powerless.

"Have you ever seen him?" Libby asked, perhaps clinging to Maynard because he was a topic of conversation in default of which there might be nothing to say.

"No," answered Grace.

"He's funny. He's got lots of that Western humor, and he tells a story better than any man I ever saw. There was one story of his"—

"I have no sense of humor," interrupted Grace, impatiently. "Mr. Libby," she broke out, "I'm sorry that you've asked Mrs. Maynard to take a sail with you. The sea air"—she reddened with the shame of not being able to proceed without this wretched subterfuge—"won't do her any good."

"Then," said the young man, "you must n't let her go."

"I don't choose to forbid her," Grace began.

"I beg your pardon," he broke in. "I'll be back in a moment."

He turned, and ran to the edge of the cliff, over which he vanished, and he did not reappear till Mrs. Maynard had rejoined Grace on the piazza.

"I hope you won't mind it's being a little rough, Mrs. Maynard," he said, breathing quickly. "Adams thinks we 're going to have it pretty fresh before we get back."

"Indeed, I don't want to go, then!" cried Mrs. Maynard, in petulant disappointment, letting her wraps fall upon a chair.

Mr. Libby looked at Grace, who haughtily rejected a part in the conspiracy. "I wish you to go, Louise," she declared indignantly. "I will take the risk of all the harm that comes to you from the bad weather." She picked up the shawls, and handed them to Mr. Libby, on whom her eyes blazed their contempt and wonder. It cost a great deal of persuasion and insistence now to make Mrs. Maynard go, and he left all this to Grace, not uttering a word till he gave Mrs. Maynard his hand to help her down the steps. Then he said, "Well, I wonder what Miss Breen *does* want."

"I'm sure *I* don't know," said the other. "At first she did n't want me to go, this morning, and now she makes me. I do hope it is n't going to be a storm."

"I don't believe it is. A little fresh, perhaps. I thought you might be seasick."

"Don't you remember? I 'm never seasick! That 's one of the worst signs."

"Oh, yes."

"If I could be thoroughly seasick once, it would be the best thing I could do."

"Is she capricious?" asked Mr. Libby.

"Grace?" cried Mrs. Maynard, releasing her hand half-way down the steps, in order to enjoy her astonish-

ment without limitation of any sort. "*Grace* capricious!"

"Yes," said Mr. Libby, "that's what I thought. Better take my hand again," and he secured that of Mrs. Maynard, who continued her descent. "I suppose I don't understand her, exactly. Perhaps she did n't like my not calling her Doctor. I did n't call her anything. I suppose she thought I was dodging it. I was. I should have had to call her Miss Breen, if I called her anything."

"She would n't have cared. She is n't a doctor for the name of it."

"I suppose you think it's a pity?" he asked.

"What?"

"Her being a doctor."

"I 'll tell her you say so."

"No, don't. But don't you?"

"Well, I would n't want to *be* one," said Mrs. Maynard candidly.

"I suppose it's all right, if she does it from a sense of duty, as you say," he suggested.

"Oh, yes, *she's* all right. And she's just as much of a girl as anybody, though she don't know it," Mrs. Maynard added, astutely. "Why would n't she come with us? Were you afraid to ask her?"

"She said she was n't a good sailor. Perhaps she thought we were too young. She must be older than you."

"Yes, and you, *too!*" cried Mrs. Maynard, with good-natured derision.

"She does n't look old," returned Mr. Libby.

"She's twenty-eight. How old are you?"

"I promised the census-taker not to tell till his report came out."

"What is the color of her hair?"

"Brown."

"And her eyes?"

"I don't know" —

"You had better look out, Mr. Libby!" said Mrs. Maynard, putting her foot on the ground, at last. They walked across the beach to where his dory lay, and Grace saw him pulling out to the sail boat before she went in from the piazza. Then she went to her mother's room. The elder lady was keeping in-doors, upon a theory that the dew was on, and that it was not wholesome to go out till it was off. She asked, according to her habit when she met her daughter alone, "Where is Mrs. Maynard?"

"Why do you always ask that, mother?" retorted Grace, with her growing irritation in regard to her patient intensified by the recent interview. "I can't be with her the whole time."

"I wish you could," said Mrs. Breen, with non-committal suggestion.

Grace could not keep herself from demanding, "Why?" as her mother expected, though she knew why too well.

"Because she would n't be in mischief then," returned Mrs. Breen.

"She's in mischief now!" cried the girl, vehemently; "and it's my fault! I did it. I sent her off to sail with that ridiculous Mr. Libby!"

"Why?" asked Mrs. Breen, in her turn, with unbroken tranquillity.

"Because I am a fool, and I could n't help him lie out of his engagement with her."

"Did n't he want to go?"

"I don't know. Yes. They both wanted me to go with them. Simpletons! And while she had gone upstairs for her wraps I managed to make him understand that I did n't wish her to go, either; and he ran down to his boat, and came back with a story about its going to be rough, and looked at me perfectly delighted, as if I should be pleased. Of course, then, I *made* him take her."

"And is n't it going to be rough?" asked Mrs. Breen.

"Why, mother, the sea 's like glass!"

Mrs. Breen turned the subject. "You would have done better, Grace, to begin as you had planned. Your going to Fall River, and beginning practice there

among those factory children, was the only thing that I ever entirely liked in your taking up medicine. There was sense in that. You had studied specially for it. You could have done good there."

"Oh, yes," sighed the girl, "I know. But what was I to do, when she came to us, sick and poor? I could n't turn my back on her, especially after always befriending her, as I used to, at school, and getting her to depend on me."

"I don't see how you ever liked her," said Mrs. Breen.

"I never did like her. I pitied her. I always thought her a poor, flimsy little thing. But that ought n't to make any difference, if she was in trouble."

"No," Mrs. Breen conceded, and in compensation Grace admitted something more on her side: "She 's worse than she used to be, — sillier. I don't suppose she has a wrong thought; but she 's as light as foam."

"Oh, it is n't the *wicked* people who do the harm," said Mrs. Breen.

"I was sure that this air would be everything for her; and so it would, with any ordinary care. But a child would take better care of itself. I have to watch her every minute, *like* a child; and I never know what she will do next."

"Yes; it 's a burden," said Mrs. Breen, with a sympathy which she had not expressed before. "And you 're a good girl, Grace," she added in very unwonted recognition.

The grateful tears stole into the daughter's eyes, but she kept a firm face, even after they began to follow one another down her cheeks. "And if Louise had n't come, you know, mother, that I was anxious to have some older person with me when I went to Fall River. I was glad to have this respite; it gives me a chance to think. I felt a little timid about beginning alone."

"A man would n't," Mrs. Breen remarked.

"No. I am not a man. I have accepted that, with all the rest. I don't rebel against being a woman. If I had been a man, I should n't have studied medicine. You know that. I wished to be a physician because I was a woman, and because — because — I had failed where — other women's hopes are." She said it out firmly, and her mother softened to her in proportion to the girl's own strength. "I might have been just a nurse. You know I should have been willing to be that, but I thought I could be something more. But it 's no use talking." She added, after an interval, in which her mother rocked to and fro with a gentle motion that searched the joints of her chair, and brought out its most plaintive squeak in pathetic iteration, and watched Grace, as she sat looking seaward through the open window, "I think it 's rather hard, mother, that you should be always talking as if I wished to take my calling mannishly. All that I intend is not to take it womanishly; but as for not being a woman about it, or about anything, that 's simply impossible. A woman is reminded of her insufficiency to herself every hour of the day. And it 's always a man that comes to her help. I dropped some things out of my lap down there, and by the time I had gathered them up I was wound round and round with linen thread so that I could n't move a step, and Mr. Libby cut me loose. I could have done it myself, but it seemed right and natural that he should do it. I dare say he plumed himself upon his service to me, — that would be natural, too. I have things enough to keep me meek, mother!"

She did not look round at Mrs. Breen, who said, "I think you are morbid about it."

"Yes. And I have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever people think of Louise's giddiness, I 'm a great deal more scandalous to them than she is,

simply because I wish to do some good in the world, in a way that women have n't done it, usually."

"Now you *are* morbid."

"Oh, yes! Talk about men being obstacles! It 's other women! There is n't a woman in the house that would n't sooner trust herself in the hands of the stupidest boy that got his diploma with me than she would in mine. Louise knows it, and she feels that she has a claim upon me in being my patient. And I 've no influence with her about her conduct because she understands perfectly well that they all consider me much worse. She prides herself on doing me justice. She patronizes me. She tells me that I 'm just as nice as if I had n't 'been through all that.'" Grace rose, and a laugh, which was half a sob, broke from her.

Mrs. Breen could not feel the humor of the predicament. "She puts you in a false position."

"I must go and see where that poor little wretch of a child is," said Grace, going out of the room. She returned in an hour, and asked her mother for the arnica. "Bella has had a bump," she explained.

"Why, have you been all this time looking her up?"

"No, I could n't find her, and I 've been reading. Barlow has just brought her in. *He* could find her. She fell out of a tree, and she 's frightfully bruised."

She was making search on a closet shelf as she talked. When she reappeared with the bottle in her hand, her mother asked, "Is n't it very hot and close?"

"Very," said Grace.

"I should certainly think they would perish," said Mrs. Breen, hazarding the pronoun, with a woman's confidence that her interlocutor would apply it correctly.

When Grace had seen Bella properly bathed and brown-papered, and in the way to forgetfulness of her wounds in sleep, she came down to the piazza, and stood looking out to sea. The ladies appeared one by one over the edge of the cliff, and came up, languidly stringing their shawls after them, or clasping their novels to their bosoms.

"There is n't a breath down there," they said, one after another. The last one added, "Barlow says it 's the hottest day he 's ever seen here."

In a minute, Barlow himself appeared at the head of the steps with the ladies' remaining wraps, and confirmed their report in person. "I tell you," he said, wiping his forehead, "it 's a ripper."

"It must be an awful day in town," said one of the ladies, fanning herself with a newspaper.

"Is that to-day's Advertiser, Mrs. Alger?" asked another.

"Oh, dear, no! Yesterday's. We shan't have to-day's till this afternoon. It shows what a new arrival you are, Mrs. Scott, — your asking."

"To be sure. But it 's such a comfort being where you can see the Advertiser the same morning. I always look at the Weather Report the first thing. I like to know what the weather 's going to be."

"You can't at Jocelyn's. You can only know what it 's been."

"Well," Barlow interposed, jealous for Jocelyn's, "you can most al'ays tell by the look o' things."

"Yes," said one of the ladies; "but I 'd rather trust the Weather Report. It 's wonderful how it comes true. I don't think there 's anything that you miss more in Europe than our American Weather Report."

"I 'm sure you miss the oysters," said another.

"Yes," the first admitted, "you do miss the oysters. It was the last of the R months when we landed in New York; and do you know what we did the first thing? We drove to Fulton Market, and had one of those Fulton

Market broils! My husband said we should have had it if it had been July. He used to dream of the American oysters, when we were in Europe. Gentlemen *are* so fond of them."

Barlow, from scanning the heavens, turned round and faced the company, which had drooped in several attitudes of exhaustion on the benching of the piazza. "Well, I can most al'ays tell about Jocelyn's as good as the Weather Report. I told Mrs. Maynard here this mornin' that the fog was goin' to burn off."

"*Burn* off?" cried Mrs. Alger. "I should think it had!" The other ladies laughed.

"And you 'll see," added Barlow, "that the wind 'll change at noon, and we 'll have it cooler."

"If it 's as hot on the water as it is here," said Mrs. Scott, "I should think those people would get a sunstroke."

"Well, so should *I*, Mrs. Scott," cordially exclaimed a little fat lady, as if here at last were an opinion in which all might rejoice to sympathize.

"It 's never so hot on the water, Mrs. Merritt," said Mrs. Alger, with the instructiveness of an old *habituée*.

"Well, not at Jocelyn's," suggested Barlow. Mrs. Alger stopped fanning herself with her newspaper, and looked at him. Upon her motion, the other ladies looked at Barlow. Doubtless he felt that his social acceptability had ceased with his immediate usefulness. But he appeared resolved to carry it off easily. "Well," he said, "I suppose I must go and pick my peas."

No one said anything to this. When the factotum had disappeared round the corner of the house, Mrs. Alger turned her head aside, and glanced downward with an air of fatigue. In this manner Barlow was dismissed from the ladies' minds.

"I presume," said young Mrs. Scott, with a deferential glance at Grace, "that the sun is good for a person with lung-difficulty."

Grace silently refused to consider herself appealed to, and Mrs. Merritt said, "Better than the moon, I should think."

Some of the others tittered, but Grace looked up at Mrs. Merritt and said, "I don't think Mrs. Maynard's case is so bad that she need be afraid of either."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear it!" replied the other. She looked round, but was unable to form a party. By twos or threes they might have liked to take Mrs. Maynard to pieces; but no one cares to make unkind remarks before a whole company of people. Some of the ladies even began to say pleasant things about Mr. Libby, as if he were Grace's friend.

"I always like to see these fair men when they get tanned," said Mrs. Alger. "Their blue eyes look so *very* blue. And the backs of their necks — just like my boys!"

"Do you admire such a *very* fighting-clip as Mr. Libby has on?" asked Mrs. Scott.

"It must be nice for summer," returned the elder lady.

"Yes, it certainly must," admitted the younger.

"Really," said another, "I wish *I* could go in the fighting-clip. One does n't know what to do with one's hair at the sea-side; it 's always in the way."

"*Your* hair would be a public loss, Mrs. Frost," said Mrs. Alger. The others looked at her hair, as if they had seen it now for the first time.

"Oh, I don't think so," said Mrs. Frost, in a sort of flattered coo.

"Oh, *don't* have it cut off!" pleaded a young girl, coming up and taking the beautiful mane, hanging loose after the bath, into her hand. Mrs. Frost put her arm round the girl's waist, and pulled her down against her shoulder. Upon reflection she also kissed her.

Through a superstition, handed down from mother to daughter, that it is uncivil and even unkind not to keep saying

something, they went on talking vapidities, where the same number of men, equally vacuous, would have remained silent; and some of them complained that the nervous strain of conversation took away all the good their bath had done them. Miss Gleason, who did not bathe, was also not a talker. She kept a bright-eyed reticence, but was apt to break out in rather enigmatical flashes, which resolved the matter in hand into an abstraction, and left the others with the feeling that she was a person of advanced ideas, but that, while rejecting historical Christianity, she believed in a God of Love. This Deity was said, upon closer analysis, to have proved to be a God of Sentiment, and Miss Gleason was herself a hero-worshiper, or, more strictly speaking, a heroine-worshiper. At present Dr. Breen was her cult, and she was apt to lie in wait for her idol, to beam upon it with her suggestive eyes, and evidently to expect it to say or do something remarkable, but not to suffer anything like disillusion or disappointment in any event. She would sometimes offer it suddenly a muddled depth of sympathy in such phrases as, "Too bad!" or, "I don't see how you keep up!" and darkly insinuate that she appreciated all that Grace was doing. She seemed to rejoice in keeping herself at a respectful distance, to which she breathlessly retired, as she did now, after waylaying her at the top of the stairs, and confidentially darting at her the words, "I 'm *so* glad you don't like scandal!"

III.

After dinner the ladies tried to get a nap, but such of them as reappeared on the piazza later agreed that it was perfectly useless. They tested every corner for a breeze, but the wind had fallen dead, and the vast sweep of sea seemed to smoulder under the sun. "This is what Mr. Barlow calls having it cooler," said Mrs. Alger.

"There are some clouds that look like thunder-heads in the west," said Mrs. Frost, returning from an excursion to the part of the piazza commanding that quarter.

"Oh, it won't rain to-day," Mrs. Alger decided.

"I thought there was always a breeze at Jocelyn's," Mrs. Scott observed, in the critical spirit of a recent arrival.

"There always is," the other explained, "except the first week you 're here."

A little breath, scarcely more than a sentiment of breeze, made itself felt. "I do believe the wind has changed," said Mrs. Frost. "It 's east." The others owned one by one that it was so, and she enjoyed the merit of a discoverer; but her discovery was rapidly superseded. The clouds mounted in the west, and there came a time when the ladies disputed whether they had heard thunder or not: a faction contended for the bowling-alley, and another faction held for a wagon passing over the bridge just before you reached Jocelyn's. But those who were faithful to the theory of thunder carried the day by a sudden crash that broke over the forest, and, dying slowly away among the low hills, left them deeply silent.

"Some one," said Mrs. Alger, "ought to go for those children." On this it appeared that there were two minds as to where the children were, — whether on the beach or in the woods.

"Was n't that thunder, Grace?" asked Mrs. Breen, with the accent by which she implicated her daughter in whatever happened.

"Yes," said Grace, from where she sat at her window, looking seaward, and waiting tremulously for her mother's next question.

"Where is Mrs. Maynard?"

"She is n't back, yet."

"Then," said Mrs. Breen, "he really did expect rough weather."

"He must," returned Grace, in a guilty whisper.

"It 's a pity," remarked her mother, "that you made them go."

"Yes." She rose, and, stretching herself far out of the window, searched the inexorable expanse of sea. It had already darkened at the verge, and the sails of some fishing-craft flecked a livid wall with their white, but there was no small boat in sight.

"If anything happened to them," her mother continued, "I should feel terribly for you."

"I should feel terribly for myself," Grace responded, with her eyes still seaward.

"Where do you think they went?"

"I did n't ask," said the girl. "I would n't," she added, in devotion to the whole truth.

"Well, it is all of the same piece," said Mrs. Breen. Grace did not ask what the piece was. She remained staring at the dark wall across the sea, and spiritually confronting her own responsibility, no atom of which she rejected. She held herself in every way responsible, — for doubting that poor young fellow's word, and then for forcing that reluctant creature to go with him, and forbidding by her fierce insistence any attempt of his at explanation; she condemned herself to perpetual remorse with even greater zeal than her mother would have sentenced her, and she would not permit herself any respite when a little sail, which she knew for theirs, blew round the point. It seemed to fly along just on the hither side of that mural darkness, skillfully tacking to reach the end of the reef before the wall pushed it on the rocks. Suddenly, the long, low stretch of the reef broke into white foam, and then passed from sight under the black wall, against which the little sail still flickered. The girl fetched a long silent breath. They were inside the reef, in comparatively smooth water, and to her ignorance they were safe. But the rain would be coming in another moment, and Mrs. Maynard would be drenched; and Grace would be to blame for her death. She ran to the closet, and pulled down her mother's india-rubber cloak and her own, and fled out-of-doors, to be ready on the beach with the wrap, against their landing. She met the other ladies on the stairs and in the hall, and they clamored at her; but she glided through them like something in a dream, and then she heard a shouting in her ear, and felt herself caught and held up against the wind.

"Where in land be you goin', Miss Breen?"

Barlow, in a long yellow oil-skin coat and sou'wester hat, kept pushing her forward to the edge of the cliff, as he asked.

"I 'm going down to meet them!" she screamed.

"Well, I hope you *will* meet 'em. But *I* guess you better go back to the house. Hey? *Wunt?* Well, come along, then, if they ain't past doctorin' by the time they git ashore! Pretty well wrapped up, any way!" he roared; and she perceived that she had put on her waterproof and drawn the hood over her head.

Those steps to the beach had made her giddy when she descended with leisure for such dismay; but now, with the tempest flattening her against the stair-case, and her gossamer clutching and clinging to every surface, and again twisting itself about her limbs, she clambered down as swiftly and recklessly as Barlow himself, and followed over the beach beside the men who were pulling a boat down the sand at a run.

"Let me get in!" she screamed. "I wish to go with you!"

"Take hold of the girl, Barlow!" shouted one of the men. "She 's crazy."

He tumbled himself with four others

into the boat, and they all struck out together through the froth and swirl of the waves. She tried to free herself from Barlow, so as to fling the waterproof into the boat. "Take this, then. She 'll be soaked through!"

Barlow broke into a grim laugh. "She won't need it, except for a windin'-sheet!" he roared. "Don't you see the boat 's drivin' right on t' the sand? She 'll be kindlin' wood in a minute."

"But they 're inside the reef! They can come to anchor!" she shrieked in reply. He answered her with a despairing grin and a shake of the head. "They can't? What has your boat gone out for, then?"

"To pick 'em up out the sea. But they 'll never git 'em alive. Look how she slaps her boom int' the water! Well! He *doos* know how to handle a boat!"

It was Libby at the helm, as she could dimly see, but what it was in his management that moved Barlow's praise she could not divine. The boat seemed to be aimed for the shore, and to be rushing, head on, upon the beach; her broad sail was blown straight out over her bow, and flapped there like a banner, while the heavy boom hammered the water as she rose and fell. A jagged line of red seamed the breast of the dark wall behind; a rending crash came, and as if fired upon, the boat flung up her sail, as a wild fowl flings up its wing when shot, and lay tossing keel up, on the top of the waves. It all looked scarcely a stone's cast away, though it was vastly farther. A figure was seen to drag itself up out of the sea, and fall over into the boat, hovering and pitching in the surrounding welter, and struggling to get at two other figures clinging to the wreck. Suddenly the men in the boat pulled away, and Grace uttered a cry of despair and reproach: "Why they 're leaving it, they 're leaving it!"

"Don't expect 'em to tow the wreck ashore in *this* weather, do ye?" shouted Barlow. "They 've got the folks all safe enough. I tell ye I *see* 'em!" he cried, at a wild look of doubt in her eyes. "Run to the house, there, and get everything in apple-pie order. There 's goin' to be a chance for some of your doctor'n', now, if ye know how to fetch folks to."

It was the little house on the beach, which the children were always prying and peering into, trying the lock, and wondering what the boat was like, which Grace had seen launched. Now the door yielded to her, and within she found a fire kindled in the stove, blankets laid in order, and flasks of brandy in readiness in the cupboard. She put the blankets to heat for instant use, and prepared for the work of resuscitation. When she could turn from them to the door, she met there a procession that approached with difficulty, heads down and hustled by the furious blast through which the rain now hissed and shot. Barlow and one of the boat's crew were carrying Mrs. Maynard, and bringing up the rear of the huddling oil-skins and sou'westers came Libby, soaked, and dripping as he walked. His eyes and Grace's encountered with a mutual avoidance; but whatever was their sense of blame, their victim had no reproaches to make herself. She was not in need of restoration. She was perfectly alive, and apparently stimulated by her escape from deadly peril to a vivid conception of the wrong that had been done her. If the adventure had passed off prosperously, she was the sort of woman to have owned to her friend that she ought not to have thought of going. But the event had obliterated these scruples, and she realized herself as a hapless creature who had been thrust on to dangers from which she would have shrunk. "Well, Grace!" she began, with a voice and look before which the other quailed, "I hope you are satisfied! All the time I was clinging to that wretched boat I was wonder-

ing how *you* would feel. Yes, my *last thoughts* were of you. I pitied you. I did n't see how you could ever have peace again " —

" Hold on, Mrs. Maynard ! " cried Libby. " There 's no time for that, now. What had best be done, Miss Breen ? Had n't she better be got up to the house ? "

" Yes, by all means," answered Grace.

" You might as well let me die here," Mrs. Maynard protested, as Grace wrapped the blankets round her dripping dress. " I 'm as wet as I can be, now."

Libby began to laugh at these inconsequences, to which he was probably well used. " You would n't have time to die here. And we want to give this hydropathic treatment a fair trial. You 've tried the douche, and now you 're to have the pack." He summoned two of the boatmen, who had been considerately dripping outside, in order to leave the interior to the shipwrecked company, and they lifted Mrs. Maynard, finally wrapped in Grace's india-rubber cloak, and looking like some sort of strange, huge chrysalis, and carried her out into the storm and up the steps.

Grace followed last with Mr. Libby, very heavy-hearted and reckless. She had not only that sore self-accusal ; but the degradation of the affair, its grotesqueness, its spiritual squalor, its utter gracelessness, its entire want of dignity, were bitter as death in her proud soul. It was not in this shameful guise that she had foreseen the good she was to do. And it had all come through her own willfulness and self-righteousness. The tears could mix unseen with the rain that drenched her face, but they blinded her, and half-way up the steps she stumbled on her skirt, and would have fallen, if the young man had not caught her. After that, from time to time he put his arm about her, and stayed her against the gusts.

Before they reached the top he said, " Miss Breen, I 'm awfully sorry for all this. Mrs. Maynard will be ashamed of what she said. Confound it ! If Maynard were only here " —

" Why should she be ashamed ? " demanded Grace. " If she had been drowned, I should have murdered her, and I 'm responsible if anything happens to her, — I am to blame." She escaped from him, and ran into the house. He slunk round the piazza to the kitchen door, under the eyes of the ladies watching at the parlor windows.

" I wonder he let the others carry her up," said Miss Gleason. " Of course, he will marry her now, — when she gets her divorce." She spoke of Mrs. Maynard, whom her universal toleration not only included in the mercy which the opinions of the other ladies denied her, but round whom her romance cast a halo of pretty possibilities as innocently sentimental as the hopes of a young girl.

W. D. Howells.

FRENCH DOMESTIC LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

Other countries may excel France in many ways, such as England in its political attainments, Germany in its erudition and military prowess, America in its enterprise, and, going back to the past, Italy in its art refinement, Spain in its religious fervor, and so on ; but in no country do we find in full play that equally harmonious compound of human energies, the fruit of which is summed up in the word " civilization." Perhaps the specialty of the French, if the above

characteristics of other nations are specialties, is to be *social;* in other words, to show the world what good can be got out of life without being extraordinarily great in any one direction. In any event, all people of European lineage like to go to France, and they enjoy themselves when they get there. Few care to analyze their enjoyment, either through indifference or because of the complexity of the subject. Those who are capable of doing it, like Matthew Arnold, Hamerton, and Hillebrand, recognize the importance of French social development in relation to that of their own country. The following article is an attempt to add something to this branch of literature, but from an American point of view. I begin by introducing the reader to an ordinary French house in the country, where the national mode of living can be much better studied than in Paris.

In the village, behind my friend's house, stood an old church with a rich, low-toned bell, which every morning at six o'clock sounded the matins of the ages of faith the same as in mediæval times. This bell commonly awoke me at that hour, whether I would or not; but I bore it no ill-will on that account. Time with me did not "lag withal." On arising a pleasant scene drew me to the window, where I could look through the delicate atmosphere upon a fine panorama of mountains, which, with their long, transparent shadows gradually shortening over the sloping ground, was always fascinating. Or if I remained in bed I could read, for there were books alongside of it; had I a wish to do so I could write, for my room contained every convenience for this, it not being a mere sleeping compartment.

One Sunday the above-mentioned holy bell "knolled me to church." It was a fête day. There was to be a blessing of bread for general distribution, a kind of bread colored with saffron, and of which there was a stack of large round loaves standing in the church in front of the chancel. I have forgotten the name of the saint under whose sanction this ceremony took place. What especially interested me in the matter was the subject of the curé's discourse, transubstantiation, and more especially the way in which he enforced his argument. His text was taken from the chapter in St. Matthew describing the Last Supper: "Jesus took bread and blessed it, . . . and said, 'Take, eat; this is my body.'" "Transubstantiation must be true, my Christian brethren," exclaimed the curé, warming up, "or our Lord was a liar; and no one can believe that our Lord would lie!"

My friend's house, which was plain architecturally, stood on a plot of about eight acres, one half of which was under cultivation and uninclosed, as is usual with farm lands in France; the rest was devoted to a vegetable garden behind the house, and in front to flowers, shrubbery, walks, and grass, all surrounded by a high stone wall pierced by an iron gate which opened on to the main street leading to the village. This stone wall being a peculiar feature of French landscape, as well as indicative of social peculiarities, I dwell on it for a moment.

If you happen to be on the outside of this stone wall, you do not find it an agreeable object, especially when it hampers the view. A promenade, for instance, through the suburbs of a French town, or among the straggling houses of a French village, where nothing can be seen but sky and clouds between two parallel rows of gray stucco or stone wall, is, to say the least, monotonous. Get behind these walls, however, and the scene changes. You find gardens, flowers, fruit and shade trees, ranging in luxuriance and beauty all the way from the Duc de Luynes's magnificent parterres at Dampierre down to the smallest patch of ground owned by the humblest peasant. Other contrasts suggest themselves. When an American, for

instance, gets within one of these inclosures he is impressed with the air of privacy which prevails there. Privacy is one of those things for which we Americans seem to have an "imperfect sympathy." We regard publicity as a sort of duty. We take delight in the reflection of ourselves in the public mirror. Self-exposure seems to us to be a matter of pride. We build our houses so that our neighbors can easily look in at the windows. We lay out our grounds and arrange our flower-beds and shrubbery expressly to be seen from the street. Our sentiment of privacy is symbolized by the open wire fence. Again, as we do so much for the public, we naturally draw on the public for our benefit. We tolerate usurpations of private property for public uses, — when not our own. We content ourselves with a public standard of education because it is public. We find intellectual excitement in the judicial exposure of private incompatibilities and vices. We pay for hand labor, but the labor of the brain by which the public benefits we want for nothing. We not only claim the right to know the details of the lives of the men we honor, but we send reporters to ascertain how they die. When a private citizen consents to serve his country, and becomes "public property," we tear him to pieces morally, — all of which traits, either positively or negatively, are rooted in that indifference to privacy, a respect for which is one real test of civilization. It is different with the Frenchman. His domain, his name, his features, his ideas, his works, everything that belongs to and emanates from him, are sacred. No one can sell his photograph or caricature him without his consent. The product of his mind is under his own control. He not only cares to keep his premises from being intruded upon, but no one must look into them to gratify mere curiosity. He resists encroachments, moral as well as material. Whatever sympathy he craves and gives is based on the absolute right to his own personality. In this respect for his neighbor's individuality may be found the source of the Frenchman's urbanity. It is likewise the key to certain French legal safeguards, such as the litigation within closed doors of family disputes when these happen to be scandalous, and the prevention of such details appearing in the newspapers. All this is symbolized in France by the stone wall which surrounds domestic life, the germ cell of all that is good in society. Some people may regard this sensibility to privacy as mere selfishness. If that is their opinion, it seems to me that one might say the same thing of the modesty of a woman.

But in my disquisition on the stone wall I am keeping the reader from my friend's unostentatious dining-room, into which I introduce him without further parley. This room contained a small round table, a set of chairs, two ranges of book-shelves, some drawings hung on the walls, and opened by a central door on a gravel walk. My friend's family included himself and wife, a group of children, — a daughter twelve years old and a son six years old, with a niece and nephew of about the same ages as their cousins, — a paternal grandmother, and a maternal grandfather, all living together in the most harmonious relations. I may as well add to this family combination the strangers that were within my host's gates, for these, in the country, are not infrequent in French houses; generally invited on account of intimate associations, they are so much at home as to impress one with the idea that they were born there. The family, with their guests, usually assembled in this room about eight o'clock in the morning. Whoever chose to remain in his cosy, well-furnished bedroom, to read, write, or take an extra nap, could do so without impoliteness, and be served at will with tea, coffee, milk, or chocolate without interfering with housekeeping

arrangements. French hospitality, it must be mentioned, takes into account personal habits, tastes, and even caprices. The entertainment of a guest does not hinge on regular or irregular habits or opinions. One of our company would remain in the *salon* till after midnight, talking, and the following day sleep until noon, which simply made my host regret that sleep deprived him of so much of his guest's society. In this house the children were generally up first. On coming down-stairs, I would find them in the dining-room, and be greeted by them as if I were a relation. When the elders came in we would shake hands as each made his or her appearance. The moment the children caught sight of "*grandpère*" there was a rush for a kiss, while "mamma" rose from her chair and received one from him on her brow. The same ceremony was observed on the entrance of "*grandmère.*" On the table stood a tureen of *soupe maigre*, coffee, tea, fresh milk, and chocolate, with *brioches*, which two dishes put in italics I wish were common on the American table. Nothing remains to be added to the details of this early breakfast except that it was enlivened by a desultory chat.

When this sort of morning lunch was over we withdrew to our respective occupations. On my arrival my host told me frankly that he was very busy, and that he should be obliged to leave me largely to myself. He had public duties to perform, and was absent most of the day. I too had work to do, and was only too glad of the opportunity of doing it without prejudice to my position as guest. The truth is, apart from any other motive, one gets along better on a visit of any length by having some special occupation. Should one's work not be transportable, like that of an artist, one would do well to get up such work as extra reading or correspondence, — both parties, host and guest, being gainers by it. All of this family attended to their business without apparently concerning themselves with their guests. "Madame" every morning made a tour of inspection of the garden and grounds, to trim flowers, look at the chickens, and so on, on which tours I would often accompany her. But this did not consume much time. Her chief occupation in the morning was teaching her children, for which she was well qualified. French mothers in France often — I will not say always — instruct their children themselves. Public primary schools are not found everywhere; and even if they were, the best class of parents in France would not avail themselves of them.

I now come to breakfast, the regular breakfast, announced by a bell suspended out-doors at one angle of the house, and which took place at eleven o'clock. All were ready for it and punctual. The *menu* of this meal is not important. It is only the manner of serving it, and every other meal in France, which merits special remark. In France to "set the table" means, generally speaking, to put nothing on it but the implements necessary for use, such as plates, knives, forks, glass, and napkins, with *carafes* of water, wine, and condiments; add to these the dessert, consisting of fruits and various bonbons, and always an accompaniment of flowers. All meats that require to be carved are cut up on dishes, at a side table, and passed around by the waiter, who likewise changes plates and watches the wants of those who are eating. Vegetables and the solids of the dessert are served in like manner. The result is such an economy of time and labor, such a relief to the heads of the house, such an absence of confusion, such æsthetic enjoyment, owing in the first place to order, and secondly to agreeable harmonies of color in the fruit and flowers before you, and especially to untrammeled conversation, that one wonders at the maintenance of the "good old English fashion" of a literally "groaning board," rattling plates, incessant

interruptions, and general discomfort. The English system of serving meals may be based on a willingness to present the best the house can afford, together with a personal interest in the fullness of the supply, but I am certain that the French system has the advantage of it in quiet, comfort, and refinement. The other peculiarity of the French table, a steady stream of conversation, which renders it unique, I reserve for comment when I reach what I have to say about the French dinner.

After breakfast, which was sometimes followed by a half hour's stroll through the grounds, we resumed our work. For three hours "all was still through the house." At four o'clock in the afternoon the mail came. Newspapers and correspondence kept us occupied for a time, according to the interests of public or private matters. When these were disposed of it was the hour for recreation. So regularly was recreation followed up, that I looked upon it as a family tradition. Whether walking, bathing, playing some out-door game, or making an excursion in the woods or on the water, something of this kind always occupied what remained of the afternoon. It is needless to state that everybody was the more ready for dinner on account of it.

Dinner in France is supposed to be the one great event of the day. So it is, but not because it is a feeding operation. On the contrary, this French meal is a domestic symposium, in which head and heart take precedence of the stomach. The interest and value of a meal in France depend more on the social than on the culinary element. Old Izaak Walton's dictum that the company makes the feast, and not the food, is of special significance in France. One rarely sees a Frenchman dining alone, not for the reason that he wants some one to look at, or to drink with, but because he wishes some one to talk to. Conversation, accordingly, renders the French table unique. I am inclined to think that the modern French dinner-table is the substitute for the old *salon* to which the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" used to be wholly confined. In any event, the chief attraction of the French table nowadays is conversation. How it originates, and what its leading points are, is worth stating.

It begins with the prattle of children. French children have a seat at table with their seniors almost as soon as weaned. What attention they receive at table depends, of course, on discipline; the significant fact is that they mingle with their elders, at the outset of their careers, on what may be called common ground. An expression of sentiments and ideas belonging to successive stages of intellectual growth is encouraged. The effect of this custom is to secure a natural play of emotions and ideas: the child's mind is stimulated from without; its eyes are fixed on objects, and its heart on persons.[1] Children thus treated are not made morbidly sensitive through the machinery of conscience, or distrustful of themselves through doubt of behaving in conformity with some absolute rule of conduct which a child's mind is not capable of comprehending. It is questionable whether a French child knows what it is to behave as it "ought" to do. If it behaves badly through the innate "old Adam," right conduct is not due to maxims, but rather to some injunction of obedience which makes the child perceive that it is agreeable or disagreeable to others. Children growing up under such treatment, expressing their feelings and ideas openly and disingenuously, with no restraint on them but that of finding themselves in unsympathetic relations, talk well and act politely because they talk and act spontaneously and naturally. The abuse of this system through parental indulgence

[1] The bad side of this custom is probably an over-development of the perceptive faculties, which is very remarkable in some Frenchmen.

may stimulate the child's vanity, but it does not make it a pretender or hypocrite.

People thus educated are capable of talking, and of talking well, because there is no inward or outward brake on the natural flow of emotions and ideas. The charm of what they say does not depend on quality of idea or on mode of expression, but rather on latitude of expression. Ideas do not proceed from, nor are they hampered by, preconceived notions of what one ought to say, or believe, to show one's knowledge, breeding, character, or aspiration. The terms "trifling," "proper," "highly instructive," "light," "serious," and so on, either of praise or censure, and denoting what conversation should be to be edifying, have no more application to it than to the music of an opera. In few words, French conversation is not an acquired art, but a special grace, evolved out of peculiar experiences and habits; it is not didactic or dogmatic, but a spontaneous utterance, by young and old, of any idea, fancy, or sentiment that comes uppermost. The only restraint upon the conversational facility is politeness. Irritating subjects are kept within bounds by good taste and feeling, if not by principle. Whatever indicates sectarianism is repelled; susceptibility on account of contrary opinions is considered weakness, and the person who manifests it a bore. Earnestness, eccentricity even, is admired, but not exclusiveness. The mind possessed by one idea, the pedant, the reformer, is never twice welcome. But two sins are regarded as mortal among the French, — dullness and pretension. He or she who "poses," either in deportment or intellectually, is ridiculed or avoided. If, in sum, the French are "good talkers from infancy to old age," it is owing to their being cheerful, intelligent, and deferential.

To return to the house of my friend, with whom all these traits were conspicuous. We dined always in fair weather in the open air, a luxury which climate and freedom from annoying insects permitted. Our table was placed on the gravel walk in the shadow of two large altheas which served to screen us from the setting sun. Those who pleased sat with their hats on. Grandmère was ensconced in a canopy basket-chair, such as bathers use, to shield her from the breeze. Our meal lasted a couple of hours, far into the twilight, and longer still when there was a moon. On one occasion, at the dessert, my hostess favored us with a song of which the chorus involved three smart raps on the table, in time with the music, — such a thumping and rattling of glasses! On another occasion our talk turned on the subject of ballads, whereupon my host called upon his daughter to sing one of mediæval times, lately brought to light by an eminent *savant*, the subject of which was Christ, in a mendicant garb, wandering about the world to test the charity of mankind. The words and music of this quaint ballad, its pathos heightened by the young girl's plaintive voice, as she sang it in the "soft stillness which becomes the touches of sweet harmony," form, if not a typical incident, at least a charming reminiscence.

After dinner came in-door amusements until bed-time. To amuse the children was the first thing. We men folks joined them in a sort of miniature ten-pins on the billiard-table. Afterwards, when mamma came in, she exercised them in a game of questions designed to perfect them in their knowledge of history and geography. At length the *bonne* appeared, which was the signal for their withdrawal, and they kissed us good-night. After their departure the rest sat down to a game of "Boston,"[1] at which grandmère was

[1] A game of cards, named after Boston, Massachusetts, during the investment of this city by the English in our Revolutionary War, at which time it was invented in France. One of its terms, *mi-*

specially diverted. At eleven o'clock some simple beverage was brought in, and then we parted for the night.

This simple melody of existence had its variations. A magnificent walnut-tree on the place shaded a fine, turfy croquet ground. An old gentleman and his daughter, with two other young ladies who lived near by, frequently came to play this game. This gentleman was about sixty, and he played well; but, being one of those ardent, impulsive, domineering Frenchmen who do not believe in anybody's capacity but their own, he made the game a serious affair. On failing to score a point, which was rare, he winced, but said nothing; let any one on his side do the same thing, and he visited them with a torrent of critical instruction which made one tremble. What struck me most on these occasions was to see a man of his years as lively and youthful, and as much absorbed with the game, as any of the young folks. Another thing struck me even to astonishment, namely, three young women of about twenty, in plain but becoming attire, outspoken, natural, easy, and so much occupied with their game as not to be aware that anybody was looking at them.

One day a widowed lady in the neighborhood invited us to breakfast. The invitation involved a ride back in the mountains to a certain town whose prosperity was largely due to the intercourse of its inhabitants with the United States. Some of its citizens had emigrated to this country, and returned home with ample fortunes. A statue, indeed, was to be inaugurated the following week, on its little public square, in honor of one of these, who had died and bequeathed to the commune a fine hospital. Our party was a merry one. Two of the young ladies, sisters, above referred to, accompanied us. The archness and gayety of these young people; their joyous exclamations at the striking features of the scenery; their glee, fun, and frolic; in short, the charm of fresh, innocent, unaffected, impressionable natures, prevailed with me over the beauties of the landscape. In the midst of our jollity grandmère became somewhat fatigued, and as we were passing a cascade with a chalet alongside of it under the cliff from which the water fell in one plunge, my host concluded to stop and have her rest there until our return. Keeping on our course, we soon reached the town, nestling at the foot of precipitous mountains bounding one side of the valley, and which, with its quaint architecture and winding streets, had a special interest; but it was too clean to be picturesque. Repairs were visible, and there was a good deal of fresh paint and whitewash. Mediæval dirt seemed to have been washed off, and there was no dilapidation about it, nor disagreeable odors, all of which probably shows the reaction of the New World on the Old through the more cleanly habits of its Americanized and prosperous inhabitants. A fête day, however, enhanced its attractions. The people, dressed in their Sunday's best, — which by the bye was not homespun, but consisted mostly of the brilliant products of the modern loom, — thronged the streets, or were leaning from the windows of their apartments gossiping and commenting on what was going on in the streets. The young ladies of our party had relatives in the town, one of whom, an uncle, had died the year before. As they had not been there since his death, they proposed to visit the cemetery. Obtaining the key, we followed them outside the town, where we found the city of the dead, like the mansions of the living, surrounded by silent, towering old mountains. The cemetery was overrun with weeds, and its walls were dilapidated. In one corner, however, stood a plain mural

sère, denotes a supposed phase of the siege. The game is made up from whist and one called *reversis*, fashionable in the time of Louis XIV., as we see in Madame de Sévigné's letters.

tablet with a neat iron railing before it, hung with wreaths of *immortelles* and inclosing a small area of ground decked with flowers. "There," said one of the sisters in a low voice, "is my uncle's grave;" both then went to the grave, knelt down side by side, bowed their heads, and remained there some time in silent prayer. When we left the cemetery the sun had disappeared behind the mountains. Our homeward ride in the evening light was more grave than gay. My host and his mother stood awaiting our coming at the cascade. On taking their seats in the vehicle, they told us all about a poor girl whom they had seen in the chalet, bent almost double with an affection of the spine, but who was nevertheless as cheerful as if she had been in the most perfect health. On asking her parents how this affliction had come upon her, they simply replied that they did not know; "it was the will of *le bon Dieu*." The incident excited comment on the great comfort of religious faith in such cases. My host said that it reminded him of Turgénieff's vivid description of a similar case in Les Reliques Vivantes. The next day he dispatched a package of dainties, together with a few books, to add something to the enjoyment of the poor girl's life.

Another variation of our every-day life was this. A lovely summer day chanced to be the anniversary of my host's birth. In other words, it was "papa's" fête day. We had been occupied as usual until just before dinner, when, as my host and myself were talking together, madame beckoned me to join her behind the house. "Ah!" exclaimed my host, turning away, "I know what that means." Obeying the summons, I found madame distributing bouquets to the little group which had assembled there out of sight; two each to her father, to the four children and the bonne, with two for myself. Forming in procession, with madame at the head of it, we marched along in single file to the front of the house, where papa and grandmère appeared, seated side by side, the latter in her basket-chair. Shouting, laughing, and singing, the old and the young together, we advanced in the highest glee. Mamma first presented her bouquets, and was affectionately embraced by grandmère and papa; and then each of the children in turn presented theirs, down to the bonne, all being greeted alike. After this the little boy stood before his papa and recited a fable in French, which was followed by one in English recited by his sister, and the ceremony was over. We then seated ourselves at the table. Is it necessary to add that our dinner was hilarious, and that the day is an ever bright one in memory's calendar?

The reader may think the foregoing commonplace. Perhaps it is. If so, the fault is more mine than that of the subject. Or, if he is willing to accept it as truthful portraiture, he may charge me with trying to convey a general impression by an exceptional instance. This I cannot admit. What I have stated indicates the spirit of French domestic life everywhere. It is characteristic of life in France, from that of the peasant up to that of the aristocrat. It may be different with the purely moneyed or luxurious class, in which life everywhere is more or less conventional. Three words sum up the leading features of French domestic life, — work, play, and affection. In the foregoing example of it my host worked, his wife worked, the grandparents worked, the children worked, and their guests worked — if they had a mind to. But this work was, as Dr. Coan well observes, that which consists in "natural power healthfully exerted." When work was over time was devoted to recreation, while the whole was gilded by affection; it is to me living, in the best sense of the term. And so is it everywhere in France, according to facilities, aptitudes, and discipline. In French domiciles generally,

the racket of the machinery of life is not heard; nor is the machinery kept out of sight by furniture and specious formality. Worn features do not betray an undercurrent of toil, care, and anxiety; one is not obliged to accept mute repose as recreation, nor forced attempts to say something as successful efforts at pleasing. Duty and pleasure, gayety and tranquillity, seem to be complementary colors in French domesticity. Nor are the comforts and enjoyments of life due to money. In the foregoing instance my host was a plain *bourgeois*, having no exceptional advantage but culture and an income sufficient for moderate wants. The only supplement to this income was the produce of his small estate, which about paid the wages of his servants. Of course in this situation, compared with an American situation on the same social plane, my host had the advantage of a superior class of domestics, lower wages, and a degree of public order externally which is unknown to us. But it is not these advantages, or money, or fine houses, or advanced theories of progress which enable French people to live and live well. The secret of it lies in contentment. French people are tolerably well satisfied with their lot in life and their position in society. Whatever they do to improve these, they do not overstep the limitations of means and education. No Frenchman is anxious to sell his dwelling for the sake of making something by the transaction; nor is he prompted to move out of it by restlessness and ambition. In any event, when he does yield to the temptation of gain or to better himself in any way, he is too shrewd to do it at the expense of mind, body, capital, and family. French life, in the words of Matthew Arnold, exhibits a "serenity and dignified freedom from petty cares" which we rarely encounter.

It is now pertinent to assign some of the causes of these social traits. I shall cite but three or four: climate and soil, kinds of labor, system of religious discipline, and the institution of the family, the last mentioned being the most important.

Climate and soil have a good deal to do with French social characteristics. The climate of France is a happy mean between the two extremes of temperature; it is never so cold for any length of time as to make a subsistence precarious and people over-provident, nor ever warm enough to render them indolent. The soil, again, is favorably situated geographically, and exceptionally fertile; the products of France are extensively consumed all over the world, while the rivers of the country and its range of seacoast enable them to be cheaply and readily exported. Wealth is therefore easily acquired. The people born on the soil love to stay there, emigration never being the least of two evils.

Kind of labor, and its ratio of compensation has much to do with social characteristics. While certain species of labor tend to enfeeble the body and keep man brutal, others strengthen it and add to his refinement. Manufacturing labor seems to be more prejudicial to human development than agricultural labor. The large centres of population which it creates appear to favor degeneracy. People living in manufacturing districts are not so healthy as those who live on farms, with the advantage of more air and sunshine. If the manufacturing class is as thrifty as any other, it does not enjoy the same security for its investments; no deposit in a bank is so reliable as that which accrues from and is vested in the soil. Manufacturing people, again, are more the victims of commercial and political convulsions. In manufacturing towns, too, is begot that half-knowledge which renders the laboring class discontented as well as turbulent, as we see among the French communists, who are all denizens of large towns and cities. Next after this is the

ratio of compensation for labor in relation to its quality, which is another important social agency. Artistic labor, skilled labor, that which is done with the least waste of mental and bodily vigor, and accompanied with the highest wages, is that which best develops the individual for the advantage of society. In France agricultural labor is of this description, the energy which it calls forth being better indemnified than elsewhere. French crops, on the average, bring in more money to their cultivators than those of any other country do to their cultivators. But the most valuable labor to France, morally and materially, is that which flows from French artistic sentiment, which sentiment is supposed to be a racial advantage. It is rather due to the greater emotional freedom the people enjoy (of which the source will be indicated farther on), coupled with superior material advantages, as above mentioned, and greater educational facilities. French taste and economy issue from this artistic sentiment. The so-called practical habits of the French, their capacity for organization, both of which traits show superior calculation of means to ends, are due to this sentiment. Proofs of French success in this line may be found all the way up from the administration of the kitchen to that of the kingdom.

The next cause, purely psychological, which throws some light on the social traits of the French consists of the system of religious discipline under which they have been brought up. This, as every one knows, is the system of Catholicism. I must premise to the reader that, in what follows, I am not advocating that system, but am simply endeavoring to show how certain effects are produced by a mental process which Catholicism illustrates better than Protestantism.

Two cardinal principles underlie the systems of Catholicism and Protestantism; each takes an opposite view of conscience. In the mind of the Protestant, conscience is the sole authority; in the mind of the Catholic, conscience is not an authority. The Protestant, thinking for himself, judges his own and others' conduct; the Catholic, whatever he may do with others' conduct, submits his own to his church. These are the two principles with which each, respectively, starts in life. Another detail of Protestant conviction must be stated, which is that man is naturally wicked. The Catholic thinks so, too; but as his church takes his sins on its back, this thought does not trouble his conscience. We will now trace the effects of these two different theories.

The Protestant, in whom conscience presides over "heart, temper, and action," begins very early to watch his emotions. He accordingly checks them before they fully ripen. Through an early planting in the mind of the idea of perversity, his emotions are unduly bridled; natural, healthy impulses are nipped in the bud. By this course, the emotions not maturing, they become dulled, not alone through inward restraint, but through a lack of the sympathetic reaction which proceeds from their contact with those of other people. Emotional habits, so to say, are more or less suppressed or perverted. Conduct of all kinds, consequently, in a mind thus turned in on itself, is tried by a subjective standard. It is difficult, for instance, for a mind thus disciplined to admit the excellence of a superior intelligence. Feeling, abnormally arrested, languishes through insufficient nutriment, or flows powerfully in one direction, the same as when, on pinching the sprays of a grape-vine, its leaves become unusually large. Whatever character may gain in stability by this order of self-discipline it loses in gentleness, delicacy, and geniality. Considered in relation to religious discipline, the value and beauty of this character do not appear until manhood, when the battle of

life has to be fought on an independent ground.

The system of Catholicism produces different results and for different purposes. Here conscience is not left to itself; checks on the emotions come from without, which checks conscience early in life is never aware of. Personal conviction is not the test of one's own or of other people's conduct. The self-discipline of an ignorant or impassible nature is not the court of last appeal in estimating an intelligent, sensitive, cultivated nature. Catholicism not leaving the mind free, it is not harassed by doubts, nor does it flatter itself with self-made opinions. Instead of emotional habits being suppressed or perverted by a self-questioning process, they are fostered by outward influences, which, it is true, are brought to bear for ulterior objects, but which nevertheless leave the emotions to a certain extent free. This freedom is allowed during youth. It is in youth that the emotions take root. Catholicism in the early stages of life brings them out, waters them, feeds them, and protects them from the outside world. Whatever spiritual walls it erects around the emotions, these walls inclose a sufficiently large moral area for their exercise, while they are so concealed by the vines, leaves, and flowers of the imagination as not to be regarded as barriers to free-will. This method of mental discipline is not for adults, who think for themselves, but it eminently favors in the young the growth of cheerfulness, vivacity, joyousness, and enthusiasm, qualities that are incompatible with a system of restraint which engenders doubt.

Certain facts on a large scale seem to demonstrate the truth of the foregoing theory. Protestant nations, with whom conscience is all-powerful, are not remarkable to anything like the same extent as Catholic nations for either social or artistic attainments. France is more noted for social qualities than England, while the same is true of Southern Germany, which is Catholic, in contrast with Northern Germany, which is Protestant. Again, Italy, Spain, France, Belgium, and even Holland, all more or less inspired by Catholic ideas and culture, take precedence in art of any Protestant country. The secret of it is a freer emotional development. In literature, all the great English writers of the Renaissance epoch, — an epoch that grew out of the emancipation of human emotions from absolute theological rule, — Shakespeare and the rest, were the product of the Catholic *régime*. No one can read Milton without recognizing that his was an emotional nature of the finest stamp in unnatural conflict with the restraints of Protestantism.

I now come to the last of the causes which seem to account for the great charm of French domestic life, — the institution of the family. We Americans have the word family, but not the thing itself; at all events, the word with us does not convey the same meaning as with the French. Here, again, it is necessary to present a contrast, that the difference may be easily perceptible.

The formation of the American family is simple; scarcely any condition is requisite for parentage but the age of puberty. Any energetic young man may choose his mate; any young woman may accept for her husband whoever pleases her. Fair opportunity is afforded to each to ascertain the other's qualities. Courtesy and natural affection alone control parental consent. It is not incumbent on either party to furnish capital with which to commence the business of life; nothing is deemed necessary but mutual faith and unbounded hope. As far as any legal or social restraint goes, both parties may morally gratify that natural social instinct which makes one flesh of two complementary halves. Did subsequent knowledge and experience keep alive the sentiment with which a union of this kind is formed,

and so maintain a series of material conditions in harmony with the first step which costs, the American family would be perfect.

When children come to the family thus constituted, education begins. The American boy is fairly prepared for manhood; he is early impressed with the idea that he is an independent factor, and has to make his own way in the world. The girl is prepared for womanhood on the same principle; she is early impressed with the equivalent and natural idea that she is to choose a husband. It would be unjust to say that these ideas are positively inculcated on boy or girl; they are ideas diffused in the social atmosphere which, like exhalations from the ground, seize youth mentally as malaria seizes the body. But even if this were not the case, the degree of improvident and unrestrained instincts which obtains with us would be quite sufficient to warrant such conceptions in youthful brains.

As far as the conservative influence of property goes in the formation of the American family, none is inherent in its organization. Every American has the right to do as he pleases with his own; consequently, he has the right to disinherit his children. This principle of personal independence and personal right, indeed, underlies all our activity, and is only to be restricted through the severest experiences. As things now are, property and fortune in the American family are accumulated more for the advantage of the boy than for the girl; seldom is a girl sure of a cent from her parents on forming a matrimonial alliance. Money is sometimes furnished to the young man to start him in business, while the girl, on entering upon the business of her life, has to do without it. In France, as soon as the girl is born, the parents begin to save for her *dot*. Some people think that the American theory, as above shown, begets the virtue of self-reliance; they must remember that excessive self-reliance is the leading characteristic of the savage.

The moral restraints growing out of this hap-hazard combination of individuals into a family group are likewise feeble. Parental cares and duties, the material difficulties of living, prevent both father and mother from carefully superintending the education of their offspring. The common-school system, a vast public machine which too largely relieves them of the trouble, takes their place. They are also powerless in the regulation of their children's associations: girls, in spite of parents, find their own friends, while boys do likewise, and seek their own amusements. One of the proofs of the ease with which this is done is the fact that young people often engage themselves, and indeed marry, without their parents' knowledge. What is true in relation to associates and amusements in the American family is true of literature and religion: children are free to select their own reading and their own spiritual advisers. It is by no means an uncommon thing to see American families divided on theological questions.

The law affords but little protection to the American family as a distinct, organized institution. With the exception of the ordinances concerning marriage as a civil contract and certain marital restrictions for the sake of order, the laxity of which is apparent in the facility with which divorces and separations are procured; the regulation of a wife's dowry, simply a post-mortem guarantee of support; and the laws compelling parents to support minors, there is none of any positive importance. Children are not required to support parents, while the principle of paternal authority is of scarcely any significance either in legislation or through tradition. The emancipation of the child is complete on its attaining a legal age. The individual, with us, is the unit of society. Political freedom is made the criterion of social

freedom. The family as an institution disappears under the value of a vote. The American family, consequently, is simply an aggregation of human units, with few principles of cohesion except those of natural instinct. One illustration will be sufficient to show this state of things in all its bearings: a man in America may marry a woman, have six children by her, obtain a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper, wed another woman, settle all his property on her, disinherit the children by the first wife, and still move about, unquestioned and unchallenged. In this case are summed up all the evils that flow from "the right to do as one pleases." Thanks to superior facilities for earning money in this new country, and the ease with which women can procure husbands, the family system, or rather lack of it, is thus far comparatively innocuous. The demoralization which ensues from it will be fully apparent when, through the pressure of population, there arises a worse conflict of rights and interests than is now imminent.

In France the family is not a sentimental group, but a complicated and carefully guarded social compact. It forms the unit of society. Outside of the family individuals are, in a measure, so much refuse material; the state awards them protection, but their interests and capacities are not considered in the polity of the country as of chief importance.

The formation of a family in France is a serious affair. Sentiment has a good deal to do with it, but not the fleeting sentiment of youthful inexperience; its organization is based on the wear and tear of life for the good of the community. Instead of two young independent factors being allowed to form an irresponsible union, they are obliged to submit to the dictates of experience and good sense. The likings of two parties are heeded and respected, but they are not the ultimate criterion of fitness; the important things required in the formation of a family are a sufficient amount of capital, giving a guarantee that it will be kept up, also a proper degree of social equality. Unions in France made up of parties of diverse education and means are rare. This is brought about through the management of the dot or dowry question. Hence the formalities of the marriage contract, the moral issues of which are ten times greater than its material issues.

In the French family, education begins with children as it does in the American family. But the system of education is radically different. I do not follow up that of boys, in which the difference is less perceptible; but that of girls, in whom, as it should be, the integrity, beauty, and perpetuity of the family is vested. It is sufficient to state that the French girl grows up almost wholly under maternal supervision; literally, she is never out of her mother's sight. It might be supposed that she has a hard time of it, which is not the case. She is not stinted in pleasures or associates. Almost any French family, as far as these go, supply to girls in their teens more real enjoyment in one month than girls anywhere else obtain in a year. The French girl's mind is not dwarfed by nursery ways, by the formal prescriptions of a governess, or by theories of riding, driving, hunting, visiting, or voting. She sits at table with her elders from infancy up, listens to their conversation, shares in their amusements, and is never overlooked in their out-door recreations. The French girl grows up an integral part of a system which, it is not too much to say, is specially devised for her benefit.

These habits, through which the integrity as well as vigor of feminine nature is preserved, are not so much matters of intellectual direction as they are the combined result of legislation and custom. One of the important principles

of the French family, sanctioned both by law and tradition, is that of paternal authority. All the stipulations of the marriage contract, in which the property rights of man and wife are equitably adjusted and fully understood beforehand, are made subservient to this cardinal principle. The administration of all family interests in relation to society is vested in the husband; it is he who controls enterprises, investments, the location of the family, and who pronounces on the settlement of children by marriage or otherwise. The great idea is this: he is the natural protector and director of the family unit. This supreme authority, the grandeur as well as the abuse of which is apparent in the Mirabeau family, is never lost sight of. If latent and imperceptible, it is always active when the occasion calls for it. It never lapses. At the father's death it becomes vested in the mother; and if both die, and there are no grandparents living, it reverts to a family council. The child grows up conscious of and obedient to this authority. The French husband, at the same time, is not wholly "free to do as he likes with his own;" he cannot alienate his property to the disadvantage of his children, as his freedom of bequest is strictly limited. The value of his power is essentially moral. In relation to sons, a rebellious youth may incur debts, even mortgage his inheritance, and indulge in the wildest dissipation, but he cannot marry and thus victimize a new series of existences, before he is thirty, without his father's consent. Should he do so, he imperils his patrimony and forfeits all claim to respect. Generally speaking, by the time a young man reaches the age of thirty he has sown his wild oats, and is ready to avail himself of family privileges and family protection.

The greatest benefit of this family organization enures to the daughter. She grows up in close sympathy with her mother, reverencing her father, and, if conscious of being a matrimonial object, content to let her parents decide for her in this as always before in other matters. The mother is the constant guardian of her daughter's purity, and in the organization of the family is a guarantee of her intellectual integrity.

I say nothing of the conservative effect of religious observances. More important than these is the protection a French young girl enjoys against current theories and events that excite curiosity on the bad side of life. Again, she is carefully protected from the fascinations of amusements and literature. Three significant channels of mental corruption are accordingly under control in the French family: gossip, the press, and the theatre. As to gossip, which is a much more educational instrumentality than people imagine, the mother, like an engineer on duty, lets on just as much steam as she pleases; whatever curiosity this may excite, the mother is the judge to what extent it shall be gratified. If newspapers are allowed for perusal, they are of that class, fortunately possessed by the French, that do the minimum of mischief in the way of worldly information. The American reader who finds the best French newspaper uninteresting may judge whether girls would be likely to take to them. There is a good deal more circumspection in relation to novels and the stage. Improper novels do not find their way into the family circle. Perhaps they do surreptitiously, but even then they prove innocuous on taking into account free access to a circulating library. As to the stage, whoever frequents French theatres and sees how few "pretty girls" there are in the house, can readily appreciate family discipline in this direction. The French girl, it must be understood, is not excluded from either of these sources of entertainment any more than she is excluded from a dinner; care only is taken that the healthy intellectual nutriment which gossip, the press, and the

theatre afford shall not be rendered deleterious by social and literary condiments better adapted to stronger palates. Through this system of circumspection the emotional element of a French girl's nature is confined to the heart rather than to the head; in other words, the natural current of feeling is not diverted into that engendered by uncontrolled curiosity. The French girl grows up, accordingly, dependent to a great extent on the affections, absorbed in the lives of the persons around her, and hence more confiding in human beings generally.

Radicals in France, those who are attacking the established order of things, sneer at and ridicule this mode of education. I will not stop to argue the point with them. One of its effects is to preserve intact the feminine qualities most prized and sought after by men, the high estimate of which is the guarantee of their own civilization and refinement; and another is to preserve and fortify that spirit of trust in and fidelity to man which is natural to woman, when honorably treated, and which characterizes all epochs of vigorous social development. The absence of solicitude in these matters anywhere is more due to egoism than to philanthropy.

The foregoing sketch of the French family, meagre as it is, may serve to explain both the repose and brightness of French domestic life. The secret of it lies in the solidarity of feeling and interests which its members enjoy. The large and small wheels of the family organization are adjusted so as to keep excellent time. Fathers and mothers, through the wise provisions of the nuptial contract, which anticipates the contingencies of a matrimonial career, are not harried by cares and duties, and have time to think, to eat, and to enjoy themselves. Their children profit immensely by parental leisure and freedom from anxieties. Children are not rendered precocious by "glittering generalities," nor hardened by neglect and the absence of sympathy: the boy has an opportunity to obtain knowledge without worrying about an unknown future, while a girl is not thrown too rudely back upon the chances of a situation which makes marriage, with us, a mere lottery. None of the parties forming the French family are floating about on an ocean of uncertainty, at once solicitous and reckless of the passing hour. It is a harbor of refuge at all times, to all its members. In it the aged are sure of support in their declining years, while it is a retreat for the prodigal, whose sins are readily forgotten. The French family, in short, is a fold in which human emotions work more naturally for human happiness than is commonly seen elsewhere.

A comprehension of the French family organization furnishes a key to a great many phenomena of the national life. It largely helps to explain the centralization of the government. It accounts for that patriotic sentiment which has a deeper root than in purely material interests; that love of country which makes the children of the soil, never too many to be supported on it, unwilling to emigrate from it, and, when they do, which brings them back to it with tenfold ardor; that capacity for recuperation when reduced by adversity; that admiration, in fine, which the people of all countries instinctively, and sometimes intelligently, yield to France as a remarkable centre of civilization.

John Durand.

CORDA CONCORDIA.

READ AT THE OPENING SESSION OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY: CONCORD, JULY 11, 1881.

No sandalled footsteps fall,
Tablet and coronal
From the Cephissian grove have vanished long,
Yet in the sacred dale
Still bides the nightingale
Easing his ancient heart-break still with song;
Or is there some dim audience
Viewless to all save his unclouded sense?

Revisit now those glades
The stately mantled shades
Whose lips so wear the inexorable spell?
Saying, with heads sunk low,
All that we sought, we know, —
We know, but not to mortal ears may tell:
No answer unto man's desire
Shall thus be made, to quench his eager fire.

Under these orchard trees
Still pure and fresh the breeze
As where the plane-tree whispered to the elm;[1]
The thrush and robin bring
A new-world offering
Of song, — nor are we banished from the realm
Of thought that as the wind is pure,
And converse deep, and memories that endure.

Some honey dropped as well,
Some dew of hydromel
From wilding meadow-bees, upon the lips
Of poet and sage who found,
Here on our own dear ground,
Light as of old; who let no dull eclipse
Obscure this modern sky, where first
Through perilous clouds the dawn of freedom burst.

Within this leafy haunt
Their service ministrant
Upheld the nobler freedom of the soul.
How was it hither came
The message and the flame
Anew? Make answer from thine aureole

[1] Aristophanes: Nubes, 995.

O mother Nature, thou who best
Man's heart in all thy ways interpretest!

High thoughts of thee brought near
Unto our minstrel-seer
The antique calm, the Asian wisdom old,
Till in his verse we heard
Of blossom, bee, and bird,
Of mountain crag and pine, the manifold
Rich song, — and on the world his eyes
Dwelt penetrant with vision sweet and wise.

Whence came the silver tongue
To one forever young
Who spoke until our hearts within us burned?
This reverend one, who took
No palimpsest or book,
But read his soul with glances inward turned,
While (her rapt forehead like the dawn)
The Sibyl listened, by that music drawn,

And from her fearless mouth,
Where never speech had drouth,
Gave voice to some bold chant of womanhood, —
Her own imaginings,
Like swift, resplendent things,
Flashing from eyes that knew to beam or brood.
What sought these shining ones? What thought
From preacher-saint have poet and teacher caught?

In scorn of meaner use,
Anon, the young recluse
Builded his hut beside the woodland lake,
And set the world far off,
Though with no will to scoff,
Thus from the Earth's near breast fresh life to take.
Against her bosom, heart to heart,
All Nature's sweets he ravished for his Art.

The soul's fine instrument,
Of pains and raptures blent,
Replied to these clear voices, tone for tone,
Their cadence answering
With tuneful sounds that wing
The upper air a few perchance have known,
The stormless empyrean, where
In strength and joy a few move unaware.

Ah, even thus the thril
Of life beyond life's ill

To feel betimes our envious selves are fain, —
Seeing that, as birds in night
Wind-driven against the light
Whose unseen armor mocks their stress and pain,
Most men fall baffled in the surge
That to their cry responds but with a dirge.

Where broods the Absolute,
Or shuns our long pursuit
By fiery utmost pathways out of ken?
Fleeter than sunbeams, lo,
Our passionate spirits go,
And traverse immemorial space, and then
Look off, and look in vain, to find
The master-clew to all they left behind.

White orbs like angels pass
Before the triple glass,
That men may scan the record of each flame, —
Of spectral line and line
The legendry divine, —
Finding their mould the same, and aye the same,
The atoms that we knew before
Of which ourselves are made, — dust, and no more.

So let our defter art
Probe the warm brain, and part
Each convolution of the trembling shell:
But whither now has fled
The sense to matter wed
That murmured here? All silence, such as fell
When to the shrine beyond the Ark
The soldiers reached, and found it void and dark.

Seek elsewhere, and in vain
The wings of morning chain;
Their speed transmute to fire, and bring the Light,
The co-eternal beam
Of the blind minstrel's dream;
But think not that bright heat to know aright,
Nor how the trodden seed takes root,
Waked by its glow, and climbs to flower and fruit.

Behind each captured law
Weird shadows give us awe;
Press with your swords, the phantoms still evade;
Through our alertest host
Wanders at ease some ghost,
Now here, now there, by no enchantment laid,

And works upon our souls its will,
Leading us on to subtler mazes still.

We think, we feel, we are;
And light, as of a star,
Gropes through the mist, — a little light is given;
And aye from life and death
We strive, with indrawn breath,
To somehow wrest the truth, and long have striven,
Nor pause, though book and star and clod
Reply, *Canst thou by searching find out God?*

As from the hollow deep
The soul's strong tide must keep
Its purpose still. We rest not, though we hear
No voice from heaven let fall,
No chant antiphonal
Sounding through sunlit clefts that open near;
We look not outward, but within,
And think not quite to end as we begin.

For now the questioning age
Cries to each hermitage,
Cease not to ask, — or bring again the time
When the young world's belief
Made light the mourner's grief
And strong the sage's word, the poet's rhyme, —
Ere Knowledge thrust a spear-head through
The temple's veil that priests so closely drew.

From what our fate inurns
Save that which music yearns
To speak, in ecstasy none understand,
And (Oh, how like to it!)
The half-formed rays that flit,
Like memories vague, above the further land.
Cry, as the star-led Magi cried,
We seek, we seek, we will not be denied!

Let the blind throng await
A healer at the gate;
Our hearts press on to see what yonder lies,
Knowing that arch on arch
Shall loom across the march
And over portals gained new strongholds rise.
The search itself a glory brings,
Though foiled so oft, that seeks the soul of things.

Some brave discovery,
Howbeit in vain we try

To clutch the shape that lures us evermore,
It shall be ours to make, —
As, where the waters break
Upon the margin of a pathless shore,
They find, who sought for gold alone,
The sudden wonders of a clime unknown.

Such treasure by the way
Your errantry shall pay,
Nor shall it aught against your hope prevail
That not to waking eyes
The golden clouds arise
Wherewith our visions clothe the mystic Grail,
When, in blithe halts upon the road,
We sleep where pilgrims earlier gone abode.

After the twelvemonth set
When as of old they met,
(A twelvemonth and a day, and kept their tryst,)
And knight to pilgrim told
Things given them to behold,
What country found, what gained of all they wist,
(While ministering hands assign
To each a share of healing food and wine,)

So come, — when long grass waves
Above the holiest graves
Of them whose ripe adventure chides our own, —
Come where the great elms lean
Their quivering leaves and green
To shade the moss-clung roofs now sacred grown,
And where the bronze and granite tell
How Liberty was hailed with Life's farewell.

Here let your Academe
Be no ignoble dream,
But, consecrate with life and death and song,
Through the land's spaces spread
The trust inherited,
The hope which from your hands shall take no wrong,
And build an altar that may last
Till heads now young be laurelled with the Past.

Edmund C. Stedman.

IN EXILE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

Nicky Dyer and the school-mistress sat upon the slope of a hill, one of a low range overlooking an arid Californian valley. These sunburnt slopes were traversed by many narrow foot-paths, descending, ascending, winding among the tangle of poison-oak and wild-rose bushes, leading from the miners' cabins to the shaft-houses and tunnels of the mine which gave to the hills their only importance. Nicky was a stout Cornish lad of thirteen, with large light eyes that seemed mildly to protest against the comic tendency which a broad, freckled, turned-up nose gave to the rest of his countenance. Nicky was doing nothing in particular, and did it as if he were used to it. The school-mistress sat with her skirts tucked round her ankles, the heels of her stout little boots driven well into the dry, gritty soil. There was in her attitude the tension of some slight habitual strain — perhaps of endurance — as she leaned forward, her arms stretched straight before her, with the delicate fingers interlocked. Whatever may be the type of Californian young womanhood, it was not her type. You felt sure, looking at her cool, clear tints and slight, straight outlines, that she had winter in her blood. She was gazing down into the valley, as one looks at a landscape who has not yet mastered all its phases of expression. All its details were blurred in the hot, dusty glare; the mountains opposite had faded to a flat outline against the indomitable sky. A light wind blew up the slope, flickering the pale leaves of a manzanita, whose burnished cinnamon-colored stems glowed in the sun. As the breeze strengthened, the young girl stood up, lifting her arms, and letting it blow on her bare wrists.

"Nicky, why do the trees in that hollow between the hills look so green?"

"There 's water over there, miss; that 's the Chilano's spring. I 'm thinkin' the old cow might 'a' strayed over there somewheres. They mostly goes for the water, wherever it is."

"Is it running water, Nicky, — not water in a tank?"

"Why, no, miss; it cooms right out o' the rock as pretty as you ivir saw! I often goes there myself for a drink, cos it seems to taste sort o' different, coomin' out o' the ground like. We wos used to that kind o' water at 'ome."

"Let us go, Nicky," said the girl. "I would like to taste that water, too. Do we cross the hill first, or is there a shorter way?"

"Over the 'ill 's the shortest, miss. It 's quite a ways, but you 've been longer ways nor they for less at th' end on 't."

They "tacked" down the steepest part of the hill, and waded through a shady hollow where ferns grew rank and tall, — crisp, faded ferns, with an aromatic smell which seemed to escape by friction, like the smell of warm amber. They reached at length the green trees, a clump of young cottonwoods at the entrance to a narrow cañon, and followed the dry bed of a stream for some distance, until water began to show among the stones. The principal outlet of the spring was on a small plantation at the head of the cañon, rented of the "company" by a Chilian, or "the Chilano," as he was called; he was not at all a pastoral-looking personage, but, with the aid of his good water, he earned a moderately respectable living by supplying the neighboring cabins and the miners' boarding-house with green vegetables. After a temporary disappear-

ance, as if to purge its memory of the Chilano's water-buckets, the spring again revealed itself in a thin, clear trickle down the hollowed surface of a rock which closed the narrow passage of the cañon. Young sycamores and cotton-woods shut out the sun above; their tangled roots, interlaced with vines still green and growing, trailed over the edge of the rock, where a mass of earth had fallen. Green moss lined the hollows of the rock, and water-plants grew in the dark pools below.

The strollers had left behind them the heat and glare; only the breeze followed them into this green stillness, stirring the boughs overhead and letting spots of sunlight flicker over the wet stones. Nicky, after enjoying for a few moments the school-mistress' surprised delight, proposed that she should wait for him at the spring, while he went "down along" in search of his cow. Nicky was not without a certain awe of the school-mistress, as a part of creation he had not fathomed in all its bearings; but when they rambled on the hills together, he found himself less uneasily conscious of her personality, and more comfortably aware of the fact that, after all, she was "nothin' but a woman." He was a little disappointed that she showed no fear at being left alone, but consoled himself with the reflection that she was "a good un to 'old 'er tongue," and probably felt more than she expressed.

The school-mistress did not look in the least disconsolate after Nicky's departure. She gazed about her very contentedly for a while, and then prepared to get a drink of water. She made a cup of her two hands, and waited for it to fill, stooping below the rock, her lifted skirt held against her side by one elbow, while she watched with a childish eagerness the water trickle into her pink palms. Miss Frances Newell had never looked prettier in her life. A pretty girl is always prettier in the open air, with her head uncovered. Her cheeks were red; the sun just touched the roughened braids of dark brown hair, and intensified the glow of a little ear which showed beneath. She stooped to drink, but Miss Frances was destined never to taste that virgin cup of water. There was a trampling in the bushes overhead; a little shower of dust and pebbles scattered down upon her bent head, and soiled the water. She let her hands fall as she looked up with a startled "Oh!" A pair of large boots were rapidly making their way down the bank, and the cause of all this disturbance stood before her, — a young man in a canvas jacket, with a leathern case slung across his shoulder, and a small tin lamp fastened in front of the hat he took off while he apologized to the girl for his intrusion.

"Miss Newell! Forgive me for dropping down on you like the Assyrian. You 've found the spring, I see."

Miss Frances stood with her elbows still pressed to her sides, though her skirt had slipped down into the water, her wet palms helplessly extended. "I was getting a drink," she said, searching with the tips of her fingers among the folds of her dress for a handkerchief. "You came just in time to remind me of the slip between the cup and the lip."

"I 'm very sorry, but there is plenty of water left. I came for some myself. Let me help you." He took from one of the many pockets stitched into the breast and sides of his jacket a covered flask, detached the cup, and after carefully rinsing, filled and handed it to the girl. "I hope it does n't taste of 'store claret;' the water underground is just a shade worse than that exalted beverage."

"It is delicious, thank you, and it does n't taste in the least of claret. Have you just come out of the mine?"

"Yes. It is 'measuring-up day.' I have been toddling through the drifts and sliding down chiflons" — he looked ruefully at his trousers' legs — "ever since

seven o'clock this morning. Have n't had time to eat any lunch yet, you see." He took from another pocket a small package folded in a coarse napkin. "I came here to satisfy the pangs of hunger and enjoy the beauties of nature at the same time, — such nature as we have here. Will you excuse me, Miss Newell? I 'll promise to eat very fast."

"I 'll excuse you if you will not ask me to share with you."

"Oh, I have entirely too much consideration for myself to think of such a thing; there is n't enough for two."

He seated himself, with a little sigh, and opened the napkin on the ground before him. Miss Newell stood leaning against a rock on the opposite side of the brook, regarding the young man with a shy and smiling curiosity. "Meals," he continued, "are a penitential exercise we all engage in three times a day at the boarding-house. Have you ever tried any of Mrs. Bondy's fare, Miss Newell?"

"I 'm sure Mrs. Bondy tries to have everything very nice," the young girl replied, with some embarrassment.

"Of course she does; she is a very good old girl. I think a great deal of Mrs. Bondy; but when she asks me if I have enjoyed my dinner, I always make a point of telling her the truth; she respects me for it. This is her idea of sponge-cake, you see." He held up admiringly a damp slab of some compact pale-yellow substance, with crumbs of bread adhering to one side. "It is a little mashed, but otherwise a fair specimen."

Miss Frances laughed. "Mr. Arnold, I think you are too bad. How can she help it, with those dreadful Chinamen? But I would really advise you not to eat that cake; it does n't look wholesome."

"Oh, as to that, I 've never observed any difference; one thing is about as wholesome as another. Did you ever eat bacon fried by a Chinaman, Miss Newell? The sandwiches were made of that. You see, I still live." The sponge-cake was rapidly disappearing. "Miss Newell, you look at me as if I were committing *hara-kiri*. Will you appear at the inquest?"

"No, I will not testify to anything so unromantic; besides, it might be inconvenient for Mrs. Bondy's cook." She put on her hat, and stepped along the stones towards the entrance to the glen.

"You are not going to refuse me the last offices?"

"I am going to look for Nicky Dyer. He came with me to show me the spring, and now he has gone to hunt for his cow."

"And you are going to hunt for him? I hope you won't try it, Miss Frances. A boy on the track of a cow is a very uncertain object in life. Let me call him, if you really must have him."

"Oh, don't trouble yourself. I suppose he will come after a while. I said I would wait for him here."

"Then permit me to say that I think you had better do as you promised."

Miss Frances recrossed the stones, and seated herself with a faint smile.

"I hope you don't mind if I stay," Arnold said, moving some loose stones to make her seat more comfortable. "You have the prior right to-day, but this is an old haunt of mine. I feel as if I were doing the honors; and to tell you the truth, I am rather used up. The new workings are very hot and the drifts are low. It 's a combination of steam-bath and hoeing corn."

The girl's face cleared, as she looked at him. His thin cheek was pale under the tan, and where his hat was pushed back the hair clung in damp points to his forehead and temples.

"I should be very sorry to drive you away," she said. "I thought you looked tired. If you want to go to sleep, or anything, I will promise to be very quiet."

Arnold laughed. "Oh, I 'm not such an utter wreck; but I 'm glad you can be very quiet. I was afraid you might

be a little uproarious at times, you know."

The girl gave a little shy laugh. It was really a giggle, but a very sweet, girlish giggle. It called up a look of keen pleasure to Arnold's face.

"Now I call this decidedly gay," he remarked, stretching out his long legs slowly, and leaning against a slanting rock, with one arm behind his head. "Miss Frances, will you be good enough to tell me that my face is n't dirty?"

"Truth compels me to admit that you have one little daub on your left eyebrow."

"Thank you," said Arnold, rubbing it languidly with his handkerchief. His hat had dropped off, and he did not replace it; he did not look at the girl, but let his eyes rest on the thread of water that gleamed from the spring. Miss Frances, regarding him with some timidity, thought, How much younger he looks without his hat! He had that sensitive fairness which in itself gives a look of youth and purity. The sternness of his face lay in the curves which showed under his mustache, and in the silent, dominant eye.

"You 've no idea how good it sounds to a lonely fellow like me," he said, "to hear a girl's laugh."

"But there are a great many women here," Miss Frances observed.

"Oh, yes, there are women everywhere, such as they are; but it takes a real nice girl, a lady, to laugh!"

"I don't agree with you at all," replied Miss Frances, coldly. "Some of those Mexican women have the sweetest voices, speaking or laughing, that I have ever heard; and the Cornish women, too, have very fresh, pure voices. I often listen to them in the evening when I sit alone in my room. Their voices sound so happy" —

"Well, then it is the accent, — or I 'm prejudiced. Don't laugh again, please, Miss Frances; it has a very demoralizing effect upon me!" He moved his head a little, and looked across at the girl to assure himself that her silence did not mean disapproval. "I admit," he went on, "that I like our Eastern girls. I know you are from the East, Miss Newell."

"I am from what I used to think was East," she said, smiling. "But everything is East here. People from Indiana and Wisconsin say they are from the East."

"Ah, but you are from our old Atlantic coast. I was sure of it when I first saw you. If you will pardon me, I knew it by your way of dressing."

The young girl flushed with pleasure; then, with a reflective air. "I confess myself, since you speak of clothes, to a feeling of relief when I saw your hat the first Sunday after I came. Western men wear such dreadful hats."

"Good!" he cried gayly. "You mean my hat that I *call* a hat." He reached for the one behind his head, and spun it lightly upward, where it settled on a projecting branch. "I respect that hat myself, — my *other* hat, I mean; I 'm trying to live up to it. Now, let me guess your State, Miss Newell: is it Massachusetts?"

"No, — Connecticut; but at this distance it seems like the same thing."

"Oh, pardon me, there are very decided differences. I 'm from Massachusetts myself. Perhaps they show more in the women, — the ones who stay at home, I mean, and become more local and idiomatic than the men. You are *not* one of the daughters of the soil, Miss Newell."

She looked pained as she said, "I wish I were; but there is not room for us all, where there is so *little* soil."

Arnold moved uneasily, extracted a stone from under the small of his back, and tossed it out of sight with some vehemence. "You think it goes rather hard with women who are uprooted, then," he said. "I suppose it is something a man can hardly conceive of, — a

woman's attachment to places, and objects, and associations; they are like cats."

Miss Newell was silent.

Arnold moved a little restlessly; then began again, with his eyes on the trickle of water: "Miss Newell, do you remember a poem — I think it is Bryant's — called The Hunter of the Prairies? It 's no disgrace not to remember it, and it may not be Bryant's."

"I remember seeing it, but I never read it. I always skipped those Western things."

Arnold gave a short laugh, and said, "Well, you are punished, you see, by going West to hear me repeat it to you. I think I can give you the idea in a few lines: —

"'Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me'" —

The sound of his voice in the stillness of the little glen, and a look of surprise in the young girl's quiet eyes, reminded Arnold that eight years of hard experience in the world had not deprived him of all shyness. "Hm-m-m," he murmured to himself, "it 's queer how rhymes slip away. Well, the last line ends in *free*. You see, it is a man's idea of happiness, — a young man's. Now, how do you suppose *she* liked it, — the girl, you know, who left the world, and all that? Did you ever, Miss Newell, happen to see a poem or a story, written by a woman, celebrating the joys of a solitary existence with the man of her heart?"

"I suppose that many a woman has tried it," Miss Newell said, evasively, "but I 'm sure *she*" —

"Never lived to tell the tale?" cried Arnold.

"She probably had something else to do while the hunter was riding round with his gun," Miss Frances continued.

"Well, give her the odds of the rifle and the steed; give the man some commonplace employment to take the swagger out of him; let him come home reasonably tired and cross at night, — do you suppose he would find the 'kind' eyes and the 'smile'? I forgot to tell you that the Hunter of the Prairies is always welcomed by a smile at night."

"He must have been an uncommonly fortunate man," she said.

"Of course he was; but the question is, Could any living man be so fortunate? Come, Miss Frances, don't prevaricate!"

"Well, am I speaking for the average woman?"

"Oh, not at all, — you are speaking for the very nicest of women. Any other kind would be intolerable on a prairie."

"I should think, if she were very healthy," said Miss Newell, with a faint increase of color, "and not too imaginative, and of a cheerful disposition; and if *he*, the hunter, were *really* above the average, — supposing that she cared for him in the beginning, — I should think the smile might last a year or two."

"Heavens, what a cynic you are, Miss Newell! I feel like a mere daub of sentiment beside you. There have been moments, even in this benighted mining camp, when I have believed in that hunter and his smile!"

He got up suddenly, and stood against the rock, facing her. Although he kept his cool, bantering tone, his color had risen perceptibly, and his eyes looked darker. "I hope you are not trifling with my ideals, Miss Newell; I want to keep the jewel I have left. You may consider me a representative man, if you please: I speak for hundreds of us scattered about in mining camps and on cattle ranches, in lighthouses and frontier farms and military posts, and all the God-forsaken holes you can conceive of where men are trying to earn a living, — or lose one, — we are all going to the dogs for the want of that smile! What is to become of us if the women whose smiles we care for cannot support life in the places where we have to live?

Come, Miss Frances, can't you make that smile last at least two years?" He gathered a handful of dry leaves from a broken branch above his head and crushed them in his long hands, sifting the yellow dust on the water below.

"The conditions you speak of are very different," the girl answered, with a shade of uneasiness in her manner. "A mining camp is anything but a solitude, and a military post may be very gay."

"Oh, the principle is the same. It is the absolute giving up of everything. You know most women require a background of family and friends and congenial surroundings; the question is whether *any* woman can do without them."

The young girl moved in a constrained way, and flushed as she said, "It must always be an experiment, I suppose, and its success would depend, as I said before, on the woman and on the man."

"An 'experiment' is good!" said Arnold, rather savagely. "Well, Miss Newell, I see you won't say anything you can't swear to."

"I really do not see that I am called upon to say anything on the subject at all!" she said, rising and looking at him across the brook with indignant eyes and a hot glow on her cheek.

He did not appear to notice her annoyance.

"Because you know something about it, and most women don't, your testimony is worth something. How long have you been here, — a year? I wonder how it seems to a woman to live in a place like this a year! I hate it all, you know, — I 've seen so much of it. But is there really any beauty here? I suppose beauty, and all that sort of thing, is partly within us, is n't it? — at least, that 's what the goody little poems tell us."

"I think it is very beautiful here," said Miss Frances, softening, as he laid aside his light and somewhat strained manner, and spoke more quietly. "It is the kind of place a happy woman might be very happy in; but if she were sad — or — disappointed" —

"Well?" said Arnold, pulling at his mustache, and fixing a rather gloomy gaze upon her.

"She would die of it! I really do not think there would be any hope for her in a place like this."

"But if she were happy, as you say," persisted the young man, "don't you think her woman's adaptability and quick imagination would help her immensely? She would n't see what I, for instance, know to be ugly and coarse; her very ignorance of the world would help her."

There was a vague, pleading look in his eyes. "Arrange it to suit yourself," she said. "Only, I can assure you, if anything happens to her, it will be the — the hunter's fault."

"All right," said he, rousing himself. "That hunter, if I know him, is a man who is used to taking risks! Where are you going?"

"I thought I heard Nicky."

They were both silent, and as they listened footsteps, with a tinkling accompaniment, crackled among the bushes below the cañon. Miss Newell turned towards the spring again. "I want one more drink before I go," she said.

Arnold followed her. "Let us drink to our return. We will call this our fountain of Trevi."

"Oh, no," said Miss Frances. "Don't you remember what your favorite Bryant says about bringing the 'faded fancies of an elder world' into these 'virgin solitudes'?"

"Faded fancies!" cried Arnold. "Do you call that a faded fancy? It is as fresh and graceful as youth itself, and as natural. I should have thought of it myself, if there had been no fountain of Trevi."

"Do you think so?" smiled the girl. "Then imagination, it would seem, is not entirely confined to homesick women."

"Come, fill the cup, Miss Frances! Nicky is almost here."

The girl held her hands beneath the trickle again, until they were brimming with the clear sweet water.

"Drink first," said Arnold.

"I 'm not sure that I want to return," she replied, smiling, with her eyes on the space of sky between the tree-tops.

"Nonsense, — you must be homesick. Drink, drink!"

"Drink yourself; the water is all running away!"

He bent his head, and took a vigorous sip of the water, holding his hands below hers, inclosing the small cup in the large one. The small cup trembled a little. He was laughing and wiping his mustache, when Nicky appeared, and Miss Frances, suddenly brightening and recovering her freedom of movement, exclaimed, "Why, Nicky! You have been *forever!* We must go at once, Mr. Arnold; so good-by! I hope" —

She did not say *what* she hoped, and Arnold, after looking at her with an interrogative smile a moment, caught his hat from the branch overhead, and made her a great bow with it in his hand.

He did not follow her light figure, pushing its way through the swaying, rustling ferns, but he watched it out of sight. "What an extraordinary ass I 've been making of myself!" He confided this remark to the stillness of the little cañon, and then, with long strides, took his way over the hills in an opposite direction.

It was the middle of July when this little episode of the spring occurred. The summer had reached its climax. The dust did not grow perceptibly deeper, nor the fields browner, during the long brazen weeks that followed. One only wearied of it all more and more.

So thought Miss Newell, at least. It was her second summer in California, and the phenomenon of the dry season was not so impressive on its repetition. She had been surprised to observe how very brief had been the charm of strangeness in her experience of life in a new country. She began to wonder if a girl born and brought up among the hills of Connecticut could have the seeds of *ennui* subtly distributed through her frame, to reach a sudden development in the heat of a Californian summer. She longed for the rains to begin, that in their violence and the sound of the wind she might gain a sense of life in action by which to eke out her dull and expressionless days. She was, as Nicky Dyer had said, "a good un to 'old 'er tongue," and therein lay her greatest strength as well as her greatest danger.

Miss Newell boarded at Captain Dyer's. The prosperous ex-mining captain was a good deal nearer to the primitive type than any man Miss Newell had ever sat at table with in her life before, but she had a thorough respect for him, and she soon felt the time might come when she would enjoy him — as a reminiscence. Mrs. Dyer was kindly, and not more of a gossip than her neighbors; and there were no children, — only one grandchild, the inoffensive Nicky. The ways of the house were a little uncouth, but everything was clean and in a certain sense homelike. To Miss Newell's homesick sensitiveness it seemed better than being stared at across the boarding-house table by Boker and Pratt, and pitied by the engineer. She had a little room at the Dyers', which was a reflection of herself so far as a year's occupancy and very moderate resources could make it. Perhaps for that very reason she often found her little room an intolerable prison. One night her homesickness had taken its worst form, a restlessness, which began in a nervous inward throbbing and extended to her cold and tremulous finger-tips. She went softly down-stairs and out on the piazza, where the moonlight lay in a brilliant square on the unpainted boards. The moonlight increased her restless-

ness, but she could not keep away from it. She dared not walk up and down the piazza, because the people in the street below would see her. She stood there perfectly still, holding her elbows with her hands, crouched into a little dark heap against the side of the house.

Lights were twinkling far and near over the hills, singly, and in clusters. Black figures moved across the moonlit spaces in the street. There were sounds of talking, laughing, and singing; dogs barking; occasionally a stir and tinkle in the scrub, as a cow wandered past. The engines throbbed from the distant shaft-houses. A miner's wife was hushing her baby in the next house, and across the street a group of Mexicans were talking all at once in a loud, monotonous cadence.

In her early days at the mines there had been a certain piquancy in her sense of the contrast between herself and her circumstances, but that had long passed into a dreary recognition of the fact that she had no real part in the life of the place.

She recalled one afternoon when Arnold had passed the school-house, and found her sitting alone on the door-step. He stopped to ask if that "mongrel pack on the hill were worrying the life out of her," and added with a laugh, in answer to her look of silent disapproval, "Oh, I mean the dear lambs of your flock. I saw two of them just now on the trail fighting over a lame donkey. The clans were gathering on both sides; there will be a pitched battle in a few minutes. The donkey was enjoying it. I think he was asleep!" The day had been an unusually hard one, and the patient little school-mistress was just then struggling with a distracted sense of unavailing effort. Arnold's grim banter brought the tears as blood follows a blow. He got down from his horse, looking wretched at what he had done. "I am a brute, I believe, — worse than any of the pack. You have so much patience with them, — please have a little with me. Trust me, I am not utterly blind to your sufferings. Indeed, Miss Newell, I see them, and they make me savage!" With the gentlest touch he lifted her hand, held it in his a moment, and then he mounted his horse and rode away.

Yes, he *did* understand, — she felt sure of that. What an unutterable rest it would be if she could go to some one with the small worries of her life! But she could not yield to such impulses. It was different with men! She had often thought of Arnold's words that day at the spring, all the more that he had never before or since revealed so much of himself to her. Under an apparently careless frankness and extravagance of speech he was a reticent man, but lightly spoken as the words had been, were they not the sparks and ashes blown from a deep and smothered core of fire? She seemed to feel its glow on her cheek as she recalled his singular persistence and the darkening of his imperious eyes. No, she would not permit herself to think of that day at the spring. No doubt he himself thought of it with disgust. . . .

There was a bright light in the engineer's office across the street. She could see Arnold through the windows (for like a man he did not pull his shades down) at one of the long drawing-tables. He worked late, it seemed. He was writing. He wrote rapidly, page after page, tearing each sheet from what appeared to be a paper block, and tossing it on the table beside him. He covered only one side of the paper, she noticed, thinking with a smile of her own small economies. Presently he got up, swept the papers together in his hands, and stooped over them. He is numbering and folding them, she thought, and now he is directing the envelope, — to whom, I wonder! He turned, and as he walked towards the window she saw him put something in the pocket of his coat. He lit a cigar, and began walking with long

strides up and down the room, one hand in his pocket; the other he occasionally rubbed over his eyes and head, as if they hurt him. She remembered the engineer had headaches, and wished somebody would ask him to try valerian. Is he ever really lonely? she thought. What can he, what can any man, know of loneliness? He can go out and walk about on the hills; he can go away altogether, and take the risks of life somewhere else. A woman must take no risks. There is not a house in the camp where he might not enter to-night, if he chose; he might come over here and talk to me. The East with all its memories and hopes and antecedents seemed so hopelessly far away. They two alone, in that strange, uncongenial new world which had crowded out the old, seemed to speak a common language. And yet how little she really knew of him!

Suddenly the lights disappeared from the windows of the office. She heard a door unlock, and presently the young man's figure crossed the street and turned up the trail past the house.

Two other figures going up halted, and the taller one said, "Will you go up on the hill, to-night, Mr. Arnold?"

"What for?" said Arnold, slackening his pace without stopping.

"Oh, nothing in particular, — to see the señoritas."

"Oh, thank you, Boker, I've seen the señoritas."

He walked quickly past the men, and the shorter one, who had not spoken, called after him rather huskily, —

"W-what do you think of the schoolma'am?"

Arnold turned back and confronted the speaker. "Shall I tell you what I think of *you*, Pratt?"

"You can do as you damn please!"

"It would please me to strangle you, but I don't think you 're worth it!" and flinging the man aside with one hand, Arnold strode on up the trail.

"Confound him, — the cold-blooded Yankee! They 're all alike, — birds of a feather flock together. Hope she 's thin enough to suit him."

"Shut up, Jack!" said his comrade. "You 're a little high now, you know."

"High!" The voices of the two men blended with the night chorus of the camp as they passed out of sight.

Miss Newell sat perfectly still for a while; then she went to her room, and threw herself down on the bed, wondering if she could ever forget those words which the faithless night had brought to her ear. The moonlight had left the piazza, and crept round to the side of the house. It shone in at the window, touching the girl's cold fingers pressed to her burning cheeks and temples. She got up, drew the curtain, and groped her way back to the bed, where she lay for hours trying to convince herself that her misery was out of all proportion to the cause, and that those coarse words could make no real difference in her life.

They did make a little difference. They loosened the slight, indefinite threads of intercourse which a year had woven between these two exiles. Miss Newell was prepared to withdraw from any further overtures of friendship from the engineer; but he made it unnecessary for her to do so, — he made no overtures. On the night of Pratt's tipsy salutation he had abruptly decided that a mining-camp was no place for a nice girl with no acknowledged masculine protector. In Miss Newell's circumstances a girl must be left entirely alone, or exposed to the gossip of the camp. He knew very well which she would choose, and so he kept away, — though at considerable loss to himself, he felt. It made him cross to watch her pretty figure going up the trail every morning and to reflect that so much sweetness and refinement should not be having its ameliorating influence on his own barren and somewhat defiant existence.

Mary Hallock Foote.

THE NEW YORK ART SEASON.

In attempting a brief review of what the past season has produced in the way of pictorial art, it will be well, I think, not to content ourselves with a mere enumeration of individual objects of interest. We may profitably pass, by their means, to some estimate of the present condition of our art as a whole, and especially of the promise it gives as to its development in the near future. Only those who vividly remember American art as it was twenty years ago will quite understand the satisfaction we feel in looking back over the creditable showing of the past season; only such will appreciate the intense pleasure we draw from its evidence that the day is approaching when we shall have an art not only accomplished, but national, — not only schooled in the best contemporary methods, but devoted to the expression of our own local life and our own individual impressions. It would be idle, of course, to say that any such art yet exists in a comprehensive way. But we may fairly claim, I think, that we can already see its beginnings and foresee its wide development.

It has been a little hard to remember, looking at all that has claimed our attention during the past few months, that a very short time ago we had no "art season" whatever, nothing but the Academy's exhibition as the sole attraction of the year. This year four general exhibitions have been filled to overflowing, and a number of special collections have succeeded one another. In considering the work produced, it will be best, in view of the aim I have just declared and of the limitations of our space, to pause over the good work only, confessing at the outset, once for all, that a vast amount of bad work also has been shown, and that false methods and mistaken aims and immature accomplishment still claim their devotees. We have known the time when these things seemed so dangerous to the future of our art as to call for constant mention and for detailed blame. There was a day when it seemed as though learners would have nowhere else to look for models, and the public nowhere else to bestow its admiration. But this day has passed. The so-called "new men," and the elder workers who are identified with them in aim and practice, have done far more for us than merely to paint their own pictures. They have established good methods of teaching, and have inculcated, by word and deed, better general views of art; and these views and methods have already impregnated our most conservative institutions. The worst work on our exhibition walls now rarely comes from the hand of a beginner, but is most often due to some older Academician, or to one of his contemporaries. It is a hopeful sign of the times, indeed, that many quite new and unknown names come yearly to swell the ranks of our best workmen, and to help carry off the highest honors. The generation that is just entering upon its life's work seems, in a word, to be starting along the right road, uninfluenced, to any dangerous extent, by the example of men whose names have long been held in honor, but whose practices could not now be followed without contempt for what we have found to be better methods. Recognizing this fact the critic is no longer driven to constant fault-finding.

What, now, are the good qualities to be especially looked for in judging the present of our art and in calculating its future? Fifteen years ago our artists as a body — with a few notable exceptions, whom I need surely not stop to mention here — were not animated by individual and characteristic thoughts or

feelings. Nor were they, on the other hand, masters of an accomplished technique, — of that precious artistic speech which can make the tritest or most casual thought, the most hackneyed or prosaic object, a painted joy forever. If we wished to improve upon our past, this technical ability was the first thing to be acquired as a necessary basis for all other excellence. Beginning, then, with the beginning, our younger artists have gone abroad in crowds to seek for manual training; that being a thing to be best learned by precept and example, not to be easily evolved from one's own soul, no matter how much artistic material might surround one, and no matter how truly one might be inspired thereby. We have now got far on the way toward technical accomplishment, I think; we may now boast of a large and rapidly growing body of young men whose work would in any country stand on a level with that of the ablest, of all but the most inspired, of modern brushes. We have been a little slow to recognize this fact, however; a little afraid to believe our eyes when they bore witness that young Americans, with quite unknown names and origins, were painting things as good as we could get from Europe, were conceiving of their art in the most thorough-going and artistic way, and were displaying, moreover, a commendable degree of diversity among themselves. At first we said, "They have caught a foreign trick from foreign masters. They have painted well, perhaps, in pupilage; but when left to themselves they will do the sort of work our men have always done, or they will run into extreme eccentricity and artistic aberration." They have amply proved, however, that they will do none of these things. The men who five or six years ago came home from foreign cities to be greeted with such prophecies now paint better than at that time. Each year — note the successive exhibitions of the Society of American Artists — they show less of mere eccentricity, fewer mere *tours de force*, more of balance, of discretion, and of high artistic effort. From extremely clever pupils they are growing to be masters in their art. They paint as enthusiastically, as steadily; they are as devoted to their art, and as entirely determined to pursue it irrespective of popular cavil, as when fresh from the inspiring atmosphere of Paris or of Munich. We are forced at last to confess that they can and do paint well, — still using the word in its narrower technical but most important sense. Convinced of this, however, we cannot rest satisfied a moment with so great a gain, so immense a promise for the future. We instantly demand that they shall do work racy with the flavor of the soil, — work such as no man has ever done before, and that will therefore be "original." This for records of external life. When they attempt imaginative work we insist that they shall at once show a power to rival that developed at the supremest moment of the noblest schools. These are all demands which must be realized, of course, before we can have a truly national art, — an art that shall be our own by any stronger title than the mere fact of its production on this side of the water. Art is long, however, and its steps are many and gradual, and must be properly sequent. It is only those who have no confidence in their own power to discern good work, though as yet unheralded by fame, in their own ability to perceive signs and promises as well as complete and wide results, who despair of the fact that our artists will soon see our own local materials in a pictorial manner, and think our own characteristic thoughts in an artistic way. It is for proofs that they have already begun, indeed, to do so, — for evidence that we have already men among us who are not only good painters, but American artists, — that we should most keenly look, in our current criticising. While praising, therefore, good painter's work of every

sort, no matter how unoriginal, it is for work in which local life and local ideas are most distinctly visible that our highest commendation should be reserved.

After so much generalizing, it may be well to pass at last to a few particulars. I must preface the notice of our New York pictures by a few words with reference to some that were shown in Philadelphia last autumn. A hundred canvases that were sent from the easels of painters practicing or still studying in Paris afforded a hitherto unfound opportunity of estimating what a large body of our aspirants are accomplishing. They showed much excellent work; little that was very original, it is true, in either mood or technique, but a great deal to prove that Americans are at last fully reconciled to the necessity of hard and systematic study. We were especially glad to see much capable figure-drawing on a large scale. Most of it was academical practice-work, and nothing more; but it was accomplished to a degree that would have startled us a few years since. The fact that it did not in the least surprise us now, that it did not fully satisfy us, indeed, shows how our standard of requirement has risen in the interim. When we looked at the works in detail, moreover, we found some that broke the level of commonplace acquirement, and showed original and successful impulse. Of Miss Dodson, for example, I may surely say that her work displayed not only admirable training, but an individual temperament and a commendable degree of versatility. Miss Dodson has undoubtedly a future before her, and one may predict, perhaps, that if she ever combines the large scale and assured drawing and broad masculine style of her Deborah, here shown, with the fresh fancy of her smaller decorative works, — The Pupils of Love and The Dance, — she may do very good and much-to-be-desired work in the way of mural decoration. Mr. Picknell's canvases — the Route de Concarneau, which won official recognition at the last *Salon*, and Au Bord du Marais — were bold and vigorous things, most admirable in technique, and showing, it seemed to me, a sentiment and accent of their own. And there were still other works at Philadelphia for which more than accomplished workmanship might have been claimed, — notably those of Mr. Marr, now of Milwaukee, and of Mr. Kenyon Cox, who sent a strange and fascinating little portrait.

Nothing more strongly marks our recent growth in productiveness and versatility than the sudden rise of our water-color art. Twenty years ago it was an almost unknown thing. Half a dozen years ago, even, we took but a languid interest in its possibilities. Now it is universally popular with our artists, even with those whose methods of work in oil would seem most alien to its requirements; and it is immensely popular with the public at large, — disproportionately so as compared with the estimation in which that public sees fit to hold good native work in oil. The large collection of aquarelles shown this year — there were over eight hundred numbers, and no works in black and white were admitted — was of greater average excellence, I think, than any previously shown. There was but little work of the best possible sort, while there were dozens of drawings, each of which would have made its mark not many years ago, but which now passed unnoticed amid crowds of almost equal excellence. The old-fashioned "niggling" imitations of work in oils, distressingly hard and flat, and painfully elaborate, were in a minority. Even painters who had nothing of much interest to say upon their paper had learned to speak in a simple and direct way that gave no opportunity for fault-finding, if it gave no occasion for any special praise. Perhaps the greater part of the work did not merit higher commendation than this. But even this

is a level by no means to be despised, in view of things not long gone by. From such a level there stood out, moreover, some work of a more decided and individual stamp, — work both strong and peculiar in its artistic flavor. The three men who were most conspicuous for excellence were Messrs. Winslow Homer, Currier, and Blum. Mr. Homer's work is too well known to need detailed notice here. He was at his very best, and when at that best must always be recognized as strong, and individual, and intensely local. Whether or no one personally likes his kind of strength and his sort of individuality is another matter. Mr. Currier, whose work still comes from Munich, is of course an impressionist of the deepest dye, but one who has, most fortunately, a genuine impression to convey. He signed a dozen large drawings, most of them showing sunset or storm-cloud effects over wide stretches of moorland. His color was superb and his handling very clever, and there was an amount of action in his clouds and atmosphere that one rarely sees in paintings of any sort.

Mr. Robert Blum is more or less of an impressionist also, when he works with aquarelle, but his style is as delicate and as fragile, so to say, as Mr. Currier's is intense and fiery. He exhibited a number of views of Venice, cool and gray or softly blue in tone, airy yet spirited in handling; with all their tenuity very vigorous, with all their tenderness never soft, with all their daintiness the reverse of weak. Mr. Blum would excite interest did we know but a single work of his. But when we have seen a number, curiosity as to his future course is added to the interest. His facility is so great and his artistic sympathy apparently so wide that we cannot guess what he may next produce. Many blame him, saying that this sympathy goes out not only to varying aspects of nature, but to various methods of working characteristic of other men. To me it does not appear that Mr. Blum imitates Fortuny or Martin Rico, but, rather, that he sees and feels for the moment as one or the other of them has seen and felt, which is a very different thing, — a thing that may produce original and spontaneous work along similar lines, but that will not degenerate into imitation. This I say merely in explanation of the strong reflected accent that some critics find in his undeniably beautiful handiwork. For myself I would say more — that he is usually as fresh and genuine as he is delightful. Besides his out-of-door effects in Venice, he showed here a large drawing, quite beautiful in color, called Venetian Girls Stringing Beads, which disclosed a distinct gift for expressive facial painting. This was the more noteworthy because our aquarellists are as yet very deficient in their treatment of the figure. Few of them even attempt to deal with it. In this exhibition there was little good home work of the sort, if we except some realistic and delightfully local bits of low-life from the brush of Mr. Kappes, a study by Mr. Eakins, and the accomplished but not very original work of Mr. Hovenden and Mr. C. S. Reinhart. A few lovely foreign pieces in the room, by Vibert and Tofano and Simoni and Heilbuth and Kaemmerer, served as a gauge by which to measure our own short-comings.

In closing this brief notice I should like to give more than mere mention and general praise to the out-door studies of Messrs. Foxcroft Cole and Freer and Muhrmann, to the fresh spring-like effects of Mr. Bruce Crane, and to the fine color of Mr. Harry Chase's coast views.

When we pass to the consideration of the two spring exhibitions of work in oil, we reach, of course, the main interest of our subject. They were opened simultaneously, but were inevitably compared by every visitor for more reasons than this of mere synchronism. Nothing could have been more opposed

than the respective principles which had guided the formation of the two collections; nothing more opposite than the appearance of the two when shown. On the one hand, at the National Academy, the principle had been one of extreme inclusion; on the other hand, with the Society of American Artists, it had been one of extreme exclusion. If the Academy, however, while accepting very bad work, had recognized it as such when hanging the few really good things admitted, there would have been no such outcry against the institution as has gone up this year. It has been universally accused of proving once more that it is almost ridiculously behind the times, almost childishly opposed to outside men and novel methods, almost destructively devoted to its own interests instead of to those of the public and of art. That it does not recruit its ranks as it should is shown by the fact that the associates recently promoted to be full Academicians are Mr. Louis Tiffany, which is well enough; Mr. B. C. Porter, which is not so well; and Mr. Yewell, which is quite inexcusable; and this although such names were on the list as those of Bridgman, May, Quartley, Sartain, George Smillie, and, above all, George Fuller.

There have been worse Academy exhibitions than this last one, but that was when the average of our art was infinitely lower. Judged by what it should have been, no exhibition has been so bad, so behind the times, so unrepresentative of the better aspects of our art. There are signs, however, that the limits of academic narrow-mindedness — usually, I believe, honest and conscientious, though so mistaken — have been reached, that a broader policy will govern matters in the future, and that this year's complaints will not have to be repeated.

Turning to the other exhibition, we found, as I have said, an entirely different state of things. In place of seven hundred and fifty works at the Academy, following a descending scale down to the utmost limits of deluded intention and incapable performance, we had a catalogue with but one hundred and sixty numbers; and this was not the result of meagre contributions, for it is understood that more than twice as many pictures were rejected. The committee on admissions voted secretly for each canvas, the artist's name being concealed so far as possible, and pictures by the most popular men shared the fate of exclusion with pictures by many members of the Society itself. It is very probable that there has been much dissatisfaction among disappointed artists, but the public has not complained, and even these artists cannot charge injustice; for while good work may have been rejected, it was not superseded on the walls by things of little value. It was the declared policy of the committee, backed by the Society as a whole, to admit nothing that was but fairly good, nothing that was but up to a standard of commonplace excellence, nothing, in a word, that had not an especial interest of some kind to distinguish it. It is needless to say that such a policy would be out of place with any public association, with any corporation intended to give a chance to all men. But a glance at these walls, and a mental comparison of them with the aspect of an average exhibition, convinced us that it was an excellent policy upon occasion. It was surely well to see for once a collection that was actually fine as such, that as a whole was a thing of which Americans might well be proud. It needs to be said, moreover, that while the standard of admission had been high, it had been sufficiently broad and flexible to include good work of very various kinds; that while the exhibition had been strictly managed, it had *not* been managed in the interests of a clique, or of one particular style of art. We saw Mr. Albert Ryder on the one hand, and Mr. Gilbert Gaul on the other, and more need not be said.

When the pictures were examined in detail they proved for the "new men," I think, all that I have claimed for their performance in the beginning of this article; and they proved one or two things more: as, for example, that many of them can get color as well as tone, that they love beauty as well as singularity and effectiveness, and that they do not seem inclined to imitate one another, or to run in parallel ruts. In the case of one or two painters, moreover, of Mr. Alden Weir and Mr. William M. Chase especially, there was great variety to be found in the different creations of the same brush.

In the matter of mere workmanship — the first desideratum just at present, as I have said — there was much to give delight. The brush-work was excellent in almost every case; often individual, and sometimes quite masterly. Perhaps Mr. Alden Weir's Still Life, with flowers in a blue and white pot, was the most exquisite bit of pure painter's work in the room, perfect in composition, in color, in sentiment, in handling, — showing a felicitous conjunction that even the same brush may never give us in the future. This was faultless art of the perennial sort; art that could not be hurt by any possible proximity; art that would have seemed as good in the sixteenth century as it did in the nineteenth; art that will hold its own, no matter what the future may produce. Mr. Chase's Studio Interior, splendid in color, was a specimen of what has been called "bravura painting," pushed to its furthest limits, yet as unaffected and as right as the soberest work could be. Mr. Currier's Boy in Red, sent from Munich, was another piece of bold, fine workmanship and color. And while speaking of color Mr. Bunce must not be forgotten, with his Venetian sunsets and the wonderful skies in some of his smaller studies; nor Mr. Walter Palmer, who showed a fine landscape with golden grain.

When we passed from the painting as such to the subject matter chosen, when we looked for traits of mind rather than powers of hand, we found again much to delight and much to encourage us. We noted in the many portraits, for example, a great advance in the way of getting, within the strictest artistic limits and with the most beautiful results, what may be called national in addition to individual characteristics. Mr. Wyatt Eaton's lovely girls, and those of Mr. Abbott Thayer, Mr. Eastman Johnson's child in the snow, and the elderly gentleman painted by Mr. Weir, might all have been shown as typical specimens of the genus American. We have had portraits for many years, of course, of which this might have been said, but they have too generally been abortions in point of art — one or two great names to the contrary — for their memory to lessen the fresh satisfaction we feel in thinking of these beautiful works. It was a disappointment that Mr. Chase showed this year none of his brilliant and characteristic masculine portraits, and that Mr. Sargent sent us nothing to rival the Carolus Duran of last season. Of all the portraits here shown, the best were perhaps those of Mr. Eaton. Nothing could have been more beautiful in treatment and tone and sentiment than the full-face head called in the catalogue Miss M. G. R. If an artist had been asked to pick out the two most complete pictures in the room, this would have been one, I think, and Mr. Weir's Still Life would have been the other.

Quite the strongest piece of local characterization, if I may so call it, was due, however, to the brush of Mr. Eakins, of Philadelphia. Of all American artists he is the most typically national, the most devoted to the actual life about him, the most given to recording it without gloss or alteration. That life is often ugly in its manifestations, no doubt; but this ugliness does not daunt Mr. Eakins, and his artistic skill is such that he can

bring good results from the most unpromising materials. In spite of a deficient power of coloring, his brush-work is so clever, his insight into character so deep and his rendering of it so clear, his drawing is so firm, and his management of light so noteworthy that he makes delightful pictures out of whatsoever he will, — even, as in this case, out of three homely figures with ugly clothes in an "undecorative" interior. This Lady Singing a Pathetic Song was so impressive because it was admirably painted, and because it was at the same time absolutely true to nature, — a perfect record of the life amid which the artist lives. The day will come, I believe, when Mr. Eakins will be rated, as he deserves, far above the painters of mere pretty effects, and a good way above even men of similar artistic skill who devote themselves to less characteristic and less vital themes. All possible renderings of Italian peasants and colonial damsels and pretty models cannot equal in importance to our growing art one such strong and real and artistic work as this one I have noted.

Mr. Twachtman approaches our outdoor scenes in a similar spirit, dealing with the most prosaic and local of themes — with the Suburbs of Cincinnati, for example, and the Dock, Foot of Tenth Street, — and proving that even such homely material may be wrought into satisfactory and, of course, quite original sorts of art. Mr. Lungren's Rainy Night, New York, was, again, a quite fresh theme, treated with immense dash and *brio*, — altogether one of the most interesting things of the year, though, so far as I know, the young artist's *début* in oils. Mr. Will H. Low's Skipper Ireson Tarred and Feathered by the Women of Marblehead was an ambitious and clever, though not altogether successful, attempt to deal with native matter in the way of historical *genre*. It promised very well for what Mr. Low may yet accomplish in the same line.

Turning to the strictly imaginative work in the exhibition we ceased, of course, our quest for local sentiment and subject matter; for there is no fatherland to which things of the spirit must swear allegiance. To no terrestrial kingdom belonged, for instance, Mr. Ryder's delicious bit of brown color with moonlight on the sea. No one has ever painted just like Mr. Ryder, and when we have once known his pictures we feel that we should have suffered grievous loss had he never been born to paint in just this manner. If we set him against Mr. Eakins, by the way, we shall see that the extremes of our capable art are already very far asunder, with room enough between them for every possible growth, realistic or imaginative.

Mr. Weir's Muse of Music was more remarkable, perhaps, for beautiful painter's work than for spiritual force, and Mr. Fuller was not here seen at his best, though nothing of his can lack for charm and interest. Mr. Blakelock's attractive work suggested, but did not equal Mr. Ryder's, and the lovely bit of landscape sent by Mr. La Farge had been painted long ago.

In the way of sculpture there was a little of the very best sort, due principally to Mr. St. Gaudens and to Mr. Olin Warner. Nothing could have been more lovely or more skillfully wrought than the latter's portrait bust of Miss Maud Morgan, which was well worthy to stand side by side with some exquisite antique. More valuable even than its beauty, however, was its loyalty to the aspect of our own time and people.

We may leave the Society's exhibition now with the pleasant thought that all the pictures — with but one or two exceptions, Mr. Currier's Boy in Red alone being of much importance among them — had been painted on this side of the water, and owed nothing whatever to foreign inspiration or assistance. This is not the place, of course, to speak of Bastien-Lepage's Joan of Arc, — the

only foreign picture in the room, but one of the most interesting ever sent across the water.

At the Academy also there were some good portraits, with the true and vital qualities we longed to find. Such were Mr. Maynard's portrait of Mr. Millet, Mr. Weir's portrait of Miss Cottier, — again a piece of perfect workmanship, — Mr. Lippincott's portrait of a little girl, and Mr. Vinton's most strong, genuine and characteristic portrait of a gentleman. Mr. B. C. Porter, of whom we once expected such good things, has fallen far below his former standard, and has become very hard in color and in handling. Mr. Millet's immense picture of Miss Kate Field showed some very excellent painting, of course, but was showy and striking rather than artistically right, — a fact that was owing to the pose as much as anything. Mr. Carroll Beckwith draws beautifully, and is very self-confident, but lacks taste and the sense for color. Mr. Hovenden's small portrait of a gentleman was quite admirable in every way; his genre picture of Vendean peasants preparing for war was a most thorough and conscientious piece of work; and his study of a negro in a cabin-interior was strong and genuine. Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt is always interesting and clever, and her half-length of a lady in brown was among the best things in the place. But, unfortunately, when she painted her large, prettily colored, and attractive portrait of a young lady she left the path of contemporary, characteristic rendering, and tried to transplant Gainsborough — attitude, color, sentiment, and all — into the midst of a quite alien world. So the canvas had an accent of unreality, of affectation almost, in spite of all its charm. Mr. Carl Marr's strongly handled portrait of an old lady had already been seen in Philadelphia. Mr. Shirlaw sent a child's portrait, beautifully painted, and a delicious little figure called The Tomboy. Mr. Dielman, Mr. Kappes, and Mr. Burns were to be commended for capable treatment of local themes, though the last was crude in color. Miss Emmet and Miss Wheeler, pupils of Mr. Chase, sent promising portrait-work. Miss Emmet's bore an air of distinction always to be desired, in feminine portraiture, especially. But her painting of flesh is not yet as good as her very clever treatment of accessories. Miss Wheeler's picture was especially good in character. Mr. Dowdall is another promising young workman.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's large canvas called The Funding Bill showed the life-size figures of two gentlemen conversing in an elaborate interior. Its ambitious character needs no further demonstration, and it deserved high praise for its intensely local spirit. (I cannot use the adjective "local" too often, I think, to express a most important quality.) The handling was more broad and rapid than we are used to seeing from Mr. Johnson's brush; very good indeed in parts, though not quite uniform all through the canvas. If a man of Mr. Eastman Johnson's age can make such a new departure and such a stride in advance as he has made this year, — not only in this canvas, but in his more complete though not so interesting portrait in the other exhibition, — we need surely not doubt of the flexibility or the latent energy of American art.

One of the most perfect of the year's pictures was Mr. Douglas Volk's Puritan Girl, standing in the snow and dreaming of her absent lover. One hardly knew which to admire the more in this lovely picture, the rendering proper or the delicate sentiment, which seemed not at all hackneyed or "sentimental." Especially remarkable was the treatment of the wide white landscape, — the painting of the horizon, and the way in which the bluish tones of the snow-shadows had been preserved without making the canvas cold in color. Mr. Eakins was again at the front with his

most interesting, though only partially successful, Four-in-Hand, and with a little study of a girl, beautifully treated for effects of light. Many good academic figure paintings had already been seen in Philadelphia.

It is needless to say that our landscape art, in the hands of the younger men and of the elder ones who are akin to them in aim and spirit, has broken away completely from its former hard handling and minute detail and panoramic composition. Mr. Inness was at his very best this year, and every one knows what he then can do. Mr. Harry Chase's coast views were as good as those he had painted in aquarelle. Mr. Bruce Crane's spring landscapes were very cleverly handled, and very fresh and charming in color. Mr. Bunce was about as usual. Mr. Enneking's important canvas called November was so badly hung that we had to depend upon our memory of his previous works adequately to appreciate it. Mr. Albert Ryder sent an exquisite dream of nature wonderfully put on canvas. Mr. F. S. Church's Seashore in a Fog was clever, and the work of Messrs. Sartain, Smillie, Swain Gifford, Clement Swift, Foxcroft Cole, Miller, Bolton Jones, Macy, McEntee, Wyant, and Quartley was as good as usual. Mr. Blum made his first attempt in oils, I believe, with a Venetian scene showing gondolas and fishing-boats on a glassy blue sea under a glassy blue sky, and with a hint of the city low down in the distance. As yet Mr. Blum's management of oil is not quite so dexterous as his management of water-color, but it is wholesomely different in character. There was no "impressionism" here; distinct yet broad handling was joined to a skillful treatment of the difficult scheme of color.

Finally, going back to the figure-painting, I may note as not only the most beautiful picture at the Academy, but the most beautiful of the year, Mr. Fuller's Winifred Dysart, original and perfect in conception, in sentiment, in color, in handling, — in every possible way; a glory to our art, and a priceless contribution to the art of the world at large.

Of course much good work, and more that was instinct with promise, has been passed over in this brief survey. The landscape work at the Society of American Artists, for example, has been quite neglected. Though very good, it was less important than the figure-painting there to be seen, and this is an assertion that by itself speaks volumes for the change that has come over our performance. There were, it must be, some pictures, especially at the Academy, which proved that certain young men from whom we once expected much do not now seem likely to fulfill their promise. It is curious, in view of the general belief that our men do better abroad than at home, that these men are most of them still resident in Europe.

Among the special exhibitions there have been many of much interest. The posthumous collection of Mr. Sanford Gifford's pictures proved him to have possessed a strong and interesting artistic temperament. Mr. Gifford and Mr. Kensett will always be named as the ablest representatives of the landscape art of their generation. Mr. Tilton belongs to the same school. A collection of his paintings exhibited this winter showed work by no means devoid of excellence and charm, though work somewhat alien to the tastes and needs of to-day. Mr. Bridgman's pictures and studies — more than three hundred in number — attracted great attention, professional as well as popular. Especially to be praised were his magnificent and varied out-door sketches. Some, too, among his latest studio-pictures showed a growing sense of color and quality and an increasing breadth of touch. It is to be regretted that Mr. Bridgman feels it best that he should continue to live in Paris. His influence over our advancing art will thus be *nul*, and while we

shall share in the world's enjoyment of a good cosmopolitan painter we shall lose one who might have been an admirable interpreter of the more picturesque aspects of our civilization. I can but think that Mr. Bridgman himself will lose something, too, by turning his back upon a career which might produce more original and distinctive art than that which he now creates.

The Artists' Fund collection showed two quite noteworthy canvases this year, — a delicious bit of color and sentiment from the brush of Mr. Homer Martin, and a vital and characteristic, though somewhat prosaic, portrait of a young girl by Professor John F. Weir.

Though it was one of the most important collections of the year, the Exhibition of Works in Black and White has been crowded from my page. I can only say now in a general way that this is perhaps the branch of our art of which we have most reason to be proud; in which we are most enterprising, most original, most inclined to think our own thoughts and to go our own road, after having learned from others how to start upon the way. If any one doubted last winter whether we had good draughtsmen among us, men capable of originating manners and styles and of conceiving ideas to be expressed thereby, a walk past the crowded walls of this exhibition might have been of service to him. And if any one questions whether direct effort and patronage can improve an art or not, let him study our current work in black and white, and remember in what way most of it has been called forth and encouraged. The clever and poetic figures which Mr. Dewing sent to this exhibition should at least be named, for his work in colors has not been of sufficient importance this year to secure for him the notice which on general grounds he merits. No space is left me for further comment on this collection, or for a reference, even, to the decorative work of the season, which in the fittings of some private houses, and of the Union League Club especially, has been creditable as a whole, and now and then quite admirable.

May I not claim now, in conclusion, that the interesting and successful things I have noted in this paper, backed as they were by a great deal of fairly competent work, were enough to outweigh the mass of inefficiency that accompanied them, and to warrant us in the most hopeful looking toward a future near at hand? In the Loan Exhibition recently opened at the Metropolitan Museum, moreover, we can now see a number of native works, almost all painted within the last five years, and may note how well they stand their close contact with the finest of imported pictures. If only the public would appreciate this fact and fully do its part! If only the people who now patronize American art were not as a general thing those who care least of all for good painter's work as such! The time was when Americans preferred home work, right or wrong, simply because it *was* home work. Unfortunately it was then usually wrong. This fact was recognized by some cultivated patrons who have since not cared to see that we are rising to a higher level of achievement. Following in their wake are many purchasers who believe on general principles that all European work must be good, and that all American work must be second-rate. It is needless to explain who are left to encourage our own artists, — only the mass who buy for "subject," and the very, very few who have courage enough to buy for intrinsic value, and not for nationality or name. The best of our painters have, of course, a small but enthusiastic *clientèle.* Yet I do not fear contradiction when I say that, while as a people we profess deep admiration for the finest foreign handiwork, the home efforts which most readily sell are those that least resemble that handiwork in either aim or manner.

M. G. Van Rensselaer.

ON THE ACTING OF IAGO.

THE civil war which ended by placing the Puritans in power, and making Oliver Cromwell king of England under the name of Lord Protector, had for one of its consequences a solution of dramatic continuity which is of great importance in the history of the English theatre. The glories of the Elizabethan drama, indeed, had faded away rapidly during the reign of Charles I., having begun to wane in the later years of his father. It was in the traditions of the stage that the break was so sudden and so complete.

In 1642 the Elizabethan school of acting came to an end with the compulsory closing of the theatres; and although only eighteen years elapsed before they were reopened, in that time not only had all the old school of actors passed away, but with them had disappeared the taste which they had formed. At the return of Charles II. the theatres were reopened; but the old English drama was not revived. Shakespeare's plays, Beaumont and Fletcher's, Jonson's, were not performed. A new drama appeared in England, that known as the drama of the Restoration,—a base thing, witty but flimsy, and as devoid of real humor as of serious strength; and with it came a new school of acting. Consequently, when, after many years of smut and smirk, Shakespeare's plays began to be performed again, the actors were thrown wholly upon their own resources; they were without any guide to the conception of his characters. Their predecessors before the Commonwealth had the benefit of traditions which came, during an interval of little more than twenty-five years, directly down from Shakespeare himself, and which, but for that great political and social upturning of England, would have remained unbroken to the present day. The new school of actors were obliged, in theatrical phrase, to "create" the Shakespearean characters anew, without the guidance of the dramatist, who in all cases, it need hardly be said, has a formative influence upon the first presentation of his personages to the public.

Hence there was a great loss to the world; for the traditions of the stage are among the most enduring of immaterial things. How enduring they are, even as to minute points, is shown by evidence which is clear and unmistakable in regard to a trifling piece of stage "business" in Hamlet. In the scene of that tragedy in which the second appearance of the Ghost interrupts the interview between Hamlet and his mother, it was the modern custom, until very lately, for the prince to spring from his seat with such violence as to throw down the chair on which he was sitting. Now in 1709, Nicolas Rowe published the first edited collection of Shakespeare's plays; and each play had a frontispiece illustrating one of its most conspicuous scenes. The frontispiece to Hamlet illustrates the scene in question, and shows us Hamlet in an enormous flowing wig, startled out of his propriety, and his chair flung down in the foreground. We thus see that even this little trick was handed down from actor to actor, and held its place upon the stage for more than a hundred and fifty years. In all plays that have kept the stage for a long time there are traditional points not only like this, but of a more subtle and more important sort in regard both to character and action, which, without affecting the individuality of the principal actors, perpetuate certain traits and outlines of the visible play, and which we may be sure had more or less the approval of the author, many of them, doubtless, being of his

suggestion. It is thus that Molière's and Corneille's and Racine's dramas are performed at the Théâtre Français. And but for the interruption caused by the civil war, and the success of the Puritans, we may be sure that we should have had Shakespeare's own notions of his personages handed down to us from actor to actor. For he was not only the author of his plays (although some folk will have it that they were written for him by Bacon), but an actor in them: he was on the stage, ready to give direction and suggestion to his brother actors who assumed the principal parts. The loss of these traditions is irreparable and deplorable.

Among the personages of his dramas who have suffered by this loss, and who are presented as he did not conceive them, is Jaques in As You Like It, who, as we see him on the stage, is as unlike the Jaques of the comedy as one man can be unlike another. The Jaques of the stage is a sentimental young man, who wanders about the Forest of Arden, mooning and maundering in a soft and almost silly way; a sweet-voiced young fellow, with dark eyes and dark curls, who is pitiful of wounded stags, and given to moods of tender melancholy; a moralizing dandy, whom the real Jaques would have made the butt of his ridicule. Shakespeare's Jaques is an elderly man of the world, a selfish, captious, crusty, clever cynic. In person he should be represented as a portly man of some sixty years of age, with gray in his beard, a head partly bald, and a constant sneer upon his lips. He had been a high liver and a hard liver; so much so that the Duke sharply rebukes him for his censure of others when he himself was open to severest censure for his past life. The misconception of his character is the consequence chiefly of a misapprehension of the meaning of the word melancholy as applied to him, — "the melancholy Jaques." But Jaques's melancholy was a sort of ill-nature, a morose feeling towards his fellow-men. Briefly, it was cynicism; and this he shows not only in his act and speech, but in the description of it which he gives, Act IV. Scene i.: "I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud, nor the soldier's, which is ambitious, nor the lawyer's, which is politic, nor the lady's, which is nice, nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and *indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels*, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness." This view of his character was set forth in Shakespeare's Scholar, but although it has since then been generally accepted by critics of Shakespeare, no actor has had the hardihood to displace the traditionary young sentimentalist of the stage, and give us the elderly cynic that Shakespeare conceived and wrought out with his finest skill. The modern stage tradition as to Jaques had its origin at a time — more than a hundred years after Shakespeare's death — when As You Like It began to come upon the stage again, and when the word melancholy had changed its significance. We may be sure that but for the civil war and the Puritans, tradition would have given us a Jaques of a very different character.

A much greater — we cannot say grander or nobler — conception of Shakespeare's has suffered in like manner from the interruption of the traditions of the Elizabethan stage. I mean Iago. It cannot be that the Iago of the modern stage is, either in external appearance or in his characteristic traits, the man who deceived and betrayed Desdemona, Cassio, and Othello. Iago, as Shakespeare presents him to any careful and thoughtful student of the tragedy, is entirely unlike the coarse

although crafty villain who has held possession of the stage from the time of the revival of the Shakespearean drama until the present day. The latter is a creature of conventional and theatrical traits of person and of action, whom Shakespeare would not have allowed to occupy the stage for a single scene. Most of the Iagos that I have had the opportunity of observing — I cannot say of studying, for they were of such rude making, were such mere animated human formulas, that they neither required nor admitted study — would not have deceived a school-girl. Desdemona would have been far beyond their shallow scheming, and Othello would have brushed them out of the way with a back blow of his mailed hand. Even the best of them, Junius Brutus Booth and his gifted and accomplished son Edwin, failed entirely to apprehend Shakespeare's ideal of this master villain of the world's literature. The worst of them was he who played Iago to the greatest of Othellos, Salvini, on his first visit to the United States, some eight years ago. Upon this Iago Othello would have set his heel in their first interview, and crushed him out of existence like a noisome venomous reptile, — an insect; for he had not the dignity of a vertebrate animal. And yet this act or merely presented in a very complete and much elaborated way the common stage conception of the evil genius of the great tragedy. That conception is a subtle, fawning, crawling hypocrite, who, for some not very apparent reason, wishes to do as much harm as he can, and who accomplishes his ends by unscrupulous lying of more or less ingenuity. The character of this personage rests upon the foundations of malice and hypocrisy; and the object of those who represent him is to present an embodiment of malice and hypocrisy, pure and simple. The result is a very exaggerated form of a very commonplace scoundrel. Salvini's ancient was quite perfect of his kind, and therefore attained the eminence of being the most insufferable and aggressively offensive Iago that ever trod the stage. He managed in dress and in carriage, as well as in face, so to advertise his malice, and above all his hypocrisy, that he was in very deed the most loathsome creature, morally and physically, that I ever looked upon. Such a caitiff Iago was in fact, but not in seeming.

Before going on to consider the various passages of the tragedy which indicate Shakespeare's conception of this personage — hardly inferior to any of his creations in its union of complexity and strength, and perhaps the most widely known of all of them as a type — it may be well to describe the real Iago, who, so far as my knowledge goes, has never been presented on the modern stage.

Iago was a young man, only twenty-eight years old, — the youngest of all the men who figure in the tragedy, excepting, possibly, Roderigo. He says of himself that he has looked upon the world for four times seven years. Brave, and a good soldier, he was also of that order of ability which lifts a man speedily above his fellows. His manners and his guise were of a dashing military sort; and his manner had a corresponding bluntness, tempered, at times, by tact to a warm-hearted effusiveness, — by the very tact which prompted the bluntness. For that, although not exactly assumed, was consciously adopted. Nevertheless, he had little malice in his composition; and unless for some good reason he would rather serve than injure those around him. He made himself liked by all, and was regarded not only as a man of great ability in his profession and of sagacity in affairs, but as a warm-hearted, "whole-souled" man, and the very prince of good fellows. Being all this, and being genial and sympathetic, he was eminently popular. He was, moreover, a heartless, selfish, cold-

blooded, unprincipled, and utterly unscrupulous scoundrel.

It was because he was this manner of man that he was able to work that woful ruin in which the love of Othello and Desdemona ends, — a ruin which in its extremity, however, he did not plan, and did not at first desire. In fact, he had no inclination to do harm to any one; he would not have gone out of his way to tread upon a worm, if it had kept out of *his* way, and been no barrier to his success in life.

It is needless to say that no such Iago has been seen upon the stage for the last two hundred years; there is no memory or record of him. The elder Booth's Iago was an admirable performance, almost wonderful in its force and keeping. I saw it in my boyhood just as this great actor was staggering off the stage; and nothing equal to it have I ever seen except Rachel's performances. But it was the simple, strong representation of a hardened, crafty villain, a monster of hate and of cruelty. The climax of the whole performance was in the Parthian look which Iago, as he was borne off wounded and in bonds, gave Othello, — a Gorgon stare, in which hate seemed both petrified and petrifying. It was frightful. Edwin Booth's conception of the character, although not so clear and strong, is finer, more delicate, and more complex. His Iago is not externally a mere hardened villain, but a super-subtle Venetian, who works out his fiendish plans with a dexterous lightness of touch and smooth sinuosity of movement that suggest the transmigration of a serpent into human form. And in his visage, and above all in his eye, burn the venom of his soul, which makes his face at times look snake-like, as we say, — erroneously, however; for the eyes of a snake do not burn and flash; on the contrary, they have their hideous look because of a dull and stony malignancy of expression. But even Edwin Booth's Iago, although much finer and more nearly consistent with itself and with the facts of the tragedy than any other that is known to the annals of the stage, is not the Iago that Shakespeare drew, and whose lineaments, moral and physical, have just been set before the reader. The chief cause of the general failure to present this character truly is the disposition and habit of the stage — a disposition and habit not unknown to real life — to divide men into classes, and to regard them individually as the embodiment of some one passion, or motive, or type of character. Iago *is* a crafty hypocrite; and therefore the stage has sought to set before us his hypocrisy and his craft in such a manner that they in combination are Iago. The best Iago of the modern stage is hypocrisy and craft embodied, and he is nothing else. Now the truth is that the embodiment of such a simple combination of moral baseness and mental subtlety was not in Shakespeare's mind, and is a quite impossible agent and element of the confusion and disaster of the tragedy.

The most strongly marked external traits of Shakespeare's Iago, the Iago who was known in Venice and rose rapidly in general favor there, were honesty and a warm heart: honesty of the kind which is notably outspoken and trustworthy; warmth of heart which seems to have sympathy for all men, not only in all their hopes and sorrows, but in all their little likings and small personal vanities. Is there any wonder that such a man was popular and got on in the world, — that he was in favor with the best and greatest? For he was not a mere flatterer, however skillful. The most marked trait in this bold soldier's character (to all eyes but one) was his good faith. As if with a premonition of the coming misconception and misrepresentation of his creature, and to put his seeming character beyond misapprehension, Shakespeare applies the epithet

"honest" to him no less than sixteen times in the course of the tragedy. Such a description — we may almost say such a labeling — of another of his personages is not to be found in all the multitude that throng through his thirty-seven dramas. And this is the more worthy of note because in the Italian story out of which the play was made there is no hint of this trait of Iago's character, nor indeed of any of his complex moral and mental constitution. He is absolutely and exclusively Shakespeare's conception. His trustworthiness, because of his truthful nature and his warm and friendly heart, is the attractive trait of his character to those around him up to, and even past, the catastrophe which his cruelly indifferent selfishness brings about. Othello, after he has killed Desdemona, pauses in his agony to call his tormentor and destroyer "my *friend*, honest, honest Iago." All the principal personages of the tragedy, Desdemona and Cassio included, thus regard him; although Cassio, himself a soldier, is most impressed by Iago's personal bravery and military ability. In speaking of him, he not being present, the lieutenant calls him "the bold Iago," and in his presence says to Desdemona that she "may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar." But Othello was chiefly attracted by his honesty and kindly nature. He speaks of him to the Senate as a man "of honesty and trust," calls him "most honest," says he is of "*exceeding* honesty," and indeed shows in all his conversation with him his absolute unquestioning reliance upon his good faith, — a good faith which is not mere uncontaminated purity from deceit, but an active, benevolent honesty which seeks the best good of others.

For loving kindness was hardly less than honesty an attractive feature of Iago's character. Othello constantly speaks of the love that he finds in his "ancient." His sympathies are always ready, always manifest. When Cassio is involved in the brawl, Othello, in the first outburst of his wrath, says, —

> "*Honest* Iago, that *look'st dead with grieving*,
> Speak, who began this? On thy *love*, I charge thee."

The man deceived even his wife; for she, speaking the next day to Desdemona of Cassio's disgrace, says, —

> "I warrant it grieves my husband
> As if the case were his."

Now it is plain that Iago had no particular reason or occasion to deceive his wife on this point. He merely showed to her what he showed to everybody, a readiness to sympathize with the joys and sorrows and wishes of those around him. Emilia, a woman of the world, a woman of experiences, who knew her husband better than many wives know theirs, is yet imposed upon by this surface warmth and skin-deep glow of his character. It is not until the climax of the tragedy that even she is undeceived.

In the eyes of his friends and acquaintances Iago was not merely an honest man and a good-natured one, after the semblance of ordinary honesty and good nature. These traits were salient in him; they distinguished him from other men. And they were his noted peculiarities of character among his acquaintances *long before he had any temptation to reveal his real and inner nature*, which, until the temptation came, was possibly but half known to himself. That temptation was the elevation of Cassio to the lieutenancy, — this lieutenancy being a place second in rank to that of a general officer.

For this honest, warm-hearted, effusively sympathetic man was a soldier of such approved valor and capacity, and so highly regarded, that when the lieutenant-generalship was vacant, notable men of Venice concerned themselves to have the young officer promoted to the place; for which they made personal suit to Othello, — an incident which in itself shows not only Iago's military distinc-

tion, but his success in attaching others to his interests. And Shakespeare, as if to put the full complement of Iago's personal gifts beyond a question (he gives to Iago's character a particularity of description as rare as that which he gives to Imogen's beauty), makes Othello say of him that he "knows all qualities, with a learned spirit of human dealings." Indeed, there is hardly a man of Shakespeare's making, except Hamlet, who is set before us as possessing the manifold personal gifts, accomplishments, and attractions which won for Iago such distinction and such favor in the highest society of Venice.

As to the make of him, and what he really was, Iago by a very evident special design of the dramatist reveals himself fully in the first scene. After setting forth the promotion of Cassio as the cause of his ill-will to Othello, and expressing his contempt for such honest knaves (that is, merely such honest serving-men) as do their duty for duty's sake, he says, —

> "Others there are
> Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
> Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
> And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
> Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats
> Do themselves homage. These fellows have some soul;
> And such a one I do profess myself."

And again, in his soliloquy at the end of the first act, he shows us the same selfish, unscrupulous nature, but no disposition to malice, or even to needless mischief, — only a cruel heartlessness. Even the Roderigos of the world would have remained unharmed by him, unless he could have gained something by their injury. The very man who "makes a corner" in stocks or in provisions, by which he ruins the acquaintance with whom he dined yesterday, and brings unknown widows and children to want, is not freer from personal malice towards his victims than Iago was from ill-will towards his. He would much rather have attained his ends by doing them a service. But let a worm or a friend bar his way, and he would rack and rend the one just as quickly and coolly as he would crush the other.

Some other traits of Iago's character, which are manifested incidentally, notably a certain coarseness, and a lack of any tenderness or sentiment towards women, or any faith even in the best of them, I pass by with mere allusion; although those which I have particularly mentioned are made by Shakespeare, with a great master's subtleness and truth, marked elements in the composition of such a man.

In the creation of Iago the author of Othello had, as I have already remarked, no help or hint from the story out of which he made his tragedy, nor from any precedent play, so far as we know, — a rare isolation and originality in Shakespeare's personages. The Iago of the Italian story is a coarse, commonplace villain, who differs from Shakespeare's Iago in this very point that he *is* a morose, malicious creature. His soul is full of hatred; he *has* the innate spontaneous malignity which some critics have found in Iago, and have attributed to the creative powers of Shakespeare, but which Shakespeare's creation is entirely and notably without.

It was no mere villain, however black, no mere embodiment of cruelty, however fiendish, that Shakespeare saw in his idea of Iago. In that conception and in its working out he had a much more instructing, if not instructive, purpose. Such a purpose he seldom seems to have; nor does his own feeling toward his evil creatures manifest itself except on very rare occasions, and then slightly and by implication. But upon Iago he manifestly looked with loathing and with horror, although he spent upon him the utmost powers of his creative art. In Iago Shakespeare has presented a character that could not have escaped his observation; for it is of not uncommon occurrence except in one of

its elements, — utter unscrupulousness. But for this, Iago would be a representative type, — representative of the gifted, scheming, plausible, and pushing man, who gets on by the social art known as making friends. This man is often met with in society. Sometimes he is an adventurer, like Iago, but most commonly he is not; and that he should be so is not necessary to the perfection of his character. The difference in their social conduct between him and a genuine man is that this one is simply himself, and forms friendships (not too many) with those whom he likes and those who, taking him as they find him, like him; while the other lays himself out to make friends, doing so not always with the direct and specific purpose of establishing a social connection, but because it is his nature to, as the sea monster which preys upon its own kind throws out its alluring bait which is part of itself, whether there are fellow-fish in sight or not. This is not only his way of getting on, but his way of going through life. He accomplishes his purpose somewhat by flattery, of course, but less by direct flattery than by an ever-springing sympathy, and a readiness to help others in the little affairs in which their vanity or their pleasure is concerned. Sympathy in purposes and tastes is the finest, subtlest, most insidious flattery; the lack of it repels shallow souls and thoughtless minds as surely as a rock will turn aside a shallow brook, — and how many men are there who are not shallow, and who do think? As to helpfulness, you may be ready to watch with men when they are sick, to fight for them when they are in peril, to relieve them when they are in trouble; but if you are careless about their little vanities and their little pleasures, you will be set down by most of them as ill-natured, selfish, and cold-hearted. The opportunities of doing real service are rare; the union of opportunity and ability is still rarer; but every day brings occasion to gratify the prurience of your neighbor's vanity by the tickling of direct flattery, or to soothe it with the soft caress of seeming sympathy. The men who become popular, the women who achieve social success (except by the brute force of sheer money), are not those who are ready to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, or who have in their hearts that charity which seeketh not its own, which thinketh no evil, but which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; they are rather they who do seek their own, and who think much evil, but who are ready to minister to the vanity and to serve the interests of those around them. And chiefly they are the former; for not only are opportunities of service, even in small matters, comparatively rare, but the memory of service, substantial although it be, is not fed upon daily, like the words and sympathetic acts that are so hungrily swallowed into the bottomless maw of human vanity. He who once promoted his friend's interest in a serious matter is less sure of being remembered with pleasure and gratitude than he who daily burns sweet-smelling incense before his nostrils. Therefore, if you would get on, if you would make to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, — as, if you are provident, you will, — if you would become popular, flatter; flatter in every way, by word and deed; flatter everybody, without discrimination. For although this ought to make your praise actually worthless, even as flattery, the number of those who will remember anything else than this sign of your good-will to them and their pleasure while they were in the company of such a warm-hearted and truly appreciative person as you are will be so small that in reckoning the social forces which you have to manœuvre they need not be counted. Nor let your flattery stop with words. Be ready to further all the little projects of your acquaintances in which their personal van-

ity is involved. Help your stupid, pompous, ambitious friend to a place on a committee that will bring his name into print in a desirable connection. Do all you can to make the receptions of his awkward, vulgar, overdressed wife brilliant, and — yet more important — do all that you can to make her believe that they are brilliant. If to such charming social qualities you can add a reputation for candor and good faith, — which you can do by your art, if you are worthy of the highest social honors, and in which you will be aided by the readiness of people to believe in the candor of such an appreciative and sympathetic person as you are, — you will attain the height of popularity, and find all around you ready to promote your interests and rejoice in your good fortune. You will have made everybody your friend.

This sort of friend-maker is, as I have said, common enough; but he rarely attains perfection, because he is rarely able to prevent his own personal likings and dislikings from influencing his conduct in some degree, and dulling the flavor of his flattery, or checking the effusiveness of his sympathy. He has, however, one quality in which he is complete: he is thoroughly selfish, — to the bottom of his soul. Amid all his good-fellowship, his conviviality, with all his heartiness of manner, his cheering speeches, and his ready sympathy, he has a sharp outlook for his own interest. The one constant thought of his life is to get on. This man who falls in with your humor, who slaps you (morally, if not physically) on the back, who makes you feel so well satisfied with yourself, and who is so ready to help you, if not to that which you really need, to that which you vainly fancy, — if not to the favor of Desdemona, to that of Bianca, has a single eye to his own advantage and his own profit. Watch him, and see how he prospers. See how, although he makes friends of all, he attaches himself to the powerful, the rich, the successful; but chiefly see how he uses all, rich and poor, great and small, for his own advancement. Watch him closely enough, and you will discover that this genial fellow, who radiates loving-kindness, is at heart stonily indifferent to anything but self.

It was this kind of man that Shakespeare chose as the type of supremest villainy. His Iago is first and chiefly the most popular young man in Venice. He has assiduously made himself so, because he knows that all his ability (which he does not in the least overrate) will not help him on so much as popularity will; and that popularity brings not only success in the long run, but immediate opportunities of gain. He makes friends everywhere, — with the great ones of the state, but no less with the Roderigos. He wins everybody to trust him, in matters good and bad indifferently, that their confidence may be his profit.

Thus far Iago's character is one not rare in any society nor at any time. Yet it has been misapprehended; and the cause of its misapprehension is the one element in which it is peculiar. Iago is troubled with no scruples, absolutely none. He has intellectual perceptions of right and wrong, but he is utterly without the moral sense. He has but one guide of conduct, — self-interest. It is often said of men that their ruling motive is self-interest, and that they are unscrupulous. But, fortunately for the world, men who are wholly without scruples, and who know no other guide of conduct than self-interest, are so very rare that few of us have the opportunity of observing such a man. Very selfish and very unscrupulous men we may all see. We may suffer from them ourselves, and if we do not we may loathe them for their cruel disregard of the interests and the happiness of others, when these clash with their interests or their pleasures. But almost all such men have a limit, if not to

their selfishness, at least to their moral unscrupulousness. They will be very bold and very disregardful of right and wrong up to a certain point, and that may be near the vanishing point of moral sense. But there is a degree of moral recklessness at which they stop; and the consequence frequently is failure and sometimes ruin, — failure and ruin which might have been turned into success by pushing past the scruple, and disregarding everything, everything but the selfish end in view. Well for the world's peace that it is so. For if to ability a man unites thorough unscrupulousness, there is no limit to the evil he may do; absolutely none, except the limit which is put by the end of *him*.

Now to his ability, his popular manners, his reputation for honesty and courage, and his supreme selfishness Iago added the great accomplishment of complete villainy, an absolute indifference to right and wrong. It was mere indifference. He had no special preference for wrong doing. If by doing right he could have prospered as well as by doing wrong, he would have done right, because right doing is more respectable and popular and less troublesome than wrong doing. But for right and wrong in themselves he had neither like nor dislike, and there was no limit to the degree of wrong that he was ready to do to attain his ends, — this fellow of exceeding honesty, who knew all qualities with a discerning spirit, and whose daily life was an expression of love and sympathy. And his capacity of evil was passive as well as active. He did not quite like it (for some unexplained reason) that there was reason to suspect his wife with Othello; but yet he had borne the scandal prudently, lest resentment might interfere with his promotion. But when Cassio was made his general's lieutenant the disappointed man coolly reckoned the fact as one of the motives of his action. His main purpose, however, indeed his only real purpose, was to ruin Cassio and get his place. As the readiest way and the most thorough way of ruining Cassio was to ruin Desdemona with him, well, Desdemona must be ruined, and there an end; no more words about the matter. But her ruin in this way must surely involve her death at Othello's hands. Well, then she must be murdered by her husband; that 's all. But this would torture Othello. No matter. All the better, perhaps, — serve him right for preferring that theorizing military dandy to the place which belonged to a better soldier.

Iago, however, had no thought of driving Othello to suicide. Far from it. Had he supposed the train he laid would have exploded in that catastrophe, he would at least have sought his end by other means. For Othello was necessary to him. He wanted the lieutenancy, and he was willing to ruin a regiment of Cassios, and to cause all the senators' daughters in Venice to be smothered, if that were necessary to his end. But otherwise he would not have stepped out of his path to do them the slightest injury; nay, rather would have done them some little service, said some pretty thing, shown some attaching sympathy, that would have been an item in the sum of his popularity. There is no mistaking Shakespeare's intention in the delineation of this character. He meant him for a most attractive, popular, good-natured, selfish, cold-blooded, utterly unscrupulous scoundrel. The fact that pains are taken to show us that his very wife up to the last had confidence not only in the goodness of his heart, but, notwithstanding his suspicions of her (which she well knew), in his good faith to Othello, can have but one meaning and one purpose.

As to the presentation of Iago on the stage, the indications are that it should be somewhat in this wise: His make-up and costume should be that of a dashing young military officer. In the

first act he should wear velvet and lace. In the second, when he lands from the ship, he should be in armor, — breast-plate and back-piece, cuirasses, vant-bras, and gorget, which he should retain throughout this act; nor afterwards should he be without a marked military exterior. His manner and bearing should be remarkable for ease, frankness, and an overflowing kindness; and in particular he should be gay in a soldierly and slightly blunt fashion. He should seem to carry the lightest heart of all the personages of the drama, and should be the last one of them whom a spectator uninformed as to the nature and story of the play would suppose to have an evil design or a selfish purpose, but, on the contrary, the one whom such a person would pick out as the warmest hearted, the most trustworthy, and the merriest of them all. His manner towards Othello should be that of a subordinate to a heroic superior whom he loves and almost worships. To Desdemona he should bear himself with a mixture of deference, admiration, and coarse masculine cynicism. To Cassio he should behave like a brother in arms, with perhaps an occasional slight excess of deference to his superior officer, indicative of the jealousy that rankles in his bosom. To Emilia he should carry himself with a blunt and overtopping marital good-nature. And he should avoid all side glances of spite and hate and suspicion; and except when he is quite alone, and communing with himself, no one either off the stage or on it should see the slightest reason to suspect that he is a villain, or to doubt the genuineness of his gayety and good-nature. It is worthy of remark that in the carousal scene, in the beginning of the second act, he is the gayest of all. He alone sings a drinking-song; and soon again he sings a jolly ballad. His is the only singing voice heard in the course of the drama, except poor Desdemona's. His distinguishing external traits are sincerity, warmth of heart, and a light-hearted, soldierly gayety. His utter baseness and cold cruelty of soul should appear in the heartiness and simplicity of his manner in the scenes in which he tempts and tortures Othello, and in the quick alternation between his friendly and sympathetic interviews with Roderigo and Cassio and his killing the one and wounding the other. Both these murders (murders in intent) were, however, merely to remove in the quickest and surest way obstacles to his purpose. His only exhibition of personal malice is in the killing his wife, who is the chief cause of the final failure of his schemes. He does not slay her with any purpose of avenging her imputed dishonor of him with the Moor; there is no such likeness between even the savage sides of their natures. He rather had submitted to that wrong in politic silence, willing to accept it as one of the steps in his promotion.

This is the Iago that Shakespeare drew, — a man whom he had seen, and whom we all have often seen, moving through society and making friends on every side, and who yet at bottom is utterly selfish, stony-hearted, and grasping. The dramatist added to the traits of this common type only the element of absolute unscrupulousness, which, although rare, is possibly not so rare as the course of events might lead us to suppose. The moral of Iago's part in the tragedy is: Distrust the man whose peculiar faculty, or chief desire, is to make friends. He is likely to be selfish; and if selfish he needs only temptation and opportunity to be a scoundrel.

There is but one difficulty about this presentation of Iago. I am inclined to think that the average modern theatre-goer would regard it as a tame and spiritless performance; and the business of the actor is to please the average theatre goer.

Richard Grant White.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XXXIX.

Isabel had not seen much of Madame Merle since her marriage, this lady having indulged in frequent absences from Rome. At one time she had spent six months in England; at another she had passed a portion of a winter in Paris. She had made numerous visits to distant friends, and gave countenance to the idea that for the future she should be a less inveterate Roman than in the past. As she had been inveterate in the past only in the sense of constantly having an apartment in one of the sunniest gaps of the Pincian, — an apartment which often stood empty, — this suggested a prospect of almost constant absence, a danger which Isabel at one period had been much inclined to deplore. Familiarity had modified in some degree her first impression of Madame Merle, but it had not essentially altered it; there was still a kind of wonder of admiration in it. Madame Merle was armed at all points; it was a pleasure to see a person so completely equipped for the social battle. She carried her flag discreetly, but her weapons were polished steel, and she used them with a skill which struck Isabel as more and more that of a veteran. She was never weary, never overcome with disgust; she never appeared to need rest or consolation. She had her own ideas; she had of old exposed a great many of them to Isabel, who knew also that under an appearance of extreme self-control her highly-cultivated friend concealed a rich sensibility. But her will was mistress of her life; there was something brilliant in the way she kept going. It was as if she had learned the secret of it, — as if the art of life were some clever trick that she had guessed. Isabel, as she herself grew older, became acquainted with revulsions, with disgust; there were days when the world looked black, and she asked herself with some peremptoriness what it was that she was pretending to live for. Her old habit had been to live by enthusiasm, to fall in love with suddenly-perceived possibilities, with the idea of a new attempt. As a young girl, she used to proceed from one little exaltation to the other; there were scarcely any dull places between. But Madame Merle had suppressed enthusiasm; she fell in love nowadays with nothing; she lived entirely by reason, by wisdom. There were hours when Isabel would have given anything for lessons in this art; if Madame Merle had been near, she would have made an appeal to her. She had become aware, more than before, of the advantage of being like that, — of having made one's self a firm surface, a sort of corselet of silver. But, as I say, it was not till the winter, during which we lately renewed acquaintance with our heroine, that Madame Merle made a continuous stay in Rome. Isabel now saw more of her than she had done since her marriage; but by this time Isabel's needs and inclinations had considerably changed. It was not at present to Madame Merle that she would have applied for instruction; she had lost the desire to know this lady's clever trick. If she had troubles she must keep them to herself, and if life was difficult it would not make it easier to confess herself beaten. Madame Merle was doubtless of great use to herself, and an ornament to any circle; but was she, would she be, of use to others in periods of refined embarrassment? The best way to profit by Madame Merle — this, indeed, Isabel had always thought — was to imitate her, to be as firm and bright as she. She recognized no embarrassments, and Isabel, consid-

ering this fact, determined, for the fiftieth time, to brush aside her own. It seemed to her, too, on the renewal of an intercourse which had virtually been interrupted, that Madame Merle was changed; that she pushed to the extreme a certain rather artificial fear of being indiscreet. Ralph Touchett, we know, had been of the opinion that she was prone to exaggeration, to forcing the note; was apt, in the vulgar phrase, to overdo it. Isabel had never admitted this charge, — had never, indeed, quite understood it; Madame Merle's conduct, to her perception, always bore the stamp of good taste, was always "quiet." But in this matter of not wishing to intrude upon the inner life of the Osmond family, it at last occurred to our heroine that Madame Merle overdid it a little. That, of course, was not the best taste; that was rather violent. She remembered too much that Isabel was married; that she had now other interests; that though she, Madame Merle, had known Gilbert Osmond and his little Pansy very well, better, almost, than any one, she was after all not one of them. She was on her guard; she never spoke of their affairs till she was asked, even pressed, — as when her opinion was wanted; she had a dread of seeming to meddle. Madame Merle was as candid as we know, and one day she candidly expressed this dread to Isabel.

"I must be on my guard," she said; "I might so easily, without suspecting it, offend you. You would be right to be offended, even if my intention should have been of the purest. I must not forget that I knew your husband long before you did; I must not let that betray me. If you were a silly woman, you might be jealous. You are not a silly woman; I know that perfectly. But neither am I; therefore I am determined not to get into trouble. A little harm is very soon done; a mistake is made before one knows it. Of course, if I had wished to make love to your husband, I had ten years to do it in, and nothing to prevent; so it is n't likely I shall begin to-day, when I am so much less attractive than I was. But if I were to annoy you by seeming to take a place that does n't belong to me, you would n't make that reflection; you would simply say that I was forgetting certain differences. I am determined not to forget them. Of course a good friend is n't always thinking of that; one does n't suspect one's friends of injustice. I don't suspect you, my dear, in the least; but I suspect human nature. Don't think I make myself uncomfortable; I am not always watching myself. I think I sufficiently prove it in talking to you as I do now. All I wish to say is, however, that if you were to be jealous — that is the form it would take — I should be sure to think it was a little my fault. It certainly would n't be your husband's."

Isabel had had three years to think over Mrs. Touchett's theory, that Madame Merle had made Gilbert Osmond's marriage. We know how she had at first received it. Madame Merle might have made Gilbert Osmond's marriage, but she certainly had not made Isabel Archer's. That was the work of — Isabel scarcely knew what: of nature, of Providence, of fortune, of the eternal mystery of things. It was true that her aunt's complaint had been not so much of Madame Merle's activity as of her duplicity; she had brought about the marriage, and then she had denied her guilt. Such guilt would not have been great, to Isabel's mind; she could n't make a crime of Madame Merle's having been the cause of the most fertile friendship she had ever formed. That occurred to her just before her marriage, after her little discussion with her aunt. If Madame Merle had desired the event, she could only say it had been a very happy thought. With her, moreover, she had been perfectly straightforward; she had never concealed her high opinion of Gilbert Osmond. After her mar-

riage Isabel discovered that her husband took a less comfortable view of the matter; he seldom spoke of Madame Merle, and when his wife alluded to her he usually let the allusion drop.

"Don't you like her?" Isabel had once said to him. "She thinks a great deal of you."

"I will tell you once for all," Osmond had answered. "I liked her once better than I do to-day. I am tired of her, and I am rather ashamed of it. She is so good! I am glad she is not in Italy; it 's a sort of rest. Don't talk of her too much; it seems to bring her back. She will come back in plenty of time."

Madame Merle, in fact, had come back before it was too late, — too late, I mean, to recover whatever advantage she might have lost. But meantime, if, as I have said, she was somewhat changed, Isabel's feelings were also altered. Her consciousness of the situation was as acute as of old, but it was much less satisfying. A dissatisfied mind, whatever else it lack, is rarely in want of reasons; they bloom as thick as buttercups in June. The fact of Madame Merle having had a hand in Gilbert Osmond's marriage ceased to be one of her titles to consideration; it seemed, after all, that there was not so much to thank her for. As time went on there was less and less; and Isabel once said to herself that perhaps without her these things would not have been. This reflection, however, was instantly stifled; Isabel felt a sort of horror at having made it. "Whatever happens to me, let me not be unjust," she said; "let me bear my burdens myself, and not shift them upon others!" This disposition was tested, eventually, by that ingenious apology for her present conduct which Madame Merle saw fit to make, and of which I have given a sketch; for there was something irritating — there was almost an air of mockery — in her neat discriminations and clear convictions. In Isabel's mind to-day there was nothing clear; there was a confusion of regrets, a complication of fears. She felt helpless as she turned away from her brilliant friend, who had just made the statements I have quoted. Madame Merle knew so little what she was thinking of! Moreover, she herself was so unable to explain. Jealous of her, — jealous of her with Gilbert? The idea just then suggested no near reality. She almost wished that jealousy had been possible; it would be a kind of refreshment. Jealousy, after all, was in a sense one of the symptoms of happiness. Madame Merle, however, was wise; it would seem that she knew Isabel better than Isabel knew herself. This young woman had always been fertile in resolutions, many of them of an elevated character; but at no period had they flourished (in the privacy of her heart) more richly than to-day. It is true that they all had a family likeness; they might have been summed up in the determination that if she was to be unhappy it should not be by a fault of her own. The poor girl had always had a great desire to do her best, and she had not as yet been seriously discouraged. She wished, therefore, to hold fast to justice, — not to pay herself by petty revenges. To associate Madame Merle with her disappointment would be a petty revenge, especially as the pleasure she might derive from it would be perfectly insincere. It might feed her sense of bitterness, but it would not loosen her bonds. It was impossible to pretend that she had not acted with her eyes open; if ever a girl was a free agent, she had been. A girl in love was doubtless not a free agent; but the sole source of her mistake had been within herself. There had been no plot, no snare; she had looked, and considered, and chosen. When a woman had made such a mistake, there was only one way to repair it, — to accept it. One folly was enough, especially when it was to last forever; a second one would not much set it off. In this vow of reticence

there was a certain nobleness which kept Isabel going; but Madame Merle had been right, for all that, in taking her precautions.

One day, about a month after Ralph Touchett's arrival in Rome, Isabel came back from a walk with Pansy. It was not only a part of her general determination to be just that she was at present very thankful for Pansy. It was a part of her tenderness for things that were pure and weak. Pansy was dear to her, and there was nothing in her life so much as it should be as the young girl's attachment and the pleasantness of feeling it. It was like a soft presence, — like a small hand in her own; on Pansy's part it was more than an affection, — it was a kind of faith. On her own side her sense of Pansy's dependence was more than a pleasure; it operated as a command, as a definite reason when motives threatened to fail her. She had said to herself that we must take our duty where we find it, and that we must look for it as much as possible. Pansy's sympathy was a kind of admonition; it seemed to say that here was an opportunity. An opportunity for what Isabel could hardly have said; in general, to be more for the child than the child was able to be for herself. Isabel could have smiled, in these days, to remember that her little companion had once been ambiguous; for she now perceived that Pansy's ambiguities were simply her own grossness of vision. She had been unable to believe that any one could care so much, so extraordinarily much, to please. But since then she had seen this delicate faculty in operation, and she knew what to think of it. It was the whole creature, — it was a sort of genius. Pansy had no pride to interfere with it, and though she was constantly extending her conquests she took no credit for them. The two were constantly together; Mrs. Osmond was rarely seen without her step-daughter. Isabel liked her company; it had the effect of one's carrying a nosegay composed all of the same flower. And then not to neglect Pansy, not under any provocation to neglect her, — this she had made an article of religion. The young girl had every appearance of being happier in Isabel's society than in that of any one save her father, whom she admired with an intensity justified by the fact that, as paternity was an exquisite pleasure to Gilbert Osmond, he had always been elaborately soft. Isabel knew that Pansy liked immensely to be with her and studied the means of pleasing her. She had decided that the best way of pleasing her was negative, and consisted in not giving her trouble, — a conviction which certainly could not have had any reference to trouble already existing. She was therefore ingeniously passive and almost imaginatively docile; she was careful even to moderate the eagerness with which she assented to Isabel's propositions, and which might have implied that she thought otherwise. She never interrupted, never asked social questions, and though she delighted in approbation, to the point of turning pale when it came to her, never held out her hand for it. She only looked toward it wistfully, — an attitude which, as she grew older, made her eyes the prettiest in the world. When, during the second winter at the Palazzo Roccanera, she began to go to parties, to dances, she always, at a reasonable hour, lest Mrs. Osmond should be tired, was the first to propose departure. Isabel appreciated the sacrifice of the late dances, for she knew that Pansy had a passionate pleasure in this exercise, taking her steps to the music like a conscientious fairy. Society, moreover, had no drawbacks for her; she liked even the tiresome parts, — the heat of ball-rooms, the dullness of dinners, the crush at the door, the awkward waiting for the carriage. During the day, in this vehicle, beside Isabel, she sat in a little fixed appreciative posture,

bending forward and faintly smiling, as if she had been taken to drive for the first time.

On the day I speak of they had been driven out of one of the gates of the city, and at the end of half an hour had left the carriage to await them by the roadside, while they walked away over the short grass of the Campagna, which even in the winter months is sprinkled with delicate flowers. This was almost a daily habit with Isabel, who was fond of a walk, and stepped quickly, though not so quickly as when she first came to Europe. It was not the form of exercise that Pansy loved best, but she liked it, because she liked everything; and she moved with a shorter undulation beside her step-mother, who afterwards, on their return to Rome, paid a tribute to Pansy's preferences by making the circuit of the Pincian or the Villa Borghese. Pansy had gathered a handful of flowers in a sunny hollow, far from the walls of Rome, and on reaching the Palazzo Roccanera she went straight to her room, to put them into water. Isabel passed into the drawing-room, the one she herself usually occupied, the second in order from the large antechamber which was entered from the staircase, and in which even Gilbert Osmond's rich devices had not been able to correct a look of rather grand nudity. Just beyond the threshold of the drawing-room she stopped short, the reason for her doing so being that she had received an impression. The impression had, in strictness, nothing unprecedented; but she felt it as something new, and the soundlessness of her step gave her time to take in the scene before she interrupted it. Madame Merle stood there in her bonnet, and Gilbert Osmond was talking to her; for a minute they were unaware that she had come in. Isabel had often seen that before, certainly; but what she had not seen, or at least had not noticed, was that their dialogue had for the moment converted itself into a sort of familiar silence, from which she instantly perceived that her entrance would startle them. Madame Merle was standing on the rug, a little way from the fire; Osmond was in a deep chair, leaning back and looking at her. Her head was erect, as usual, but her eyes were bent upon his. What struck Isabel first was that he was sitting, while Madame Merle stood; there was an anomaly in this that arrested her. Then she perceived that they had arrived at a desultory pause in their exchange of ideas, and were musing, face to face, with the freedom of old friends who sometimes exchange ideas without uttering them. There was nothing shocking in this; they were old friends in fact. But the thing made an image, lasting only a moment, like a sudden flicker of light. Their relative position, their absorbed mutual gaze, struck her as something detected. But it was all over by the time she had fairly seen it. Madame Merle had seen her, and had welcomed her without moving; Gilbert Osmond, on the other hand, had instantly jumped up. He presently murmured something about wanting a walk, and after having asked Madame Merle to excuse him he left the room.

"I came to see you, thinking you would have come in; and as you had not, I waited for you," Madame Merle said.

"Did n't he ask you to sit down?" asked Isabel, smiling.

Madame Merle looked about her.

"Ah, it 's very true; I was going away."

"You must stay now."

"Certainly. I came for a reason; I have something on my mind."

"I have told you that before," Isabel said, — "that it takes something extraordinary to bring you to this house."

"And you know what I have told you, — that whether I come or whether I stay away I have always the same motive, the affection I bear you."

"Yes, you have told me that."

"You look just now as if you did n't believe me," said Madame Merle.

"Ah," Isabel answered, "the profundity of your motives, — that is the last thing I doubt."

"You doubt sooner of the sincerity of my words."

Isabel shook her head gravely. "I know you have always been kind to me."

"As often as you would let me. You don't always take it; then one has to let you alone. It 's not to do you a kindness, however, that I have come to-day; it 's quite another affair. I have come to get rid of a trouble of my own, — to make it over to you. I have been talking to your husband about it."

"I am surprised at that; he does n't like troubles."

"Especially other people's; I know that. But neither do you, I suppose. At any rate, whether you do or not, you must help me. It 's about poor Mr. Rosier."

"Ah," said Isabel, reflectively, "it 's his trouble, then, not yours."

"He has succeeded in saddling me with it. He comes to see me ten times a week, to talk about Pansy."

"Yes, he wants to marry her. I know all about it."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment. "I gathered from your husband that perhaps you did n't."

"How should he know what I know? He has never spoken to me of the matter."

"It is probably because he does n't know how to speak of it."

"It 's nevertheless a sort of question in which he is rarely at fault."

"Yes, because as a general thing he knows perfectly well what to think. To-day he does n't."

"Have n't you been telling him?" Isabel asked.

Madame Merle gave a bright, voluntary smile. "Do you know you 're a little dry?"

"Yes; I can't help it. Mr. Rosier has also talked to me."

"In that there is some reason. You are so near the child."

"Ah," said Isabel, "for all the comfort I have given him! If you think me dry, I wonder what he thinks."

"I believe he thinks you can do more than you have done."

"I can do nothing."

"You can do more, at least, than I. I don't know what mysterious connection he may have discovered between me and Pansy; but he came to me from the first, as if I held his fortune in my hand. Now he keeps coming back, to spur me up, to know what hope there is, to pour out his feelings."

"He is very much in love," said Isabel.

"Very much, — for him."

"Very much for Pansy, you might say as well."

Madame Merle dropped her eyes a moment. "Don't you think she 's attractive?"

"She is the dearest little person possible; but she is very limited."

"She ought to be all the easier for Mr. Rosier to love. Mr. Rosier is not unlimited."

"No," said Isabel; "he has about the extent of one's pocket handkerchief, — the small ones, with lace." Her humor had lately turned a good deal to sarcasm, but in a moment she was ashamed of exercising it on so innocent an object as Pansy's suitor. "He is very kind, very honest," she presently added; "and he is not such a fool as he seems."

"He assures me that she delights in him," said Madame Merle.

"I don't know; I have not asked her."

"You have never sounded her a little?"

"It 's not my place; it 's her father's."

"Ah, you 're too literal!" said Madame Merle.

"I must judge for myself."

Madame Merle gave her smile again. "It is n't easy to help you."

"To help me?" said Isabel, very seriously. "What do you mean?"

"It 's easy to displease you. Don't you see how wise I am to be careful? I notify you, at any rate, as I notified Osmond, that I wash my hands of the love affairs of Miss Pansy and Mr. Edward Rosier. Je n'y peux rien, moi! I can't talk to Pansy about him. Especially," added Madame Merle, "as I don't think him a paragon of husbands."

Isabel reflected a little; after which, with a smile, "You don't wash your hands, then!" she said. Then she added, in another tone, "You can't; you are too much interested."

Madame Merle slowly rose; she had given Isabel a look as rapid as the intimation that had gleamed before our heroine a few moments before. Only, this time Isabel saw nothing. "Ask him the next time, and you will see."

"I can't ask him; he has ceased to come to the house. Gilbert has let him know that he is not welcome."

"Ah, yes," said Madame Merle, "I forgot that, though it 's the burden of his lamentation. He says Osmond has insulted him. All the same," she went on, "Osmond does n't dislike him as much as he thinks." She had got up, as if to close the conversation, but she lingered, looking about her, and had evidently more to say. Isabel perceived this, and even saw the point she had in view; but Isabel also had her own reasons for not opening the way.

"That must have pleased him, if you have told him," she answered, smiling.

"Certainly I have told him; as far as that goes, I have encouraged him. I have preached patience; have said that his case is not desperate, if he will only hold his tongue and be quiet. Unfortunately he has taken it into his head to be jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Jealous of Lord Warburton, who, he says, is always here."

Isabel, who was tired, had remained sitting; but at this she also rose. "Ah!" she exclaimed simply, moving slowly to the fire-place. Madame Merle observed her as she passed, and as she stood a moment before the mantel-glass, pushing into its place a wandering tress of hair.

"Poor Mr. Rosier keeps saying that there is nothing impossible in Lord Warburton falling in love with Pansy," Madame Merle went on.

Isabel was silent a little; she turned away from the glass. "It is true, — there is nothing impossible," she rejoined at last, gravely and more gently.

"So I have had to admit to Mr. Rosier. So, too, your husband thinks."

"That I don't know."

"Ask him, and you will see."

"I shall not ask him," said Isabel.

"Excuse me; I forgot that you had pointed that out. Of course," Madame Merle added, "you have had infinitely more observation of Lord Warburton's behavior than I."

"I see no reason why I should n't tell you that he likes my step-daughter very much."

Madame Merle gave one of her quick looks again. "Likes her, you mean — as Mr. Rosier means?"

"I don't know how Mr. Rosier means, but Lord Warburton has let me know that he is charmed with Pansy."

"And you have never told Osmond?" This observation was immediate, precipitate; it almost burst from Madame Merle's lips.

Isabel smiled a little. "I suppose he will know in time; Lord Warburton has a tongue, and knows how to express himself."

Madame Merle instantly became conscious that she had spoken more quickly than usual, and the reflection brought the color to her cheek. She gave the treacherous impulse time to subside, and

then she said, as if she had been thinking it over a little: "That would be better than marrying poor Mr. Rosier."

"Much better, I think."

"It would be very delightful; it would be a great marriage. It is really very kind of him."

"Very kind of him?"

"To drop his eyes on a simple little girl."

"I don't see that."

"It 's very good of you. But after all, Pansy Osmond" —

"After all, Pansy Osmond is the most attractive person he has ever known!" Isabel exclaimed.

Madame Merle stared, and indeed she was justly bewildered. "Ah, a moment ago, I thought you seemed rather to disparage her."

"I said she was limited. And so she is. And so is Lord Warburton."

"So are we all, if you come to that. If it 's no more than Pansy deserves, all the better. But if she fixes her affections on Mr. Rosier, I won't admit that she deserves it. That will be too perverse."

"Mr. Rosier 's a nuisance!" cried Isabel, abruptly.

"I quite agree with you, and I am delighted to know that I am not expected to feed his flame. For the future, when he calls on me, my door shall be closed to him." And gathering her mantle together, Madame Merle prepared to depart. She was checked, however, on her progress to the door, by an inconsequent request from Isabel.

"All the same, you know, be kind to him."

She lifted her shoulders and eyebrows, and stood looking at her friend. "I don't understand your contradictions! Decidedly, I shall not be kind to him, for it will be a false kindness. I wish to see her married to Lord Warburton."

"You had better wait till he asks her."

"If what you say is true, he will ask her. Especially," said Madame Merle in a moment, "if you make him."

"If I make him?"

"It 's quite in your power. You have great influence with him."

Isabel frowned a little. "Where did you learn that?"

"Mrs. Touchett told me. Not you, — never!" said Madame Merle, smiling.

"I certainly never told you that."

"You might have done so when we were by way of being confidential with each other. But you really told me very little; I have often thought so since."

Isabel had thought so too, sometimes with a certain satisfaction. But she did not admit it now, perhaps because she did not wish to appear to exult in it. "You seem to have had an excellent informant in my aunt," she simply said.

"She let me know that you had declined an offer of marriage from Lord Warburton, because she was greatly vexed, and was full of the subject. Of course I think you have done better in doing as you did. But if you would n't marry Lord Warburton yourself, make him the reparation of helping him to marry some one else."

Isabel listened to this with a countenance which persisted in not reflecting the bright expressiveness of Madame Merle's. But in a moment she said, reasonably and gently enough, "I should be very glad indeed if, as regards Pansy, it could be arranged." Upon which her companion, who seemed to regard this as a speech of good omen, embraced her more tenderly than might have been expected, and took her departure.

XL.

Osmond touched on this matter that evening for the first time, coming very late into the drawing-room, where she

was sitting alone. They had spent the evening at home, and Pansy had gone to bed; he himself had been sitting since dinner in a small apartment in which he had arranged his books and which he called his study. At ten o'clock Lord Warburton had come in, as he always did when he knew from Isabel that she was to be at home; he was going somewhere else, and he sat for half an hour. Isabel, after asking him for news of Ralph, said very little to him, on purpose; she wished him to talk with the young girl. She pretended to read; she even went after a little to the piano; she asked herself whether she might not leave the room. She had come little by little to think well of the idea of Pansy's becoming the wife of the master of beautiful Lockleigh, though at first it had not presented itself in a manner to excite her enthusiasm. Madame Merle, that afternoon, had applied the match to an accumulation of inflammable material. When Isabel was unhappy, she always looked about her — partly from impulse and partly by theory — for some form of exertion. She could never rid herself of the conviction that unhappiness was a state of disease; it was suffering as opposed to action. To act, to do something, — it hardly mattered what, — would therefore be an escape, perhaps in some degree a remedy. Besides, she wished to convince herself that she had done everything possible to content her husband; she was determined not to be haunted by images of a flat want of zeal. It would please him greatly to see Pansy married to an English nobleman, and justly please him, since this nobleman was such a fine fellow. It seemed to Isabel that if she could make it her duty to bring about such an event she should play the part of a good wife. She wanted to be that; she wanted to be able to believe, sincerely, that she had been that. Then, such an undertaking had other recommendations. It would occupy her, and she desired occupation. It would even amuse her, and if she could really amuse herself she perhaps might be saved. Lastly, it would be a service to Lord Warburton, who evidently pleased himself greatly with the young girl. It was a little odd that he should, being what he was; but there was no accounting for such impressions. Pansy might captivate any one, — any one, at least, but Lord Warburton. Isabel would have thought her too small, too slight, perhaps even too artificial, for that. There was always a little of the doll about her, and that was not what Lord Warburton had been looking for. Still, who could say what men looked for? They looked for what they found; they knew what pleased them only when they saw it. No theory was valid in such matters, and nothing was more unaccountable or more natural than anything else. If he had cared for *her*, it might seem odd that he cared for Pansy, who was so different; but he had not cared for her so much as he supposed; or, if he had, he had completely got over it, and it was natural that, as that affair had failed, he should think that something of quite another sort might succeed. Enthusiasm, as I say, had not come at first to Isabel, but it came to-day, and made her feel almost happy. It was astonishing what happiness she could still find in the idea of procuring a pleasure for her husband. It was a pity, however, that Edward Rosier had crossed their path!

At this reflection the light that had suddenly gleamed upon that path lost something of its brightness. Isabel was unfortunately as sure that Pansy thought Mr. Rosier the nicest of all the young men, — as sure as if she had held an interview with her on the subject. It was very tiresome that she should be so sure, when she had carefully abstained from informing herself; almost as tiresome as that poor Mr. Rosier should have taken it into his own head.

He was certainly very inferior to Lord Warburton. It was not the difference in fortune so much as the difference in the men; the young American was really so very flimsy. He was much more of the type of the useless fine gentleman than the English nobleman. It was true that there was no particular reason why Pansy should marry a statesman; still, if a statesman admired her, that was his affair, and she would make a very picturesque little peeress.

It may seem to the reader that Isabel had suddenly grown strangely cynical; for she ended by saying to herself that this difficulty could probably be arranged. Somehow, an impediment that was embodied in poor Rosier could not present itself as a dangerous one; there were always means of leveling secondary obstacles. Isabel was perfectly aware that she had not taken the measure of Pansy's tenacity, which might prove to be inconveniently great; but she inclined to think the young girl would not be tenacious, for she had the faculty of assent developed in a very much higher degree than that of resistance. She would cling, — yes, she would cling; but it really mattered to her very little what she clung to. Lord Warburton would do as well as Mr. Rosier, especially as she seemed quite to like him. She had expressed this sentiment to Isabel without a single reservation; she said she thought his conversation most interesting, — he had told her all about India. His manner to Pansy had been of the happiest; Isabel noticed that for herself, as she also observed that he talked to her not in the least in a patronizing way, reminding himself of her youth and simplicity, but quite as if she could understand everything. He was careful only to be kind; he was as kind as he had been to Isabel herself at Gardencourt. A girl might well be touched by that; she remembered how she herself had been touched, and said to herself that if she had been as simple as Pansy the impression would have been deeper still. She had not been simple when she refused him; that operation had been as complicated as, later, her acceptance of Osmond. Pansy, however, in spite of *her* simplicity, really did understand, and was glad that Lord Warburton should talk to her, not about her partners and bouquets, but about the state of Italy, the condition of the peasantry, the famous grist tax, the *pellagra*, his impressions of Roman society. She looked at him, as she drew her needle through her tapestry, with sweet, attentive eyes; and when she lowered them she gave little quiet oblique glances at his person, his hands, his feet, his clothes, as if she were considering him. Even his person, Isabel might have reminded her, was better than Mr. Rosier's. But Isabel contented herself at such moments with wondering where this gentleman was; he came no more at all to the Palazzo Roccanera. It was surprising, as I say, the hold it had taken of her, — the idea of assisting her husband to be pleased.

It was surprising for a variety of reasons, which I shall presently touch upon. On the evening I speak of, while Lord Warburton sat there, she had been on the point of taking the great step of going out of the room and leaving her companions alone. I say the great step, because it was in this light that Gilbert Osmond would have regarded it, and Isabel was trying as much as possible to take her husband's view. She succeeded after a fashion, but she did not succeed in coming to the point I mention. After all, she could n't; something held her, and made it impossible. It was not exactly that it would be base, insidious; for women as a general thing practice such manœuvres with a perfect good conscience, and Isabel had all the qualities of her sex. It was a vague doubt that interposed, — a sense that she was not quite sure. So she remained in the drawing-room, and after a while Lord

Warburton went off to his party, of which he promised to give Pansy a full account on the morrow. After he had gone, Isabel asked herself whether she had prevented something which would have happened if she had absented herself for a quarter of an hour; and then she exclaimed — always mentally — that when Lord Warburton wished her to go away he would easily find means to let her know it. Pansy said nothing whatever about him after he had gone, and Isabel said nothing, as she had taken a vow of reserve until after he should have declared himself. He was a little longer in coming to this than might seem to accord with the description he had given Isabel of his feelings. Pansy went to bed, and Isabel had to admit that she could not now guess what her step-daughter was thinking of. Her transparent little companion was for the moment rather opaque.

Isabel remained alone, looking at the fire, until, at the end of half an hour, her husband came in. He moved about a while in silence, and then sat down, looking at the fire, like herself. But Isabel now had transferred her eyes from the flickering flame in the chimney to Osmond's face, and she watched him while he sat silent. Covert observation had become a habit with her; an instinct, of which it is not an exaggeration to say that it was allied to that of self-defense, had made it habitual. She wished as much as possible to know his thoughts, — to know what he would say, beforehand, so that she might prepare her answer. Preparing answers had not been her strong point of old; she had rarely in this respect got further than thinking afterwards of clever things she might have said. But she had learned caution, — learned it in a measure from her husband's very countenance. It was the same face she had looked into with eyes equally earnest, perhaps, but less penetrating, on the terrace of a Florentine villa, except that Osmond had grown a little stouter since his marriage. He still, however, looked very distinguished.

"Has Lord Warburton been here?" he presently asked.

"Yes; he stayed for half an hour."

"Did he see Pansy?"

"Yes; he sat on the sofa beside her."

"Did he talk with her much?"

"He talked almost only to her."

"It seems to me he 's attentive. Is n't that what you call it?"

"I don't call it anything," said Isabel; "I have waited for you to give it a name."

"That 's a consideration you don't always show," Osmond answered, after a moment.

"I have determined, this time, to try and act as you would like. I have so often failed in that."

Osmond turned his head slowly, looking at her.

"Are you trying to quarrel with me?"

"No, I am trying to live at peace."

"Nothing is more easy; you know I don't quarrel myself."

"What do you call it when you try to make me angry?" Isabel asked.

"I don't try; if I have done so, it has been the most naturally in the world. Moreover, I am not in the least trying now."

Isabel smiled. "It does n't matter. I have determined never to be angry again."

"That 's an excellent resolve. Your temper is n't good."

"No, it 's not good." She pushed away the book she had been reading, and took up the band of tapestry that Pansy had left on the table.

"That 's partly why I have not spoken to you about this business of my daughter's," Osmond said, designating Pansy in the manner that was most frequent with him. "I was afraid I should encounter opposition, — that you too would

have views on the subject. I have sent little Rosier about his business."

"You were afraid that I would plead for Mr. Rosier? Have n't you noticed that I have never spoken to you of him?"

"I have never given you a chance. We have so little conversation in these days. I know he was an old friend of yours."

"Yes, he 's an old friend of mine." Isabel cared little more for him than for the tapestry that she held in her hand; but it was true that he was an old friend, and with her husband she felt a desire not to extenuate such ties. He had a way of expressing contempt for them which fortified her loyalty to them, even when, as in the present case, they were in themselves insignificant. She sometimes felt a sort of passion of tenderness for memories which had no other merit than that they belonged to her unmarried life. "But as regards Pansy," she added in a moment, "I have given him no encouragement."

"That 's fortunate," Osmond observed.

"Fortunate for me, I suppose you mean. For him it matters little."

"There is no use talking of him," Osmond said. "As I tell you, I have turned him out."

"Yes; but a lover outside is always a lover. He is sometimes even more of one. Mr. Rosier still has hope."

"He 's welcome to the comfort of it! My daughter has only to sit still, to become Lady Warburton."

"Should you like that?" Isabel asked, with a simplicity which was not so affected as it may appear. She was resolved to assume nothing, for Osmond had a way of unexpectedly turning her assumptions against her. The intensity with which he would like his daughter to become Lady Warburton had been the very basis of her own recent reflections. But that was for herself; she would recognize nothing until Osmond should have put it into words; she would not take for granted with him that he thought Lord Warburton a prize worth an amount of effort that was unusual among the Osmonds. It was Gilbert's constant intimation that, for him, nothing was a prize; that he treated as from equal to equal with the most distinguished people in the world; and that his daughter had only to look about her to pick out a prince. It cost him, therefore, a lapse from consistency to say explicitly that he yearned for Lord Warburton, that if this nobleman should escape his equivalent might not be found; and it was another of his customary implications that he was never inconsistent. He would have liked his wife to glide over the point. But strangely enough, now that she was face to face with him, though an hour before she had almost invented a scheme for pleasing him, Isabel was not accommodating, would not glide. And yet she knew exactly the effect on his mind of her question: it would operate as a humiliation. Never mind; he was terribly capable of humiliating her, — all the more so that he was also capable of waiting for great opportunities, and of showing, sometimes, an almost unaccountable indifference to small ones. Isabel perhaps took a small opportunity because she would not have availed herself of a great one.

Osmond at present acquitted himself very honorably. "I should like it extremely; it would be a great marriage. And then Lord Warburton has another advantage: he is an old friend of yours. It would be pleasant for him to come into the family. It is very singular that Pansy's admirers should all be your old friends."

"It is natural that they should come to see me. In coming to see me, they see Pansy. Seeing her, it is natural that they should fall in love with her."

"So I think. But you are not bound to do so."

"If she should marry Lord Warbur-

ton, I should be very glad," Isabel went on, frankly. "He 's an excellent man. You say, however, that she has only to sit still. Perhaps she won't sit still; if she loses Mr. Rosier, she may jump up!"

Osmond appeared to give no heed to this; he sat gazing at the fire. "Pansy would like to be a great lady," he remarked in a moment, with a certain tenderness of tone. "She wishes, above all, to please," he added.

"To please Mr. Rosier, perhaps."

"No, to please me."

"Me too, a little, I think," said Isabel.

"Yes, she has a great opinion of you. But she will do what I like."

"If you are sure of that, it 's very well," Isabel said.

"Meantime," said Osmond, "I should like our distinguished visitor to speak."

"He has spoken, — to me. He has told me that it would be a great pleasure to him to believe she could care for him."

Osmond turned his head quickly; but at first he said nothing. Then, "Why did n't you tell me that?" he asked, quickly.

"There was no opportunity. You know how we live. I have taken the first chance that has offered."

"Did you speak to him of Rosier?"

"Oh, yes, a little."

"That was hardly necessary."

"I thought it best he should know, so that, so that" — And Isabel paused.

"So that what?"

"So that he should act accordingly."

"So that he should back out, do you mean?"

"No; so that he should advance while there is yet time."

"That is not the effect it seems to have had."

"You should have patience," said Isabel. "You know Englishmen are shy."

"This one is not. He was not when he made love to you."

She had been afraid Osmond would speak of that; it was disagreeable to her. "I beg your pardon; he was extremely so," she said, simply.

He answered nothing for some time; he took up a book and turned over the pages, while Isabel sat silent, occupying herself with Pansy's tapestry. "You must have a great deal of influence with him," Osmond went on, at last. "The moment you really wish it, you can bring him to the point."

This was more disagreeable still; but Isabel felt it to be natural that her husband should say it, and it was after all something very much of the same sort that she had said to herself. "Why should I have influence?" she asked. "What have I ever done to put him under an obligation to me?"

"You refused to marry him," said Osmond, with his eyes on his book.

"I must n't presume too much on that," Isabel answered, gently.

He threw down the book presently, and got up, standing before the fire with his hands behind him. "Well," he said, "I hold that it lies in your hands. I shall leave it there. With a little good will you may manage it. Think that over, and remember that I count upon you."

He waited a little, to give her time to answer; but she answered nothing, and he presently strolled out of the room.

XLI.

She answered nothing, because his words had put the situation before her, and she was absorbed in looking at it. There was something in them that suddenly opened the door to agitation, so that she was afraid to trust herself to speak. After Osmond had gone, she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes; and for a long time, far into the night, and still further, she sat in the silent drawing-room, given up to her

meditation. A servant came in to attend to the fire, and she bade him bring fresh candles and then go to bed. Osmond had told her to think of what he had said; and she did so indeed, and of many other things. The suggestion, from another, that she had a peculiar influence on Lord Warburton had given her the start that accompanies unexpected recognition. Was it true that there was something still between them that might be a handle to make him declare himself to Pansy,—a susceptibility, on his part, to approval, a desire to do what would please her? Isabel had hitherto not asked herself the question, because she had not been forced; but now that it was directly presented to her, she saw the answer, and the answer frightened her. Yes, there was something,—something on Lord Warburton's part. When he first came to Rome she believed that the link which united them had completely snapped; but little by little she had been reminded that it still had a palpable existence. It was as thin as a hair, but there were moments when she seemed to hear it vibrate. For herself, nothing was changed; what she once thought of Lord Warburton she still thought. It was needless that feeling should change; on the contrary, it seemed to her a better feeling than ever. But he,—had he still the idea that she might be more to him than other women? Had he the wish to profit by the memory of the few moments of intimacy through which they had once passed? Isabel knew that she had read some of the signs of such a disposition. But what were his hopes, his pretensions, and in what strange way were they mingled with his evidently very sincere appreciation of poor Pansy? Was he in love with Gilbert Osmond's wife, and if so what comfort did he expect to derive from it? If he was in love with Pansy, he was not in love with her step-mother; and if he was in love with her step-mother, he was not in love with Pansy. Was she to cultivate the advantage she possessed, in order to make him commit himself to Pansy, knowing that he would do so for her sake, and not for the young girl's,—was this the service her husband had asked of her? This, at any rate, was the duty with which Isabel found herself confronted from the moment that she admitted to herself that Lord Warburton had still an uneradicated predilection for her society. It was not an agreeable task; it was, in fact, a repulsive one. She asked herself with dismay whether Lord Warburton was pretending to be in love with Pansy in order to cultivate another satisfaction? Of this refinement of duplicity she presently acquitted him; she preferred to believe that he was in good faith. But if his admiration for Pansy was a delusion, this was scarcely better than its being an affectation. Isabel wandered among these ugly possibilities until she completely lost her way; some of them, as she suddenly encountered them, seemed ugly enough. Then she broke out of the labyrinth, rubbing her eyes, and declared that her imagination surely did her little honor, and that her husband's did him even less. Lord Warburton was as disinterested as he need be, and she was no more to him than she need wish. She would rest upon this until the contrary should be proved,—proved more effectually than by a cynical intimation of Osmond's.

Such a resolution, however, brought her this evening but little peace, for her soul was haunted with terrors which crowded to the foreground of thought as quickly as a place was made for them. What had suddenly set them into livelier motion she hardly knew, unless it were the strange impression she had received in the afternoon of her husband and Madame Merle being in more direct communication than she suspected. This impression came back to her from time to time, and now she wondered that it had never come before. Besides this,

her short interview with Osmond, half an hour before, was a striking example of his faculty for making everything wither that he touched, spoiling everything for her that he looked at. It was very well to undertake to give him a proof of loyalty; the real fact was that the knowledge of his expecting a thing raised a presumption against it. It was as if he had had the evil eye; as if his presence were a blight and his favor a misfortune. Was the fault in himself, or only in the deep mistrust she had conceived for him? This mistrust was the clearest result of their short married life; a gulf had opened between them, over which they looked at each other with eyes that were on either side a declaration of the deception suffered. It was a strange opposition, of the like of which she had never dreamed, an opposition in which the vital principle of the one was a thing of contempt to the other. It was not her fault, — she had practiced no deception; she had only admired and believed. She had taken all the first steps in the purest confidence, and then she had suddenly found the infinite vista of a multiplied life to be a dark, narrow alley, with a dead wall at the end. Instead of leading to the high places of happiness, from which the world would seem to lie below one, so that one could look down with a sense of exaltation and advantage, and judge and choose and pity, it led rather downward and earthward, into realms of restriction and depression, where the sound of other lives, easier and freer, was heard as from above, and served to deepen the feeling of failure. It was her deep distrust of her husband, — this was what darkened the world. That is a sentiment easily indicated, but not so easily explained, and so composite in its character that much time and still more suffering had been needed to bring it to its actual perfection. Suffering, with Isabel, was an active condition; it was not a chill, a stupor, a despair; it was a passion of thought, of speculation, of response to every pressure. She flattered herself, however, that she had kept her mistrust to herself, — that no one suspected it but Osmond. Oh, he knew it, and there were times when she thought that he enjoyed it. It had come gradually; it was not till the first year of her marriage had closed that she had taken the alarm. Then the shadows began to gather; it was as if Osmond deliberately, almost malignantly, had put the lights out one by one. The dusk at first was vague and thin, and she could still see her way in it. But it steadily increased, and if here and there it had occasionally lifted there were certain corners of her life that were impenetrably black. These shadows were not an emanation from her own mind, — she was very sure of that; she had done her best to be just and temperate, to see only the truth. They were a part of her husband's very presence. They were not his misdeeds, his turpitudes; she accused him of nothing, — that is, of but one thing, which was not a crime. She knew of no wrong that he had done; he was not violent, he was not cruel; she simply believed that he hated her. That was all she accused him of; and the miserable part of it was precisely that it was not a crime, for against a crime she might have found redress. He had discovered that she was so different; that she was not what he had believed she would prove to be. He had thought at first he could change her, and she had done her best to be what he would like. But she was, after all, herself, — she could n't help that; and now there was no use pretending, playing a part, for he knew her, and he had made up his mind. She was not afraid of him; she had no apprehension that he would hurt her, for the ill-will he bore her was not of that sort. He would, if possible, never give her a pretext, never put himself in the wrong. Isabel, scanning the future with

dry, fixed eyes, saw that he would have the better of her there. She would give him many pretexts; she would often put herself in the wrong. There were times when she almost pitied him; for if she had not deceived him in intention, she understood how completely she must have done so in fact. She had effaced herself, when he first knew her; she had made herself small, pretending there was less of her than there really was. It was because she had been under the extraordinary charm that he, on his side, had taken pains to put forth. He was not changed; he had not disguised himself, during the year of his courtship, any more than she. But she had seen only half his nature then, as one saw the disk of the moon when it was partly masked by the shadow of the earth. She saw the full moon now, — she saw the whole man. She had kept still, as it were, so that he should have a free field, and yet in spite of this she had mistaken a part for the whole.

Ah, she had him immensely under the charm! It had not passed away; it was there still; she still knew perfectly what it was that made Osmond delightful when he chose to be. He had wished to be when he made love to her, and as she had wished to be charmed it was not wonderful that he succeeded. He succeeded because he was sincere; it never occurred to her to deny him that. He admired her, — he had told her why: because she was the most imaginative woman he had known. It might very well have been true; for during those months she had imagined a world of things that had no substance. She had a vision of him; she had not read him right. A certain combination of features had touched her, and in them she had seen the most striking of portraits. That he was poor and lonely, and yet that somehow he was noble, — that was what interested her and seemed to give her her opportunity. There was an indefinable beauty about him, — in his situation, in his mind, in his face. She had felt at the same time that he was helpless and ineffectual, but the feeling had taken the form of a tenderness, which was the very flower of respect. He was like a skeptical voyager, strolling on the beach while he waited for the tide; looking seaward, yet not putting to sea. It was in all this that she found her occasion. She would launch his boat for him; she would be his providence; it would be a good thing to love him. And she loved him, — a good deal for what she found in him, but a good deal, also, for what she brought him. As she looked back at the passion of those weeks, she perceived in it a kind of maternal strain, — the happiness of a woman who felt that she was a contributor, that she came with full hands. But for her money, as she saw to-day, she would n't have done it. And then her mind wandered off to poor Mr. Touchett, sleeping under English turf, the beneficent author of infinite woe! For this was a fact. At bottom, her money had been a burden, — had been on her mind, which was filled with the desire to transfer the weight of it to some other conscience. What would lighten her own conscience more effectually than to make it over to the man who had the best taste in the world? Unless she should give it to a hospital, there was nothing better she could do with it; and there was no charitable institution in which she was as much interested as in Gilbert Osmond. He would use her fortune in a way that would make her think better of it, and rub off a certain grossness which attached to the good luck of an unexpected inheritance. There had been nothing very delicate in inheriting seventy thousand pounds; the delicacy had been all in Mr. Touchett's leaving them to her. But to marry Gilbert Osmond and bring him such a portion, — in that there would be delicacy for her as well. There would be less for him, — that was true; but that was

his affair, and if he loved her he would not object to her being rich. Had he not had the courage to say he was glad she was rich?

Isabel's cheek tingled when she asked herself if she had really married on a factitious theory, in order to do something finely appreciable with her money. But she was able to answer quickly enough that this was only half the story. It was because a certain feeling took possession of her, — a sense of the earnestness of his affection and a delight in his personal qualities. He was better than any one else. This supreme conviction had filled her life for months, and enough of it still remained to prove to her that she could not have done otherwise. The finest individual she had ever known was hers; the simple knowledge was a sort of act of devotion. She had not been mistaken about the beauty of his mind; she knew that organ perfectly now. She had lived with it, she had lived in it, almost; it appeared to have become her habitation. If she had been captured, it had taken a firm hand to do it; that reflection, perhaps, had some worth. A mind more ingenious, more subtle, more cultivated, more trained to admirable exercises, she had not encountered; and it was this exquisite instrument that she had now to reckon with. She lost herself in infinite dismay when she thought of the magnitude of *his* deception. It was a wonder, perhaps, in view of this, that he did n't hate her more. She remembered perfectly the first sign he had given of it; it had been like the bell that was to ring up the curtain upon the real drama of their life. He said to her one day that she had too many ideas, and that she must get rid of them. He had told her that already, before their marriage; but then she had not noticed it; it came back to her only afterwards. This time she might well notice it, because he had really meant it. The words were nothing, superficially; but when, in the light of deepening experience, she looked into them, they appeared portentous. He really meant it; he would have liked her to have nothing of her own but her pretty appearance. She knew she had too many ideas; she had more even than she supposed, many more than she had expressed to him when he asked her to marry him. Yes, she *had* been hypocritical; she liked him so much. She had too many ideas for herself; but that was just what one married for, to share them with some one else. One could n't pluck them up by the roots, though of course one might suppress them, be careful not to utter them. It was not that, however, — his objecting to her opinions; that was nothing. She had no opinions, none that she would not have been eager to sacrifice in the satisfaction of feeling herself loved for it. What he meant was the whole thing, — her character, the way she felt, the way she judged. This was what she had kept in reserve; this was what he had not known until he found himself, with the door closed behind, as it were, set down face to face with it. She had a certain way of looking at life, which he took as a personal offense. Heaven knew that now, at least, it was a very humble, accommodating way! The strange thing was that she should not have suspected from the first that his own was so different. She had thought it so large, so enlightened, so perfectly that of an honest man, and a gentleman. Had not he assured her that he had no superstitions, no dull limitations, no prejudices that had lost their freshness? Had n't he all the appearance of a man living in the open air of the world, indifferent to small considerations, caring only for truth and knowledge, and believing that two intelligent people ought to look for them together, and whether they found them or not to find at least some happiness in the search? He had told her that he loved the conventional; but there was a sense in which this seemed a noble declaration.

In that sense, the love of harmony and order and decency and all the stately offices of life, she went with him freely, and his warning had contained nothing ominous. But when, as the months elapsed, she followed him further, and he led her into the mansion of his own habitation, then, — then she had seen where she really was. She could live it over again, the incredulous terror with which she had taken the measure of her dwelling. Between those four walls she had lived ever since; they were to surround her for the rest of her life. It was the house of darkness, the house of dumbness, the house of suffocation. Osmond's beautiful mind gave it neither light nor air; Osmond's beautiful mind, indeed, seemed to peep down from a small high window, and mock at her. Of course, it was not physical suffering; but for physical suffering there might have been a remedy. She could come and go; she had her liberty; her husband was perfectly polite. He took himself so seriously; it was something appalling. Under all his culture, his cleverness, his amenity, under his good-nature, his facility, his knowledge of life, his egotism lay hidden, like a serpent in a bank of flowers. She had taken him seriously, but she had not taken him so seriously as that. How could she, especially when she knew him better? She was to think of him as he thought of himself, — as the first gentleman in Europe. So it was that she had thought of him at first, and that, indeed, was the reason she had married him. But when she began to see what it implied, she drew back; there was more in the bond than she had meant to put her name to. It implied a sovereign contempt for every one but some three or four very exalted people whom he envied, and for everything in the world but half a dozen ideas of his own. That was very well; she would have gone with him even there, a long distance; for he pointed out to her so much of the baseness and shabbiness of life, opened her eyes so wide to the stupidity, the depravity, the ignorance, of mankind, that she had been properly impressed with the infinite vulgarity of things, and of the virtue of keeping one's self unspotted by it. But this base, ignoble world, it appeared, was after all what one was to live for; one was to keep it forever in one's eye, in order, not to enlighten, or convert, or redeem it, but to extract from it some recognition of one's own superiority. On the one hand it was despicable, but on the other it afforded a standard. Osmond had talked to Isabel about his renunciation, his indifference, the ease with which he dispensed with the usual aids to success; and all this had seemed to her admirable. She had thought it a noble indifference, an exquisite independence. But indifference was really the last of his qualities; she had never seen any one who thought so much of others. For herself, the world had always interested her, and the study of her fellow-creatures was her constant passion. She would have been willing, however, to renounce all her curiosities and sympathies for the sake of a personal life, if the person concerned had only been able to make her believe it was a gain! This, at least, was her present conviction; and the thing certainly would have been easier than to care for society as Osmond cared for it.

He was unable to live without it, and she saw that he had never really done so; he had looked at it out of his window, even when he appeared to be most detached from it. He had his ideal, just as she had tried to have hers; only it was strange that people should seek for justice in such different quarters. His ideal was a conception of high prosperity and propriety, of the aristocratic life, which she now saw that Osmond deemed himself always, in essence at least, to have led. He had never lapsed from it for an hour; he would never have recovered from the shame of doing so.

That, again, was very well; here, too, she would have agreed; but they attached such different ideas, such different associations and desires, to the same formulas. Her notion of the aristocratic life was simply the union of great culture with great liberty; the culture would give one a sense of duty, and the liberty a sense of enjoyment. But for Osmond it was altogether a thing of forms, a conscious, calculated attitude. He was fond of the old, the consecrated, and transmitted; so was she, but she pretended to do what she chose with it. He had an immense esteem for tradition; he had told her once that the best thing in the world was to have it, but that if one was so unfortunate as not to have it one must immediately proceed to make it. She knew that he meant by this that she had n't it, but that he was better off; though where he had got his traditions she never learned. He had a very large collection of them, however, that was very certain; after a little she began to see. The great thing was to act in accordance with them, — the great thing not only for him but for her. Isabel had an undefined conviction that traditions must be of a thoroughly superior kind, to serve for another person than their proprietor; but she nevertheless assented to this intimation that she too must march to the stately music that floated down from unknown periods in her husband's past, — she, who of old had been so free of step, so desultory, so devious, so much the reverse of processional. There were certain things they must do, a certain posture they must take, certain people they must know and not know. When Isabel saw this rigid system closing about her, draped though it was in pictured tapestries, that sense of darkness and suffocation of which I have spoken took possession of her; she seemed to be shut up with an odor of mould and decay. She had resisted, of course: at first very humorously, ironically, tenderly; then, as the situation grew more serious, eagerly, passionately, pleadingly. She had pleaded the cause of freedom, of doing as they chose, of not caring for the aspect and denomination of their life, — the cause of other instincts and longings, of quite another ideal. Then it was that her husband's personality, touched as it never had been, stepped forth and stood erect. The things that she had said were answered only by his scorn, and she could see that he was ineffably ashamed of her. What did he think of her? That she was base, vulgar, ignoble? He at least knew now that she had no traditions! It had not been in his prevision of things that she should reveal such flatness; her sentiments were worthy of a radical newspaper, or of a Unitarian preacher. The real offense, as she ultimately perceived, was her having a mind of her own at all. Her mind was to be his, — attached to his own like a small garden plot to a deer-park. He would rake the soil gently, and water the flowers; he would weed the beds and gather an occasional nosegay. It would be a pretty piece of property for a proprietor already far-reaching. He did n't wish her to be stupid. On the contrary, it was because she was clever that she had pleased him. But he expected her intelligence to operate altogether in his favor, and so far from desiring her mind to be a blank he had flattered himself that it would be richly receptive. He had expected his wife to feel with him and for him, to enter into his opinions, his ambitions, his preferences; and Isabel was obliged to confess that this was no very unwarrantable demand on the part of a husband. But there were certain things she could never take in. To begin with, they were hideously unclean. She was not a daughter of the Puritans, but for all that she believed in such a thing as purity. It would appear that Osmond did n't; some of his traditions made her push back her skirts. Did all women have lovers? Did they all lie, and even the best have their

price? Were there only three or four that did n't deceive their husbands? When Isabel heard such things, she felt a greater scorn for them than for the gossip of a village parlor, — a scorn that kept its freshness in a very tainted air. There was the taint of her sister-in-law; did her husband judge only by the Countess Gemini? This lady very often lied, and she had practiced deceptions which were not simply verbal. It was enough to find these facts assumed among Osmond's traditions, without giving them such a general extension. It was her scorn of his assumptions, — it was that that made him draw himself up. He had plenty of contempt, and it was proper that his wife should be as well furnished; but that she should turn the hot light of her disdain upon his own conception of things, — this was a danger he had not allowed for. He believed he should have regulated her emotions before she came to that; and Isabel could easily imagine how his ears scorched when he discovered that he had been too confident. When one had a wife who gave one that sensation, there was nothing left but to hate her!

She was morally certain, now, that this feeling of hatred, which at first had been a refuge and a refreshment, had become the occupation and comfort of Osmond's life. The feeling was deep, because it was sincere; he had had a revelation that, after all, she could dispense with him. If to herself the idea was startling, if it presented itself at first as a kind of infidelity, a capacity for pollution, what infinite effect might it not be expected to have had upon him? It was very simple, — he despised her; she had no traditions and the moral horizon of a Unitarian minister. Poor Isabel, who had never been able to understand Unitarianism! This was the conviction that she had been living with now for a time that she had ceased to measure. What was coming, what was before them? That was her constant question. What would he do, what ought she do? When a man hated his wife, what did it lead to? She did n't hate him, that she was sure of, for every little while she felt a passionate wish to give him a pleasant surprise. Very often, however, she felt afraid, and it used to come over her, as I have intimated, that she had deceived him at the very first. They were strangely married, at all events, and it was an awful life. Until that morning he had scarcely spoken to her for a week; his manner was as dry as a burned-out fire. She knew there was a special reason: he was displeased at Ralph Touchett's staying on in Rome. He thought she saw too much of her cousin; he had told her a week before that it was indecent she should go to him at his hotel. He would have said more than this if Ralph's invalid state had not appeared to make it brutal to denounce him; but having to contain himself only deepened Osmond's disgust. Isabel read all this as she would have read the hour on the clock-face; she was as perfectly aware that the sight of her interest in her cousin stirred her husband's rage as if Osmond had locked her into her bedroom, — which she was sure he wanted to do. It was her honest belief that on the whole she was not defiant, but she certainly could not pretend to be indifferent to Ralph. She believed he was dying, at last, and that she should never see him again, and this gave her a tenderness for him that she had never known before. Nothing was a pleasure to her now; how could anything be a pleasure to a woman who knew that she had thrown away her life? There was an everlasting weight upon her heart; there was a livid light upon everything. But Ralph's little visit was a lamp in the darkness; for the hour that she sat with him her spirit rose. She felt today as if he had been her brother. She had never had a brother, but if she had, and she were in trouble, and he were dying, he would be dear to her as Ralph

was. Ah, yes, if Gilbert was jealous of her, there was perhaps some reason ; it did n't make Gilbert look better to sit for half an hour with Ralph. It was not that they talked of him; it was not that she complained. His name was never uttered between them. It was simply that Ralph was generous, and that her husband was not. There was something in Ralph's talk, in his smile, in the mere fact of his being in Rome, that made the blasted circle round which she walked more spacious. He made her feel the good of the world ; he made her feel what might have been. He was, after all, as intelligent as Osmond, quite apart from his being better. And thus it seemed to her an act of devotion to conceal her misery from him. She concealed it elaborately; in their talk she was perpetually hanging out curtains and arranging screens. It lived before her again, — it had never had time to die, — that morning in the garden at Florence, when he warned her against Osmond. She had only to close her eyes to see the place, to hear his voice, to feel the warm, sweet air. How could he have known ? What a mystery, what a wonder of wisdom ! As intelligent as Gilbert ! He was much more intelligent, to arrive at such a judgment as that. Gilbert had never been so deep, so just. She had told him then that from her at least he should never know if he were right ; and this was what she was taking care of now. It gave her plenty to do ; there was passion, exaltation, religion, in it. Women find their religion sometimes in strange exercises, and Isabel, at present, in playing a part before her cousin, had an idea that she was doing him a kindness. It would have been a kindness, perhaps, if he had been for a single instant a dupe. As it was, the kindness consisted mainly in trying to make him believe that he had once wounded her greatly, and that the event had put him to shame ; but that, as she was very generous and he was so ill, she bore him no grudge, and even considerately forbore to flaunt her happiness in his face. Ralph smiled to himself, as he lay on his sofa, at this extraordinary form of consideration ; but he forgave her for having forgiven him. She did n't wish him to have the pain of knowing she was unhappy ; that was the great thing, and it did n't matter that such knowledge would rather have righted him.

For herself, she lingered in the soundless drawing-room long after the fire had gone out. There was no danger of her feeling the cold ; she was in a fever. She heard the small hours strike, and then the great ones, but her vigil took no heed of time. Her mind, assailed by visions, was in a state of extraordinary activity, and her visions might as well come to her there, where she sat up to meet them, as on her pillow to make a mockery of rest. As I have said, she believed she was not defiant, and what could be a better proof of it than that she should linger there half the night, trying to persuade herself that there was no reason why Pansy should n't be married as you would put a letter in the post-office ? When the clock struck four she got up ; she was going to bed at last, for the lamp had long since gone out, and the candles had burned down to their sockets. But even then she stopped again in the middle of the room, and stood there gazing at a remembered vision, — that of her husband and Madame Merle grouped unconsciously and familiarly.

XLII.

Three nights after this she took Pansy to a great party, to which Osmond, who never went to dances, did not accompany them. Pansy was as ready for a dance as ever; she was not of a generalizing turn, and she had not extended to other pleasures the interdict that she had seen placed on those of

love. If she was biding her time or hoping to circumvent her father, she must have had a prevision of success. Isabel thought that this was not likely; it was much more likely that Pansy had simply determined to be a good girl. She had never had such a chance, and she had a proper esteem for chances. She carried herself no less attentively than usual, and kept no less anxious an eye upon her vaporous skirts; she held her bouquet very tight, and counted over the flowers for the twentieth time. She made Isabel feel old; it seemed so long since she had been in a flutter about a ball. Pansy, who was greatly admired, was never in want of partners, and very soon after their arrival she gave Isabel, who was not dancing, her bouquet to hold. Isabel had rendered this service for some minutes when she became aware that Edward Rosier was standing before her. He had lost his affable smile, and wore a look of almost military resolution. The change in his appearance would have made Isabel smile, if she had not felt that at bottom his case was a hard one; he had always smelt so much more of heliotrope than of gunpowder. He looked at her a moment somewhat fiercely, as if to notify her that he was dangerous, and then he dropped his eyes on her bouquet. After he had inspected it his glance softened, and he said quickly, —

"It 's all pansies; it must be hers!"

Isabel smiled kindly. "Yes, it 's hers; she gave it to me to hold."

"May I hold it a little, Mrs. Osmond?" the poor young man asked.

"No, I can't trust you; I am afraid you would n't give it back."

"I am not sure that I should; I should leave the house with it instantly. But may I not at least have a single flower?"

Isabel hesitated a moment, and then, smiling still, held out the bouquet.

"Choose one yourself. It 's frightful what I am doing for you."

"Ah, if you do no more than this, Mrs. Osmond!" Rosier exclaimed, with his glass in one eye, carefully choosing his flower.

"Don't put it into your button-hole," she said. "Don't, for the world!"

"I should like her to see it. She has refused to dance with me, but I wish to show her that I believe in her still."

"It 's very well to show it to her, but it 's out of place to show it to others. Her father has told her not to dance with you."

"And is that all *you* can do for me? I expected more from you, Mrs. Osmond," said the young man, in a tone of fine general reference. "You know that our acquaintance goes back very far, quite into the days of our innocent childhood."

"Don't make me out too old," Isabel answered, smiling. "You come back to that very often, and I have never denied it. But I must tell you that, old friends as we are, if you had done me the honor to ask me to marry you I should have refused you."

"Ah, you don't esteem me, then. Say at once that you think I 'm a trifler!"

"I esteem you very much, but I 'm not in love with you. What I mean by that, of course, is that I am not in love with you for Pansy."

"Very good, I see; you pity me, that 's all."

And Edward Rosier looked all round, inconsequently, with his single glass. It was a revelation to him that people should n't be more pleased; but he was at least too proud to show that the movement struck him as general.

Isabel for a moment said nothing. His manner and appearance had not the dignity of the deepest tragedy; his little glass, among other things, was against that. But she suddenly felt touched; her own unhappiness, after all, had something in common with his, and it came over her, more than before, that

here, in recognizable form, if not in romantic cast, was the most affecting thing in the world, — young love struggling with adversity.

"Would you really be very kind to her?" she said in a low tone.

He dropped his eyes, devoutly, and raised the little flower which he held in his fingers to his lips. Then he looked at her. "You pity me; but don't you pity her a little?"

"I don't know; I am not sure. She will always enjoy life."

"It will depend on what you call life!" Rosier exclaimed. "She won't enjoy being tortured."

"There will be nothing of that."

"I am glad to hear it. She knows what she is about. You will see."

"I think she does, and she will never disobey her father. But she is coming back to me," Isabel added, "and I must beg you to go away."

Rosier lingered a moment, till Pansy came in sight, on the arm of her cavalier; he stood just long enough to look her in the face. Then he walked away, holding up his head; and the manner in which he achieved this sacrifice to expediency convinced Isabel that he was very much in love.

Pansy, who seldom got disarranged in dancing, and looked perfectly fresh and cool after this exercise, waited a moment, and then took back her bouquet. Isabel watched her, and saw that she was counting the flowers; whereupon she said to herself that, decidedly, there were deeper forces at play than she had recognized. Pansy had seen Rosier turn away, but she said nothing to Isabel about him: she talked only of her partner, after he had made his bow and retired; of the music, the floor, the rare misfortune of having already torn her dress. Isabel was sure, however, that she perceived that her lover had abstracted a flower; though this knowledge was not needed to account for the dutiful grace with which she responded to the appeal of her next partner. That perfect amenity under acute constraint was part of a larger system. She was again led forth by a flushed young man, this time carrying her bouquet; and she had not been absent many minutes when Isabel saw Lord Warburton advancing through the crowd. He presently drew near, and bade her good-evening; she had not seen him since the day before. He looked about him, and then, "Where is the little maid?" he asked. It was in this manner that he formed the harmless habit of alluding to Miss Osmond.

"She is dancing," said Isabel; "you will see her somewhere."

He looked among the dancers, and at last caught Pansy's eye. "She sees me, but she won't notice me," he then remarked. "Are you not dancing?"

"As you see, I 'm a wall-flower."

"Won't you dance with me?"

"Thank you; I would rather you should dance with my little maid."

"One need n't prevent the other; especially as she is engaged."

"She is not engaged for everything, and you can reserve yourself. She dances very hard, and you will be the fresher."

"She dances beautifully," said Lord Warburton, following her with his eyes. "Ah, at last," he added, "she has given me a smile." He stood there with his handsome, easy, important physiognomy; and as Isabel observed him it came over her, as it had done before, that it was strange a man of his importance should take an interest in a little maid. It struck her as a great incongruity; neither Pansy's small fascinations, nor his own kindness, his good-nature, not even his need for amusement, which was extreme and constant, were sufficient to account for it. "I shall like to dance with you," he went on in a moment, turning back to Isabel; "but I think I like even better to talk with you."

"Yes, it's better, and it's more

worthy of your dignity. Great statesmen ought n't to waltz."

"Don't be cruel. Why did you recommend me, then, to dance with Miss Osmond?"

"Ah, that 's different. If you dance with her, it would look simply like a piece of kindness, — as if you were doing it for her amusement. If you dance with me you would look as if you were doing it for your own."

"And pray, have n't I a right to amuse myself?"

"No, not with the affairs of the British Empire on your hands."

"The British Empire be hanged! You are always laughing at it."

"Amuse yourself with talking to me," said Isabel.

"I am not sure that is a recreation. You are too pointed; I have always to be defending myself. And you strike me as more than usually dangerous to-night. Won't you really dance?"

"I can't leave my place. Pansy must find me here."

He was silent a moment. "You are wonderfully good to her," he said suddenly.

Isabel stared a little, and smiled. "Can you imagine one's not being?"

"No, indeed. I know how I feel myself. But you must have done a great deal for her."

"I have taken her out with me," said Isabel, smiling still. "And I have seen that she has proper clothes."

"Your society must have been a great benefit to her. You have talked to her, advised her, helped her to develop."

"Ah, yes, if she is n't the rose, she has lived near it."

Isabel laughed, and her companion smiled; but there was a certain visible preoccupation in his face which interfered with complete hilarity. "We all try to live as near it as we can," he said, after a moment's hesitation.

Isabel turned away; Pansy was about to be restored to her, and she welcomed the diversion. We know how much she liked Lord Warburton; she thought him delightful. There was something in his friendship which appeared a kind of resource in case of indefinite need; it was like having a large balance at the bank. She felt happier when he was in the room; there was something reassuring in his approach; the sound of his voice reminded her of the beneficence of nature. Yet for all that it did not please her that he should be too near to her, that he should take too much of her good-will for granted. She was afraid of that; she averted herself from it; she wished he would n't. She felt that if he should come too near, as it were, it was in her to flash out and bid him keep his distance. Pansy came back to Isabel with another rent in her skirt, which was the inevitable consequence of the first, and which she displayed to Isabel with serious eyes. There were too many gentlemen in uniform; they wore those dreadful spurs, which were fatal to the dresses of young girls. It hereupon became apparent that the resources of women are innumerable. Isabel devoted herself to Pansy's desecrated drapery; she fumbled for a pin and repaired the injury; she smiled and listened to her account of her adventures. Her attention, her sympathy, were most active; and they were in direct proportion to a sentiment with which they were in no way connected, a lively conjecture as to whether Lord Warburton was trying to make love to her. It was not simply his words just then; it was others as well; it was the reference and the continuity. This was what she thought about while she pinned up Pansy's dress. If it were so, as she feared, he was of course unconscious; he himself had not taken account of his intention. But this made it none the more auspicious, made the situation none the less unacceptable. The sooner Lord Warburton should come to self-consciousness the better.

He immediately began to talk to Pansy, on whom it was certainly mystifying to see that he dropped a smile of chastened devotion. Pansy replied as usual, with a little air of conscientious aspiration; he had to bend toward her a good deal in conversation, and her eyes, as usual, wandered up and down his robust person, as if he had offered it to her for exhibition. She always seemed a little frightened; yet her fright was not of the painful character that suggests dislike; on the contrary, she looked as if she knew that he knew that she liked him. Isabel left them together a little, and wandered toward a friend whom she saw near, and with whom she talked, till the music of the following dance began, for which she knew that Pansy was also engaged. The young girl joined her presently, with a little fluttered look, and Isabel, who scrupulously took Osmond's view of his daughter's complete dependence, consigned her, as a precious and momentary loan, to her appointed partner. About all this matter she had her own imaginations, her own reserves; there were moments when Pansy's extreme adhesiveness made each of them, to her sense, look foolish. But Osmond had given her a sort of tableau of her position as his daughter's duenna, which consisted of gracious alternation of concession and contraction; and there were directions of his which she liked to think that she obeyed to the letter. Perhaps, as regards some of them, it was because her doing so appeared to reduce them to the absurd.

After Pansy had been led away, Isabel found Lord Warburton drawing near her again. She rested her eyes on him, steadily; she wished she could sound his thoughts. But he had no appearance of confusion.

"She has promised to dance with me later," he said.

"I am glad of that. I suppose you have engaged her for the cotillon."

At this he looked a little awkward. "No, I did n't ask her for that. It 's a quadrille."

"Ah, you are not clever!" said Isabel, almost angrily. "I told her to keep the cotillon, in case you should ask for it."

"Poor little maid, fancy that!" And Lord Warburton laughed frankly. "Of course I will, if you like."

"If I like? Oh, if you dance with her only because I like it!"

"I am afraid I bore her. She seems to have a lot of young fellows on her book."

Isabel dropped her eyes, reflecting rapidly; Lord Warburton stood there looking at her, and she felt his eyes on her face. She felt much inclined to ask him to remove them. She did not do so, however; she only said to him, after a minute, looking up, "Please to let me understand."

"Understand what?"

"You told me ten days ago that you should like to marry my step-daughter. You have not forgotten it?"

"Forgotten it? I wrote to Mr. Osmond about it this morning."

"Ah," said Isabel, "he did n't mention to me that he had heard from you."

Lord Warburton stammered a little. "I — I did n't send my letter."

"Perhaps you forgot that."

"No, I was n't satisfied with it. It 's an awkward sort of letter to write, you know. But I shall send it to-night."

"At three o'clock in the morning?"

"I mean later, in the course of the day."

"Very good. You still wish, then, to marry her."

"Very much indeed."

"Are n't you afraid that you will bore her?" And as her companion stared at this inquiry, Isabel added, "If she can't dance with you for half an hour, how will she be able to dance with you for life?"

"Ah," said Lord Warburton, readily, "I will let her dance with other people!

About the cotillon, the fact is I thought that you — that you " —

" That I would dance with you? I told you I would dance nothing."

" Exactly; so that while it is going on I might find some quiet corner where we might sit down and talk."

" Oh," said Isabel gravely, " you are much too considerate of me."

When the cotillon came, Pansy was found to have engaged herself, thinking, in perfect humility, that Lord Warburton had no intentions. Isabel recommended him to seek another partner, but he assured her that he would dance with no one but herself. As, however, she had, in spite of the remonstrances of her hostess, declined other invitations, on the ground that she was not dancing at all, it was not possible for her to make an exception in Lord Warburton's favor.

" After all, I don't care to dance," he said; " it 's a barbarous amusement. I would much rather talk." And he intimated that he had discovered exactly the corner he had been looking for, — a quiet nook in one of the smaller rooms, where the music would come to them faintly, and not interfere with conversation. Isabel had decided to let him carry out his idea; she wished to be satisfied. She wandered away from the ball-room with him, though she knew that her husband desired she should not lose sight of his daughter. It was with his daughter's *prétendant*, however; that would make it right for Osmond. On her way out of the ball-room she came upon Edward Rosier, who was standing in a door-way, with folded arms, looking at the dance, in the attitude of a young man without illusions. She stopped a moment, and asked him if he were not dancing.

" Certainly not, if I can't dance with her! " he answered.

" You had better go away, then," said Isabel, with the manner of good counsel.

" I shall not go till she does! " And he let Lord Warburton pass, without giving him a look.

This nobleman, however, had noticed the melancholy youth, and he asked Isabel who her dismal friend was, remarking that he had seen him somewhere before.

" It 's the young man I have told you about, who is in love with Pansy," said Isabel.

" Ah, yes, I remember. He looks rather bad."

" He has reason. My husband won't listen to him."

" What 's the matter with him? " Lord Warburton inquired. " He seems very harmless."

" He has n't money enough, and he is n't very clever."

Lord Warburton listened with interest; he seemed struck with this account of Edward Rosier.

" Dear me; he looked a gentleman-like young fellow."

" So he is, but my husband is very particular."

" Oh, I see." And Lord Warburton paused a moment. " How much money has he got? " he then ventured to ask.

" Some forty thousand francs a year."

" Sixteen hundred pounds? Ah, but that 's very good, you know."

" So I think. But my husband has larger ideas."

" Yes; I have noticed that your husband has very large ideas. Is he really an idiot, the young man? "

" An idiot? Not in the least; he 's charming. When he was twelve years old I myself was in love with him."

" He does n't look much more than twelve to-day," Lord Warburton rejoined, vaguely, looking about him. Then, with more point, " Don't you think we might sit here? " he asked.

" Wherever you please." The room was a sort of boudoir, pervaded by a subdued, rose-colored light; a lady and

gentleman moved out of it as our friends came in. "It 's very kind of you to take such an interest in Mr. Rosier," Isabel said.

"He seems to me rather ill treated. He had a face a yard long; I wondered what ailed him."

"You are a just man," said Isabel. "You have a kind thought even for a rival."

Lord Warburton turned, suddenly, with a stare. "A rival? Do you call him my rival?"

"Surely, if you both wish to marry the same person."

"Yes; but since he has no chance!"

"All the same, I like you for putting yourself in his place. It shows imagination."

"You like me for it?" And Lord Warburton looked at her with an uncertain eye. "I think you mean that you are laughing at me for it."

"Yes, I am laughing at you, a little. But I like you, too."

"Ah well, then, let me enter into his situation a little more. What do you suppose one could do for him?"

"Since I have been praising your imagination, I will leave you to imagine that yourself," Isabel said. "Pansy, too, would like you for that."

"Miss Osmond? Ah, she, I flatter myself, likes me already."

"Very much, I think."

He hesitated a little; he was still questioning her face. "Well, then, I don't understand you. You don't mean that she cares for him?"

"Surely, I have told you that I thought she did."

A sudden blush sprang to his face. "You told me that she would have no wish apart from her father's, and as I have gathered that he would favor me"— He paused a little, and then he added, "Don't you see?" suggestively, through his blush.

"Yes, I told you that she had an immense wish to please her father, and that it would probably take her very far."

"That seems to me a very proper feeling," said Lord Warburton.

"Certainly; it 's a very proper feeling." Isabel remained silent for some moments. The room continued to be empty; the sound of the music reached them, with its richness softened by the interposing apartments. Then at last she said, "But it hardly strikes me as the sort of feeling to which a man would wish to be indebted for a wife."

"I don't know; if the wife is a good one, and he thinks she does well!"

"Yes, of course you must think that."

"I do; I can't help it. You call that very British, of course."

"No, I don't. I think Pansy would do wonderfully well to marry you, and I don't know who should know it better than you. But you are not in love."

"Ah, yes, I am, Mrs. Osmond!"

Isabel shook her head. "You like to think you are, while you sit here with me. But that 's not how you strike me."

"I 'm not like the young man in the door-way; I admit that. But what makes it so unnatural? Could anything in the world be more charming than Miss Osmond?"

"Nothing, possibly. But love has nothing to do with good reasons."

"I don't agree with you. I am delighted to have good reasons."

"Of course you are. If you were really in love you would n't care a straw for them."

"Ah, really in love,—really in love!" Lord Warburton exclaimed, folding his arms, leaning back his head, and stretching himself a little. "You must remember that I am forty years old. I won't pretend that I am as I once was."

"Well, if you are sure," said Isabel, "it 's all right."

He answered nothing; he sat there,

with his head back, looking before him. Abruptly, however, he changed his position; he turned quickly to his companion. "Why are you so unwilling, so skeptical?"

She met his eye, and for a moment they looked straight at each other. If she wished to be satisfied, she saw something that satisfied her; she saw in his eye the gleam of an idea that she was uneasy on her own account, — that she was perhaps even frightened. It expressed a suspicion, not a hope, but such as it was it told her what she wished to know. Not for an instant should he suspect that she detected in his wish to marry her step-daughter an implication of increased nearness to herself, or that, if she did detect it, she thought it alarming or compromising. In that brief, extremely personal gaze, however, deeper meanings passed between them than they were conscious of at the moment.

"My dear Lord Warburton," she said, smiling, "you may do, as far as I am concerned, whatever comes into your head."

And with this she got up, and wandered into the adjoining room, where she encountered several acquaintances. While she talked with them she found herself regretting that she had moved; it looked a little like running away, — all the more as Lord Warburton did n't follow her. She was glad of this, however, and, at any rate, she was satisfied. She was so well satisfied that when, in passing back into the ball-room, she found Edward Rosier still planted in the door-way she stopped and spoke to him again.

"You did right not to go away. I have got some comfort for you."

"I need it," the young man murmured, "when I see you so awfully thick with *him!*"

"Don't speak of him. I will do what I can for you. I am afraid it won't be much, but what I can I will do."

He looked at her with gloomy obliqueness. "What has suddenly brought you round?"

"The sense that you are an inconvenience in the door-ways!" she answered, smiling, as she passed him. Half an hour later she took leave, with Pansy, and at the foot of the staircase the two ladies, with many other departing guests, waited a while for their carriage. Just as it approached, Lord Warburton came out of the house, and assisted them to reach their vehicle. He stood a moment at the door, asking Pansy if she had amused herself; and she, having answered him, fell back with a little air of fatigue. Then Isabel, at the window, detaining him by a movement of her finger, murmured gently, "Don't forget to send your letter to her father!"

Henry James, Jr.

SLEEP'S THRESHOLD.

What footstep but has wandered free and far
Amid that Castle of Sleep whose walls were planned
By no terrestrial craft, no human hand,
With towers that point to no recorded star?
Here sorrows, memories, and remorses are,
Roaming the long dim rooms or galleries grand;
Here the lost friends our spirits yet demand
Gleam through mysterious doorways, half ajar.

But of the uncounted throngs that ever win
These halls where slumber's dusky witcheries rule,
Who, after wakening, may reveal aright
By what phantasmal means he entered in, —
What porch of cloud, what vapory vestibule,
What stairway quarried from the mines of night?

Edgar Fawcett.

THE INDOOR PAUPER: A STUDY.

II.

In my former article[1] I have described the general character of the indoor pauper and the treatment accorded him in our houses for the poor. The subject is incompletely discussed without a description of the construction and general management of these houses. Let me return to the typical almshouse whence I started. This house, I have said, is a sample of the average American almshouses. It is as good as the majority of large rural almshouses in the Northern States which have no legal inspectors of their local charities; it is far better than the almshouses in most of the Southern States; but it is in every respect inferior to at least half of the almshouses in the States having Boards of Charities. In the Western and Southern States, however, most of the almshouses are much smaller than the Illinois house. The number of inmates varies from two or three decrepit old people and an idiot to twenty or thirty paupers of all ages. These small establishments have abuses of their own, but from their very smallness they have some merits. They are homes rather than institutions. The farmer in charge and his wife are practically despots, but like all despotisms theirs is tempered by some wholesome fears. The able-bodied paupers always can protect themselves, if they care to do so; and, away out of sight in the country, the keeper has no outside assistance. Too often, in fact, the paupers, not the keepers, are the despots, and the whole ragged little community quakes before some hulking ruffian on the place. There is little order or cleanliness, but food, fuel, and tobacco are in plenty, and, during the winters, the cracks and holes in the old farmhouses supply a kind of compulsory ventilation. In warm weather the inmates work on the farm, and, on the whole, the life of the able-bodied pauper is quite as comfortable as that of the poorest class of farmers. It may be objected that the able-bodied pauper's comfort is not exactly the purpose of almshouse taxes, but rather the relief of the aged and helpless; the fact remains, however, that he (or she), the able-bodied pauper, is the one being who is decidedly comfortable in our almshouses. The sick, the infirm, the very old people, have little to brighten their dim lives. Yet often, after a rude fashion, the keepers treat them compassionately; and in warm weather, with the air and sunshine, they are not altogether unhappy. Winter in an almshouse is a frightful season; shut in by New England snow or the cold slime of Western mud, for weeks and months the inmates are virtually cut off from the world. They may sicken and die without aid, so long does it take to summon a doctor. "We get on tolerably in summer," said an almshouse keeper to the writer, last fall, "but," giving

[1] See Atlantic Monthly for June, 1881.

a comprehensive sweep of his eye over the desolate, treeless plain, where the withered mullein stalks were whistling and swaying in the wind, "my God, what a life in winter!"

The larger almshouses may be divided into three classes: those better than the Illinois almshouse described, those much like it, and those much worse. From all the evidence before me, I fear that most of the houses in the States entirely given over to the mercy of county supervisors belong to the latter class; and many even in the States with Boards of Charities cannot justly be placed in the first category. Structural defects are very common. Most almshouses in the West have not been built for their present purpose. In the East many are old and out of repair. This is the description of the Massachusetts almshouses given by the inspector of charities in that State: —

"In 1864–5 the present writer, then secretary of the Board of Charities, visited about a hundred of these establishments, and obtained information concerning more than a hundred others which there was not time to visit. At that period there were 218 town and city almshouses; now there are about the same number. Of these, 214 made reports, in 1864, of their age, size, number of acres in the farm attached, etc.; and among these 214 almshouses no less than 35 were built before 1800, and 61 between 1800 and 1830. . . . Of the . . . others only 21 had been built since 1854, when the state almshouses were opened. Many more, however, had been rebuilt since that time; and perhaps half those in the State had been considerably repaired since 1854. Probably about a quarter part of them were built of brick, and not more than that proportion have a good modern ventilation. . . . Among the brick or stone almshouses then visited were those in Boston, Cambridge, Salem, Gloucester, Lowell, New Bedford, Worcester, Newburyport, Northampton, and Plymouth. The oldest of these was at Newburyport; it was partly built and used for an almshouse before 1800. No others had been in use so long, but several were from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years old, as, for example, those at Burlington and Carlisle. These were examples of a considerable class of the town almshouses; they were large wooden farmhouses, with huge chimneys and few windows, built in the style of such homesteads in 1740, and of course very far from answering our modern notions of comfort and convenience. It was very hard to warm them in winter, to ventilate them in summer, and to keep them clean at any season of the year. There was another class of wooden houses built at a later period, but scarcely more comfortable than the above named; such were those of Acton, Dracut, Tewksbury, Taunton, and Cohasset. Originally good houses, they had not been kept in thorough repair, and, though there might be great neatness on the part of their keepers, it was difficult to keep them in proper condition for the inmates. A large number of the houses were built between 1820 and 1830, and many of these were excellently adapted to their purpose, although little had been done to modify their structure since. Good examples of this class were the almshouses at Duxbury and Yarmouth. Of the more recently built houses, or those which had lately been rebuilt, there were many as convenient, and some even as elegant,[1] as could be desired for such uses. The substantial farmer would not need, or commonly have, a better house than these. But many of the wooden almshouses were then, and are still, much exposed to the danger of fire, and they burn down not unfrequently. The furniture is often good and sufficient, but also oftentimes old, rickety, and almost worthless. The almshouse farms . . .

1 Query: Is "*elegance*" a requisite in an almshouse?

do not vary much in size or quality from year to year. These are known in the neighborhood as 'poor farms,' and usually this term is very appropriate. The land is sometimes good and well tilled, more frequently poor and well tilled, but generally it is good and neglected, or poor and scarcely tilled at all." [1]

Besides these local almshouses, Massachusetts has the state almshouses at Tewksbury. They are built of wood, and accommodate five hundred inmates. They are well ventilated and warmed, with good bathing facilities, and are kept scrupulously clean. Their history is not devoid of painful episodes of carelessness, mismanagement, and cruelty; yet, on the whole, they have been conscientiously governed, and, considering their size, are as good almshouses as our present system will allow.

It will be seen that a large proportion of the town and city almshouses are poorly adapted to their purpose. Those acquainted with the pauper habits and character know how indispensable are thorough arrangements for bathing; but the ordinary farmhouse has no place for bath-tubs, and often only a scanty supply of water for any use. The construction of such houses, moreover, puts any classification of the inmates out of the question. The keeper locks up the men and women at night, puts the idiots and epileptics and the occasional crazy man into a strong room, and considers his duty done.

There is no provision made for labor beyond the needs of the farm and the house. It is unnecessary to say that the majority of the paupers thus supported remain permanent charges upon their townships. Nevertheless the Massachusetts almshouses are probably the best in the country. Could the able-bodied paupers, the children, the feeble-minded epileptics, and the insane be entirely removed from these places, with all their defects they would furnish a safe, decent, and comfortable home for the old paupers.

Compare the Massachusetts almshouses with those of another old State which has a central inspecting board, — Pennsylvania. The State has sixty almshouses, which, according to the last report, had an average number of over 9000 inmates. One sixth of these were children. Of the adults forty-two per cent. were able bodied. Including those at the Bockley almshouse, 2737 were insane and idiotic, 178 were blind, and 61 were deaf and dumb. Dr. Luther, secretary of the Board of Charities, in the report for the year closing September, 1879, gives a full and minute description of what they call "the county homes." In this report, certainly, nothing seems to be set down in malice, while a good deal is extenuated. He mentions sixteen almshouses with commendation, as having convenient, clean, well-arranged buildings (though in some cases overcrowded) and excellent government. Some of these houses are very large, containing from a hundred to over three hundred paupers. Perhaps half of them have some kind of a system of labor: the inmates make their own clothes and their own coffins, — quite an item in almshouse inventories, — besides doing the ordinary work of the house, tilling the farm, building stone-walls, and laying out roads. The infirm and sick are gathered into hospitals; a school is provided for the children; there is a small library in two or three "homes." But in all these picked almshouses the presence of the insane and the children has evil results which the most judicious care cannot counteract. The best of them cannot give the insane sufficient attention and liberty, nor can they properly train the children. In none of them is there, nor under present conditions can there be, any effectual exclusion of the idle, vicious vagabond, quite able but quite unwilling to

[1] Supplement to Twelfth Annual Report, pages 23, 24.

work. The real stress of work comes in summer, and the crafty pauper leaves regularly with the coming of the birds, to return as regularly when they fly away in the late autumn.

Of the sixty almshouses in question, twenty-six are censured for unsuitable buildings, but commended for good government; fifteen have wretched buildings, wretchedly kept. These almshouses are for the most part structures of a former generation.

The Bockley almshouse may be said to belong to the first division of this class, the well-managed although badly arranged twenty-six. Until lately the almshouses at Philadelphia were altogether disgraceful. Dr. Luther assures the public that the "limited diet" of which the paupers complained has been changed; they now get enough to eat and almost enough to wear, and they have been given shoes, formerly rather an infrequent luxury. The floors, which were honey-combed with rat holes, "have in part been renewed and repainted," but the floors in the women's wards are still "much eaten by rats." The hospital of the insane department was found clean and in good order. A range of cheap "wooden sheds" adjoins the main building, built on account of its overcrowding. These sheds are likely to burn down at any time. On the whole, however, Dr. Luther regards the establishment as "creditable to the managers." [1]

I rank the Mercer "County home" with the Bockley almshouse, because it is praised on the whole, "decayed old structure" as it is; but the Greene County almshouse I must class among the worst.

The crowding of men and women into the same rooms has never had but one effect on pauper morals, notwithstanding the care which, Dr. Luther says, is taken to select, "as far as possible, . . . the nearest kindred, such as husband and wife, or brother and sister, when the necessity occurs to have the rooms thus occupied."

The institutions belonging to this last class are very like the almshouses already described. The ragged, uncleanly inmates wander listlessly through the squalid rooms; there is little drainage, less ventilation; in the cellars below, the dreaded lunatics howl and wail in the hot darkness; children and idiots mingle with the "loathly crowd;" and the aged paupers crawl feebly into the sunshine. Any one who doubts that as ugly sins thrive in the soil of Pennsylvania almshouses as in other States need only read the debates of the Pennsylvania almshouse keepers in their conventions, or Dr. Luther's testimony concerning the hundred children in Berks County almshouse.[2]

Others of the older States make a very similar showing. Illinois may be taken as a typical Western State. It has ninety-seven almshouses. The report of its Board of Charities in 1878 gives a description of them all. Nineteen counties are praised as having well-built and well-kept almshouses. Forty have buildings more or less poorly arranged, and thirty-five almshouses remind one of Dr. Chancellor's ghastly pictures of the Maryland houses.

The Moultrie County paupers "have to eat off their laps, for want of a dining room or table." At the Scott County almshouse, the inmates as well as the house "needed scrubbing," when Mr. Wines saw them; and the "diet was scanty." All the seventeen Union County paupers were ill of a malarial fever; there had been nineteen, but two of them had died the day before. The almshouse — an old double log house — stood on the edge of a stagnant pool. So the story goes on; there is no need of repeating the repulsive details.

[1] Report Pennsylvania Board of Charities, 1879, pages 119, 120.

[2] Report of Fifth Convention, page 48.

The largest almshouse in the State — that of Cook County, just outside the city of Chicago — makes the sorriest figure of all. Mr. Wines, with unusual vehemence, calls it "an old rookery, a disgrace to the county." A visit made there last winter assures me that the epithet is deserved.[1] The insane department, a tall, ugly, rather imposing brick building, stands in the midst of the open prairie, and crouching at its feet is a huddle of cottages. These are the almshouses. One of the cottages is built of brick, the others are of wood; all are dingy and falling into ruin. Years must have passed since they were painted their rusty clay color. The glazier, as well as the painter and carpenter, has kept away, the gaping holes in the window being mended with paper or stuffed with rags. More rags flutter from a high fence on one side: they are the paupers' clothes, drying. The ground has an artificial rolling character, given by ash heaps, and is profusely decorated with tin cans and potato parings.

We visited the insane department first, finding it much like a state institution out of repair, and stinted in soap and water. The resident physician does his best, and it is evident that he has won the affection and respect of his patients; but his power is limited, and, such as it is, he may lose it at any election. The almshouse proper we found in an infinitely worse condition than the insane department. It contains, probably, more rats, roaches, and other small freebooters than any almshouse in the North, except that on Ward's Island, near New York city. The rooms we entered were untidy, crowded, and heated to suffocation. In the working-women's ward some children were running about among the women. The women themselves had no visible occupation; their hair was rough, their faces were unwashed, their gowns soiled and torn, and their whole appearance was as forlornly dingy as their environment. One does not marvel, though, when he learns that, owing to the difficulty in getting water, they dispense with baths through the winter. The atmosphere and the sights of this room were so horrible that one of our party became faint, and had to go out in the open air, while we all cut our stay short from sheer inability to breathe without nausea. Indeed, it is impossible to describe the things which we saw, or to repeat the stories told us by the almshouse officials. The houses are, as Mr. Wines says, "barracks," rather than cottages; and the inmates are "camped out, as it were, without privacy, without comforts."

The classification does not extend beyond an imperfect separation of the sexes, — so imperfect, indeed, that there have been the usual deplorable scandals. During the winter months coffin-making is almost the only industry in which the paupers are employed. The drainage and the sanitary condition of the establishment are as bad as they are in the worst tenements in New York. Nor, with the present construction of the house, is it possible for any officers, however vigilant or determined they may be, to keep the house or the inmates clean, or to prevent gross abuses which do not need to be specified. The number of paupers at the time of our visit was a little under eight hundred; sometimes nine hundred creatures, of all conditions, are crowded into the cottages.

Such is the condition of the almshouse of the wealthiest county in Illinois. It may be said that perhaps one fifth of the almshouses in the State are exceptionally good; two fifths give humane treatment and have decent although inconvenient buildings; the remaining two fifths are utterly unfit for their purpose. In Pennsylvania there is a larger proportion of good almshouses, and in Massachusetts at least one half are comfortable structures built for their

[1] See Report Illinois Board of Charity (1878), pages 223–229.

present use, with facilities for cleanliness, classification, and some employment of the inmates. These three States, then, may be considered as fair samples of the States which have their local charities supervised by the commonwealth.

The three classes in these States represent our almshouse system as to construction and government. Take the best almshouses first. Their merits are plain; they give the poorest of the poor a clean and orderly home; to some extent, they employ their inmates, and thus lessen the expense to the State; and they assure benevolent taxpayers that no hapless fellow-beings need die of want. It is probable that any one walking through the rooms of the Tewksbury almshouse, the Allegheny City Home, the Henry County almshouse, or the Cleveland Infirmary would come away with a pleasant sensation that the public charities of his country were making many unfortunate people very comfortable. And the management of all these houses deserves his freely given praise.

Yet the best almshouses have vital defects, which none feel more keenly than the men at their head. First, the system sacrifices the most pitiful objects of our charity, the old, the feeble, the crippled, the blind, the whole class of sufferers who cannot provide for themselves, however eager they may be to do so, to keep in order the thriftless, unruly vagabonds who form from one third to one half of our almshouse population. These are the people who cause three fourths of the disorder, immorality, quarrels, and misery of the almshouse; and they do nine tenths of the grumbling, while their cunning shifts to avoid working are endless. "I can get more work out of those not able bodied" (old cripples whom some accident has sent to the poorhouse), said a Pennsylvania superintendent to the last convention of directors of the poor. "If a man won't work anywhere he comes to the poorhouse, and he makes more trouble than a dozen old cripples." To keep this class in order it is often necessary to curtail the liberty of all the other inmates. However closely watched, the undeserving paupers are sure to be causing some mischief. Their imaginations are fertile in sly persecutions; they always get more than their share of the humble comforts of the almshouse; and in unnumbered small ways they oppress their feebler companions. It should be remembered that the most fully equipped houses have only the keeper and his wife, and perhaps half a dozen hired assistants, to govern several hundred paupers.

Secondly. All the States (partially excepting Massachusetts and New York) keep large numbers of children in their almshouses. The associations of the best almshouse will ruin the future of a child beyond chance of redemption.

Thirdly. All the States (partially excepting Massachusetts and New York) keep lunatics, epileptics, and idiots in their almshouses. Massachusetts and New York have some lunatics and idiotic persons in their houses and many epileptics. The intolerable hardships which such a course inflicts upon the victims themselves need no further portrayal; and it must be evident, also, that the presence of these miserable creatures causes the greatest discomfort to the other inmates. The secretary of the Ohio board, in his last report, sums up the whole matter. Referring to his analysis of the effects of keeping these classes in the almshouses, he says, "I do not think it proper to go over the entire ground again, and yet cannot forbear to repeat that so long as the insane, epileptic, and idiotic classes are distributed through the county infirmaries two facts must continue, and these I *do* repeat with emphasis: First, *the infirmaries, with these classes present, never can be made comfortable for dependent sick and poor.* Second, *these classes, neither*

of them, can, without great expense to the counties, be properly provided for; and so our entire system of care for the poor will be subject to the more or less frequent occurrence of those horrors of neglect and abuse which have so long disgraced our care of the poor, dependent, and helpless." [1]

Fourthly. Even the best almshouses make no provision for converting the pauper back again into the citizen. Our prisons do make an effort — whatever may be thought of its average success — to reëstablish healthy relations between the discharged convict and society. Nothing of the kind is attempted in the pauper's case. The limits of his dependence are so vaguely defined that he is usually free to stay as long as he can stand the discomforts of his situation. Naturally, the better the almshouse the longer he is inclined to stay. Nor when he himself is desirous of again supporting himself is any help given him by the almshouse authorities.

The inspector of the Massachusetts charities told the following story in the writer's hearing: A colored woman injured her leg in such a way that it had to be amputated below the knee. She was taken to Tewksbury. She recovered from the operation, and was soon as well as ever, and anxious to leave the asylum. She asked the officials for a wooden leg. Could she have had one she would have been able to go out again and earn her own living. She asked in vain. One officer referred her to another. There appeared to be no one in the almshouse who had authority to relieve the State of Massachusetts of this woman's support, at the cost of a wooden leg. Greatly against her will, she remained in the almshouse for several years, continually begging for her wooden leg. At last she appealed to Mr. Sanborn, who inquired into the case, and, not without difficulty, got her the desired aid. By this time, however, the State had spent enough money on her to have bought dozens of wooden legs.

Sometimes, even in the best almshouses, there are blind paupers, — paupers solely because they are blind, — who might work again in the light if a good oculist could treat their eyes. The one physician of the almshouse is not a specialist, and he is not encouraged to recommend expensive operations by outsiders. In the end, to be sure, the present course is by far the most expensive, but that is not his affair. Apparently, it is not any one's affair. The same thing may be said about cripples and many deformed people. There is, also, another side to the matter in question. It is not to be expected that paupers will insist upon supporting themselves in the teeth of the opposition of the almshouse officers. The persistent negro has few imitators. Most paupers after a first rebuff sink back into the fatal torpor of almshouse life.

The second class, the average almshouses, have been sufficiently indicated for the reader to perceive for himself some of their evils. In addition to the faults which they share with the better constructed and disciplined houses, they offer to their keepers very tough problems of their own. They are so built as to make good government very nearly a result of genius. Their steep and crooked stair-ways, their small windows, their warped wood-work, their uneven floors, their cracked ceilings with great patches of shaggy laths where the plaster has fallen, and their innumerable corners and crevices and holes to catch and grimly hold the dust make the keeper's wife despair of cleanliness. They give no facilities for employing the paupers, who spend most of their time gossiping and grumbling over their pipes. In these almshouses there are often no separate buildings for the men and women. Such houses defy the vigilance of the most untiring keepers. There is no need to dilate on the immorality of

[1] Ohio Report (1880), page 31.

our almshouses. Every vice which has scarred humanity hides its ugly head there beneath the shelter of the State. The fate of the children born and reared in such houses is like that of the viking of the legend in his cave of snakes. Only the almshouse snakes sting the soul to death, not the body.

Another danger, ghastly enough, but of a different kind, menaces the indoor paupers, because of the construction of their homes. The almshouses are commonly built of wood, or built very slightly when of brick. They are heated with stoves, and lighted with kerosene lamps. To cut off the last chance of escape from fire there is seldom any adequate supply of water. Of course fires are frequent. When they occur the building usually burns to the ground. If in the day-time, only two or three old cripples are burned alive; if at night, there is what the newspapers call a "holocaust." The recent tragedy near Dover, New Hampshire, is a good illustration of an almshouse fire. The officers stood helplessly by while the paupers perished. The firemen came from town, but there was no water, and they were as powerless as the others.

A still better illustration is given in the burning of the almshouse in Steuben County, New York. The whole story so vividly indicates the methods of local management of almshouses that I give it in full. In the spring of 1878, the Steuben County poorhouse was overcrowded in all its departments. At best the house was not fit to shelter human beings; the main building was likely to tumble on its inmates' heads, any day; there were huge fissures and holes in the walls; the ceilings were black with cobwebs; all over the house the plastering had given way; the grimy walls swarmed, in every crack, with the small tenants which infest such places, and were spattered with tokens of the paupers' hopeless warfare upon them; the stairways were steep and narrow, the stairs worn into hollows; the doors were "shrunken and misshapen through age;" there were no clothes-presses, and the rags of the paupers dangled against the dreadful walls. They warmed this ruin with stoves, and lighted it with tallow candles. The other buildings were in somewhat better repair, but none of them were clean, nor was there any provision for sewerage or ventilation. The keeper said that he did his best, but he had only "one hired man" to help him, and "only one third" of the hundred and twenty-five paupers "could be trusted to care for themselves." As for the moral atmosphere of the place, it matched the physical condition of the paupers. The keeper said that he could not help it; probably he spoke the truth.

The management of the house is in the hands of a board of superintendents of the poor, responsible to the board of supervisors. These gentlemen at the time of which I write were in the habit of visiting the poorhouse once a year. A few months before, they had made their annual visit. Their report runs in this wise: "The different departments of the poorhouse we find in good condition. The different apartments are clean and well kept, the food for the paupers appearing good and sufficient; the buildings in good repair and fences in good condition; and from all appearances the poorhouse is under good management." Considering that the superintendents had both eyes and noses, it seems hard to account for the report. The explanation, however, is simple; they were determined to manage the poorhouse cheaply. Repairs were costly, attendance was costly, nourishing food of good quality was costly: they dispensed with all; and, in consequence, they were able to report that the county paid only *ninety-seven cents a week* for the support of each pauper. One circumstance connected with this policy did, it is true, make a certain amount of rebuilding imperative: the stoves and

the candles together caused a number of fires. At intervals, parts of buildings or single houses would burn down; but usually the expense of rebuilding was offset by the diminished number of paupers left to the county to support, since more or less of them would be burned with their habitations. In 1839 a crazy man set fire to the house, and lost his life in the flames. Twenty years later there was a large fire, in which two old men, three lunatics, and an idiot woman perished. Then came several fires which did little damage. Two of these were in the same building, a two-story brick house, built originally for the insane. The windows were heavily barred, and the partition walls were of unplastered pitch pine; thus the house at once offered every facility to any accidental fire, and gave the inmates the very smallest chance of escape. This was the house which was burned in 1878. At the time of the accident it contained forty-three persons, eighteen men and twenty-five women and children. The men were on the first floor; the women and the children (eight in number) had the second floor.

Among the men was an insane epileptic, Ford by name, who had fits of frantic excitement, occurring about once in two months. At such times he was locked in a cell, and left there until he grew quiet again. His sole attendant was an old pauper, infirm and half blind, the keeper of the men's department, whose notion of attendance was simply to shove Ford's food, daily, through a hole in the door. On April 4th Ford became violent, and was promptly locked up in his cell, the old pauper keeping the key. No one ever again opened the door. Ford was allowed to carry matches, but he was not searched previous to being shut in his cell. For three days he was left alone, the aged pauper, as usual, pushing his food through the door. On the night of April 7th he was observed to be in a state of furious frenzy, tearing his bed to pieces, and flinging the straw about the room. A few hours later, smoke pouring from his room filled the lower floor and awakened the paupers; he had set fire to the straw in his bed. The wooden floors and walls were dry as tinder, and the flames raced along them; there was no water at hand; and when the keeper reached the spot the fire was beyond control. The door of the men's department was not locked, and those who could rushed out. One hapless paralytic crawled forth on his hands and knees, his clothes blazing about him. But the door to the women's rooms was locked, and the women flung themselves against it in vain. The keeper had forgotten his keys, and stood scared and helpless, their shrieks ringing in his ears. To add to the horror of the moment Ford was seen at his window, his head thrust through the bars, jumping up and down in his agony, and screaming.

Then occurred an incident which shows how the mightiest human emotion may lend a touch of heroism to the lowest natures. One of these wretched women had a lover in another house, — the old, old miserable story. This man had run with the rest to the fire. Now, while the keeper and his man hung back, half stunned, he plunged into the smoke. With the desperate strength of fear he dashed in the panel of the door, and pulled the woman whom he sought through the opening. His example brought the keeper to his senses. He found a piece of timber, which he and his assistants made into a battering-ram; they broke down the door, and saved those of the women near by. But the smoke and flames drove the rescuers back. They retreated, and eight feeble old women and two children were left to die. Five men, crippled, insane, and paralytic, perished with them. The paralytic who crawled out of the house died the following day. In all, sixteen persons perished.

"And I find from the evidence produced," says the coroner's verdict, "that Edward Hudson, L. C. Ford, David Curtis," — here follow the names, — "came to their death through the gross negligence of the board of supervisors in not providing suitable buildings for the accommodation and protection of the paupers kept at the county poorhouse; and I find the board of supervisors and each member of that board guilty of manslaughter in the fourth degree."

It is only fair to add that the Steuben County poorhouse belongs rather to the third than the second class of houses.

Upon this last class I shall not dwell. Any one who cares to know what is the condition of the mass of almshouses in the South, and of at least a quarter of the houses in the North, is referred to Dr. Chancellor's description of the Talbot County almshouse in his last report,[1] or to the description of the Somerset County poorhouse in Dr. Luther's last report,[2] or to the reports upon the condition of the almshouse and hospital connected with the city of New York.[3] Regarding all the houses of this order, it may be said in soberest earnest that they are worse than none. They destroy both the bodies and souls of their inmates. If we build almshouses from humanity, to give a comfortable home to the helpless poor, we have thrown away our money; these are noisome prisons, not homes. If we build almshouses from fear, to soften the sullen jealousy of the poor by showing the sympathy of the rich, and to convert the impoverished laborer rather into the pauper than into the criminal, we have thrown away our money; such charity is hateful to the poor; the impoverished laborer becomes a "tramp," not a pauper.

Look at them in any light we may, a large proportion of the almshouses of the country are the ghastliest failures. The best houses do not win the poor from pauperism; the worst do not frighten them away. The idle and vicious pauper makes shift to indulge his vices, get his liquor and tobacco, and avoid work in the worst almshouses. The worthy poor starve quietly rather than enter them. The large body of paupers, not altogether depraved, although idle and thriftless, have every lingering impulse of manliness extinguished in the almshouse atmosphere. The insane are tortured in the majority of almshouses, and children are hopelessly corrupted in every almshouse which keeps them, the best as well as the worst. Under these circumstances, can we say that our present system of caring for the indoor pauper helps more than it harms the poor? We spend every year millions of money to support a system which persecutes the most worthy class of paupers, — a system which the poor themselves abhor. We educate the poor man to believe that the shelter of the almshouse is his right. "The world owes every man a living" is the appropriate motto for an almshouse door. The generality of people will grant that any belief in rights which carry no duties with them is fraught with ruinous consequences to the State; yet this is the belief our system of charity directly teaches. And at the same time that we thus by our laws, from our pulpits, in our daily journals, persuade the poor man that the alms we give belong to him by right we madden him by the harshness of our giving. What can be done to help matters, and who are to blame for the present state of things?

In the first place, it is evident that an almshouse is no place for children, for the insane, for epileptics, for idiots, or for able-bodied paupers. What shall be

[1] Report State Board of Health, Maryland (1880), page 83.

[2] Report Pennsylvania Board of Charities (1879), page 121.

[3] Report New York Board of Charities (1878), pages 207–234. Report New York Board of Charities (1880), pages 137-169.

done with these classes (excepting the last) is the question. It will naturally suggest itself to most people that by building cottages instead of palaces for the insane the State may be able to care for a greater number. By using the labor of the insane it may care for them at less expense. As for the able-bodied paupers, there is no reason why they should be supported in idleness. Their sphere is the workhouse, not the almshouse.

In the second place, a thorough system of classification of inmates is demanded. The need for this has already been made plain. The inmates should be classified not only with regard to sex and age, but with regard to behavior.

In the third place, discipline can be more effectually maintained by the deprivation of privileges than by the infliction of penalties: it is better, for instance, to deprive worn-out old creatures of their tobacco than to beat them or lock them up in the dark.

In the fourth place, the labor of the paupers should be used. Although no able-bodied inmates are supposed to be allowed in the reformed almshouse, it by no means follows that the inmates shall not work; on the contrary, light occupation is good both for their minds and their health. By giving them a small proportion of their earnings their coöperation could readily be secured.

In the fifth place, buildings should be erected or repaired for these ends, and keepers should be chosen because of their fitness for the position, not to gratify political henchmen or to save a few hundred dollars of salary.

And in the sixth place, local government unmolested having proved a most disastrous failure, there should be rigorous inspection of almshouses by some central authority; and the entire management of charity should be taken out of politics. At present, in our large cities, the offices in almshouses are part of the spoils of a victorious party.

These suggestions make no claims to originality; they have come to most experienced almshouse keepers and directors, and their substance may be found in almost any report of the various Boards of Charities.

Nevertheless, the old system works on, undisturbed by hostile criticisms, in much the same old way. Who are to blame? Not the keepers; they, almost as much as the paupers, are victims of the system. Not the supervisors and directors, either, although their measure of responsibility is greater; they are men much like other men, good citizens, kind fathers and husbands, most of them. It is not their own money which they are trying to save, — I do not now speak of the boards of commissioners in our large cities, who eat up the poor as if they were bread, and make fortunes out of their wards' misery, — they are honestly eager to lighten the taxpayer's burden. Usually, the charge of the almshouse is one of the smallest of their duties. Once a year they visit the "poor-farm." The keeper has a very good notion of the time of their coming, and they find the house swept and garnished. Next morning appears the usual declaration in the papers that the board has "carefully inspected the almshouse, which they find in its customary satisfactory order. Neatness and comfort are everywhere visible; and the keeper and his estimable wife" — sometimes it is "his estimable lady" — "are evidently doing all in their power for the unfortunates intrusted to their care."

Should an inquisitive supervisor arise, who makes unexpected visits and sees for himself, that misguided man probably will want to spend money. He argues that a small present expenditure may prove a great future saving, forgetting that a present expenditure will be set down to the account of himself and his colleagues in office, while the future saving will all fall to the credit of their successors. The consequence for him

of such an oversight is that he is dropped at the next election, and a less extravagant man takes his place.

Directors of the larger almshouses have a slightly different experience, but the end is the same. Here the responsibility is so ingeniously subdivided that no one has any uncomfortable load to carry. However great the abuses, there is no one who is conspicuously to blame. The directors and commissioners and superintendents unite in a kind of round-robin, like mutinous sailors. The directors, also, being elected as representatives of parties, are fettered by the help which has won them their places. They are expected to appoint the brothers or cousins of friends of the "workers" to the positions at their disposal; for of course any one is fitted to be an attendant in an almshouse. They must give the provision and clothing contracts to friends of the workers, unless the contracts are very well worth having, in which case they have their own interests to consider.

Direct robbery of paupers is not uncommon; suspicion of such robbery is the commonest thing in the world. A system which exposes honest men to the basest insinuations, while it ties their hands should they make any motion towards cleaning the Augean stables of their office, cannot attract many honest and able men. Moreover, the terms of these offices are usually so short that the occasional clear-headed, clean-handed man — elected in some deadlock of parties where a fair name was needed to attract the waverers — has barely learned the duties of his office and acquired the skill of habitude before he has to yield the place to another beginner.

What wonder that the directors under such a system are what they are! It is the system, not the men, which defies reform. And this will never be changed until the people themselves comprehend the atrocity of the wrongs done daily in their name. For behind lavish politicians and niggardly officials stand the real though most ignorant promoters of the oppression of the poor, the American people. They have, with the kindest intentions, permitted the firm establishment of a system which destroys men, ruins women, and corrupts children; a system which tortures helpless lunatics, and sends into an overcrowded world hundreds of children, doomed to the long horror of lives of hereditary vice, deformity, and madness; withal, a system as expensive as it is cruel. This system having been established, it rests entirely with the American people to decide how long they will permit the costly disgrace of its existence.

Octave Thanet.

TIDAL WAVES.

Sudden from out the vast bewildered sea,
Fierce tidal waves, like unchained monsters, break:
In cruel clutch the mightiest ships they take,
Tossing them high in fiendish jubilee;
Leaving them far inland, stranded hopelessly,
Worse wrecks than sharpest rock or reef can make.
At record of such wave, strange fancies wake,
Half wake, within me, as if memory
Recalled some life in other world.

There rolls
A dangerous sea, unseen, on which are borne
By fiercer tidal waves brave women's souls
To barren inlands, where, too strong to die,
Even of thirst and loneliness and scorn,
Like ghastly stranded wrecks, long years they lie!

H. H.

RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES T. FIELDS.

It would be ridiculous for me to say that in giving my recollections of James T. Fields I should preserve the tone of impartial criticism. That tone would make me in sympathy with the French physiologist, who said, "I had a friend; I loved him; he died; and I dissected him." Certainly that is not the feeling with which I write of a friend of more than forty years, who was at once the most helpful of friends and the most fascinating of companions.

My acquaintance with Fields began at the Boston Mercantile Library Association when we were boys of eighteen or nineteen. It happened that both of us were inflamed by a passionate love of literature and by a cordial admiration of men of letters; that we had read — of course superficially — most of the leading poets and prose writers of Great Britain, and had a tolerably correct idea of their chronological succession; that both of us could write verse in various measures, and each then thought that the ten-syllabled couplet of Dryden and Pope was the perfection of poetic form; and that Fields had made his reputation a few days before our acquaintance began as the first anniversary poet of the association. Before a large audience he had read an original poem which commanded general applause.

It was my fortune, or misfortune, to follow Fields in his brilliantly successful anniversary poem. Of what I wrote I can hardly remember a line. The whole thing has gone out of my memory as thoroughly as it has gone out of the memory of the public. But what I do remember is this, that Fields was anxious that I should succeed. Being under the age when a free American can vote, I naturally thought my couplets were quite bright. Fields did all he could to confirm me in my amiable illusion. He suggested new "points;" worked with me as though he desired that my performance should eclipse his own; and was the foremost among the lads who, after the agony of delivery was over, were pleased to congratulate me on what was called my "success." This disinterestedness made me at once a warm friend of Fields.

One of the most notable facts in the lives of clerks with literary tastes and moderate salaries is the mysterious way in which they contrive to collect books. Among the members of the Mercantile Library Association, Thomas R. Gould (now known as one of the most eminent of American sculptors), Fields, and myself had what we called "libraries" before we were twenty-one. Gould was a clerk in a dry-goods jobbing house, Fields in a book-store, I in a broker's office. Fields's collection much exceeded Gould's and mine, for he had in his room two or three hundred volumes, — the nucleus of a library which eventually became one of the choicest private collections of books, manuscripts, and autographs in the city. The puzzle of the

thing was that we could not decide how we had come into the possession of such treasures. We had begun to collect before we were in our teens, and as we had neither stolen nor begged we concluded that our "libraries" represented our sacrifices. In the evening, after the day's hard work was over, Gould and I drifted by instinct to Fields's boarding-house; and what glorious hilarity we always found in his room! He was never dull, never morose, never desponding. Full of cheer himself, he radiated cheer into us. On one occasion Gould and I introduced the question of our salaries, and somewhat gloomily resented the fact that there was no prospect of their being increased. "Look here, Tom and Ned," Fields broke out, "I have none of your fears in this matter. I was originally destined for Jupiter, but the earth caught hold of me, and hauled me in. Don't you see, by thus impertinently interfering, the earth is bound to give me a good living?" This joyousness of mood lasted through his life.

The conversation of Fields had, even in his boyhood, the two charms of friendliness and inventiveness. The audacities of his humor spared neither solemn respectabilities nor accredited reputations; yet in his intercourse with his friends his wildest freaks of satire never inflicted a wound. His sensitive regard for the feelings of those with whom he mingled was a marvel of that tact which is the offspring of good nature as well as of good sense. When he raised a laugh at the expense of one of his companions, the laugh was always heartily enjoyed and participated in by the object of his mirth; for, indulging to the top of his bent in every variety of witty mischief, he had not in his disposition the least alloy of witty malice. When seemingly delivered over to the most unrestrained ecstasies of his jubilant moods, when his arrows flew with lightning-like rapidity, hitting this person and that on the exact weak point where their minds or characters were open to good-natured ridicule, there never was the least atom of poison on the shining edge of his shafts.

Those who knew Fields in his youth as well as in his manhood must have noted that he was two widely different persons, according as he talked with intimate friends or chance acquaintances. He never was his real self except in the company of the former, for with them he had to put no rein on his impulsive feeling or his quick intelligence; but the latter utterly failed to comprehend him as he was in himself. To them, indeed, he appeared as an eminently polite person, irreproachably dressed, irreproachably decorous, guarded in his conversation, pleasing in his manners, relying for his modest position in literature on what he had privately printed for distribution among his friends, and never presuming to be anything more than a publisher, who not only sympathized with literary genius, but had a singularly swift power to discern it. To us who were in his confidence he was ever the maddest of mad wits, of inexhaustible inventiveness and unconventional audacity; daily surprising us with novel freaks of his daring fancy, and satirizing, with delicious extravagances of humor, those who, viewing him from the outside, considered him as a very respectable young man, who was worthy to be brought under their august protection, and invited to their parties and dinner-tables. But nobody ever "condescended" to Fields, whether as boy or man, who did not suffer from his caricature of their self-importance. Gould and I were often convulsed with laughter, while listening to his impish descriptions of magnates who imagined they were gaining his eternal gratitude by honoring him with their notice. Sometimes his apparent innocence deceived even bright people into the idea that they had got the laugh on *him*. Again and again persons have come to me and declared that

they had convicted Fields of the grossest ignorance or the most preposterous vanity, when I knew that he had been all the while entrapping them into disclosures of character which would form the subject of our mutual mirth when we should meet. As I was in the secret of many of his pranks, our enjoyment of the self-delusion of his critics was naturally intense. The idea that we were fooling persons who thought they were fooling us was delightful beyond expression. It is always rash to affirm a universal proposition; but still I have never known a case in which Fields was not the real victor in any attempt to make him the victim of a practical joke. He could assume so many characters, and he had such a miraculous readiness of perception of the purpose of every man who pitted himself against him, that he was never caught at a disadvantage.

I cannot help lingering on these early days of our friendship, for his forth-rushing ebulliency of nature was never more delightful than at that period, though his capacity of self-command was even then as remarkable as his spontaneity. He was popular among his fellow-clerks in the Mercantile Library Association, but still there were some members who girded at him on account of the scrupulous nicety of his apparel. He was acknowledged to be the best dressed fellow in our whole body, and, in the opinion of some rough lads, was guilty of the inexpiable sin of imitating Lord Byron in the only sensible thing that Byron ever did, — that is, of wearing his collar turned down, and thus avoiding the semi-strangulation which notoriously afflicts all those who wear their collars turned up. "Tom" Allen never tired of rehearsing a conversation between two young gentlemen which he overheard in the pit of the Tremont Theatre. "Who is that fellar up there in the third box?" said one of the future "merchant princes" of Boston to his acquaintance. "Oh, that 's Jim Fields! He 's a clerk in Jordan's periodical shop. Wears his collar turned down, like Lord Byron, and thinks a cursed deal of himself."

Nobody was more amused at this description than Fields himself. At last, on the occasion of one of the annual suppers of the association, after the election of officers for the ensuing year, a member celebrated for the savageness with which his strength of nature asserted itself, both in his dress and manners, undertook the task of bantering Fields for a certain effeminacy in his relations to the tailor and the washerwoman. His speech was a fair specimen of that good-natured but rather coarse-natured scurrility which rude lads are apt to indulge in when they meet at the "festive board." Fields listened with an impassive countenance, as if the speech were a mere interlude in the fast and furious fun which characterized the jollities of such meetings; but I saw that all the while he was cogitating a reply which would not only crush his immediate antagonist, but render the recurrence of a similar assault utterly impossible. He rose with perfect calmness from his seat, and then poured forth on his adversary such a torrent of ingenious and laughter-provoking abuse that his unlucky opponent, completely worsted in his own selected style of rhetoric, was stunned into a silence which left him no possibility of making any retort. Fields sat down with the reputation of being an exceedingly rough customer, when the elegance of his manners, the fit of his coat, and the cleanliness of his linen were made the subjects of sarcastic remark.

As years rolled on, and Fields became a partner in the house which he had served as a clerk, the proofs multiplied that he was, among American publishers, one of the most sagacious judges of the intrinsic and money value of works of literature. He had induced

Mr. Ticknor to reprint such books as De Quincey's Confessions of an Opium Eater long before he became a partner in the firm. He had early formed a complete scheme of publishing a class of books the characteristic of which was that they addressed tastes which clearly existed in his own mind, and which he supposed must exist in thousands of persons who had enjoyed opportunities of culture superior to his own. He very sagely argued that if he found a particular delight in works which primarily appealed to the æsthetic sense,— the sense of beauty and the sense of form, — there must somewhere be a public, hitherto imperfectly addressed by American publishers, which would cordially respond to an enterprise which had such a possible public directly in view. He began timidly, publishing at first nothing which would not pay the expense of printing and binding. By the terms of his copartnership with Mr. Ticknor, the amount which each should yearly withdraw from the firm for private expenses was reduced to the smallest sum which a rigid economy could dictate. My impression is that Fields restricted himself, for a considerable period, to six hundred dollars a year. The gains of the firm steadily increased year after year, and being used as so much additional capital the house passed through a succession of financial panics without having one of their notes go to protest. The gradual growth of their business may be illustrated by one striking fact: the present successors of Ticknor & Fields have issued, in an octavo volume, a mere catalogue of the works they publish, which occupies more pages, and is printed in a more expensive form, than any one of the early volumes on which Fields thought it safe to venture the credit and capital of the firm.

As I happened to witness the gradual growth of what became one of the leading publishing houses of the country, and as I know that its germinating root was in the brain of Fields, I may be able to give some testimony as to its rise and progress. Fields from the start had deliberately formed in his mind an ideal of a publisher who might profit by men of letters, and at the same time make men of letters profit by him. He thoroughly understood both the business and literary side of his occupation. Some of the first publications of the house belonged to a light order of literature, but they still had in them that indefinable something which distinguishes the work of literary artists from the work of literary artisans. Then came the idea of domesticating a poet like Tennyson in this country, some time before Tennyson had won for himself an unquestioned position in his own land. Fields early detected that he was a man of genius, reprinted his poems, and paid him a royalty on them, in the days when a mere clever versifier, like Bulwer, could, in The New Timon, ridicule Tennyson as a puling sentimentalist, and do it with the assurance that the largest portion of the English-reading public would welcome his satire. The best poems of Browning, the other great British poet of our generation, were warmly appreciated here through the early reprints of Ticknor & Fields, some four or five years before the British reviews were alive to their merits. The number of less gifted English poets and men of letters whose writings, bearing the imprint of Ticknor & Fields, were circulated in the United States may be counted by scores. Indeed, it is not extravagant to affirm that many English reputations, now somewhat celebrated, were first made in this country. From a business point of view, the profits on these reprints were small, when compared with the gains of some other American publishers, who reprinted sensational books of a lower intellectual grade; but Fields succeeded in his main object, which was to give to the publications of his firm a certain character of literary distinction.

By persistently carrying out this plan, and by a judicious liberality in his dealings with authors, Fields gradually drew to his firm most of the prominent American writers of the time. Longfellow, Emerson and Hawthorne, Holmes, Lowell, Whittier, and eventually even Bryant, recognized in the pleasant gentleman who presided at the "Old Corner Bookstore" not only a business man of the first class of ability, but a genuine admirer of genius, with the taste fully to appreciate the melody of a line or the felicity of an epithet. All these authors, and many more, became intimate friends of their publisher.

In his dealings with writers, Fields was always genial and full of hope for the success of their books, when they themselves might be despondent. At the time Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter was passing through the press I was permitted to read the proof sheets. The circumstances under which the work was published were very depressing to its author. He had been dismissed, as a democrat, from his position in the Salem custom-house after the election of General Taylor to the presidency. To a prominent whig politician Fields addressed an earnest remonstrance against the cruelty of the act, and adjured him to have Hawthorne replaced. "Why, the fact is, Mr. Fields," was the answer, "your literary man, that you make such a noise about, is, I understand, one of these 'ere visionists." Fields quoted the remark to me, and then laughingly proposed that we should run down to Salem to visit the "visionist." It was a characteristic of Hawthorne that when he had finished a work he was skeptical as to its success. He had failed so often in obtaining any large popular recognition of his peculiar powers that he believed The Scarlet Letter would share the fate of the Twice-Told Tales. It was therefore well that two young men, who were enthusiastic admirers of his genius, and whose minds were specially stirred by its latest expression, should break in upon his solitude that summer afternoon, and rouse him from his despondency. Mrs. Hawthorne, the very impersonation of hope and cheer, — the Phœbe, as I always thought, of The House of the Seven Gables, — joined us heartily in the attempt to make the great romancer feel that he had produced a work which would not only make a deep and immediate impression on the public mind, but live as long as American literature existed. His grand face and brow gradually lighted up, as he caught a little of the contagion of our enthusiasm, and we left him somewhat cheered as to the prospects of his book. Of literary vanity he was entirely destitute. Indeed, he liked Anthony Trollope's novels better than his own. It has been said that Fields, with all his enthusiasm for The Scarlet Letter, published at first an edition of only three thousand copies. This statement overlooks the fact that an edition of three thousand copies was at that period equivalent to ten or fifteen thousand copies now. An edition of a thousand copies of the Twice-Told Tales, printed some years before, still sufficed to meet the public demand for the book.

One thing always puzzled me in reference to Fields, and that was how he contrived to get time to attend to his own affairs. His place of business always seemed thronged with visitors. Some dropped in to have a chat with him, and they dropped in every day; others had letters of introduction, and were to be received with particular attention; others were merciless bores, who severely tested his patience and good-nature. On some forenoons he could hardly have had half an hour to himself. Then he was continually doing kindly acts which required the expenditure of a good deal of time. In spite of all these distractions, he was a singularly orderly and methodical business man. He made up for the hours

he lost, or was robbed of, by accustoming himself to think swiftly and decide quickly on business matters. At any rate, there never was a time when he did not seem to have leisure enough for a little fun. Thus, I remember that a common acquaintance of ours, calling upon him one day at his office, was immediately accosted with the remark, "That was rather hard on Whipple, was n't it?" "What?" "Oh! I thought you must have heard of it. He was invited to Wellfleet to lecture, — down on Cape Cod, you know. He went in a fishing-smack, was tossed about in the bay four days in a snow-storm, horribly sea-sick all the voyage, but arrived in time to lecture. Wellfleet ordinarily pays its lecturers ten dollars; he was paid five — in a counterfeit bill." One morning I received a letter which purported to come from Edward Everett, and which was written in that style of plaintive dignity which it might be supposed that distinguished man would assume if he were soliciting contributions to a deserving charity. I learned from this epistle that Mr. Everett, understanding that I had once written an article on Mr. Macaulay, supposed that I might be interested in hearing of the condition of wretched poverty in which that eminent essayist was now placed. It seemed that Mr. Macaulay, though he still continued to write brilliant papers for the Edinburgh Review, was not paid for them a sum sufficient to support his suffering family, which consisted of a wife and six children. Mr. Everett proceeded to say that he had received letters from numerous friends in London to the effect that a subscription had been started in the United Kingdom to relieve Mr. Macaulay's most pressing necessities, but that it was insufficient to effect that desirable end; and an appeal was therefore to be made, through Mr. Everett, to the admirers of Mr. Macaulay in the United States. Money it was hardly expected that authors could give; but if I had any old clothes to spare, they would be very acceptable, as Mrs. Macaulay had the reputation of being an expert with the needle, and could easily adapt the worn garments of grown men to the shivering limbs of her destitute children. In addressing a man of letters, Mr. Everett acknowledged he felt a certain delicacy in indicating the degree of age which it was not permissible to transcend in selecting articles from my wardrobe. He had found that writers, as a general thing, considered as new many articles of apparel which statesmen and diplomatists, accustomed to courts, would pronounce very old indeed. Still, if among my old clothes there were some which stopped this side of utter raggedness, he thought he had sufficient interest with his successor at the Court of St. James to have the parcels containing them franked by the American government to Mr. Macaulay without any expense. Mr. Everett concluded his interesting communication by assuring me that this was an occasion which offered a new opportunity to bind the two great branches of the English race together in a peaceful union, and show to Great Britain that the thinkers of America were proud of their descent from the countrymen of Milton, Newton, and Locke. There could of course be no doubt in my mind from whose pen this precious epistle came.

In his journeys abroad Fields made the acquaintance of most of the English writers of the time, and his correspondence and conversation regarding them showed a keen perception of their individual peculiarities. He met Walter Savage Landor in Italy; and in one of his letters he quoted a saying of Landor's, in which the barbaric element in his large nature burst forth in its bluntest expression. The conversation had turned on a London lady to whom Fields had been introduced. "She!" Landor savagely exclaimed. "Why, she 's the worst woman I ever knew —

except my wife!" In London, more than twenty years ago, he met Carlyle at Procter's dinner-table, and sat next to him. "Ah," said Carlyle, "you are from the Great Country, I hear. Do you still believe there in George?" "If you mean Washington," replied Fields, "I can assure you we do." "That 's your great blunder. He was a thin man, sir; nothing of the hero in him. George was a good surveyor, but he had no faith, no religion! A commonplace man, sir! You will never be a great nation as long as you look up to such a guide as that." "But, Mr. Carlyle," said Fields, who saw at once that the great man was chaffing him, "why don't you cross the water, and see the Great Country for yourself? You will find hundreds of admirers who will welcome you." "Yes, there it is. They will come down to the wharf, and cry, Lo, here! and Lo, there! The great prophet has come! And do you suppose, sir, that I am such a sham and humbug as to expose myself to such drivel as that?" "Still," retorted Fields, "you will find some Yankees there who have no great love for 'Britishers,' prophets or not. Did you ever hear of the experience of the Englishman who went to Cape Cod, the place where our revolutionary patriotism still burns at white heat?" "No. Tell me about him." "With pleasure. As soon as the leading inhabitants of the town learned that a full-blown Britisher was at the tavern, they went in force to give him a piece of their mind. The talking man of the place stepped forward from the crowd, and said, 'An Englishman, I understand.' 'Yes,' was the proud reply, 'I am an Englishman.' 'Well, naow, it 's strange that you should own up so lively as that. You must know that yours is about the meanest country going. We always have licked you, and always will lick you. Why, when we were a small lot of only three millions we licked you all to pieces. There 's Sar-a-togue, and Ticonder-ogue, and Bunker Hill; to be sure, our powder gin out at Bunker Hill, or we 'd licked you there, and you know it.' 'But,' exclaimed the Englishman, 'what do you say of White Plains, sir? White Plains, I repeat!' But my countryman's face expressed not the slightest surprise. 'White Plains?' he drawled out. 'It seems to me I do recollect something about that fight. The fact is, as far as I can understand it, our folks did n't seem to take no sort of interest in that battle.'" The story is familiar enough on this side of the Atlantic, but Carlyle had never heard it before, and he passed from one roar of laughter into another, warmly protesting that the Cape Cod patriot was the most genuine man that America had produced, and outvalued scores of George Washingtons. "Stop, Procter! stop, Browning!" he bawled out once or twice during the evening, as the two poets were eagerly conversing. "Listen to what Mr. Fields has to tell you about that countryman of his who did n't take no sort of interest in the battle of White Plains!"

One might have predicted that such a story as this would touch Carlyle's sense of humor irresistibly; and as Fields vividly reproduced the scene, imitating the Yankee twang as happily as he imitated Carlyle's broad Scotch accent, those who listened could not fail to obtain a clear impression of what Carlyle was in his moments of uproarious merriment.

But these Recollections would be drawn out to an endless length if I should attempt to record all the illustrations of Fields's mind and character which crowd into my memory as I write. I have done small justice to my own conception of the brilliancy of his wit, the alertness of his intelligence, the variety of his information, and the kindness of his heart; and I shall have to take some other opportunity to speak of his numerous writings, and of his career as a lecturer on literature.

Edwin P. Whipple.

PARTON'S LIFE OF VOLTAIRE.

Mr. Parton has given us in these volumes[1] another of his interesting and instructive biographies. Not as interesting, indeed, as some others, — for example, as his life of Andrew Jackson; nor as instructive as his lives of Franklin and of Jefferson. The nature of the case made this impossible. The story of Jackson had never been told till Mr. Parton undertook it. It was a history of frontier life, of strange adventures, of desperate courage, of a force of character which conquered all obstacles and achieved extraordinary results. It was such a history as the gentle Desdemona might have willingly listened to, or the delicate Lucy Fountain have heard with attentive ears, so surely do opposites attract each other; a story

> "Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
> Of being taken by the insolent foe."

No such interest attaches to the Life of Voltaire. His most serious adventure was being shut up in the Bastille for a pasquinade, and being set free again on his solemn protestation, true or false, that he never wrote it. It is an old story, told a thousand times, with all its gloss, if it ever had any, quite worn off. The Life of Franklin, which, on the whole, we think the best of Parton's biographies, was full of interest and instruction of another kind. It was the life of a builder, — of one who gave his great powers to construction, to building up new institutions and new sciences, to the discovery of knowledge and the creation of national life. Voltaire was a diffuser of knowledge already found, but he had not the patience nor the devotion of a discoverer. His gift was not to construct good institutions, but to destroy bad ones, a work the interest of which is necessarily ephemeral. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Parton, with all his practiced skill as a biographer, has not been able to give to the story of Voltaire the thrilling interest which he imparted to that of Franklin and of Jackson. But of this more hereafter.

We gladly take the present opportunity to add our recognition of Mr. Parton's services to those which have come to him from other quarters. A writer of unequal merit, and one whose judgment is often biased by his prejudices, he nevertheless has done much to show how biography should be written. Of all forms of human writing there is none which ought to be at once so instructive and so interesting as this, but in the large majority of instances it is the most vapid and empty. The good biographies, in all languages, are so few that they can almost be counted on the fingers; but these are among the most precious books in the literature of mankind. The story of Ruth, the Odyssey of Homer, Plutarch's lives, the Memorabilia of Xenophon, the life of Agricola, the Confessions of Augustine, among the ancients; and in modern times Boswell's Johnson, the autobiographies of Alfieri, Benvenuto Cellini, Franklin, Goethe, Voltaire's Charles XII., and Southey's Life of Wesley are specimens of what may be accomplished in this direction. It has been thought that any man can write a biography, but it requires genius to understand genius. How much intelligence is necessary to collect with discrimination the significant facts of a human life; to penetrate to the law of which they are the expression; to give the picturesque proportions to every part, to arrange the foreground, the middle distance, and the background of the panorama; to bring out in proper light

[1] *Life of Voltaire.* By James Parton. In two vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

and shadow the features and deeds of the hero! Few biographers take this trouble. They content themselves with collecting the letters written by and to their subject; sweeping together the facts of his life, important or otherwise; arranging them in some kind of chronological order; and then having this printed and bound up in one or two heavy volumes.

To all this many writers of biography add another fault, which is almost a fatal one. They treat their subject *de haut en bas*, preferring to look down upon him rather than to look up to him. They occupy themselves in criticising his faults and pointing out his deficiencies, till they forget to mention what he has accomplished to make him worthy of having his life written at all. We lately saw a life of Pope treated in this style. One unacquainted with Pope, after reading it, would say, "If he was such a contemptible fellow, and his writings so insignificant, why should we have to read his biography?" Thomas Carlyle has the great merit of leading the way in the opposite direction, and of thus initiating a new style of biography. The old method was for the writer to regard himself as a judge on the bench, and the subject of his biography as a prisoner at the bar. Carlyle, in his Life of Schiller, showed himself a loving disciple, sitting at the feet of his master. We recollect that when this work first appeared there were only a few copies known to be in this country. One was in the possession of an eminent professor in Harvard College, of whom the present writer borrowed it. On returning it, he was asked what he thought of it, and replied that he considered it written with much enthusiasm. "Yes," responded the professor, "I myself thought it rather extravagant." Enthusiasm in a biographer was then considered to be the same as extravagance. But this hero-worship, which was the charm in Plutarch, Xenophon, and Boswell, inspired a like interest in Carlyle's portraits of Schiller, Goethe, Richter, Burns, and the actors in the French Revolution. So true is his own warning: "Friend, if you wish me to take an interest in what you say, be so kind as to take some interest in it yourself" — a golden maxim, to be kept in mind by all historians, writers of travels, biographers, preachers, and teachers. A social success may sometimes be accomplished by assuming the *blasé* air of the Roman emperor who said, "Omnia fui, nihil expedit;" but this tone is ruinous for one who wishes the ear of the public.

Since the days of Carlyle, others have written in the same spirit, allowing themselves to take more or less interest in the man whose life they were relating. So Macaulay, in his sketches of Clive, Hastings, Chatham, Pym, and Hampden; so Lewes, in his Life of Goethe; and so Parton, in his various biographies. None of these authors have made themselves liable to the stinging satire of Moore's lines on the Reminiscences of Byron, by Leigh Hunt, which he compares to a supposed work on the lion in Exeter Change, written by the little dog who lived in his cage: —

"How that animal looks, how he eats, how he drinks,
Is all duly described by this puppy so small;
And 't is plain, from each sentence, the puppy-dog thinks
That the lion was no such great thing, after all.

"Though he roared pretty well (this the puppy allows),
It was all, he says, borrowed, — all second-hand roar;
And he vastly prefers his own little bow-wows
To the loftiest war-note the lion could pour."

In some respects Mr. Parton's biography reminds us of Macaulay's History. Both have been credited with the same qualities, both charged with the same defects. Both are indefatigable in collecting material from all quarters, — from other histories and biographies, memoirs, letters, newspapers, broadsides, and personal communications gathered

in many out-of-the-way localities. Both have the power of discarding insignificant details and retaining what is suggestive and picturesque. Both, therefore, have the same supreme merit of being interesting. Both have strong prejudices, take sides earnestly, forget that they are narrators, and begin to plead as attorneys and advocates. Both have been accused, rightly or wrongly, of grave inaccuracies. But their defects will not prevent them from holding their place as teachers of the English-speaking public. The English and American readers will long continue to think of Marlborough as Macaulay represents him; of Jackson and Jefferson as Parton describes them. Such Rembrandt-like portraits fix the attention by their strange chiaro-oscuro. They may not be like nature, but they take the place of nature. The most remarkable instance of this kind is the representation of Tiberius by Tacitus, which has caused mankind, until very recently, to consider him a monster of licentiousness and cruelty, in spite of the almost self-evident absurdity and self-contradiction of this assumption.[1] Limners with such a terrible power of portraiture should be very careful how they use it, and not abuse the faculty in the interest of their prejudices.

If Mr. Parton resembles Macaulay in some respects, in one point, at least, he is like Carlyle: that is that his last hero is the least interesting. From Schiller and Goethe to Frederic the Great was a fall; and so from Franklin to Voltaire. Carlyle tells us what a weary task he had with his Prussian king, and we think that Mr. Parton's labors over the patriarch of the eighteenth-century literature must have been equally distressing. At a distance, Voltaire is a striking phenomenon: the most brilliant wit of almost any period; the most prolific writer; a successful dramatist, historian, biographer, story-teller, controversialist, lyrical poet, student of science. "Truly, a universal genius, a mighty power!" we say. But look more closely, and this genius turns into talent; this encyclopædic knowledge becomes only superficial half knowledge; this royalty is a sham royalty; it does not lead the world, but follows it. The work into which Voltaire put his heart was destruction — the destruction of falsehoods, bigotries, cruelties, and shams. It was an important duty, and some one had to do it. But it was temporary, and one of which the interest is soon over. If Luther and the other reformers had aimed only at destroying the Church of Rome, their influence would have speedily ceased. But they rebuilt, as they destroyed; the sword in one hand, and the trowel in the other. They destroyed in order to build; they took away the outgrown house, to put another in its place. Voltaire had not got as far as that; he wanted no new church in the place of the old one.

Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau are often spoken of as though they were fellow-workers, and are associated in many minds as sharing the same convictions. Nothing can be more untrue. They were radically opposite in the very structure of their minds, and their followers and admirers are equally different. If all men can be divided into Platonists and Aristotelians, they may be in like manner classified as those who prefer Voltaire to Rousseau, and *vice versa*. Both were indeed theists, and both opposed to the popular religion of their time. Both were brilliant writers, masters of the French language, listened to by the people, and with a vast popularity. Both were more or less persecuted for their religious heresies. So far they resemble each other. But these are only external resemblances; radically and inwardly they were polar opposites. What

[1] Voltaire himself, with his acute perception, seems to have been one of the first to discover the absurdity of the representation of Tiberius by Tacitus.

attracted one repelled the other. Voltaire was a man of the world, fond of society and social pleasures; the child of his time, popular, a universal favorite. Rousseau shrank from society, hated its fashions, did not enjoy its pleasures, and belonged to another epoch than the eighteenth century. Rousseau believed in human nature, and thought that if we could return to our natural condition the miseries of life would cease. Voltaire despised human nature; he forever repeated that the majority of men were knaves and fools. Rousseau distrusted education and culture as commonly understood; but to Voltaire's mind they were the only matters of any value, — all that made life worth living. Rousseau was more like Pascal than like Voltaire; far below Pascal, no doubt, in fixed moral principles and ascetic virtue. Yet he resembled him in his devotion to ideas, his enthusiasm for some better day to come. Both were out of place in their own time; both were prophets crying in the wilderness. Put Voltaire between Pascal and Rousseau, and it would be something like the tableau of Goethe between Basedow and Lavater.

> "Prophete rechts, Prophete links,
> Das Weltkind in der Mitte."

The difference between Voltaire and Rousseau was really that between a man of talent and a man of genius. Voltaire, brilliant, adroit, full of resource, quick as a flash, versatile, with immense powers of working, with a life full of literary successes, has not left behind him a single masterpiece. He comes in everywhere second best. As a tragedian he is inferior to Racine; as a wit and comic writer far below Molière; and he is quite surpassed as a historian and biographer by many modern French authors. No germinating ideas are to be found in his writings, no seed corn for future harvests. He thought himself a philosopher, and was so regarded by others; but neither had his philosophy any roots to it. A sufficient proof of this is the fact that he shared the superficial optimism of the English deists, as expressed by Bolingbroke and Pope, until the Lisbon earthquake, by destroying thirty thousand people, changed his whole mental attitude. Till then he could say with Pope, "Whatever is, is right." After that, most things which are appeared to him fatally and hopelessly wrong. That thirty thousand persons should perish in a few minutes, in great suffering, he thought inconsistent with the goodness of God. But take the whole world over, thirty thousand people are continually perishing, in the course of a few hours or days. What difference does it make, in a philosophical point of view, if they die all at once in a particular place, or at longer intervals in many places? Voltaire asks, "What crime had those infants committed who lie crushed on their mother's breasts?" What crime, we reply, have the infants committed who have been dying by millions, in suffering, since the world began? "Was Lisbon," he asks, "more wicked than Paris?" But had Voltaire never noticed before that wicked people often live on in health and pleasure, while the good suffer and die? Voltaire did not see, what it requires very little philosophy to discover, that a Lisbon earthquake really presents no more difficulty to the reason than the suffering and death of a single child. In fact, if you can explain the pain inflicted by the sting of a wasp, you have solved the whole problem of evil.

Another fact which shows the shallow nature of Voltaire's way of thinking was his expectation of destroying Christianity by a combined attack upon it by all the wits and philosophers. Mr. Parton tells us that "l'Infâme," which Voltaire expected to crush, "was not religion, nor the Christian religion, nor the Roman Catholic church. It was," he says, "*religion claiming supernatural authority, and enforcing that claim by pains*

and penalties." No doubt it was the spirit of intolerance and persecution which excited his indignation. But the object of that indignation was not the abstraction which Mr. Parton presents to us. It was something far more concrete. There is no doubt that he confounded Christianity with the churches about him, and these with their abuses; and thus his object was to sweep away all positive religious institutions, and to leave in their place a philosophic deism. Else what meaning in his famous boast that "it required twelve men to found a belief, which it would need only one man to destroy"? What meaning, otherwise, in his astonishment that Locke, "having in one book so profoundly traced the development of the understanding, could so degrade his own understanding in another"? — referring, as Mr. Morley believes, to Locke's Reasonableness of Christianity. Voltaire saw around him Christianity represented by cruel bigots, ecclesiastics living in indolent luxury, narrow-minded and hard-hearted priests. That was all the Christianity he saw with his sharp perceptive faculty; and he had no power of penetrating into the deeper life of the soul which these corruptions misrepresented. We do not blame him for this; he was made so; but it was a fatal defect in a reformer. The first work of a reformer is to discover the truth and the good latent amid the abuses he wishes to reform, and for the sake of which men endure the evil. A Buddhist proverb says, "The human mind is like a leech: it never lets go with its tail till it has taken hold somewhere else with its head." Distinguish the good in a system from the evil; show how the good can be preserved, though the evil is abandoned, and then you may hope to effect a truly radical reform. Radicalism means going to the roots of anything. Voltaire was incapable of becoming a radical reformer of the Christian church, because he had in himself no faculty by which he could appreciate the central forces of Christianity. Mr. Morley says that Voltaire "has said no word, nor even shown an indirect appreciation of any word said by another, which stirs and expands that indefinite exaltation known as the love of God," "or of the larger word holiness." "Through the affronts which his reason received from certain pretensions, both in the writers and in some of those whose actions they commemorated, this sublime trait in the Bible, in both portions of it, was unhappily lost to Voltaire. He had no ear for the finer vibrations of the spiritual voice." And so also speaks Carlyle: "It is a much more serious ground of offense that he intermeddled in religion without being himself, in any measure, religious; that he entered the temple and continued there with a levity which, in any temple where men worship, can beseem no brother man; that, in a word, he ardently, and with long-continued effort, warred against Christianity, without understanding beyond the mere superficies of what Christianity was." In fact, in the organization of Voltaire, the organ of reverence, "the crown of the whole moral nature," seems to have been at its minimum. A sense of justice was there, an ardent sympathy with the oppressed, a generous hatred of the oppressor, a ready devotion of time, thought, wealth, to the relief of the down-trodden victim. Therefore, with such qualities, Voltaire, by the additional help of his indefatigable energy, often succeeded in plucking the prey from the jaws of the lion. He was able to defeat the combined powers of church and state in his advocacy of some individual sufferer, in his battle against some single wrong. But his long war against the Catholic church in France left it just where it was when that war began. Its power to-day in France is greater than it was then, because it is a purer and better institution than it was then. That Sphinx still

sits by the roadside propounding its riddle. Voltaire was not the Œdipus who could solve it, and so the life of that mystery remains untouched until now.

The Henriade has often been considered the great epic poem of France. This merely means that France has never had a great epic poem. The Henriade is artificial, prosaic, and has no particle of the glow, the fire, the prolonged enthusiasm, which alone can give an epic poem to mankind. In this sentence all competent critics are agreed.

Voltaire was busy with literature during his whole life. He not only wrote continually himself, but he was a critic of the writings of others. His mind was essentially critical, — formed to analyze, discriminate sharply, compare, and judge by some universal standard of taste. Here, if anywhere, he ought to be at his best; here, if in any department, he should stand at the head of the world's board of literary censors. But here, again, he is not even second-rate; here, more than elsewhere, he shows how superficial are his judgments. He tests every writer by the French standard in the eighteenth century. Every word which Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, have said of other writers is full of value and interest to-day. But who would go to Voltaire for light on any book or author? We have an instinctive but certain conviction that all his views are limited by his immediate environment, perverted by his personal prejudices. Thus, he prefers Ariosto to the Odyssey, and Tasso's Jerusalem to the Iliad.[1] His inability to comprehend, or even to suspect, the greatness of Shakespeare is well known. He is filled with indignation because a French critic had called Shakespeare "the god of the stage." "The blood boils in my old veins," says he; "and what is frightful to think of, it was I myself who first showed to Frenchmen the few pearls to be found in the dunghill."[2] Chesterfield's Letters to his Son he considers "the best book upon education ever written."[3] This is the book in which a father teaches his son the art of polite falsehood, of which Dr. Johnson says that "it shows how grace can be united with wickedness," — the book whose author is called by De Vere the philosopher of flattery and dissimulation. He admitted that there were some good things in Milton, but speaks of his conceptions as "odd and extravagant."[4] He thought Condorcet much superior to Pascal. The verses of Helvetius he believed better than any but those of Racine. The era was what Villemain calls "the golden age of mediocre writers;" and Voltaire habitually praised them all. But these writers mostly belonged to a mutual admiration society. The anatomist Tissot, in one of his physiological works, says that the genius of Diderot came to show to mankind how every variety of talent could be brought to perfection in one man. Diderot, in his turn, went into frantic delight over the novels of Richardson. "Since I have read these works," he says, "I make them my touch-stone; those who do not admire them are self-condemned. O my friends, what majestic dramas are these three, Clarissa, Sir Charles Grandison, and Pamela!" Such was the eighteenth century; and Voltaire belonged to it with all the intensity of his ardent nature. He may be said never to have seen or foreseen anything better. Living on the very verge of a great social revolution, he does not appear to have suspected what its nature would be, even if he suspected its approach. The cruelties of the church exasperated him, but the political condition of society, the misery of the peasants, the luxury of the nobles, the despotism of the king, left him unmoved. He was singularly deficient in any conception of the value

[1] Essai sur les Mœurs, chapter cxxi.
[2] Parton, ii. 549.
[3] Ibid., ii. 551.
[4] Ibid., i. 232.

of political liberty or of free institutions. If he had lived to see the coming of the Revolution, it would have utterly astounded him. His sympathies were with an enlightened aristocracy, not with the people. In this, too, he was the man of his time, and belonged to the middle of his century, not the end of it. He saw and lamented the evils of bad government. He pointed out the miseries produced by war. He abhorred and denounced the military spirit. He called on the clergy, in the name of their religion, to join him in his righteous appeals against this great curse of mankind. "Where," he asks, "in the five or six thousand sermons of Massillon, are there two in which anything is said against the scourge of war?" He rebukes the philosophers and moralists, also, for their delinquency in this matter, and replies forcibly to Montesquieu's argument that self-defense sometimes makes it necessary to begin the attack on a neighboring nation. But he does not go back to trace the evil to its root in the absence of self-government. In a letter to the King of Prussia he says, "When I asked you to become the deliverer of Greece, I did not mean to have you restore the democracy. I do not love the rule of the rabble" (*gouvernement de la canaille*). Again, writing to the same, in January, 1757, he says, "Your majesty will confer a great benefit by destroying this infamous superstition [Christianity]; I do not say among the *canaille*, who do not deserve to be enlightened, and who ought to be kept down under all yokes, but among honest people, people who think. Give white bread to the children, but only black bread to the dogs." In 1762, writing to the Marquis d'Argens, he says, "The Turks say that their Koran has sometimes the face of an angel, sometimes the face of a beast. This description suits our time. There are a few philosophers, — they have the face of an angel; all else much resembles that of a beast." Again, he says to Helvetius, "Consider no man your neighbor but the man who thinks; look on all other men as wolves, foxes, and deer." "We shall soon see," he writes to D'Alembert, "new heavens and a new earth, — I mean for honest people; for as to the canaille, the stupidest heaven and earth is all they are fit for." The real government of nations, according to him, should be administered by absolute kings, in the interest of free-thinkers.

It is true that after Rousseau had published his trumpet-call in behalf of democratic rights, Voltaire began to waver. It has been remarked that "at the very time when he expressed an increasing ill-will against the person of the author of Emile, he was irresistibly attracted to the principal doctrines of Rousseau. He entered, as if in spite of himself, into paths toward which his feet were never before directed. As if to revenge himself for coming under this salutary influence, he pursued Rousseau with blind anger."[1] He harshly attacked the Social Contract, but accepted the sovereignty of the people; saying that "civil government is the will of all, executed by a single one, or by several, in virtue of the laws which all have enacted." He, however, speedily restricted this democratic principle by confining the right of making laws to the owners of real estate. He declares that those who have neither house nor land ought not to have any voice in the matter. He now began (in 1764) to look forward to the end of monarchies, and to expect a revolution. Nevertheless, he plainly declares, "The pretended equality of man is a pernicious chimera. If there were not thirty laborers to one master, the earth would not be cultivated." But in practical and humane reforms Voltaire took the lead, and did good work. He opposed examination by torture, the punishment of death for theft, the con-

[1] Martin's History of France.

fiscation of the property of the condemned, the penalties against heretics, secret trials; praised trial by jury, civil marriage, right of divorce, and other reforms in the direction of hygiene and education.

And, above all, whatever fault may be found with Voltaire, let us never cease to appreciate his generous efforts in behalf of the unfortunate victims of the atrocious bigotry which then prevailed in France. It is not necessary to dwell here on the cases of Calas, the Sirvens, La Barre, and the Count de Lally. They are fully told by Mr. Parton, and to his account we refer our readers. In 1762 the Protestant pastor Rochette was hanged, by order of the Parliament of Toulouse, for having exercised his ministry in Languedoc. At the same time three young gentlemen, Protestants, were beheaded, for having taken arms to defend themselves from being slaughtered by the Catholics. In 1762, the Protestant merchant Calas, an aged and worthy citizen of Toulouse, was tortured and broken on the wheel, on a wholly unsupported charge of having killed his son to keep him from turning Catholic. A Protestant girl named Sirven was, about the same time, taken from her parents, and shut up in a convent, to compel her to change her religion. She escaped, and perished by accident during her flight. The parents were accused of having killed her to keep her from becoming a Catholic. They escaped, but the wife died of exposure and want. In 1766 a crucifix was injured by some wanton persons. The Bishop of Amiens called out for vengeance. Two young officers, eighteen years old, were accused. One escaped; the other, La Barre, was condemned to have his tongue cut out, his right hand cut off, and to be burned alive. The sentence was commuted to death by decapitation. Voltaire, seventy years old, devoted himself with masterly ability and untiring energy to save these victims; and when he failed in that, to show the falsehood of the charges, and to obtain a revision of the judgments. He used all means: personal appeals to men in power and to female favorites, eloquence, wit, pathos in every form of writing. He called on all his friends to aid him. He poured a flood of light into these dark places of iniquity. His generous labors were crowned with success. He procured a reversal of these iniquitous decisions; in some cases a restoration of the confiscated property, and a public recognition of the innocence of those condemned. Without knowing it, he was acting as a disciple of Jesus. Perhaps he may have met in the other world with the great leader of humanity, whom he never understood below, and been surprised to hear him say, "Inasmuch as thou didst it to the least of my little ones, thou hast done it unto me."

Carlyle tells us that the chief quality of Voltaire was *adroitness*. He denies that he was really a great man, and says that in one essential mark of greatness he was wholly wanting, that is, earnestness. He adds that Voltaire was by birth a mocker; that this was the irresistible bias of his disposition; that the first question with him was always not what is true but what is false, not what is to be loved but what is to be contemned. He is shallow without heroism, full of pettiness, full of vanity; "not a great man, but only a great *persifleur*."

But certainly some other qualities than these were essential to produce the immense influence which he exerted in his own time, and since. Beside this extreme adroitness of which Carlyle speaks, he had as exhaustless an energy as was ever granted to any of the sons of men. He was never happy except when he was at work. He worked at home, he worked when visiting, he worked in his carriage, he worked at hotels. Amid annoyances and disturbances which would have paralyzed the

thought and pen of others, Voltaire labored on. Upon his sick bed, in extreme debility and in old age, that untiring pen was ever in motion, and whatever came from it interested all mankind. Besides the innumerable books, tracts, and treatises which fill the volumes of his collected works, there are said to be in existence fourteen thousand of his letters, half of which have never been printed. But this was only a part of the outcome of his terrible vitality. He was also an enterprising and energetic man of business. He speculated in the funds, lent money on interest, fitted out ships, bought and sold real estate, solicited and obtained pensions. In this way he changed his patrimony of about two hundred thousand francs to an annual income of the same amount, — equal at least to one hundred thousand dollars a year at the present time. He was determined to be rich, and he became so; not because he loved money for itself, nor because he was covetous. He gave money freely; he used it in large ways. He sought wealth as a means of self-defense, — to protect him against the persecution which his attacks on the church might bring upon him. He also had, like a great writer of the present century, Walter Scott, the desire of being a large landed proprietor and lord of the manor; and like Scott, he became one, reigning at Ferney as Scott ruled at Abbotsford.

In defending himself against his persecutors he used other means not so legitimate. One of his methods was systematic falsehood. He first concealed, and then denied, the authorship of any works which would expose him to danger. He took the tone of injured innocence. For example, he had worked with delight, during twenty years, on his wretched Pucelle. To write new lines in it, or a new canto, was his refreshment; to read them to his friends gave him the most intense satisfaction. But when the poem found its way into print, with what an outcry he denies the authorship, almost before he is charged with it. He assumes the air of calumniated virtue. The charge, he declares, is one of the infamous inventions of his enemies. He writes to the Journal Encyclopédique, "The crowning point of their devilish manœuvres is the edition of a poem called La Pucelle d'Orléans. The editor has the face to attribute this work to the author of the Henriade, the Zaïre, the Mérope, the Alzire, the Siècle de Louis XIV. He dares to ascribe to this author the flattest, meanest, and most gross work which can come from the press. My pen refuses to copy the tissue of silly and abominable obscenities of this work of darkness." When the Dictionnaire Philosophique began to appear, he wrote to D'Alembert, "As soon as any danger arises, I beg you will let me know, that I may disavow the work in all the public papers with my usual candor and innocence." Mr. Parton tells us that he had *a hundred and eight* pseudonyms. He signed his pamphlets A Benedictine, The Archbishop of Canterbury, A Quaker, Rev. Josias Roussette, the Abbé Lilladet, the Abbé Bigorre, the Pastor Bourn. He was also ready to tell a downright lie when it suited his convenience.

When Candide was printed, in 1758, he wrote, as Mr. Parton tells us, to a friendly pastor in Geneva, "I have at length read Candide. People must have lost their senses to attribute to me that pack of nonsense. I have, thank God, better occupation. This optimism [of Pangloss] obviously destroys the foundation of our holy religion." Our holy religion!

Some may find an excuse for these falsehoods. A writer, it may be said, has a right to his incognito; if so, he has a right to protect it by denying the authorship of a book when charged with it. This is doubtful morality, but Voltaire went far beyond this. He volunteered his denials. He asserted in every

way, with the most solemn asseverations, that he was not the author of a book which he had written with delight. But this was not the worst. He not only told these author's lies, but he was a deliberate hypocrite, professing faith in Christianity, receiving its sacraments, asking spiritual help from the Pope, and begging for relics from the Vatican, at the very time that he was hoping by strenuous efforts to destroy both Catholicism and Christianity.

When he was endeavoring to be admitted to a place in the French Academy, he wrote thus to the Bishop of Mirepoix:[1] "Thanks to Heaven, my religion teaches me to know how to suffer. The God who founded it, as soon as he deigned to become man, was of all men the most persecuted. After such an example, it is almost a crime to complain. . . . I can say, before God who hears me, that I am a good citizen and a true Catholic. . . . I have written many pages sanctified by religion." In this Mr. Parton admits that he went too far.

When at Colmar, as a measure of self-protection, he resolved to commune at Easter. Mr. Parton says that Voltaire had pensions and rents to the amount of sixty thousand livres annually, of which the king could deprive him by a stroke of the pen. So he determined to prove himself a good Catholic by taking the sacraments. As a necessary preliminary, he confessed to a Capuchin monk. He wrote to D'Argens just before, "If I had a hundred thousand men, I know what I should do; but as I have them not, I shall commune at Easter!" But, writing to Rousseau, he thinks it shameful in Galileo to retract his opinions. Mr. Parton too, who is disposed to excuse some of these hypocrisies in Voltaire, is scandalized because the pastors of Geneva denied the charges of heresy brought against them by Voltaire; saying that "we live, as they lived, in an atmosphere of insincerity." In the midst of all this, Voltaire took credit to himself for his frank avowals of the truth: "I am not wrong to dare to utter what worthy men think. For forty years I have braved the base empire of the despots of the mind." Mr. Parton elsewhere seems to think it would have been impossible for Voltaire to versify the Psalms; as it was "asked him to give the lie publicly to his whole career." But if communing at Easter did not do this, how could a versification of a few psalms accomplish it? Parton quotes Condorcet as saying that Voltaire could not become a hypocrite, even to be a cardinal. Could any one do a more hypocritical action than to partake the sacraments of a church which he despised in order to escape the danger of persecution?

When building his house at Ferney, the neighboring Catholic curés interfered with him. They prohibited the laborers from working for him. To meet this difficulty he determined to obtain the protection of the Pope himself. So he wrote to the Pope, asking for a relic to put in the church he had built, and received in return a piece of the hair-shirt of St. Francis. He went to mass frequently. Meantime, in his letters to his brother freethinkers, he added his usual postscript, "Ecrasez l'Infâme;" begging their aid in crushing Catholicism and Christianity. Yet it does not seem that he considered himself a hypocrite in thus conforming outwardly to a religion which he hated. He thinks that others who do so are hypocrites, but not that he is one. In 1764 he writes to Madame du Deffand, "The worst is that we are surrounded by hypocrites, who worry us to make us think what they themselves do not think at all." So singular are the self-deceptions of the human mind. He writes to Frederic ridiculing the sacrament of extreme unction, and then solemnly par-

[1] Parton, i. 461.

takes of the eucharist. Certainly he did not belong to the noble army of martyrs. He expected to overturn a great religious system, not by the power of faith, but by ingenious pamphlets, brilliant sarcasms, adroit deceptions. In thus thinking he was eminently superficial.

His theory on this subject is given in an article in the Dictionnaire Philosophique, quoted by Mr. Parton: "Distinguish honest people who think, from the populace who were not made to think. If usage obliges you to perform a ridiculous ceremony for the sake of the canaille, and on the road you meet some people of understanding, notify them by a sign of the head, or a look, that you think as they do. . . . If imbeciles still wish to eat acorns, let them have acorns."

Mr. Parton describes in full (vol. ii. p. 410) the ceremony of the eucharist of which Voltaire partook in his own church at Ferney. It was Easter Sunday, and Voltaire mounted the pulpit and preached a sermon against theft. Hearing of this, the bishop was scandalized, and forbade all the curates of the diocese from confessing, absolving, or giving the sacrament to Voltaire. Upon this Voltaire writes and signs a formal demand on the curate of Ferney to allow him to confess and commune in the Catholic church, in which he was born, has lived, and wishes to die; offering to make all necessary declarations, all requisite protestations, in public or private, submitting himself absolutely to all the rules of the church, for the edification of Catholics and Protestants. All this was a mere piece of mystification and fun. He pretended to be too sick to go to the church, and made a Capuchin come and administer the eucharist to him in bed; Voltaire saying, "Having my God in my mouth, I declare that I forgive all my enemies." No wonder that with all his marvelous ability and his long war upon the Catholic church he was unable to make any lasting impression upon it. Infinite talent is not enough to make revolutions of opinion. No serious faith was ever destroyed by a jest.

If we return to Rousseau, and compare his influence with that of Voltaire, we shall find that it went far deeper. Voltaire was a man of immense talent. Talent originates nothing, but formulates into masterly expression what has come to it from the age in which it lives. Not a new idea can be found, we believe, in all Voltaire's innumerable writings. But genius has a vision of ideal truth. It is a prophet of the future. Rousseau, with his many faults, weaknesses, follies, was a man of genius. He was probably the most eloquent writer of French prose who has ever appeared. He was a man possessed by his ideas. He had none of the adroitness, wit, ingenuity, of Voltaire. Instead of amassing an enormous fortune, he supported himself by copying music. Instead of being surrounded by admirers and flatterers, he led a solitary life, alone with his ideas. Instead of denying the authorship of his works, and so giving an excuse to the authorities to leave him quiet, he put his name to his writings. He worked for his bread with his hands, and in his Emile he recommended that all boys should be taught some manual craft. Voltaire ridiculed the *gentleman carpenter* of Rousseau; but before that generation passed away, many a French nobleman had reason to lament that he had not been taught to use the saw and the plane.

If Voltaire belonged to the eighteenth century, and brought to a brilliant focus its scattered rays, Rousseau belonged more to the nineteenth. Amidst the *persiflage*, the mockery, the light and easy philosophy, of his day, he stood, "among them, but not of them, in a crowd of thoughts which were not their thoughts." This is the true explanation of his weakness and strength, and of

the intense dislike felt for him by Voltaire and his school. They belonged to their time, he to a coming time.

The eighteenth century, especially in France, was one in which nature was at its minimum and art at its maximum. All was art. But art separated from nature becomes artificial, not to say artful. Decorum was the law in morals; the *bienséances* and *convenances* ruled in society. The stage was bound by conventional rules. Poetry walked in silk attire, and made its toilette with the elaborate dignity of the *levée* of the Grand Monarque. Against all this Rousseau led the reaction, — the reaction inevitable as destiny. As art had been pushed to an extreme, so now naturalism was carried to the opposite extreme. Rousseau was the apostle of nature in all things. Children were to be educated by the methods of nature, not according to the routine of old custom. Governments were to go back to their origin in human nature; society was to be reorganized on first principles. This voice crying in the wilderness was like the trumpet of doom to the age, announcing the age to come. It laid the axe at the root of the tree. Its outcome was the French Revolution, that rushing, mighty flood, which carried away the throne, the aristocracy, the manners, laws, and prejudices of the past.

In his first great work, the work which startled Europe, Rousseau recalled man to himself. He said, "The true philosophy is to commune with one's self," — the greatest saying, thinks Henri Martin, that had been pronounced in that century. Rousseau condemned luxury, and uttered a prophetic cry of woe over the tangled perplexities of the time. "There is no longer a remedy, *unless through some great revolution, almost as much to be feared as the evil it would cure, — which it is blamable to desire, impossible to foresee.*"

"*Man is naturally good,*" says Rousseau. Before the frightful words "mine" and "thine" were invented, how could there have been, he asks, any vices or crimes? He denounced all slavery, all inequality, all forms of oppression. His writings were full of exaggeration, but, says the French historian, "no sooner had he opened his lips than he restored earnestness to the world." The same writer, after speaking of the faults of the Nouvelle Héloïse, adds that nevertheless "a multitude of the letters of his Julie are masterpieces of eloquence, passion, and profundity; and the last portions are signalized by a moral purity, a wisdom of views, and a religious elevation altogether new in the France of the eighteenth century." Concerning Emile, he says, "It is the profoundest study of human nature in our language; it was an ark of safety, launched by Providence on the waves of skepticism and materialism. If Rousseau had been stricken out of the eighteenth century, whither, we seriously ask, would the human mind have drifted?" [1]

The Social Contract appeared in 1762. In this work Rousseau swept away by his powerful eloquence the arguments which placed sovereignty elsewhere than in the hands of the people. This fundamental idea was the seed corn which broke from the earth in the first Revolution, and bears its ripe fruit in republican France to-day. D'Alembert, who disliked Rousseau, said of Emile that "it placed him at the head of all writers." The Social Contract, illogical and unsound in many things, yet tore down the whole frame-work of despotism. Van Laun, a more recent historian, tells us that Rousseau was a man of the people, who knew all their wants; that every vice he attacked was one that they saw really present in their midst; that he "opened the flood-gates of suppressed desires, which gushed forth, overwhelming a whole artificial world." Villemain writes that the words of Rousseau,

[1] Martin's History of France.

"descending like a flame of fire, moved the souls of his contemporaries;" and that "his books glow with an eloquence which can never pass away." Morley, to whom Rousseau is essentially antipathic, says of the Social Contract that its first words, "Man is born free, but is everywhere in chains," thrilled two continents, — that it was the gospel of the Jacobins; and the action of the convention in 1794 can only be explained by the influence of Rousseau. He taught France to believe in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Locke had already taught this doctrine in England, where it produced no such violent outbreak, because it encountered no such glaring abuses.

Such is the striking contrast between these two greatest writers in modern French literature. It is singular to observe their instinctive antagonism in every point of belief and character. The merits of one are precisely opposite to those of the other; their faults are equally opposed.

The events of Voltaire's life have been so often told that Mr. Parton has not been able to add much to our knowledge of his biography. He was born in 1694 and died in 1778, at the age of eighty-four, though at his birth he was so feeble that those who believe that the world's progress depends on the survival of the fittest would have thought him not fit to be brought up. This was also the case with Goethe and Walter Scott. His father was a notary, and the name Arouet had that of Voltaire added to it, it being a name in his mother's family. This affix was adopted by the lad when in the Bastille, at the age of twenty-four. As a duck takes to water, so Voltaire took to his pen. In his twelfth year he wrote verses addressed to the Dauphin, which so pleased the famous courtesan Ninon de l'Enclos, then in her ninetieth year, that she left the boy a legacy of two thousand francs. He went to a Jesuits' school, and always retained a certain liking for the Jesuits. His father wished to make him a notary, but he would "pen a stanza when he should engross;" and the usual struggles between the paternal purpose and the filial instinct ended, as usual, in the triumph of the latter. He led a wild career for a time, in the society of dissipated abbès, debauched noblemen, and women to whom pleasure was the only object. Suspected of having written a lampoon on the death of Louis XIV., he was sent to the Bastille, and came forth not only with a new name, but with literature as his aim for the rest of his life. His first play appeared on the stage in 1718, and from that time he continued to write till his death. He traveled from the *châteaux* of one nobleman to another, pouring out his satires and sarcasms through the press; threatened by the angry rulers and priests who governed France, but always escaping by some adroit manœuvre. In England he became a deist and a mathematician. His views of Christ and Christianity were summed up in a quatrain which may be thus translated. Speaking of Jesus, he says, —

"His actions are holy, his ethics divine;
Into hearts which are wounded he pours oil and wine.
And if, through imposture, those truths are received,
It still is a blessing to be thus deceived."

He lived many years at Cirey with the Marchioness of Châtelet; the marquis, her husband, accepting the curious relation without any objection. Then followed the still stranger episode of his residence with Frederic the Great, their love quarrels and reconciliations. After this friendship came wholly to an end, Voltaire went to live near Geneva in Switzerland, but soon bought another estate just out of Switzerland, in France, and a third a short distance away, in the territory of another power. Thus, if threatened in one state, he could easily pass into another. Here he lived and worked till the close of his life, an untiring writer. He was a man of infi-

nite wit, kind-hearted, with little malignity of any sort, wishing in the main to do good. His violent attacks upon Christianity can be explained by the fact of the corruptions of the church which were around him. The church of France in that day, in its higher circles, was a persecuting church, yet without faith; greedy for wealth, living in luxury, careless of the poor, and well deserving the attacks of Voltaire. That he could not look deeper and see the need of religious institutions of a better sort was his misfortune.

Mr. Parton, though not as philosophic a writer as John Morley, has given us a standard work of great value. If he is disposed to excuse, or defend, or ignore some of the defects of his hero, that failing, as we have intimated before, leans to the side of biographical virtue. In a careful reading, we have met only a few errors.

This work is a store-house of facts for the history of Voltaire and his time. We do not think it will materially alter the judgment pronounced on him by such critics as Carlyle, Morley, and the majority of French writers in our day. He was a shining light in his age, but that age has gone by, and can never return.

James Freeman Clarke.

WARD'S ENGLISH POETS.[1]

An excursion through eight or ten centuries of verse is an undertaking like the circumnavigation of the globe; the space to be traversed is so great that it takes a life-time to make the way familiar. The mariner on shore, as he retraces his course in memory from island to cape, is mindful chiefly of the great way-marks of nature. No navigator finds a new course to the antipodes, or deviates with advantage from the ocean highways.

The long succession of English poems, so diverse in thought and style, gives a bewildering impression at the outset, and it is only by a great effort that they can be grasped and contemplated in a mass. Few persons can hope to be equally familiar with every portion; but as in the world of nature, so in the lesser world of art, the main features are immutably established. The great poets are the natural centres of groups; they are as fixed as mountains. No one questions the rank of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, and Tennyson. After naming these, we go back and locate in proper order (and in smaller characters) Ben Jonson, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats. And then we can add a great number of lesser magnitude, some of whom are as much beloved as their great brethren, and perhaps more generally read.

Historically viewed, the epochs are clearly divided. At the beginning we can observe on the one hand the alliterative verse of the Anglo-Saxons, and on the other the rude rhymes of the minstrels and *trouvères*. We see the two currents of speech and of art, each rough and unpleasing alone, meeting and swelling at the time of Gower, Langland, and Chaucer. We see the perfected speech and the perfected art in the Faerie Queene. Later, we see the rise of the drama, and the appearance of that

[1] *The English Poets.* Selections, with Critical Introductions by various writers, and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by Thomas Humphry Ward, M. A. Four vols. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

alpine group of poets surrounding and heightening the grandeur of the sky-pointing Shakespeare. Passing by Milton, we observe the decline of imagination first shown in Dryden and still more conspicuous in Pope, with whom sense and wit with ease and grace were the accepted substitutes for poetic fire. The revolution against that formal school, led by Wordsworth, has taken place almost within our time; and the later history of poetry, perhaps as glorious as that of any period, is familiar to all modern readers.

English poetry covers an enormous space, and in spite of areas of dullness it is probably as a whole superior in all high qualities to that of any modern nation. The poetry of Italy and of Spain ended not long after the Middle Ages. Since the Reformation, no great poems have appeared in any but Protestant countries. The poetry of Germany is scarcely more than a century old, — Goethe and Schiller, as they were the first, so they are almost the last of the great German poets, — and that of France, brilliant and finished as it is in some respects, is wholly wanting in the subtile, unnamed quality which characterizes the chief works of British as well as of ancient classical authors.

We welcome every conscientious attempt to illustrate the history of English verse, and to give an appreciative estimate of the work of each bard. The labors of cyclopædists and collectors of anthologies bring forgotten traits to light, and enable us to take a broader and completer view of the most precious of our intellectual possessions. No perfect collection exists, either in the form of catalogue or anthology. Warton is a mine for antiquaries alone. Johnson's Lives are entertaining, but his judgments are not trustworthy, because the great author was totally destitute of the poetic sense. Chambers's useful work is marred by bad taste and by inexcusable carelessness. Countless volumes of Elegant Extracts only testify that our poetical literature is too vast and many-sided for the grasp of any one man.

It is not the man of highest genius that will make the most valuable collection for general use. Emerson's Parnassus is best only for Emersonian readers. Think what an anthology we should have from Browning! — great in many respects, doubtless, but confined to a limited tract of human thought and experience. Imagine, on the other hand, what a gay and melodious collection we might have had from Tom Moore!

Perhaps a creator of verse could not be the best collector. The task would appear to call rather for a man of refined perception, general reading, and wide sympathies. It is only a truism to say that no earnest lover of poetry ever examined an anthology without feeling that he could have bettered it. He might be grateful for new light here and there, but he would be sure to resent the omission of favorite poems, and to deplore the lack of appreciation of favorite poets. It must be frankly admitted, therefore, that the student who has gone over the field of English poetry for himself will take up a new work like this with some caution, not to say distrust. It is impossible that his attitude should be other than critical.

Mr. Ward's collection appears to have been made by the collaboration of a literary senate. No fewer than twenty different names are signed to the biographical and critical introductions. The greater number were written by Edmund W. Gosse. The best known of the writers are Matthew Arnold, Professor Skeat, Goldwin Smith, and Mark Pattison. These little essays embody the latest results of literary research, and are for that reason, if for no other, extremely valuable. They are also well written, in the main, and have a uniform high seriousness, as if the tone had been taken in concert. There are occasional blemishes, as where a writer calls Her-

rick "a pagan and a hedonist." The jolly parson was no doubt intensely Greek in feeling, and a lover of pleasure; but there was no need to ransack the dictionary to find an epithet. This is part of the influence of Taine on the rising critics, — the attempting to epitomize a character in one dashing phrase. There are evident marks of care in most of these prefaces, but their value to readers will depend upon the interest felt in the several subjects.

This brings us to consider whether all the poems and extracts gathered in these volumes are worthy of preservation. An anthology, a collection of blossoms, should have the best specimens, all the best, and only the best. The only latitude allowed the collector is in respect to the varying standards of excellence in the successive centuries. Gower was satisfied with verses that we find harsh and dry. We may agree with the editor and his senate that Gower should be represented; we only stipulate that he shall be represented in due perspective from this century, and not as he appeared to admirers in his own time.

In this view we must consider that too much space has been allowed to the early poets, Chaucer excepted. Considered in themselves, and omitting for the time the historical connection, the poems of Lydgate and Occleve, as well as "the morall Gower," have very little interest for any readers. These poets of the old dispensation are to be preserved by the literary annalist; they should not have more than twenty dreary lines apiece in an anthology.

There is another class of so-called poets; which should have been excluded on another ground. We refer to the writers in Scotch and other Northern dialects between the age of Chaucer and that of Spenser. It is an English anthology that is offered to us, and it does not matter that Scotland is now a part of the kingdom; because the same is true of Ireland, Wales, and the Isle of Man. We are to trace the current of English speech and of English poetry back through legitimate channels; we do not preserve the dialectic offshoots. No part of our poetical lineage is derived from Douglas or Dunbar. The time was when many contemporaneous forms of speech prevailed in the island; but it was settled at a comparatively early period which of them was to be developed into the national language. The influences that led to the predominance of London were decisive against the Northern variations. Says John of Trevisa, in the fourteenth century, "Al the longage of the Northumbres, and specialych at York, ys so scharp, slytting and frotyng, and unshape, that we Southeron men may that longage unnethe [*scarcely*] understonde. Y trowe that this ys bycause a buth [*they are*] nygh to strange men and aliens that speketh strangelych, and also by cause that the Kinges of Engelond woneth [*are used to dwell*] alway fer fram that contray: For a buth [*they are*] more yturnd to the south contray; and gef a goth [*if they go*] to the north contray, a goth with gret help and strength. The cause why a buth [*they are*] more in the south contray than in the north may be betre cornlond, more people, more noble cytes and more profytable havenes."

The Act of Union could not be retroactive; it could not annex the uncouth dialect of the North, nor make Englishmen heirs of Scottish tradition. The Scotch dialect blossomed in Burns, and as a literary medium may be said to have ended with him. The old speech still haunts the rural firesides, but it is doomed to extinction. That Scotchmen should have a living interest in their royal Jamie, and in other Northern poets cited in this work, is not strange; but to Englishmen they are foreign. Perhaps they could be tolerated if they were brilliant, or even mildly interesting, but they are worse than uncouth; they are

dull. It is with a gatherer of flowers that we are dealing, and we have a right to object to thistles.

Chaucer is to be mastered only by patient study; but when his style has become familiar, what scenes are open to our view! The England of that day lives eternally in his pages. Piers Plowman also repays the student an hundred fold; but the same cannot be said of the other poets before Spenser. In Morley's invaluable Tables the names may be seen ranged at the top of their life-lines; and the records of their works stand like sepulchral memorials. A literary historian may consult them; a philologist or grammarian may find kernels of use in their barren pages; but no other man will have patience with their whistling, croaking verse.

Between Chaucer and Spenser there were two poets only in whom the reading public retains an interest, — Wyatt and Surrey. The judgment of Taine in this respect was right: "Must we quote all these good people, who speak without having anything to say?"

It will be impossible, as it would be undesirable, to go over the volumes in detail. We will say in general that the editors have been liberal and tolerant, and the list of poets is considerably larger, we think, than any American scholar would have made it; that is to say, there are specimens in the volumes which are not truly poetical, and scarcely worth preserving.

That Sidney was in many respects a man of vivid genius is undeniable; but it is Sir Philip, the peerless knight and the lamented hero of Zutphen, rather than the sonnetteer and the Arcadian romancer, of whom mankind have such a fond remembrance. It seems to us that the merits of his verse are somewhat overstrained in Miss Ward's delightful essay. He uses our tongue with manly vigor, and makes thought at once eloquent and melodious; but it is an intellectual fire that we observe. The sonnets are classic in form, and the lines show frequently a mastery of expression; but they move us no more than a Latin epitaph. It is pleasant, though, to see the enthusiasm of the lady who has had charge of the memory of the immortal youth; and we must applaud the effect produced by her able sketch and the accompanying specimens, albeit they are rather numerous in comparison with those given of much greater men.

The great brotherhood of dramatists that preceded and surrounded Shakespeare are generally well treated; but the estimate of the great bard himself is far more satisfying. The essayist, Professor Dowden, has confined himself mainly to the elucidation of the sonnets and of the Venus and Adonis. It is true, there is great difficulty in presenting extracts from plays; but an essayist who offers to us his views upon Shakespeare as a poet, and omits all reference to the mines of golden ore in his dramas, appears to have thrown away his most valuable material.

Milton, of all the "tuneful choir," is shown with most art and with most splendor of effect. The selections are numerous, as they should be, and are unquestionably the best. The introductory essay, by Mark Pattison, author of the life of Milton in Morley's series, English Men of Letters, considering its limits, is beyond comparison the ablest and most thorough presentation of the merits of our great Puritan poet yet made. It is a model of good taste, and is full of valuable suggestions upon the subject of poetic art. The singular perfection of this essay — the power of clear thinking and clear statement, as well as the exquisite perception of beauty which it shows — makes us regret that an author so admirably fitted for literary criticism had not been assigned a larger share in the work.

The second volume contains fewer great names, and less poetry of the highest order. From the time of Mil-

ton there is a period of gradual decline; but the lack of strength is almost made up by the affluence of beauty, the charm of sentiment, and the sparkle of wit. Dryden's stately music, the pastorals of Wither, the songs of Carew, most refined of lovers, and of Herrick, steeped in sentimental languor, yet striking the British harp with the sure hand of a Greek, the delicate fancies of Suckling, the manly dignity of Lovelace, the quaint conceits of holy George Herbert, and the masculine energy of Donne, — these are treasures of which any people might be proud. They are peculiarly English; and the literature of no other nation is so rich in poetry of this order, — not great, not heroic, not world famous, but delightful and inexhaustible.

In the third volume there are a few eminent names, Pope, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, and Burns being the chief. It also contains a number that are historical, and for that reason demand mention, and not a few that might have been advantageously omitted from a work like this. For the mere pleasure of reading no one will take up such writers of verse as William Walsh, Sir Samuel Garth, Allan Ramsay, John Armstrong, William Somerville, Matthew Green, John Byrom, Richard Glover, Mark Akenside, Christopher Smart, Thomas Warton, and others that might be named. No one will read Dr. Johnson's ponderous heroics or the filth of Dean Swift more than once.

The Scotch seem to be well represented in Mr. Ward's senate, and there is a superfluity of their Bœotian verse. The specimens of Robert Fergusson, for instance, must have been brought in, we suppose, as a kind of Ollendorff's exercises in the Northern *patois*. There is no other reason apparent. By constantly referring to the foot-notes the sense of the lines can be gathered, and when that is done the utter absence of poetry is manifest.

We must repeat that our interest in the greater number of eighteenth-century poets is purely due to the historical continuity. People read Addison's Blenheim to see of what wretched verse the author of perfect prose could be guilty. They must give some study to the rhymed eloquence of Pope, the royal dwarf who lorded it over all the wits and poets of his time, and whose influence reached far beyond his century. They will skim over the moral platitudes of Young, the Tupper of his age, and smile at their affected inversions, — as if a prose sentence became poetical by turning it inside out.

Of the memoirs in the third volume, the best, incomparably, is that of Collins, by Algernon Swinburne. It is brief, far too brief, and it is itself almost a poem. It is such an estimate as none but a poet could have made, and its illustrations, drawn from the poetic painters of modern landscapes, — such as Corot and Millet, — are suggestive of ideas and feelings that elude any direct expression. This little essay, so instinct with feeling and so rich in color, is in vivid contrast with the perfunctory style of some other writers in the same volume.

Matthew Arnold's memoir of Gray is one of the longest, and is on the whole unsatisfactory. It would seem that the author is not quite settled in his own mind as to the genius of Gray, and he accompanies himself with inharmonic quotations from all sorts of people. The best parts of the essay are those that treat of the varied learning and acquirements of the poet. The selections include nearly every poem of value. Mark Pattison's essay upon Pope is able and decisive. It is invaluable to the student, as it presents the literary history of the century in a just and clear light. Mr. Ward, the editor, furnishes the memoir of Cowper, which is pleasant and appreciative. Goldsmith is perhaps too lightly estimated by Professor Dowden. Burns is reviewed by an able writer, Dr.

Service; and though, after the matchless essay of Carlyle, all other judgments must appear cold and inadequate, still in this modest introduction the character of the people's poet and the traits of his genius are well set forth. William Blake, artist and poet, is sympathetically treated by J. Comyns Carr.

As we come to the end we have a feeling of disappointment, because the great poets who are still living are excluded. A volume of modern poetry in which we do not find Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Morris, Rossetti, and Aubrey De Vere can hardly be satisfactory to American readers. Some of the best of nineteenth-century poets are singing yet. Some of the dead are omitted that deserve mention, and some are treated with unreasonable severity. Macaulay was not a great poet, but his Roman ballads are fully as good as the poems of Praed, or Tennant, or Mrs. Hemans. The tone in which that learned and powerful writer is mentioned is almost contemptible. It sounds like a tory strain, or perhaps is caught from the prevailing but unacknowledged feeling of Oxford against Cambridge. Horace Smith was not a great poet, either, but his Hymn to the Flowers will be remembered after many of the minor poems in these volumes have been forgotten.

In the last volume the disadvantages of having memoirs and estimates by different hands are painfully apparent. The separate judgments do not accord. Sir Henry Taylor has much to say of Southey, whose Oriental temples and domes of gilded words are as far as possible from poetic creations. His Battle of Blenheim, with its parrot-like refrain "For 't was a famous victory," his quaint address To a Spider, and his Stanzas Written in My Library comprise about all the poetry he ever wrote. Mr. J. A. Symonds presents Lord Byron to us as a splendid genius, with some faults, to be sure, and calls his Don Juan one of the great poems of the century; and the dean of St. Paul's, R. W. Church, properly exalts Wordsworth as the great philosophical poet of our times. That these views are totally discordant it needs no argument to show. Between Wordsworth and Byron the distance is as great as between Gabriel and Mephistopheles, — between the peddler of the Excursion and Byron's Lara. Of the article on Wordsworth it may be said that it is a well-reasoned and a correct statement by a careful and finished writer; but it cannot for a moment be compared with the essay by Lowell upon the same subject. In Lowell's vigorous, allusive, and ornate sentences there are thoughts and images beyond the power of any but a highly poetical mind.

The characterization of Coleridge, by Walter H. Pater, is at once acute and felicitous. In the quality of pure imagination Coleridge ranks among the first of poets, and his psychological studies gave him a singular insight into the labyrinths of human feeling. All this is clearly reasoned and charmingly expressed. The illustrations of his imaginative power cited in the essay are numerous and to the point.

Landor is treated by Lord Houghton (Richard Monckton Milnes) at considerable length. Concerning this great man and great genius it may be said that no poems of any age are more completely "caviare to the general" than his. They are pure as crystals, fine cut as antique cameos, but wanting in human interest, because addressed to the intellectual faculties, and never to the emotional nature.

Matthew Arnold's essay upon Keats shows the critic in his liveliest vein. The biographical portion is somewhat discursive, but it affords a vivid picture of the man; and in the critical estimate the qualities of his genius and his place among England's noblest poets are clearly shown.

The admirers of Shelley will be pleased to notice the ample space given to the most ethereal, most poetical, of poets. The selections are admirable, as is natural; for how could any one possessed of the least taste go amiss? The essay, which, if not thoroughly critical, is lucid, appreciative, and interesting, is by Frederic W. H. Myers.

But it will be impossible to notice the separate articles in detail. There is evidence throughout of careful study and of a spirit of fairness; and if the whole impression is in some respects confusing, it is because entire unity is impossible in the work of so many laborers. The focal distance varies in the optical instruments of different observers. In some few instances space seems to have been wasted, as in the pages given to Thomas Peacock and T. L. Beddoes. It is difficult to consider such verses classic or even interesting. In other instances the difficulty appears to be in making quotation serve any fair purpose. This is so with regard to Mrs. Browning, an author whose power is undeniable, but not exerted in short, single impulses. The just impression of her poetry is to be obtained only by continuous reading. Vires acquirit eundo.

On the whole, it should be said that the bringing together of so many fine and thoughtful essays by so many different writers, animated by similar high purposes and finished with such literary art, is something that inspires a hearty admiration for the intellectual resources of the mother country.

We have reserved our remarks upon the Historical Introduction for the last. Such an essay may be likened to the portico of a building, and it should be appropriate in every sense to the main structure. The author, Matthew Arnold, has endeared himself to this generation by his liberal views and his generous sympathy with everything tending to elevate and refine mankind. His mind exhibits in full fruition the effects wrought by poetry in a serene, lovely spirit and a noble humanity. It is natural that in a work of coöperation like this he should have a prominent place. The historian begins with the Provençal poetry, dwells with some emphasis upon Chaucer, passes by Spenser and Shakespeare, dismisses Milton with a word, states the cases of Dryden and Pope, glances at Gray, expatiates at some length upon Burns (who is not an English poet), and then suddenly ends. The retrospect is rapid and erratic, and leaves a painful sense of incompleteness, not to say of irrelevancy. It is a survey of only rare portions of the field, and is not founded upon any philosophical view of the eras of development. We must add that, in the preliminary discussion upon the vital essence of poetry, he has almost wholly missed the mark. A specimen of verse might be accurately described in the terms he employs which should yet be destitute of poetry. The best statement is that in poetry "thought and art are one." He tells us that poetry "has a mark, an accent, of high beauty and power." What the mark or accent is he does not state. He quotes Aristotle as saying that poetry as compared with history is characterized by "higher truth and a higher seriousness." To this truth and seriousness, he says, must be added the charm of "diction and movement." When he comes to give instances, he refers rather pleonastically to Chaucer's "divine liquidness of diction and divine fluidity of movement." He dwells lingeringly on the line,

"O martyr souded in virginitee,"

the rhythm of which is not superior to hundreds that could be quoted from the great bard. But the supreme instance he gives of the high poetic accent is a line of Dante, which he quotes three times: —

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace."

If nothing more can be said to show

the inherent quality of poetry than is set down in this Historical Introduction, and if there are no more signal instances of the sublime and beautiful in English verse than are here cited, then the labors of critics have been vain, and this anthology is a waste of labor.

The reader, we think, will recognize the fact that the great element which Mr. Arnold has overlooked is imagination. Doubtless he has the limitations of other critics, and feels what he does not adequately express. We are willing to believe this; otherwise, poetry with him, like the unvitalized religion satirized by St. Paul, would be like "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

Against these vague and disappointing definitions we will set some sentences from Mr. Pattison's essay: "Milton, like all poets of the first order, knew, or rather felt, that human action or passion is the only subject of poetry. This is no mere conventional rule, established by the critics or by custom; it rests upon the truth that poetry must be the vehicle of emotion. Poetry is an address to the feelings and imagination, not to the judgment and the understanding. The world and its cosmical processes, or nature and natural scenery, are in themselves only objects of science. They become matter for the poet only after they have become impregnated with the joys and distresses, the hopes and fears, of man. . . . Descriptive poetry is in fact a contradiction in terms. . . . To exhibit in space is the privilege of the arts of design. Poetry, whose instrument is language, involves succession in time, and can only present that which comes to pass under one of its two forms, action or passion."

"Milton was in possession of this secret, . . . in virtue of the intensity of human passion which glowed in his bosom; . . . the imagery is there not for its own sake; it is the vehicle of the personal feelings of the Man."

"The Addison-Johnson criticism, which regarded a poem as made up of images and propositions in verse, could not teach the truth. So the poets went to work to describe scenery. And our collections are filled with verse, didactic and descriptive, which, with many merits of style and thought, has no title to rank as poetry."

This sound doctrine and its corollaries should have been placed at the beginning, and should have guided the selections and comments throughout. But, with all drawbacks, we are bound to say that this collection of English poetry is by far the best which has been made within similar limits. The reading public will be grateful for such care and taste as the work displays.

Francis H. Underwood.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Appreciation is the life-breath of all art. Without it the poet fails to sing at his best, and the actor repeats his text coldly. But applause in the wrong places is worse than none at all, since it encourages bad taste and mediocrity. I was struck with the extraordinary humor of the audience that recently witnessed the first representation of Daniel Rochat in Boston. A Boston audience is not, as a rule, enthusiastic, but it is keenly appreciative. Though the silence may be unbroken, the actor is assured that he is receiving a rare kind of intelligent attention. A famous tragedian once told me that he would rather act in Boston than in any city in the world, though a less demonstrative

audience was not to be found anywhere. Knowing this, I was rather surprised, on the opening night of Sardou's comedy, by the frequent rounds of applause that greeted the play. Without plot or situations in the stage sense, Daniel Rochat is as thrilling as a skillful melodrama; it is absorbingly interesting from the first scene to the last, and there are passages in it that cannot be too warmly applauded. But imagine a Boston audience skipping these places, and applauding to the skies the brutally atheistical vagaries of Daniel Rochat! One would have said, A theatre full of atheists! Yet there was probably not a man nor a woman among the spectators who would not have been shocked by the charge. The honors of the evening were divided between the cynical and satanic Dr. Bidache and the great orator who held that God was an exploded idea fit for children. The cleverness with which the two *rôles* were sustained does not explain the matter, and no other explanation offers itself. It was simply an inexplicable case of applause in the wrong places. Another instance of a like nature, though not so curious, is furnished me by a correspondent: —

Stormy applause was excited in several of our large cities by Signor Campanini's performance in the third act of La Favorita, which, however, as an impersonation, was a gross blunder. Everybody who has seen Campanini in the opera of Carmen must acknowledge the talent and power of his acting Don José, which gains terrible force in the explosion of jealousy when he is forced to leave the gypsy Carmen among the contrabandists, after his rival the *toreador* has found out her retreat. The darkening hue, the swollen throat, the bursting veins, every look, tone, motion, betrayed the conflict between the last emotion of filial love and piety and all the brutal passions; when the good angel momentarily triumphs, one feels that the man has been torn to pieces in the struggle, and will fall an easy prey to the demons who are still waiting to seize him. The conception was perfectly true to the character and the circumstances; there was but one adverse criticism to be made, — it was too violent and realistic for the lyric stage. In the Favorita everything is different: the scene, instead of being a mountain pass, is a palace; the *dramatis personæ* are a king, a great lady, a young officer who has been brought up in a monastery, grandees, and courtiers; there is not even jealousy, — only undeception and despair. In the libretto, which is by Scribe, the situation is risky enough, when a subject tears off the decoration, breaks the sword, and refuses the bride which have been bestowed upon him by his sovereign, in the royal presence and full court. Only the most dignified and self-restrained bearing renders the action dramatically possible. Campanini stamped, bellowed, flung Leonora about, and shook his fists in the king's face. At his first gesture the guards should have dragged him out of sight. Yet audiences who ought to have known better clapped, shouted, rose to their feet, and had him out before the curtain two or three times. How is Campanini to know better?

— I am not a lover of biography, but I feel sure that I should enjoy more of this literature if it were better in its kind. Without being prepared to define the ideal biography, I have arrived at some notion of what the best biography is not. In the first place, it is not too long; most Lives are too long by half, or at least one third. Biographers appear to grow too fond of their labor, and put in much of what were better left out. No incident or trait is too trivial to insert which in any real sense helps to reveal the man, but much of what goes to swell the pages of the ordinary biography is there only because the writer of it has fancied that, his subject being a great or notable person,

nothing that he said or did could be without interest. Biographers are often without the sense of proportion; they seem impelled by a mistaken conscientiousness to put in everything they know, rather than to sift and resift their material until what remains is of real value. Take the life of Baroness Bunsen: a third of those fat volumes might have been done away with, and we should know her equally well. After learning that she and her husband were on terms of intimate acquaintance with distinguished persons of all sorts, and having read in Madame Bunsen's Diary that she dined to-day with this one, and yesterday with that one, what profit is there in reading pages full of the same mere brief mention, when, as in many cases, nothing of conversation is recorded?

Lives of literary men are perhaps least interesting, for the reason that we already have the best of them in their writings; but there are of course exceptional cases of marked individualities, where a knowledge of the man's private life is a most useful supplement to and commentary upon his written utterances. Lives of Shelley and Byron are numerous, but we hardly feel that we know everything about them yet. I often have a feeling, when reading memoirs, that the unfortunate subject of inquiry and discussion would decidedly object to such dissection of his private self, if he could have a voice in the matter, and it hardly seems an excuse for taking the liberty with him that he cannot possibly prevent our doing so. It is a consolation for being an entire nonentity that the world will not be concerned to take possession of and pull one to pieces after one is gone, to ascertain judicially what manner of man one was. Our curiosity may be natural, but I am not sure it is quite justifiable, to know all that can be known about dead notabilities. I suppose there will be a Life of George Eliot forthcoming, but I, for myself, am willing to forego all the information it may contain, for I am certain that she would have intensely disliked such personal scrutiny. If biographies must be written, however, they ought to be done by competent hands, for a superficial account of a man or woman is sure to be an untrue one. The friend chosen to write the life of another because of his superior opportunities for knowing his subject intimately may in reality know less of him than another man who, with slighter familiar acquaintance, has had a keener insight into the character before him.

— Why do not our preachers study oratory? As preachers, not pastors, their business is to work a certain effect, and all helps to its production it should be a part of their education to learn. I presume I shall not be misunderstood to mean the effect of displaying self, and winning admiration for personal gifts. What the true preacher seeks to do is to inform the intellect with Christian truth; to stir the heart, and thereby influence the will, of his hearers. Half the sermons annually preached are, so far as human insight goes, a waste of labor and breath. Two things partly account for this: one is that a majority of the men set to preach are out of their real vocation, — good pastors they may be, but fit preachers they are not; another is that those with more aptitude for preaching do not yet understand the means to be employed to attain their object. Being of a clerical stock myself, I have become observant and critical in this matter. I am free to confess that most sermons bore me. By the way, it is a very convenient though not a seemly fashion the English have of walking coolly out of church at sermon-time, when disinclined to listen. I have seen a British yeoman leave his seat in the choir of Salisbury Cathedral, and walk deliberately out, with his spurs clanking over the marble floor in front of his bishop's pulpit. The

dullness of the average English sermon surpasses ours, and perhaps excuses these misdemeanors. It is not the length of a sermon that can overcome me, provided it be of good quality, but the incapacity of the preacher for his task often distresses and depresses the soul. How many a worthy man proceeds comfortably through his lifeless discourse, satisfied that such truths as he has to utter must of themselves carry conviction home! Sometimes the preacher has some conception of the needs of human nature, and knows that the truest truths fail to move when put before men in a dull, dry way; perhaps he does his best to acquire a good style, and succeeds in making an ably-written discourse. But when he comes into his pulpit to give it to his people, where is the impression it should produce? What becomes of his choice words, his considered sentences? There they lie upon the page he holds: he proceeds to read them. Why do they fail of any result? It is for want of delivery, of the oratorical art of making mere words "tell." His faithful effort goes for little; he seems to his hearers to be reading something to them, as he is, — not to be speaking to them from the heart. All this was exemplified in a sermon I heard a Sunday or two ago. The preacher's thoughtful, earnest discourse was too essay-like in style, and full of those long sentences which give the listener's attention excuse for wandering; but at the last he dropped his paper, and went on with an extempore addition to his sermon, as fervent as it was unpremeditated. He spoke of the truth of revelation proving itself to the individual conscience, of the inward witness for heavenly things.

"Now, while my voice is speaking to you, you hear another Voice," he said, in an awed undertone. For a moment the congregation seemed verily listening for the Voice, so hushed was the church. "Suppose that now, while I were speaking," the preacher went on in the same tone, "before I had finished what I have to say, the time of judgment were come, the roof of this church were lifted, and the heavens opened above you: you would be the judges of your own selves, and know your places on the right hand or on the left." It was not the words alone that startled the congregation into perfect silence, but the preacher's voice, his look, his gesture, the sense that the things he spoke of were vivid realities. He had no notion of making an oratorical effect, but unconsciously he had wrought one. A little more of the orator's instinct or training would have made him stop just there, without another word; but alas, he continued for five minutes longer, and brought his hearers down from the heavens to the ordinary level before he ceased. A man with no gift for extempore speaking, and who is obliged to write out his discourse in full, may yet give it the air of a true *sermo*, and gain all the advantage which a talk, a speech, must always have over anything that is merely read.

— It seems to me that in his wonderful Jeanne d'Arc picture Le Page has committed a blunder. The spectator of sensibility likes to be credited with some power of imagination, and the imagination left to itself is certainly able to furnish a less definite, but more powerfully effective, picture of the vision that inspired the hero-hearted peasant girl than any pictorial representation like this of the mailed woman and the mourning shapes attendant. Nor are these necessary in order to inform us of the precise moment of her life when we see her. The face tells all. Next to the face one notices the attitude; without grace, the figure has yet that fine poise with which rustic women so often hold themselves, and the steady limbs, the fallen hand, and the one that has unconsciously grasped the tree twig are in harmony with the unbeautiful but glorified peasant countenance. Except the figure, the coloring seems to me horribly bad,

the grass untrue and sickly in tone, and the foliage having that spotty distinctness which real trees never have. But that face is such a triumph of art! It is a picture one is not content to look at and admire, — one wants to own it; but I am not sure that if it were mine I should not be tempted to cut out the figure, and frame it by itself alone.

— I suppose the world of literary people may be somewhat roughly divided into clever, cultured, and intellectual persons, though of course any two, or all three, adjectives may sometimes apply to one individual. Yet how commonly the words are confounded, and the different terms, which do express real differences of mental faculty, bestowed at random, not only upon authors of note but upon any man or woman supposed to be given to books! I often think of a little story Mrs. Gaskell tells of Charlotte Brontë when at school. The girls were talking of Dr. Johnson, and some of them spoke of him as clever. Charlotte objected to the epithet, saying, "He has not a bit of *cleveralty* in him." Her comrades, who were one and all incapable of appreciating the distinction she drew between cleverness and other kinds of mental power, unanimously pounced upon her for making use of such a self-made, un-English word as "cleveralty." Of course Charlotte knew what the proper word was, but happening to lose it at the moment, in the eagerness of discussion she coined a very good substitute. People who do not read at all find "literary" their word of good command for all those who know a little more than they do. Persons in the habit of reading books of a good character — a commendable habit, whether or not they enter into them with a perfect intelligence — are fond of the term "intellectual," which they generously apply to any one whose reading they know extends a little farther or goes a little deeper than theirs. I have myself been called "clever," "literary," and "intellectual," to my mingled amusement and annoyance; the first adjective being specially absurd, as, in Charlotte Brontë's words, I have n't a bit of cleveralty in me. It shows how easily reputations are gained, even when they have been rather avoided than sought. Atlantic readers have perhaps heard of the lady who invited a gentleman to her house to "meet some minds," — the only word she thought comprehensive enough to characterize her select circle of the initiated in literature. So far am I from being a "mind" that I confess the precise meaning of the word "intellectual" only lately defined itself to me, and that by the aid of another. Speaking of a young lady, not of my acquaintance, whose acquirements I knew to be rather uncommon, she having pursued linguistic studies farther than many men into the Hebrew, Sanskrit, Anglo-Saxon, etc., I inconsiderately called her intellectual. "No, she is not intellectual," replied my friend, who knew the young lady tolerably well. "What is she, then?" "A young woman with a taste for study, brought up under the influence of an intellectual man." "And an intellectual person is — what?" "One who thinks for himself, uses his own intellect to some purpose." My friend's definition reduces the number of intellectual people considerably, but no doubt he is right. That reading does not necessarily make a cultivated person is a truth not generally apparent, even to conscientious readers who suppose themselves to be going through a process of cultivation. There is comparatively small pleasure in talking of books and subjects connected with literature with an uncultured person, however he may be in the habit of reading; while in the presence of cultivated men or women almost the first word reveals that their reading has been assimilated and become a part of their mental substance, so to speak, and there is felt at once a common ground to move upon, an unspoken understanding of each other's

point of view. A circle of a dozen or two of ladies meet together for the diligent improvement of their minds, and an outsider may see that, so far as true culture is concerned, the ladies are no further advanced at the end of the year than at the beginning. They have read a number of books, gained considerable information of one sort or another, and enjoyed the occupation more or less, and yet have not exercised their own reflective powers; they have paid exclusive attention, perhaps, to the subject matter of the volumes, and neglected the form, the purely literary qualities, which to the man of culture are nearly as important as the substance. I suppose, however, that the literary instinct, the capacity for culture, is largely a gift of nature; it may be entirely such.

It is noticeable that while cleverness and culture, or culture and intellect, often go together, it is rare to find what we call cleverness in company with strong intellectual power.

— A curious instance of the ease with which taxation of personal property may be evaded came lately under my notice in one of the Western States. A firm of capitalists requested a lawyer to draw a legal instrument which would enable them to lend money on the security of land, and be at the same time entirely free from any liability for local taxes on the secured debt. By the plan he devised the mortgagor shifts his legal status into that of tenant for a term of years and prospective purchaser; the mortgagee shifts his into that of landlord and vendor. The money-lender receives a deed instead of a mortgage. This is of course recorded. The borrower receives a lease of the land at a yearly rent equal to the annual interest on the sum received for purchase money. Embodied in the same instrument is a contract for sale, by which the landlord agrees to convey the land to the tenant at the expiration of the lease on receipt of the same sum for which he bought it of him, and further a clause whereby the tenant agrees to *pay all the taxes* assessed on the property during his term. If there are any buildings on the land the usual insurance clause may be inserted. There is also the usual covenant for repairs, etc., to be made by the tenant. Immediate possession is given; indeed, the possession of the borrower is not interrupted. The gist of the transaction is exactly the same as if money were borrowed and a mortgage given in security, but by the ingenious changes in the usual legal phraseology the vexed question whether the lender can be compelled to pay taxes on the mortgage as personal property is definitely settled in the negative.

This means of evading the taxation of mortgages has been submitted to the scrutiny of the highest legal talent, and has been pronounced safe and effectual. One would suppose that the original owner of the land would be reluctant to part with the title, but experience proves that a man who is ready to sign a mortgage does not hesitate to sign a deed; and after all, his rights in the land are as secure in one case as in the other. They depend on the repayment of a certain sum of money, whether it is denominated purchase money or principal. His lease and contract must be foreclosed before his "equity of redemption" is terminated. As a fact, a great deal of money has been lent on this form of landed security. The chance of any question arising between two state governments is avoided, as well as the liability of the tenant to double taxation; for his leasehold interest is plainly an imperfect title to land on which the taxes have already been paid. The capitalist is of course protected by the tax receipts from any claim on the part of the State.

Thus, if we admit that mortgages are rightly subject to taxation, a mere change of names, without the slightest change in the essential relations between the borrower, the lender, and the security,

renders them exempt. Such a *reductio ad absurdum* proves the soundness of the position that property ought to be taxed, not the evidences of it. Notes, bonds, mortgages, stock certificates, etc., are in the last analysis merely documentary proof that some one else has your property, and the presumption is that the possessor has been taxed to support the legal machinery which insures him peaceable possession of it. The same ingenious legal fictions might be applied to all of these forms of personal property. A note merely proves that some one has hired your money; a certificate of stock that a stranger has possession of your part of a railroad. Why should they not pay for the law which defends them, not you, against thieves, deadheads, or rioters? At all events, two assessments should not be levied on the same subject matter. If you invoke the aid of the law, it is for the purpose of regaining possession, and then *you pay the costs*, and afterwards you pay the taxes on the property itself, if you are so fortunate as to obtain it. If state taxation were based on the "essential nature of things" ingenious legal subterfuges would be of no avail to avoid it, the demoralizing temptation to resort to them would be removed, and the burden of supporting our state establishment would be more equally distributed.

— As a contribution to the discussion on the relative position of married women in Germany and in America, I would propose to offer the testimony of an extremely intelligent German lady. After living for some years in America she expressed to me her opinion that the condition of a married woman in America was altogether better than in Germany. The Germans made excellent lovers, *gemüthlich* and *schwärmerisch;* they were excellent in society, capital at moonlight sieges of windows and serenades. But once married, the former obsequious lover became bearish and careless. This and much more corresponded closely with the delineation given by the clever Englishwoman in Fraser's Magazine, and afterwards republished in a volume.

But it is not necessary to seek for such testimony: the Germans have themselves given in their literature all the evidence requisite. No one can be familiar with the German novels of the day without seeing indicated on every page the humiliating position accorded to women in Germany. Take Auerbach, for example, whose pictures of life and character in rural Germany are held by his fellow countrymen to be most accurate. His Barfuessele is the history of a girl of uncommon force of character and intellect: the position which she is compelled from first to last to accept relatively to her guardians, her lover and his parents, is one which no American country girl, however poor and friendless, would accept or be expected to. In city life the same state of affairs appears to exist, and will be found constantly implied in the incidents of the novels of Heyse, Detlef, Werner, Marlett, and others. Not but what there is much married happiness in Germany, but the expectations of the wife are pitched lower than with us: she is to do more work and to be more submissive. A German girl may be happy as the wife of an American, but it does not seem possible that any American girl can be happy as the wife of a German. Of the first-mentioned sort of union I have seen instances that turned out well, but have never either known or heard of an American girl who married in Germany and did not regret the act.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Science. Mr. G. P. Brown, in his Sewer-Gas and its Dangers (Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.), gives the result of careful investigations made for the purpose of ascertaining to what extent improper drainage is responsible for sickness in our great cities. The author does not claim to have written a scientific treatise, nor to have dealt with the technical mysteries of plumbing. His little essay is just what it professes to be, — a sensible, straightforward statement of the defects which he found in the system of sewerage adopted in Chicago. For Chicago the reader may easily substitute New York, or Philadelphia, or Boston. — D. Appleton & Co. have reprinted Anthropology, an Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization, by Edward B. Tylor, D. C. L. The work, which addresses itself to the cultured reader rather than to the scientist, is profusely illustrated. — George M. Beard, M. D., has furnished a supplement to his treatise on Neurasthenia, entitled American Nervousness: Its Causes and its Consequences. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.) — The Disposal of the Dead, by Edward J. Bermingham, A. M., M. D., is a plea for cremation. (Bermingham & Co.)

Poetry. In this department we have Giorgio and Other Poems, by Stuart Sterne, the author of Angelo (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); A Little Child's Monument, by the Hon. Roden Noel (London: C. Kegan, Paul & Co.); The Perfect Day and Other Poems, by Ina D. Coolbrith (published by subscription); and The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk, by George Houghton (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Each of these volumes is entitled to praise: Giorgio for a certain dramatic strength, and Roden Noel's Child's Monument for its delicate versification; Miss Coolbrith's poems have here and there fine lyrical qualities, and Mr. Houghton's picturesque Northern legend is well worthy of its present tasteful resetting. This poem was originally published in pamphlet form for private circulation. — Some one who withholds his name from the title-page has turned Tennyson's poem of The Princess into a play. (Lee & Shepard.) The dramatization is not very skillfully done. The playwright has overlooked several of the most effective points in the narrative, and deliberately eliminated the delicate humor of the poem. The idea of making a parlor drama of it was charming.

Fiction. The month has not been very prolific in novels, but the list is notable since it embraces Synnöve Solbakken, translated by Rasmus B. Anderson, from the Norse of Björnstjerne Björnson. This forms the initial volume of the complete collection of Björnson's novels and romances announced some time ago by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The same publishers have issued Miss Phelps's Friends: A Duet, and Edgar Fawcett's A Gentleman of Leisure. The former story, which has just run its course in The Atlantic Monthly, is certain of a wide popularity in book form, and equal good fortune may be predicted for Mr. Fawcett's charming and caustic picture of New York society. — In Mrs. Geoffrey (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) the readers of Molly Bawn and Phyllis will find something quite to their taste. — The Story of Helen of Troy (Harper & Brothers) is a society tale, of rather light texture. — It is rather difficult to class Hidden Power (G. W. Carleton & Co.): so much fiction is mixed up with Mr. T. H. Tibbles's presentation of contemporary events that we must needs place his book among the novels. Hidden Power is a singularly felicitous title for a work of fiction in which literary power is so completely hidden. It is not, however, devoid of interest or entertainment. — In the Annals of Brookdale an anonymous author draws a pleasant idyllic picture of the typical New England village of twenty-five or thirty years ago. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) — The American readers of Hester Stretton — and she deservedly has a great many readers in this country — will warmly welcome the reprint of her Cobwebs and Cables. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) — The Chaplain of the Fleet, a capital novel by Walter Besant and James Rice, and The Miller's Daughter, by Annie Beale, are among the latest additions to the Franklin Square Library. — The most striking thing about Contrasts, by M. R. Grendel (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is its tasteless cover. It does injustice to a really clever story of Northern and Southern life. The latter half of the novel is more than clever. — The Rev. George H. Hepworth's little story is quite as feeble as its affected title, or rather its lack of title, would lead one to expect. (Harper & Brothers). The author christens his novelette with three exclamation points, and the production really is !!!. — MM. Sirven and Leverdier have fallen victims to the baleful idea of writing a sequel to Zola's Nana. The kindest thing that can be said of these two gentlemen is that they have failed in their attempt to be as "scientific" and revolting as Zola. (J. B. Peterson & Brothers.) — Happy-Go-Lucky, by the author of Rutledge (G. W. Carleton & Co.), is an advance on some of the writer's later novels, but is not so satisfactory as the story by which she first attracted her public. — The Count's Secret, translated from the lurid French of Émile Gaboriau (Estes & Lauriat), A Nihilist Princess, also a translation from the French (Jansen, McClurg & Co.), and Among the Hills, by E. F. Poynter, the author of My Little Lady and other charming tales of English life (Henry Holt & Co.), complete our list.

Literature. Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry, edited by the late Epes Sargent, is a handsome volume of nearly one thousand pages in double columns, neatly printed and admirably adapted for its purpose. Errors of taste and judgment are inevitable in compilation on so grand a scale: the present work contains as few mistakes as any poetical anthology with which we are acquainted. In the matter of selection, the

editors of cyclopædias of this kind usually follow in each other's footsteps, like Indians on a war-path. Mr. Sargent wisely struck out a course for himself, or at least sought to do so. In most instances he gives us not only fresh selections, but selections quite as excellent as the time-honored "specimens." — The little folks will hail with delight Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson's Stories from Old English Poetry. The stories are from Chaucer, Spenser, John Lyly, Robert Green, and Shakespeare. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — Charles Scribner's Sons have issued the fifth volume of Max Müller's Chips from a German Workshop, — a work whose interest and value are inadequately expressed by the title.

History and Biography. The Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII. during the Congress of Vienna has been issued in one handsome and marvelously low-priced volume by Charles Scribner's Sons. The work, which is excellently printed on good paper, is furnished with a carefully prepared biographical and geographical index, and sells at one dollar. The Correspondence also appears in the Franklin Square Library, and in a cloth edition at seventy-five cents. (Harper & Brothers.) — Fowler and Wells have issued the first volume of The History of Woman's Suffrage, edited by Elizabeth C. Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda J. Gage. The work is to be complete in two volumes, the first of which contains over eight hundred closely-printed pages, and is illustrated with numerous portraits on steel. — Edgar Quinet, his Early Life and Writings, by Richard Heath (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the latest addition to the English and Foreign Philosophical Library. It is an exposition of Quinet's writings rather than a narrative of his life, though the opening portion of the book is rich in delightful biographical studies. The deep interest taken in Quinet and his literary career is shown by the fact that the first edition of this work is already out of print. — An interesting biographical sketch of Count Agénor de Casparin, translated from the French of Thomas Borel, by Gen. O. O. Howard, comes to us from the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. A work of more immediate interest, however, is General Howard's account of Nez Perce Joseph. (Lee & Shepard.) The rights and wrongs of the Chief Joseph and the circumstances attending his pursuit and capture are matters that have been imperfectly understood by the public at large, and evidently not understood at all by several of those critics who have been most severe on General Howard's action in the case. — If the Lost Cause were not quite dead, Mr. Davis's history of The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy, in two ponderous volumes, would deal it a deadly blow. (D. Appleton & Co.) — Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. have added to their Popular Library Boswell and Johnson and The Rev. Rowland Hill.

Theological and Religious. We have to record three very important works: The Republic of God, an Institute of Theology, by Elisha Mulford, LL. D.; The Theistic Argument, by the late Professor Diman; and The Gospel of the Resurrection, by James Morris Whiton, Ph. D. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — In The Story of the Manuscripts (D. Lothrop & Co.) Mr. Merrill has undertaken to give a popular account of the manuscript history of the Scriptures of the New Testament. He traces the probable origin and destruction of the original documents, the copies and their distribution, the discovery of the leading manuscripts, and the work done by scholars in editing them. His work is executed in a spirit of affectionate interest, and he writes *con amore*. — It has become nearly impossible to keep the run of the various editions of the revised New Testament. The latest and in several respects the most satisfactory edition is the Comparative Edition. (Porter & Coates.) This work embraces the authorized version, known as King James's, and the new revised version arranged in parallel columns for comparison and reference. It is printed with large, clear-faced type on paper of good quality. Messrs. Lee & Shepard have issued an American reprint, which they state is an accurate and exact reproduction of the Oxford edition. Still another comes from Messrs. Harper & Brothers. In this edition the readings and renderings of certain passages preferred by the American Committee are printed as foot-notes.

Education and Text Books. In the series of School Bulletin publications (Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen) there have been published A Short History of Education, a reprint of the article Education from the Encyclopædia Britannica; the little book is edited, with considerable apparatus, by Prof. W. H. Payne, of University of Michigan; also DeGraff's Pocket Pronunciation Book, containing three thousand words of difficult pronunciation. — The publication of a manual, How to Use Wood-Working Tools (Ginn & Heath), is an agreeable intimation of the progress already made in the introduction of technological studies into elementary education. — In the Chautauqua Language Series (A. S. Barnes & Co.) there appears a Second German Book after the Natural or Pestalozzian Method for Schools and Home Instruction, by James H. Worman. It is meant for beginners in German, but it seems to be assumed that the beginners are children, the pictorial explanations having little other value. — Mr. Rolfe in his edition of Shakespeare has reached Coriolanus. (Harpers.) In his preface he recognizes Mr. Hudson, whose edition comes into comparison with his, and although his thrusts are good-natured we suspect this is the mild beginning of a controversy. Mr. Hudson may talk back.

Criticism. The Philosophy of Carlyle, by Edwin D. Mead, is a very thoughtful examination of that great writer's career, purpose, and influence. The voice of this book is in a different key from that of the voices now contending over the unlucky Reminiscences and their injudicious editor. The point of view from which Mr. Mead looks at the author of Sartor Resartus is indicated by the quotation from Emerson which figures on the fly-leaf: "Carlyle has, best of all men in England, kept the manly attitude in his time. . . . His errors of opinion are as nothing in comparison with this merit, in my judgment." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S
LITERARY BULLETIN

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**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

"**Synnove Solbakken**," the initial volume in the American edition of Björnson's remarkable novels, has been received with the heartiest favor. The New York *Tribune* says:—

It tells us, with a winning naturalness and directness, of the loves of a peasant lad and maiden, the children of neighboring farmers in a Norwegian valley; how they grew up admiring each other; how they fared at home; how the gentle nature of the girl softened the boy's rough character and tamed his wild disposition; and how they came together again at last after only such troubles and disappointments as might have happened in any country household. This outline promises little for the interest of the story; but the language and actions of the lovers are so delightfully and simply sketched, and the background of Norwegian scenery makes such a pleasant picture, that the book has a great deal of that peculiar fascination which belongs to the best of pastoral poetry.

"**A Gentleman of Leisure.**" — Mr. Edgar Fawcett's new story has already attracted marked attention. The New York *Express* says:—

It is the most truly American novel that has been given to the world in some time, for the reason that it teaches Americans — or, at all events, should teach them — what puny and puerile beings they become when they attempt to decry their own country and ape the idiosyncrasies of another.

The Boston *Traveller* finds this "study of American social life brilliant enough to fascinate the chance reader, profound enough to excite the interest of the philosopher," and says, "it is not probable that we shall see a brighter or more readable summer novel this season."

The Boston *Transcript* pronounces it "an amazingly clever book, the story well managed in the telling, the dialogue bright and sparkling, and the humor unforced and genuine." Clearly this is an excellent summer-book, like Mr. Fawcett's novel, "A Hopeless Case," which was so popular last summer.

Miss Phelps's "Friends" is a book to be talked over, and therefore a book to be read. People who are staying at mountain or seaside resorts find it a delightful and stimulating resource for a rainy day. The Boston *Journal* says:—

There are tenderness, pathos, gentleness, and beauty in the story, some flashes of humor, some reflections from the darker aspects of life caught from the gentle, brave, and womanly experiences of reformatory work which are a part of Miss Phelps's own life, and some very subtle and delicate touches in the study of character. Altogether, the story is well worth while — worth while to have written, worth while to have read; and wherever it goes it will appeal to all that is gentle and pure in the heart of the reader.

The *Transcript* declares that "Miss Phelps has never written a more perfect story," and adds: "It goes down at once, of course, on the list of summer books."

Parton's "Life of Voltaire" has received much attention from the press, and not a few readers will sympathize with one who said he found it so absorbingly interesting that he did not wish to come to the end. The New York *Herald* says:—

In congratulating Mr. Parton on the successful completion of this *magnum opus* we at the same time congratulate the English reading public in the possession of a treatise which leaves little to be desired as an exposition of either the life or the times of this most remarkable of Frenchmen. For in Mr. Parton's pages the life of his hero is everywhere set in its appropriate historical environment.

The American of Philadelphia remarks:—

Mr. Parton has a charming style, — a style which not only does credit to himself, but implies a compliment to his readers, being simple and natural, but with the grace which harmonizes with a cultivated mind and a sensitive ear, free alike from the artificial resonance of Macaulay and the pathetic eloquence of Motley.

The Springfield *Republican* observes that "the book with its good index and large type will be a treasure to all who can put it in their libraries."

The "Longfellow Leaflets," described last month, are enthusiastically welcomed by teachers as saving them the task of selecting, and themselves and their pupils the labor of copying, poems and prose passages for literary exercises. They will unquestionably be of great service in promoting love and appreciation of pure, ennobling literature. They must not, however, be restricted to schools; and the leaflet form will enable people who value good reading and recognize its vast importance, to distribute beautiful little poems attractively illustrated among children who might not be reached otherwise, and who by means of these leaflets may easily be led to love good books and pictures, and thus be helped unspeakably.

Four Books to be Read, but which there is not room to describe adequately this month, are Dr. Mulford's "Republic of God," which one of the leading thinkers in America pronounces "a colossal work of thought;" Dr. Whiton's "Gospel of the Resurrection," a thoughtful, reverent, inspiring work on a subject that greatly interests mankind; Professor Diman's "Theistic Argument," which the *Christian at Work* calls "a very thoughtful and richly suggestive volume;" and Mr. Mead's "Philosophy of Carlyle," which is well suited to recall readers from the painful "Reminiscences of Carlyle" to the undeniably great and permanent works which have been a source of instruction and irresistible stimulus to a host of the best minds in Christendom.

"**Giorgio**" is a poem for reading in the "cool, sequestered vales" or by the seashore. The *Boston Journal* says of it: —

The poem is written in unrhymed but melodious and well-sustained verse, and it tells a pathetic story of betrayed love. Giorgio, the young painter who is the central figure in the poem, loses his mistress through the treachery of his most cherished friend; and the fickleness and flight of his betrothed and the perfidy of his friend break his heart. The hot passions which are stirred into life under the Italian sun are well depicted, and the characters in the poem are excellent studies of their type. There is a languor and drowsiness in the verse which befit a romance of love, and although the ethical element is wanting, and it may be questioned whether much good comes from the telling a story which is so steeped in passion as this, the poem is all that it aims to be, an easy-flowing romance in verse, passionate in its springs and plot and pathetic in its tragedy of a consuming love.

"**The Legend of St. Olaf's Kirk**," of which a very tasteful new edition has just been published, is, according to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, —

One of the most elegant, beautifully written and most interesting tales in blank verse that has ever been written by an American. The legend is a Scandinavian one, and it has been finely told by Mr. George Houghton, in vigorous verse, in the language of which the lusty Anglo-Saxon words predominate. Mr. Tennyson himself could not have told the story better.

The Emerson and Longfellow Birthday Books are so rich in wise and beautiful sentences, and are so tasteful in their mechanical execution, that they quite charm everybody who sees them. The *New England Journal of Education*, speaking of the Emerson book says: —

It reconciles one who dreads to grow old to the fact that each year brings a birthday, if such charming volumes as the *Longfellow and Emerson Birthday Books* are among the possible gifts to be received as tokens of the remembrance of our friends. This book is beautiful without and within. The selections are choice and varied, philosophic, sensible, and practical, such as only the genius of Emerson can write.

The *Christian Union* remarks: —

Birthdays are really worth having when they are made the occasion of such a charming volume as the "Emerson Birthday Book."

The Boston *Journal* finds each "little book simply an exquisite and flawless specimen of book-making, beautiful alike in its contents and in the dress in which they are presented."

John Burroughs's Books are just in season now, and every memorandum of books for the summer's reading should have one or more of them. H. H. has been reading "Pepacton," the book recently published, and in *The Critic* speaks very heartily of them: —

Simply to read the titles of Mr. Burroughs's books is a pleasure. "Wake Robin," "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," "Locusts and Wild Honey," how much they reveal the man and tell of his work. He himself is a marvelous instance of what, in one of his finest felicities of phrase, he calls "A nameless quality that is akin to trees and growths, and the inarticulate forces of nature." Next to being John Burroughs, or going bee-hunting with him, is the reading of his books; and it sometimes seems as if it must be almost as good. There is in every word he writes about nature a subtle and elusive charm, which escapes your every attempt at definition; just as the precise charm of the successive moments of a day in the woods has fled from your memory at night, leaving behind, nevertheless, a consciousness greater than any mere remembering, and safe beyond all danger of being ever forgotten. The only quality of Mr. Burroughs's own nature which comes out in his writings is his passionate love of the outer world. We are with him, follow him, up hill and down; see all that he sees, and hear all that he hears; but no more of what he thinks, or feels, no more trace of his individual sorrow, joy, interpretations, ideals, do we know than if we had traveled with a deer or a swallow. His love and fidelity to the world into which he takes us keep us aglow; but he is like some royal guide or messenger, sworn dumb about himself, while he is commissioned to instruct us freely and lift us up into the realms of beautiful riches belonging to the sovereign he serves. Of the eight sketches which form this volume it is hard to choose which one may be said to be best. "Footpaths," "A Bunch of Herbs," "A White Day and a Red Fox," "Springs," and "An Idyl of the Honey Bee," — all are delicious reading.

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, of June 8, published on the second day of the centennial meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society, was a remarkably interesting and valuable number. It was entirely devoted to the reproduction of medical documents relating to the foundation of the society, and to letters, biographies, and fac-similes, which indicate some of the conditions of the profession a century ago. All the articles are of such a nature and importance as to interest any intelligent person whether in the profession or not. The frontispiece is a silhouette portrait of Dr. Holyoke, the Society's first President, as he appeared when a hundred years old, and in the body of the number are some very interesting fac-similes. It is on record that Dr. Holyoke averaged twelve visits to patients a day for seventy-five years. Portions of the centennial address by Dr. S. A. Green, old certificates relating to fumigation after small-pox, and various extracts from antiquated documents, make the number a valuable one to keep.

A Valuable Collection. — A limited number of copies of the catalogue of the first portion of Henry Stevens's rare and valuable collection of books and manuscripts relating to the history and literature of America, which will be sold in London, July 11th to 15th, inclusive, have been received and are offered to the public at $1.50 each. Besides other books, letters, and manuscripts interesting to Americans, Mr. Stevens's important Franklin collection is included in the catalogue, and is very fully described in detail. The great variety of exceedingly valuable books, etc., which comprise this portion of the sale is probably but imperfectly understood, and herein the catalogue is instructive and interesting reading. Copies of this Catalogue can be procured of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Carlyle's Essays have just been issued in a popular edition, in two compact and handsome volumes. Of this the Philadelphia *Bulletin* says: —

The republication of these essays is timely in two ways: it comes while the whole reading world is thinking of Carlyle, and it furnishes one of the best books for the summer reading of those who wish to learn from and of the great man so lately departed. It is worth more than the hundreds of essays, friendly and hostile, on his writings and his character, that are now filling the magazines and reviews.

BOOKS FOR SEASIDE AND COUNTRY.

The following books possess a special attraction for those who visit places that poets or novelists or travel-writers have described.

New England. — The two volumes of Longfellow's "Poems of Places" devoted to New England ($1.00 each) contain almost every poem of importance or interest written about or inspired by any locality in these six States.

Maine Woods, Lakes, and Seaport Towns, which attract a host of summer wanderers, are very effectively and winningly described in Lowell's "Moosehead Journal" (50 cents); Thoreau's "Maine Woods" ($1.50); Mrs. Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island" ($1.50); J. Emerson Smith's "Oakridge, an Old-Time Story of Maine" ($2.00); Miss Jewett's delightful "Deephaven" and "Old Friends and New" (each $1.25); and Miss Howard's widely popular story, "One Summer" ($1.25), — all Maine books, and though good to read anywhere, they can be read with special zest in the places from which they derive their local color and charm.

The Isles of Shoals are treated historically in Mr. Jenness's book of this name ($1.50), which, besides containing a description and the annals of these famous islands, has cuts and maps. Mrs. Celia Thaxter's little book, "Among the Isles of Shoals" ($1.25), has a peculiar charm, coming from one whose life has mostly been spent on the islands, and who writes of them with a deep and poetic enthusiasm as sincere as it is delightful. Mrs. Thaxter's "Poems" and "Drift Weed" ($1.50 each) are so full of the life and spirit of the ocean that all who visit the Isles of Shoals or the seaside should not fail to take with them these engaging volumes.

Cape Ann and in many respects the whole eastern coast of New England, are charmingly described and their legends picturesquely sung in Miss Lucy Larcom's delightful "Wild Roses of Cape Ann and Other Poems" ($1.25). "Roadside Poems," for summer travelers, and "Hillside and Seaside in Poetry," edited by Miss Larcom, are two "Little Classic" books full of the best out-door poetry. ($1.00 each.)

As the *Boston Transcript* well says: —

In these two volumes nearly all the great songs of the hills are contained, and in the last very many of the best things which have been sung of the sea.

The White Mountains. — Whittier's "Among the Hills" ($1.00) and Mrs. Whitney's "Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life" ($1.50) are specially adapted for reading among the White Mountains. So are "Tales of the White Hills," by Hawthorne, comprising "The Great Stone Face," a story of Profile Mountain; "The Great Carbuncle," a mysterious tradition of the Crystal Hills; and "The Ambitious Guest," a story of the Notch. These three stories, with Hawthorne's "Legends of New England" and Mr. Fields's essay on Hawthorne form a tasteful "Modern Classic" book. (75 cents.)

The Adirondacks. — Mr. Warner's "In the Wilderness" and Mr. Deming's "Adirondack Stories" are peculiarly interesting to all who visit this wild region, and are good to read anywhere. (75 cents each.)

Portsmouth, under the name of Rivermouth, has been made a charmingly classic place by Mr. Aldrich in "Prudence Palfrey" ($1.50), and in several of the short stories in "Marjorie Daw." ($1.50.)

Concord (Mass.). — Its historic scenes, and the homes of Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau, etc., are described or sketched in Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse" ($2.00); "Septimius Felton" ($1.25), a story of the Revolution and of earthly immortality; "American Note-Books" ($2.00); Thoreau's "Walden" ($1.50), and "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack" ($1.50). All these books possess a literary excellence that gives them a permanent value, while they are of immediate interest to all who wish to gain special hints or information regarding Concord and the famous men and historic incidents that make it one of the Meccas of the New World.

British Provinces. — Some information about Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, etc., and a great deal of the most delightful humor, will be found in "Baddeck," by C. D. Warner. ($1.00.) The St. Lawrence, Montreal, Quebec, and the Saguenay River are on the routes of Mr. Howells's two delightful stories, "Their Wedding Journey" and "A Chance Acquaintance," and his descriptions of scenery are hardly less charming than the girls and ladies whom he photographs so exquisitely. ($1.25 each.) In Thoreau's "A Yankee in Canada" are some admirable sketches. ($1.50.)

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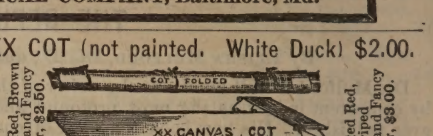
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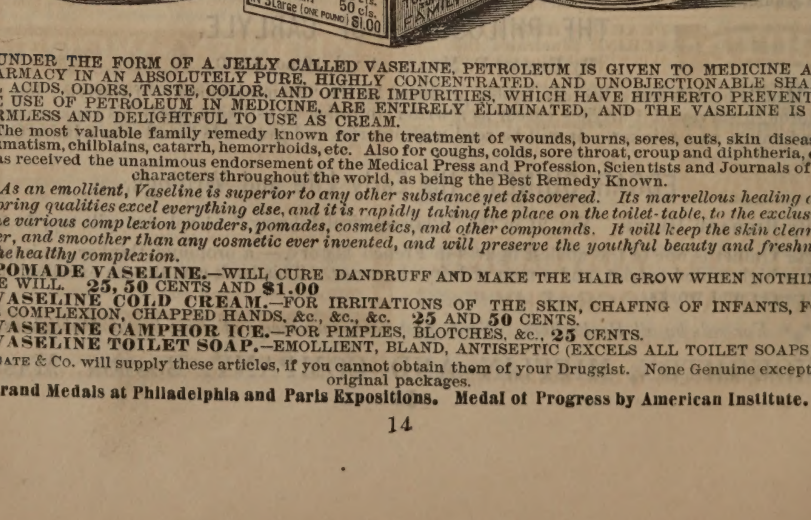

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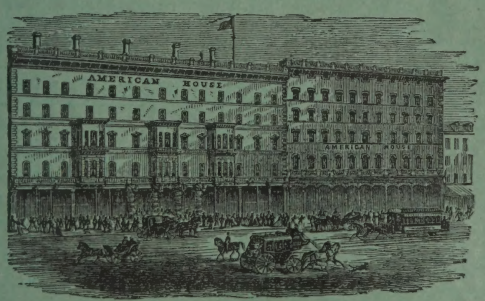

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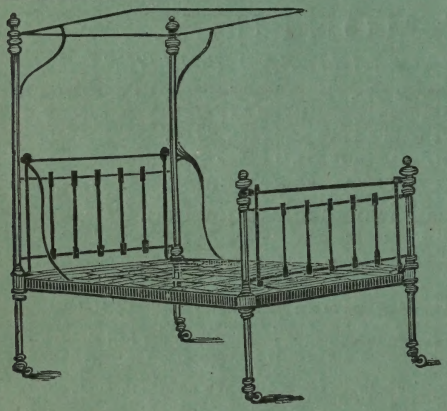

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DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.[1]

IV.

The next morning Grace was sitting beside her patient, with whom she had spent the night. It was possibly Mrs. Maynard's spiritual toughness which availed her, for she did not seem much the worse for her adventure: she had a little fever, and she was slightly hoarser; but she had died none of the deaths that she projected during the watches of the night, and for which she had chastened the spirit of her physician by the repeated assurance that she forgave her everything, and George Maynard everything, and hoped that they would be good to her poor little Bella. She had the child brought from its crib to her own bed, and moaned over it; but with the return of day and the duties of life she appeared to feel that she had carried her forgiveness far enough, and was again remembering her injuries against Grace, as she lay in her morning gown on the lounge which had been brought in for her from the parlor.

"Yes, Grace, I shall always say, if I had died — and I may die yet — that I did n't wish to go out with Mr. Libby, and that I went purely to please you. You forced me to go. I can't understand why you did it; for I don't suppose you wanted to *kill* us, whatever you did."

Grace could not lift her head. She bowed it over the little girl whom she had on her knee, and who was playing with the pin at her throat, in apparent unconsciousness of all that was said. But she had really followed it, with glimpses of intelligence, as children do, and now at this negative accusal she lifted her hand, and suddenly struck Grace a stinging blow on the cheek.

Mrs. Maynard sprang from her lounge. "Why, Bella! you worthless little wretch!" She caught her from Grace's knee, and shook her violently. Then, casting the culprit from her at random, she flung herself down again in a fit of coughing, while the child fled to Grace for consolation, and, wildly sobbing, buried her face in the lap of her injured friend.

"I don't know what I shall do about that child!" cried Mrs. Maynard. "She has George Maynard's temper right over again. I feel dreadfully, Grace!"

"Oh, never mind it," said Grace, fondling the child, and half addressing it. "I suppose Bella thought I had been unkind to her mother."

"That 's just it!" exclaimed Louise. "When you 've been kindness itself! Don't I owe everything to you? I should n't be alive at this moment if it were not for your treatment. Oh, Grace!" She began to cough again; the

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paroxysm increased in vehemence. She caught her handkerchief from her lips; it was spotted with blood. She sprang to her feet, and regarded it with impersonal sternness. "Now," she said, "I *am* sick, and I want a *doctor!*"

"A doctor," Grace meekly echoed.

"Yes. I can't be trifled with any longer. I want a *man* doctor!"

Grace had looked at the handkerchief. "Very well," she said with coldness. "I shall not stand in your way of calling another physician. But if it will console you, I can tell you that the blood on your handkerchief means nothing worth speaking of. Whom shall I send for?" she asked, turning to go out of the room. "I wish to be your friend still, and I will do anything I can to help you."

"Oh, Grace Breen! Is *that* the way you talk to me?" whimpered Mrs. Maynard. "You *know* that I don't mean to give you up. I'm not a stone; I have *some* feeling. I did n't intend to dismiss you, but I thought perhaps you would like to have a consultation about it. I should think it was time to have a consultation, should n't you? Of course, I 'm not alarmed, but I know it's getting serious, and I 'm afraid that your medicine is n't active enough. That 's it; it 's perfectly good medicine, but it is n't active. They 've all been saying that I ought to have something active. Why not *try* the whisky with the white-pine chips in it? I'm sure it 's indicated." In her long course of medication she had picked up certain professional phrases, which she used with amusing seriousness. "It would be active, at any rate."

Grace did not reply. As she stood smoothing the head of the little girl, who had followed her to the door, and now leaned against her, hiding her tearful face in Grace's dress, she said, "I don't know of any homœopathic physician in this neighborhood. I don't believe there 's one nearer than Boston, and I should make myself ridiculous in calling one so far for a consultation. But I 'm quite willing you should call one, and I will send for you at once."

"And would n't you consult with him, after he came?"

"Certainly not. It would be absurd."

"I should n't like to have a doctor come all the way from Boston," mused Mrs. Maynard, sinking on the lounge again. "There *must* be a doctor in the neighborhood. It can't be so healthy as *that!*"

"There 's an allopathic physician at Corbitant," said Grace, passively. "A very good one, I believe," she added.

"Oh, *well*, then!" cried Mrs. Maynard, with immense relief. "Consult with *him!*"

"I 've told you, Louise, that I would not consult with anybody. And I certainly would n't consult with a physician whose ideas and principles I knew nothing about."

"Why, but Grace!" Mrs. Maynard expostulated. "Is n't that rather prejudiced?" She began to take an impartial interest in Grace's position, and fell into an argumentative tone. "If two heads are better than one, — and everybody says they are, — I don't see how you can consistently refuse to talk with another physician."

"I can't explain to you, Louise," said Grace. "But you can call Dr. Mulbridge, if you wish. That will be the right way for you to do, if you have lost confidence in me."

"I have n't lost confidence in you, Grace. I don't see how you can talk so. You can give me bread pills, if you like, or *air* pills, and I will take them, gladly. I believe in you perfectly. But I do think that in a matter of this kind, where my health, and perhaps my life, is concerned, I ought to have a *little* say. I don't ask you to give up your principles, and I don't dream of giving you up, and yet you won't — just to please me! — exchange a few words

with another doctor about my case, merely because he 's allopathic. I should call it bigotry, and I don't see how you can call it anything else." There was a sound of voices at the door outside, and she called cheerily, "Come in, Mr. Libby, — come in! There 's nobody but Grace, here," she added, as the young man tentatively opened the door, and looked in. He wore an evening dress, even to the white cravat, and he carried in his hand a crush hat: there was something anomalous in his appearance, beyond the phenomenal character of his costume, and he blushed consciously as he bowed to Grace, and then at her motion shook hands with her. Mrs. Maynard did not give herself the fatigue of rising; she stretched her hand to him from the lounge, and he took it without the joy which he had shown when Grace made him the same advance. "How very swell you look! Going to an evening party this morning?" she cried; and after she had given him a second glance of greater intensity, "Why, what in the world *has* come over you?" It was the dress which Mr. Libby wore. He was a young fellow far too well made, and carried himself too alertly, to look as if any clothes misfitted him; his person gave their good cut elegance, but he had the effect of having fallen away in them. "Why, you look as if you had been sick a month!" Mrs. Maynard interpreted.

The young man surveyed himself with a downward glance. "They 're Johnson's," he explained. "He had them sent down for a hop at the Long Beach House, and sent over for them. I had nothing but my camping flannels, and they have n't been got into shape yet, since yesterday. I wanted to come over and see how you were."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard. "I never thought of *you!* How in the world did you get to your camp?"

"I walked."

"In all that rain?"

"Well, I had been pretty well sprinkled, already. It was n't a question of wet and dry; it was a question of wet and wet. I was going off bareheaded, — I lost my hat in the water, you know, — but your man, here, hailed me round the corner of the kitchen, and lent me one. I 've been taking up collections of clothes ever since."

Mr. Libby spoke lightly, and with a cry of "Barlow's hat!" Mrs. Maynard went off in a shriek of laughter; but a deep distress kept Grace silent. It seemed to her that she had been lacking not only in thoughtfulness, but in common humanity, in suffering him to walk away several miles in the rain, without making an offer to keep him and have him provided for in the house. She remembered now her bewildered impression that he was without a hat when he climbed the stairs and helped her to the house; she recalled the fact that she had thrust him on to the danger he had escaped, and her heart was melted with grief and shame. "Mr. Libby" — she began, going up to him, and drooping before him in an attitude which simply and frankly expressed the contrition she felt; but she could not continue. Mrs. Maynard's laugh broke into the usual cough, and as soon as she could speak she seized the word.

"Well, there, now; we can leave it to Mr. Libby. It 's the principle of the thing that I look at. And I want to see how it strikes him. I want to know, Mr. Libby, if you were a doctor," — he looked at Grace, and flushed, — "and a person was very sick, and wanted you to consult with another doctor, whether you would let the mere fact that you had n't been introduced have any weight with you!" The young man silently appealed to Grace, who darkened angrily, and before he could speak Mrs. Maynard interposed. "No, no, you shan't ask her. I want your opinion.

It 's just an abstract question." She accounted for this fib with a wink at Grace.

"Really," he said, "it 's rather formidable. I 've never been a doctor of any kind."

"Oh, yes, we know that!" said Mrs. Maynard. "But you are now, and now would you do it?"

"If the other fellow knew more, I would."

"But if you thought he did n't?"

"Then I would n't. What are you trying to get at, Mrs. Maynard? I 'm not going to answer any more of your questions."

"Yes, — one more. Don't you think it 's a doctor's place to get his patient well any way he can?"

"Why, of course!"

"There, Grace! It 's just exactly the same case. And ninety-nine out of a hundred would decide against you every time."

Libby turned towards Grace in confusion. "Miss Breen — I did n't understand — I don't presume to meddle in anything — You 're not fair, Mrs. Maynard! I have n't got any opinion on the subject, Miss Breen; I have n't, indeed!"

"Oh, you can't back out, now!" exclaimed Mrs. Maynard, joyously. "You 've said it."

"And you 're quite right, Mr. Libby," said Grace haughtily. She bade him good-morning; but he followed her from the room, and left Mrs. Maynard to her triumph.

"Miss Breen — Do let me speak to you, please! Upon my word and honor, I did n't know what she was driving at; I did n't, indeed! It 's pretty rough on me, for I never dreamt of setting myself up as a judge of your affairs. I know you 're right, whatever you think; and I take it all back; it was got out of me by fraud, any way. And I beg your pardon for not calling you Doctor — if you want me to do it; the other comes more natural; but I wish to recognize you in the way you prefer, for I do feel most respectful — reverent" —

He was so very earnest and so really troubled, and he stumbled about so for the right word, and hit upon the wrong one with such unfailing disaster, that she must have been superhuman not to laugh. Her laughing seemed to relieve him even more than her hearty speech. "Call me how you like, Mr. Libby. I don't insist upon anything, with you; but I believe I prefer Miss Breen."

"You 're very kind! Miss Breen it is, then. And you 'll forgive my siding against you?" he demanded radiantly.

"Don't speak of that again, please. I 've nothing to forgive you."

They walked down-stairs and out on the piazza. Barlow stood before the steps, holding by the bit a fine bay mare, who twitched her head round a little at the sound of Libby's voice, and gave him a look. He passed without noticing the horse. "I 'm glad to find Mrs. Maynard so well. With that cold of hers, hanging on so long, I didn't know but she 'd be in an awful state this morning."

"Yes," said Grace, "it 's a miraculous escape."

"The fact is, I sent over to New Leyden for my team, yesterday. I did n't know how things might turn out, and you 're so far from a lemon, here, that I thought I might be useful in going errands."

Grace turned her head, and glanced at the equipage. "Is that your team?"

"Yes," said the young fellow, with a smile of suppressed pride.

"What an exquisite creature!" said the girl.

"*Is n't* she!" They both faced about, and stood looking at the mare and the light, shining open buggy behind her. The sunshine had the after-storm glister; the air was brisk, and the breeze blew balm from the heart of the pine forest. "Miss Breen," he broke out,

"I *wish* you 'd take a little dash through the woods with me. I 've got a broad-track buggy, that 's just right for these roads. I don't suppose it 's the thing at all to ask you, on such short acquaintance, but I wish you would! I know you 'd enjoy it! Come!"

His joyous urgence gave her a strange thrill. She had long ceased to imagine herself the possible subject of what young ladies call attentions, and she did not think of herself in that way now. There was something in the frank, eager boyishness of the invitation that fascinated her, and the sunny face turned so hopefully upon her had its amusing eloquence. She looked about the place with an anxiety of which she was immediately ashamed: all the ladies were out of sight, and probably at the foot of the cliff.

"Don't say no, Miss Breen," pleaded the gay voice.

The answer seemed to come of itself. "Oh, thank you, yes, I should like to go."

"Good!" he exclaimed, and the word which riveted her consent made her recoil.

"But not this morning. Some other day. I — I — I want to think about Mrs. Maynard. I — ought n't to leave her. Excuse me, this morning, Mr. Libby."

"Why, of course," he tried to say with unaltered gayety, but a note of disappointment made itself felt. "Do you think she 's going to be worse?"

"No, I don't think she is. But" — She paused, and waited a space before she continued. "I 'm afraid I can't be of use to her any longer. She has lost confidence in me — It 's important she should trust her physician." Libby blushed, as he always did when required to recognize Grace in her professional quality. "It 's more a matter of nerves than anything else, and if she does n't believe in me I can't do her any good."

"Yes, I can understand that," said the young man, with gentle sympathy; and she felt, somehow, that he delicately refrained from any leading or prompting comment.

"She has been urging me to have a consultation with some doctor about her case, and I — it would be ridiculous!"

"Then I would n't do it!" said Mr. Libby. "You know a great deal better what she wants than she does. You had better make her do what you say."

"I did n't mean to burden you with my affairs," said Grace, "but I wished to explain her motive in speaking to you as she did." After she had said this, it seemed to her rather weak, and she could not think of anything else that would strengthen it. The young man might think that she had asked advice of him. She began to resent his telling her to make Mrs. Maynard do what she said. She was about to add something to snub him, when she recollected that it was her own willfulness which had precipitated the present situation, and she humbled herself.

"She will probably change her mind," said Libby. "She would if you could let her carry her point," he added, with a light esteem for Mrs. Maynard, which set him wrong again in Grace's eyes: he had no business to speak so to her.

"Very likely," she said, in stiff withdrawal from all terms of confidence concerning Mrs. Maynard. She did not add anything more, and she meant that the young fellow should perceive that his audience was at an end. He did not apparently resent it, but she fancied him hurt in his acquiescence.

She went back to her patient, whom she found languid and disposed to sleep after the recent excitement, and she left her again, taking little Bella with her. Mrs. Maynard slept long, but woke none the better for her nap. Towards evening she grew feverish, and her fever mounted as the night fell. She was restless and wakeful, and between her dreamy dozes she was incessant in her

hints for a consultation to Grace, who passed the night in her room, and watched every change for the worse with a self-accusing heart. The impending trouble was in that indeterminate phase which must give the physician his most anxious moments, and this inexperienced girl, whose knowledge was all to be applied, and who had hardly arrived yet at that dismaying stage when a young physician finds all the results at war with all the precepts, began to realize the awfulness of her responsibility. She had always thought of saving life, and not of losing it.

V.

By morning Grace was as nervous and anxious as her patient, who had momentarily the advantage of her in having fallen asleep. She went stealthily out, and walked the length of the piazza, bathing her eyes with the sight of the sea, cool and dim under a clouded sky. At the corner next the kitchen she encountered Barlow, who, having kindled the fire for the cook, had spent a moment of leisure in killing some chickens at the barn; he appeared with a cluster of his victims in his hand, but at sight of Grace he considerately put them behind him.

She had not noticed them. "Mr. Barlow," she said, "how far is it to Corbitant?"

Barlow slouched into a conversational posture, easily resting on his raised hip the back of the hand in which he held the chickens. "Well, it 's accordin' to who you ask. Some says six mile, and real clever folks makes it about four and a quarter."

"I ask you," persisted Grace.

"Well, the last time I was there, I thought it was about sixty. 'Most froze my fingers goin' round the point. 'N' all I was afraid of was gettin' there too soon. Tell you, a lee shore ain't a pleasant neighbor in a regular *old* northeaster. 'F you go by land, I guess it 's about ten mile round through the woods. Want to send for Dr. Mulbridge? I thought mebbe" —

"No, no!" said Grace. She turned back into the house, and then she came running out again; but by this time Barlow had gone into the kitchen, where she heard him telling the cook that these were the last of the dommyneckers. At breakfast several of the ladies came and asked after Mrs. Maynard, whose restless night they had somehow heard of. When she came out of the dining-room Miss Gleason waylaid her in the hall.

"Dr. Breen," she said in a repressed tumult, "I hope you won't give way. For woman's sake, I hope you won't! You owe it to yourself not to give way. I 'm sure Mrs. Maynard is as well off in your hands as she can be. If I did n't think so, I should be the last to advise your being firm; but, feeling as I do, I do advise it most strongly. Everything depends on it."

"I don't know what you mean, Miss Gleason," said Grace.

"I 'm glad it has n't come to you yet. If it was a question of mere professional pride, I should say, By all means, call him at once. But I feel that a great deal more is involved. If you yield, you make it harder for other women to help themselves hereafter, and you confirm such people as these in their distrust of female physicians. Looking at it in a large way, I almost feel that it would be better for her to *die* than for you to give up; and feeling as I do" —

"Are you talking of Mrs. Maynard?" asked Grace.

"They are all saying that you ought to give up the case to Dr. Mulbridge. But I hope you won't. I should n't blame you for calling in another female physician" —

"Thank you," answered Grace. "There is no danger of her dying. But it seems to me that she has too many

female physicians already. In this house I should think it better to call a man." She left the barb to rankle in Miss Gleason's breast, and followed her mother to her room, who avenged Miss Gleason by a series of inquisitional tortures, ending with the hope that, whatever she did, Grace would not have that silly creature's blood on her hands. The girl opened her lips to attempt some answer to this unanswerable aspiration, when the unwonted sound of wheels on the road without caught her ear.

"What is that, Grace?" demanded her mother, as if Grace were guilty of the noise.

"Mr. Libby," answered Grace, rising.

"Has he come for you?"

"I don't know. But I am going down to see him."

At sight of the young man's face, Grace felt her heart lighten. He had jumped from his buggy, and was standing at his smiling ease on the piazza steps, looking about as if for some one, and he brightened joyfully at her coming. He took her hand with eager friendliness, and at her impulse began to move away to the end of the piazza with her. The ladies had not yet descended to the beach; apparently their interest in Dr. Breen's patient kept them.

"How is Mrs. Maynard, this morning?" he asked; and she answered, as they got beyond earshot, —

"Not better, I 'm afraid."

"Oh, I 'm sorry," said the young man. "Then you won't be able to drive with me, this morning? I hope she is n't seriously worse?" he added, recurring to Mrs. Maynard at the sight of the trouble in Grace's face.

"I shall *ask* to drive with you," she returned. "Mr. Libby, do you know where Corbitant is?"

"Oh, yes."

"And will you drive me there?"

"Why, certainly!" he cried, in polite wonder.

"Thank you." She turned half round, and cast a woman's look at the other women. "I shall be ready in half an hour. Will you go away, and come back then? Not sooner."

"Anything you please, Miss Breen," he said, laughing in his mystification. "In thirty minutes, or thirty days."

They went back to the steps, and he mounted his buggy. She sat down, and taking some work from her pocket, bent her head over it. At first she was pale, and then she grew red. But these fluctuations of color could not keep her spectators long; one by one they dispersed and descended the cliff; and when she rose to go for her hat the last had vanished, with a longing look at her. It was Miss Gleason.

Grace briefly announced her purpose to her mother, who said, "I hope you are not doing anything impulsive;" and she answered, "No, I had quite made up my mind to it last night."

Mr. Libby had not yet returned when she went back to the piazza, and she walked out on the road by which he must arrive. She had not to walk far. He drew in sight before she had gone a quarter of a mile, driving rapidly. "Am I late?" he asked, turning and pulling up at the roadside, with well-subdued astonishment at encountering her.

"Oh, no; not that I know." She mounted to the seat, and they drove off in a silence which endured for a long time. If Libby had been as vain as he seemed light, he must have found it cruelly unflattering, for it ignored his presence and even his existence. She broke the silence at last with a deep-drawn sigh, as frankly sad as if she had been quite alone, but she returned to consciousness of him in it. "Mr. Libby, you must think it is very strange for me to ask you to drive me to Corbitant without troubling myself to tell you my errand."

"Oh, not at all," said the young man. "I 'm glad to be of use on any terms. It is n't often that one gets the chance."

"I am going to see Dr. Mulbridge," she began, and then stopped so long that he perceived she wished him to say something.

He said, "Yes?"

"Yes. I thought this morning that I should give Mrs. Maynard's case up to him. I should n't be at all troubled at seeming to give it up under a pressure of opinion, though I should not give it up for that. Of course," she explained, "you don't know that all those women have been saying that I ought to call in Dr. Mulbridge. It 's one of those things," she added bitterly, "that make it so pleasant for a woman to try to help women." He made a little murmur of condolence, and she realized that she had thrown herself on his sympathy, when she thought she had been merely thinking aloud. "What I mean is that he is a man of experience and reputation, and could probably be of more use to her than I, for she would trust him more. But I have known her a long time, and I understand her temperament and her character, — which goes for a good deal in such matters, — and I have concluded not to give up the case. I wish to meet Dr. Mulbridge, however, and ask him to see her in consultation with me. That is all," she ended rather haughtily, as if she had been dramatizing the fact to Dr. Mulbridge in her own mind.

"I should think that would be the right thing," said Libby, simply, with uncalled-for approval; but he left this dangerous ground abruptly. "As you say, character goes for a great deal, in these things. I 've seen Mrs. Maynard at the point of death before. As a general rule, she does n't die. If you have known her a long time, you know what I mean. She likes to share her sufferings with her friends. I 've seen poor old Maynard" —

"Mr. Libby!" Grace broke in. "You may speak of Mr. Maynard as you like, but I cannot allow your disrespectfulness to Mrs. Maynard. It 's shocking You had no right to be their friend, if you felt toward them as you seem to have done."

"Why, there was no harm in them. I liked them!" explained the young man.

"People have no right to like those they don't respect!"

Libby looked as if this were rather a new and droll idea, but he seemed not to object to her tutoring him. "Well," he said, "as far as Mrs. Maynard was concerned, I don't know that I liked her any more than I respected her."

Grace ought to have frowned at this, but she had to check a smile in order to say gravely, "I know she is disagreeable at times. And she likes to share her sufferings with others, as you say. But her husband was fully entitled to any share of them that he may have borne. If he had been kinder to her, she would n't be what and where she is now."

"Kinder to her!" Libby exclaimed. "He 's the kindest fellow in the world! Now, Miss Breen," he said earnestly, "I hope Mrs. Maynard has n't been talking against her husband to you?"

"Is it possible," demanded Grace, "that you don't know they 're separated, and that she 's going to take steps for a divorce?"

"A divorce? No! What in the world for?"

"I never talk gossip. I thought of course she had told you" —

"She never told me a word! She was ashamed to do it! She knows that I know Maynard was the best husband in the world to her. All she told me was that he was out on his ranch, and she had come on here for her health. It 's some ridiculous little thing that no reasonable woman would have dreamt of caring for. It 's one of her caprices. It 's her own fickleness. She 's tired of him, — or thinks she is, — and that 's all about it. Miss Breen, I beg you

won't believe anything against Maynard!"

"I don't understand," faltered Grace, astonished at his fervor, and the light it cast upon her first doubts of him. "Of course, I only know the affair from her report, and I have n't concerned myself in it, except as it affected her health. And I don't wish to misjudge him. And I like your — defending him," she said, though it instantly seemed a patronizing thing to have said. "But I could n't withhold my sympathy where I believed there had been neglect and systematic unkindness, and finally desertion."

"Oh, *I* know Mrs. Maynard; I know her kind of talk. I 've seen Maynard's neglect and unkindness, and I know just what his desertion would be. If he 's left her, it 's because she wanted him to leave her; he did it to humor her, to please her. I shall have a talk with Mrs. Maynard, when we get back."

"I 'm afraid I can't allow it at present," said Grace, very seriously. "She is worse to-day. Otherwise I should n't be giving you this trouble."

"Oh, it 's no trouble" —

"But I 'm glad — I 'm glad we 've had this understanding. I 'm very glad. It makes me think worse of myself and better of — others."

Libby gave a laugh. "And you like that? You 're easily pleased."

She remained grave. "I ought to be able to tell you what I mean. But it is n't possible — now. Will you let me beg your pardon?" she urged, with impulsive earnestness.

"Why, yes," he answered, smiling.

"And not ask me why?"

"Certainly."

"Thank you. Yes," she added hastily, "she is so much worse that some one of greater experience than I must see her, and I have made up my mind. Dr. Mulbridge may refuse to consult with me. I know very well that there is a prejudice against women physicians, and I could n't especially blame him for sharing it. I have thought it all over. If he refuses, I shall know what to do." She had ceased to address Libby, who respected her soliloquy. He drove on rapidly over the soft road, where the wheels made no sound, and the track wandered with apparent aimlessness through the interminable woods of young oak and pine. The low trees were full of the sunshine, and dappled them with shadow as they dashed along; the fresh, green ferns springing from the brown carpet of the pine-needles were as if painted against it. The breath of the pines was heavier for the recent rain, and the woody smell of the oaks was pungent where the balsam failed. They met no one, but the solitude did not make itself felt through her preoccupation. From time to time she dropped a word or two, but for the most she was silent, and he did not attempt to lead. By and by they came to an opener place, where there were many red field-lilies tilting in the wind.

"Would you like some of those?" he asked, pulling up.

"I should, very much," she answered, glad of the sight of the gay things. But when he had gathered her a bunch of the flowers she looked down at them in her lap, and said, "It 's silly in me to be caring for lilies at such a time, and I should make an unfavorable impression on Dr. Mulbridge if he saw me with them. But I shall risk their effect on him. He may think I have been botanizing."

"Unless you tell him you have n't," the young man suggested.

"I need n't do that."

"I don't think any one else would do it."

She colored a little at the tribute to her candor, and it pleased her, though it had just pleased her as much to forget that she was not like any other young girl who might be simply and irresponsibly happy in flowers gathered for her by a young man. "*I* wont tell him,

either!" she cried, willing to grasp the fleeting emotion again; but it was gone, and only a little residue of sad consciousness remained.

The woods gave way on either side of the road, which began to be a village street, sloping and shelving down toward the curve of a quiet bay. The neat weather-gray dwellings, shingled to the ground and brightened with door-yard flowers and creepers, straggled off into the boat-houses and fishing-huts on the shore, and the village seemed to get afloat at last in the sloops and schooners riding in the harbor, whose smooth plane rose higher to the eye than the town itself. The salt and the sand were everywhere, but though there had been no positive prosperity in Corbitant for a generation, the place had an impregnable neatness, which defied decay; if there had been a dog in the street, there would not have been a stick to throw at him.

One of the better, but not the best, of the village houses, which did not differ from the others in any essential particular, and which stood flush upon the street, bore a door-plate with the name Dr. Rufus Mulbridge, and Libby drew up in front of it without having had to alarm the village with inquiries. Grace forbade his help in dismounting, and ran to the door, where she rang one of those bells which sharply respond at the back of the panel to the turn of a crank in front; she observed, in a difference of paint, that this modern improvement had displaced an old-fashioned knocker. The door was opened by a tall and strikingly handsome old woman, whose black eyes still kept their keen light under her white hair, and whose dress showed none of the incongruity which was offensive in the door-bell: it was in the perfection of an antiquated taste, which, however, came just short of characterizing it with gentlewomanliness.

"Is Dr. Mulbridge at home?" asked Grace.

"Yes," said the other, with a certain hesitation, and holding the door ajar.

"I should like to see him," said Grace, mounting to the threshold.

"Is it important?" asked the elder woman.

"Quite," replied Grace, with an accent at once of surprise and decision.

"You may come in," said the other reluctantly, and she opened a door into a room at the side of the hall.

"You may give Dr. Mulbridge my card, if you please," said Grace, before she turned to go into this room, and the other took it, and left her to find a chair for herself. It was a country doctor's office, with the usual country doctor's supply of drugs on a shelf, but very much more than the country doctor's usual library: the standard works were there, and there were also the principal periodicals and the latest treatises of note in the medical world. In a long upright case, like that of an old hall clock, was the anatomy of one who had long done with time; a laryngoscope and some other professional apparatus of constant utility lay upon the leaf of the doctor's desk. There was nothing in the room which did not suggest his profession, except the sword and the spurs which hung upon the wall opposite where Grace sat beside one of the front windows. She spent her time in study of the room and its appointments, and in now and then glancing out at Mr. Libby, who sat statuesquely patient in the buggy. His profile cut against the sky was blameless; and a humorous shrewdness which showed in the wrinkle at his eye and in the droop of his yellow mustache gave its regularity life and charm. It occurred to her that if Dr. Mulbridge caught sight of Mr. Libby before he saw her, or before she could explain that she had got one of the gentlemen at the hotel — she resolved upon this prevarication — to drive her to Corbitant in default of another conveyance, he would have his impres-

sions and his conjectures, which doubtless the bunch of lilies in her hand would do their part to stimulate. She submitted to this possibility, and waited for his coming, which began to seem unreasonably delayed. The door opened at last, and a tall, powerfully framed man of thirty-five or forty, dressed in an ill-fitting suit of gray Canada homespun, appeared. He moved with a slow, pondering step, and carried his shaggy head bent downwards from shoulders slightly rounded. His dark beard was already grizzled, and she saw that his mustache was burnt and turned tawny at points by smoking, of which habit his presence gave stale evidence to another sense. He held Grace's card in his hand, and he looked at her, as he advanced, out of gray eyes that, if not sympathetic, were perfectly intelligent, and that at once sought to divine and class her. She perceived that he took in the lilies and her coming color; she felt that he noted her figure and her dress.

She half rose in response to his questioning bow, and he motioned her to her seat again. "I had to keep you waiting," he said. "I was up all night with a patient, and I was asleep when my mother called me." He stopped here, and definitively waited for her to begin.

She did not find this easy, as he took a chair in front of her, and sat looking steadily in her face. "I 'm sorry to have disturbed you" —

"Oh, not at all," he interrupted. "The rule is to disturb a doctor."

"I mean," she began again, "that I am not sure that I am justified in disturbing you."

He waited a little while for her to go on, and then he said, "Well, let us hear."

"I wish to consult with you," she broke out, and again she came to a sudden pause; and as she looked into his vigilant face, in which she was not sure there was not a hovering derision, she could not continue. She felt that she ought to gather courage from the fact that he had not started, or done anything positively disagreeable when she had asked for a consultation; but she could not, and it did not avail her to reflect that she was rendering herself liable to all conceivable misconstruction, — that she was behaving childishly, with every appearance of behaving guiltily.

He came to her aid again, in a blunt fashion, neither kind nor unkind, but simply common sense. "What is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" she repeated.

"Yes. What are the symptoms? Where and how are you sick?"

"I am not sick!" she cried. They stared at each other in reciprocal amazement and mystification.

"Then excuse me if I ask you what you wish me to do!"

"Oh!" said Grace, realizing his natural error, with a flush. "It is n't in regard to myself that I wish to consult with you. It 's another person — a friend" —

"Well," said Dr. Mulbridge, laughing with the impatience of a physician used to making short cuts through the elaborate and reluctant statements of ladies seeking advice, "what is the matter with your friend?"

"She has been an invalid for some time," replied Grace. The laugh, which had its edge of patronage and conceit, stung her into self-possession again, and she briefly gave the points of Mrs. Maynard's case, with the recent accident and the symptoms developed during the night. He listened attentively, nodding his head at times, and now and then glancing sharply at her, as one might at a surprisingly intelligent child.

"I must see her," he said decidedly, when she came to an end. "I will see her as soon as possible. I will come over to Jocelyn's this afternoon, — as soon as I can get my dinner, in fact."

There was such a tone of dismissal in

his words that she rose, and he promptly followed her example. She stood hesitating a moment. Then, "I don't know whether you understood that I wish merely to consult with you," she said; "that I don't wish to relinquish the case to you" —

"Relinquish the case — consult" — Dr. Mulbridge stared at her. "No, I don't understand. What do you mean by not relinquishing the case? If there is some one else in attendance" —

"*I* am in attendance," said the girl firmly. "I am Mrs. Maynard's physician."

"You? Physician" —

"If you have looked at my card" — she began, with indignant severity.

He gave a sort of roar of amusement and apology, and then he stared at her again with much of the interest of a naturalist in an extraordinary specimen. "I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "I *did n't* look at it;" but he now did so, where he held it crumpled in the palm of his left hand. "My mother said it was a young lady, and I *did n't* look. Will you — will you sit down, Dr. Breen?" He bustled in getting her several chairs. "I live off here in a corner, and I have never happened to meet any ladies of — our profession, before. Excuse me, if I spoke under a mistaken impression. I — I — I should not have — ah — taken you for a physician. You" — He checked himself, as if he might have been going to say that she was too young and too pretty. "Of course, I shall have pleasure in consulting with you in regard to your friend's case, though I 've no doubt you are doing all that can be done." With a great show of deference, he still betrayed something of the air of one who humors a joke; and she felt this, but felt that she could not openly resent it.

"Thank you," she returned, with dignity, indicating with a gesture of her hand that she would not sit down again. "I am sorry to ask you to come so far."

"Oh, not at all. I shall be driving over in that direction, at any rate. I 've a patient near there." He smiled upon her with frank curiosity, and seemed willing to detain her, but at a loss how to do so. "If I had n't been stupid from my nap I should have inferred a scientific training from your statement of your friend's case." She still believed that he was laughing at her, and that this was a mock; but she was still helpless to resent it except by an assumption of yet colder state. This had apparently no effect upon Dr. Mulbridge. He continued to look at her with hardly concealed amusement, and visibly to grow more and more conscious of her elegance and style, now that she stood before him. There had been a time when, in planning her career, she had imagined herself studying a masculine simplicity and directness of address; but the over-success of some young women, her fellows at the school, in this direction had disgusted her with it, and she had perceived that after all there is nothing better for a girl, even a girl who is a doctor of medicine, than a lady-like manner. Now, however, she wished that she could do or say something aggressively mannish, for she felt herself dwindling away to the merest femininity, under a scrutiny which had its fascination, whether agreeable or disagreeable. "You must," he said, with really unwarrantable patronage, "have found that the study of medicine has its difficulties, — you must have been very strongly drawn to it."

"Oh, no, not at all; I had rather an aversion at first," she replied, with the instant superiority of a woman where the man suffers any topic to become personal. "Why did you think I was drawn to it?"

"I don't know — I don't know that I thought so," he stammered. "I believe I intended to ask," he added bluntly; but she had the satisfaction of seeing him redden, and she did not volun-

teer anything in his relief. She divined that it would leave him with an awkward sense of defeat if he quitted the subject there; and in fact he had determined that he would not. "Some of our ladies take up the study abroad," he said; and he went on to speak, with a real deference, of the eminent woman who did the American name honor by the distinction she achieved in the schools of Paris.

"I have never been abroad," said Grace.

"No?" he exclaimed. "I thought all American ladies had been abroad;" and now he said, with easy recognition of her resolution not to help him out, "I suppose you have your diploma from the Philadelphia school."

"No," she returned, "from the New York school, — the homœopathic school of New York."

Dr. Mulbridge instantly sobered, and even turned a little pale, but he did not say anything. He remained looking at her as if she had suddenly changed from a piquant mystery to a terrible dilemma.

She moved towards the door. "Then I may expect you," she said, "about the middle of the afternoon."

He did not reply; he stumbled upon the chairs in following her a pace or two with a face of acute distress. Then he broke out with "I can't come! I can't consult with you!"

She turned and looked at him with astonishment, which he did his best to meet. Her astonishment congealed into *hauteur*, and then dissolved into the helplessness of a lady who has been offered a rudeness; but still she did not speak. She merely looked at him, while he halted and stammered on.

"Personally, I — I — should be — obliged — I should feel honored — I — I — It has nothing to do with your — your — being a — a — a — woman — lady. I should not care for that. No. But surely you must know the reasons — the obstacles — which deter me?"

"No, I don't," she said, calm with the advantage of his perturbation. "But if you refuse, that is sufficient. I will not inquire your reasons. I will simply withdraw my request."

"Thank you! But I beg you to understand that they have no reference whatever to you in — your own — capacity — character — individual quality. They are purely professional — that is, technical — I should say, disciplinary, — entirely disciplinary. Yes, disciplinary." The word seemed to afford Dr. Mulbridge the degree of relief which can come only from an exactly significant and luminously exegetic word.

"I don't at all know what you mean," said Grace. "But it is not necessary that I should know. Will you allow me?" she asked, for Dr. Mulbridge had got between her and the door, and stood with his hand on the latch.

His face flushed, and drops stood on his forehead. "Surely, Miss — I mean Doctor — Breen, you must know why I can't consult with you! We belong to two diametrically opposite schools — theories — of medicine. It would be impracticable — impossible — for us to consult. We could find no common ground. Have you never heard that the — ah — regular practice cannot meet homœopathists in this way? If you had told me — if I had known — you were a homœopathist, I could n't have considered the matter at all. I can't now express any opinion as to your management of the case, but I have no doubt that you will know what to do — from your point of view — and that you will prefer to call in some one of your own — persuasion. I hope that you don't hold me personally responsible for this result!"

"Oh, no!" replied the girl, with a certain dreamy abstraction. "I had heard that you made some such distinction — I remember, now. But I could n't realize anything so ridiculous."

Dr. Mulbridge colored. "Excuse me," he said, "if, even under the cir-

cumstances, I can't agree with you that the position taken by the regular practice is ridiculous."

She did not make any direct reply. "But I supposed that you only made this distinction, as you call it, in cases where there is no immediate danger; that in a matter of life and death you would waive it. Mrs. Maynard is really" —

"There are no conditions under which I could not conscientiously refuse to waive it."

"Then," cried Grace, "I withdraw the word! It is *not* ridiculous. It is monstrous, atrocious, inhuman!"

A light of humorous irony glimmered in Dr. Mulbridge's eye. "I must submit to your condemnation."

"Oh, it is n't a *personal* condemnation!" she retorted. "I have no doubt that personally you are not responsible. We can lay aside our distinctions as allopathist and homœopathist, and you can advise with me" —

"It 's quite impossible," said Dr. Mulbridge. "If I advised with you, I might be — A little while ago, one of our school in Connecticut was expelled from the State Medical Association for consulting with" — he began to hesitate, as if he had not hit upon a fortunate or appropriate illustration, but he pushed on — "with his own wife, who was a physician of your school."

She haughtily ignored his embarrassment. "I can appreciate your difficulty, and pity any liberal-minded person who is placed as you are, and disapproves of such wretched bigotry."

"I am obliged to tell you," said Dr. Mulbridge, "that I don't disapprove of it."

"I am detaining you," said Grace. "I beg your pardon. I was curious to know how far superstition and persecution can go in our day." If the epithets were not very accurate, she used them with a woman's effectiveness, and her intention made them descriptive. "Good-day," she added, and she made a movement toward the door, from which Dr. Mulbridge retired. But she did not open the door. Instead, she sank into the chair which stood in the corner, and passed her hand over her forehead, as if she were giddy.

Dr. Mulbridge's finger was instantly on her wrist. "Are you faint?"

"No, no!" she gasped, pulling her hand away. "I am perfectly well." Then she was for a time silent before she added by a supreme effort, "I have no right to endanger another's life, through any miserable pride, and I never will. Mrs. Maynard needs greater experience than mine, and she must have it. I can't justify myself in the delay and uncertainty of sending to Boston. I relinquish the case. I give it to you. And I will nurse her under your direction, obediently, conscientiously. Oh!" she cried, at his failure to make any immediate response. "Surely you won't refuse to take the case!"

"I won't refuse," he said, with an effect of difficult concession. "I will come. I will drive over at once, after dinner." She rose, now, and put her hand on the door-latch.

"Do you object to my nursing your patient? She is an old school friend. But I could yield that point, too, if" —

"Oh, no, no! I shall be only too glad of your help, and your" — he was going to say advice, but he stopped himself, and repeated — "help."

They stood inconclusively a moment, as if they would both be glad of something more to say. Then she said, tentatively, "Good-morning," and he responded experimentally, "Good-morning;" and with that they involuntarily parted, and she went out of the door, which he stood holding open even after she had got out of the gate.

His mother came down the stairs. "What in the world were you quarreling with that girl about, Rufus?"

"We were not quarreling, mother."

"Well, it sounded like it. Who was she?"

"Who?" repeated her son, absently. "Dr. Breen."

"*Doctor* Breen? That girl a doctor?"

"Yes."

"I *thought* she was some saucy thing. Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Mulbridge. "So *that* is a female doctor, is it? Was she sick?"

"No," said her son, with what she knew to be professional finality. "Mother, if you can hurry dinner a little, I shall be glad. I have to drive over to Jocelyn's, and I should like to start as soon as possible."

"Who was the young man with her? Her beau, I guess."

"Was there a young man with her?" asked Dr. Mulbridge.

His mother went out without speaking. She could be unsatisfactory, too.

VI.

No one but Mrs. Breen knew of her daughter's errand, and when Grace came back she alighted from Mr. Libby's buggy with an expression of thanks that gave no clue as to the direction or purpose of it. He touched his hat to her with equal succinctness, and drove away, including all the ladies on the piazza in a cursory obeisance.

"We must ask *you*, Miss Gleason," said Mrs. Alger. "Your admiration of Dr. Breen clothes you with authority and responsibility."

"I can't understand it at all," Miss Gleason confessed. "But I'm sure there's nothing in it. He is n't her equal. She would feel that it was n't right — under the circumstances."

"But if Mrs. Maynard was well it would be a fair game, you mean," said Mrs. Alger.

"No," returned Miss Gleason, with the greatest air of candor, "I can't admit that I meant that."

"Well," said the elder lady, "the presumption is against them. Every young couple seen together must be considered in love till they prove the contrary."

"I like it in her," said Mrs. Frost. "It shows that she is human, after all. It shows that she is like other girls. It 's a relief."

"She is n't like other girls," contended Miss Gleason, darkly.

"I would rather have Mr. Libby's opinion," said Mrs. Merritt.

Grace went to Mrs. Maynard's room, and told her that Dr. Mulbridge was coming directly after dinner.

"I knew you would do it!" cried Mrs. Maynard, throwing her right arm round Grace's neck, while the latter bent over to feel the pulse in her left. "I knew where you had gone, as soon as your mother told me you had driven off with Walter Libby. I 'm so glad that you 've got somebody to consult! Your theories are perfectly right, and I 'm sure that Dr. Mulbridge will just tell you to keep on as you 've been doing."

Grace withdrew from her caress. "Dr. Mulbridge is not coming for a consultation. He refused to consult with me."

"Refused to consult? Why, how perfectly ungentlemanly! *Why* did he refuse?"

"Because he is an allopathist and I am an homœopathist."

"Then, what is he coming for, I should like to know!"

"I have given up the case to him," said Grace wearily.

"Very well, then!" cried Mrs. Maynard. "I won't be given up. I will simply die! Not a pill, not a powder, of his will I touch! If he thinks himself too good to consult with another doctor, and a lady at that, merely because she does n't happen to be allopathist, he can go along! I never heard of anything so conceited, so disgustingly mean, in my life. No, Grace! Why, it 's horrid!"

She was silent, and then, "Why, of course," she added, "if he comes, I shall have to *see* him. I *look* like a fright, I suppose."

"I will do your hair," said Grace, with indifference to these vows and protests; and without deigning further explanation or argument she made the invalid's toilet for her. If given time, Mrs. Maynard would talk herself into any necessary frame of mind, and Grace merely supplied the monosyllabic promptings requisite for her transition from mood to mood. It was her final resolution that when Dr. Mulbridge did come she should give him a piece of her mind; and she received him with anxious submissiveness, and hung upon all his looks and words with quaking and with an inclination to attribute her unfavorable symptoms to the treatment of her former physician. She did not spare him certain apologies for the disorderly appearance of her person and her room.

Grace sat by and watched him with perfectly quiescent observance. The large, somewhat uncouth man gave evidence to her intelligence that he was all physician, and that he had not chosen his profession from any theory or motive, however good, but had been as much chosen by it as if he had been born a physician. He was incredibly gentle and soft in all his movements, and perfectly kind, without being at any moment unprofitably sympathetic. He knew when to listen and when not to listen, — to learn everything from the quivering bundle of nerves before him without seeming to have learnt anything alarming; he smiled when it would do her good to be laughed at, and treated her with such grave respect that she could not feel herself trifled with, nor remember afterwards any point of neglect. When he rose and left some medicines, with directions to Grace for giving them and instructions for contingencies, she followed him from the room.

"Well?" she said anxiously.

"Mrs. Maynard is threatened with pneumonia. Or, I don't know why I should say threatened," he added; "she *has* pneumonia."

"I supposed — I was afraid so," faltered the girl.

"Yes." He looked into her eyes with even more seriousness than he spoke. "Has she friends here?" he asked.

"No; her husband is in Cheyenne, out on the plains."

"He ought to know," said Dr. Mulbridge. "A great deal will depend upon her nursing — Miss — ah — Dr. Breen."

"You need n't call me Dr. Breen," said Grace. "At present, I am Mrs. Maynard's nurse."

He ignored this as he had ignored every point connected with the interview of the morning. He repeated the directions he had already given with still greater distinctness, and, saying that he should come in the morning, drove away. She went back to Louise: inquisition for inquisition, it was easier to meet that of her late patient than that of her mother, and for once the girl spared herself.

"I know he thought I was very bad," whimpered Mrs. Maynard, for a beginning. "What is the matter with me?"

"Your cold has taken an acute form; you will have to go to bed" —

"Then, I 'm going to be down sick! I knew I was! I knew it! And what am I going to do, off in such a place as this? No one to nurse me, or look after Bella! I should think you would be satisfied now, Grace, with the result of your *conscientiousness:* you were so very sure that Mr. Libby was wanting to flirt with me that you drove us to our death, because you thought he felt guilty and was trying to fib out of it."

"Will you let me help to undress you?" asked Grace, gently. "Bella shall be well taken care of, and I am going to nurse you myself, under Dr.

Mulbridge's direction. And once for all, Louise, I wish to say that I hold myself to blame for all" —

"Oh, yes! Much good *that* does *now!*" Being got into bed, with the sheet smoothed under her chin, she said, with the effect of drawing a strictly logical conclusion from the premises, "Well, I should think George Maynard would want to be with his family!"

Spent with this ordeal, Grace left her at last, and went out on the piazza, where she found Libby returned. In fact, he had, upon second thoughts, driven back, and put up his horse at Jocelyn's, that he might be of service there in case he were needed. The ladies, with whom he had been making friends, discreetly left him to Grace, when she appeared, and she frankly walked apart with him, and asked him if he could go over to New Leyden, and telegraph to Mr. Maynard.

"Has she asked for him?" he inquired, laughing. "I knew it would come to that."

"She has not asked; she has said that she thought he ought to be with his family," repeated Grace, faithfully.

"Oh, *I* know how she said it: as if he had gone away willfully, and kept away against her wishes and all the claims of honor and duty. It would n't take her long to get round to that if she thought she was very sick. Is she so bad?" he inquired, with light skepticism.

"She 's threatened with pneumonia. We can't tell how bad she may be."

"Why, of course I 'll telegraph. But I don't think anything serious *can* be the matter with Mrs. Maynard."

"Dr. Mulbridge said that Mr. Maynard ought to know."

"Is that *so?*" asked Libby, in quite a different tone. If she recognized the difference, she was meekly far from resenting it; he, however, must have wished to repair his blunder. "I think you need n't have given up the case to him. I think you 're too conscientious about it" —

"Please don't speak of that, now," she interposed.

"Well, I won't," he consented. "Can I be of any use here to-night?"

"No, we shall need nothing more. The doctor will be here again in the morning."

Libby did not come in the morning till after the doctor had gone, and then he explained that he had waited to hear in reply to his telegram, so that they might tell Mrs. Maynard her husband had started; and he had only just now heard.

"And has he started?" Grace asked.

"I heard from his partner. Maynard was at the ranch. His partner had gone for him."

"Then, he will soon be here," she said.

"He will, if telegraphing can bring him. I sat up half the night with the operator. She was very obliging when she understood the case."

"She?" repeated Grace, with a slight frown.

"The operators are nearly all women, in the country."

"Oh!" She looked grave. "Can they trust young girls with such important duties?"

"They did n't in this instance," replied Libby. "She was a pretty old girl. What made you think she was young?"

"I don't know. I thought you said she was young." She blushed, and seemed about to say more, but she did not.

He waited, and then he said, "You can tell Mrs. Maynard that I telegraphed on my own responsibility, if you think it 's going to alarm her."

"Well," said Grace, with a helpless sigh.

"You don't like to tell her that," he suggested, after a moment, in which he had watched her.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, I know. And some day I will tell you how — if you will let me."

It seemed a question; and she did not know what it was that kept her silent and breathless, and hot in the throat. "I *don't* like to do it," she said, at last. "I hate myself whenever I have to feign anything. I knew perfectly well that you did n't say she was young," she broke out desperately.

"Say Mrs. Maynard was young?" he asked stupidly.

"No!" she cried. She rose hastily from the bench where she had been sitting with him. "I must go back to her now."

He mounted to his buggy, and drove thoughtfully away at a walk.

The ladies, whose excited sympathies for Mrs. Maynard had kept them from the beach till now, watched him quite out of sight before they began to talk of Grace.

"I hope Dr. Breen's new patient will be more tractable," said Mrs. Merritt. "It would be a pity if she had to give *him* up, too, to Dr. Mulbridge."

Mrs. Scott failed of the point. "Why, is Mr. Libby sick?"

"Not very," answered Mrs. Merritt, with a titter of self-applause.

"I should be sorry," interposed Mrs. Alger, authoritatively, "if we had said anything to influence the poor thing in what she has done."

"Oh, I don't think we need distress ourselves about undue influence!" Mrs. Merritt exclaimed.

Mrs. Alger chose to ignore the suggestion. "She had a very difficult part; and I think she has acted courageously. I always feel sorry for girls who attempt anything of that kind. It 's a fearful ordeal."

"But they say Miss Breen was n't obliged to do it for a living," Mrs. Scott suggested.

"So much the worse," said Mrs. Merritt.

"No, so much the better," returned Mrs. Alger.

Mrs. Merritt, sitting on the edge of the piazza, stooped over with difficulty and plucked a grass-straw, which she bit as she looked rebelliously away.

Mrs. Frost had installed herself as favorite since Mrs. Alger had praised her hair. She now came forward, and, dropping fondly at her knee, looked up to her for instruction. "Don't you think that she showed her sense in giving up at the very beginning, if she found she was n't equal to it?" She gave her head a little movement from side to side, and put the mass of her back hair more on show.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Alger, looking at the favorite not very favorably.

"Oh, *I* don't think she 's given up," Miss Gleason interposed, in her breathless manner. She waited to be asked why, and then she added, "I think she 's acting in consultation with Dr. Mulbridge. He may have a certain influence over her, — I think he has; but I know they 're acting in unison."

Mrs. Merritt flung her grass-straw away. "Perhaps it is to be Dr. Mulbridge, after all, and not Mr. Libby."

"I have thought of that," Miss Gleason assented, candidly. "Yes, I have thought of that. I have thought of their being constantly thrown together, in this way. It would not discourage me. She could be quite as true to her vocation as if she remained single. Truer."

"Talking of true," said Mrs. Scott, "always does make me think of blue. They say that yellow will be worn on everything this winter."

"Old gold?" asked Mrs. Frost.

"Yes, more than ever."

"Dear!" cried the other lady. "I don't know what I *shall* do. It perfectly kills my hair."

"Oh, Miss Gleason!" exclaimed the young girl. "Do you believe in character coming out in color?"

"Yes, certainly. I have always believed that."

"Well, I 've got a friend, and she would n't have anything to do with a girl that wore magenta more than she would fly."

"I should suppose," explained Miss Gleason, "that all those aniline dyes implied something coarse in people."

"Is n't it curious," asked Mrs. Frost, "how red-haired people have come in fashion? I can recollect, when I was a little girl, that everybody laughed at red hair. There was one girl at the first school I ever went to, — the boys used to pretend to burn their fingers at *her* hair."

"I think Dr. Breen's hair is a very pretty shade of brown," said the young girl.

Mrs. Merritt rose from the edge of the piazza. "I think that if she has n't given up to him entirely she 's the most submissive consulting physician I ever saw," she said, and walked out over the grass towards the cliff.

The ladies looked after her. "*Is* Mrs. Merritt more pudgy when she 's sitting down or when she 's standing up?" asked Mrs. Scott.

Miss Gleason seized her first chance of speaking with Grace alone. "Oh, *do* you know how much you are doing for us all?"

"Doing for you all? How, doing?" faltered Grace, whom she had whisperingly halted in a corner of the hall leading from the dining-room.

"By acting in unison, — by solving the most perplexing problem in women's practicing your profession." She passed the edge of her fan over her lips before letting it fall furled upon her left hand, and looked luminously into Grace's eyes.

"I don't at all know what you mean, Miss Gleason," said the other.

Miss Gleason kicked out the skirt of her dress, so as to leave herself perfectly free for the explanation. "Practicing in harmony with a physician of the other sex. I have always felt that there was the great difficulty, — how to bring that about. I have always felt that the *true* physician must be *dual*, — have both the woman's nature and the man's; the woman's tender touch, the man's firm grasp. You have shown how the medical education of women can meet this want. The physician can actually be dual, — be two, in fact. Hereafter, I have no doubt we shall always call a physician of each sex. But it 's wonderful how you could ever bring it about, though *you* can do anything! Has n't it *worn* upon you?" Miss Gleason darted out her sentences in quick, short breaths, fixing Grace with her eyes, and at each clause nervously tapping her chest with her reopened fan.

"If you suppose," said Grace, "that Dr. Mulbridge and I are acting professionally in unison, as you call it, you are mistaken. He has entire charge of the case; I gave it up to him, and I am merely nursing Mrs. Maynard under his direction."

"How splendid!" Miss Gleason exclaimed. "Do you know that I admire you for giving up, — for knowing *when* to give up? So few women do that! Is n't he magnificent?"

"Magnificent?"

"I mean, psychically. He is what I should call a strong soul. You must have felt his masterfulness; you must have enjoyed it! Don't you like to be dominated?"

"No," said Grace, "I should n't at all like it."

"Oh, *I* do! I like to meet one of those forceful masculine natures that simply bid you *obey*. It 's delicious. Such a sense of self-surrender," Miss Gleason explained. "It is n't because they are men," she added. "I have felt the same influence from some women. I felt it, in a certain degree, on first meeting *you*."

"I am very sorry," said Grace, cold-

ly. "I should dislike being controlled myself, and I should dislike still more to control others."

"You 're doing it now!" cried Miss Gleason, with delight. "I could not do a *thing* to resist your putting me down! Of course you don't know that you 're doing it; it 's purely involuntary. And you would n't know that he was dominating you. And he would n't."

Very probably Dr. Mulbridge would not have recognized himself in the character of all-compelling, lady's-novel hero which Miss Gleason imagined for him. Life presented itself rather simply to him, as it does to most men, and he easily dismissed its subtler problems from a mind preoccupied with active cares. As far as Grace was concerned, she had certainly roused in him an unusual curiosity; nothing less than her homœopathy would have made him withdraw his consent to a consultation with her, and his fear had been that in his refusal she should escape from his desire to know more about her, her motives, her purposes. He had accepted without scruple the sacrifice of pride she had made to him; but he had known how to appreciate her scientific training, which he found as respectable as that of any clever young man of their profession. He praised, in his way, the perfection with which she interpreted his directions and intentions in regard to the patient. "If there were such nurses as you, Miss Breen, there would be very little need of doctors," he said, with a sort of interrogative fashion of laughing peculiar to him.

"I thought of being a nurse once," she answered. "Perhaps I may still be one. The scientific training won't be lost."

"Oh, no! It 's a pity that more of them have n't it. But I suppose they think nursing is rather too humble an ambition."

"I don't think it so," said Grace, briefly.

"Then you did n't care for medical distinction."

"No."

He looked at her quizzically, as if this were much droller than if she had cared. "I don't understand why you should have gone into it. You told me, I think, that it was repugnant to you; and it 's hard work for a woman, and very uncertain work for any one. You must have had a tremendous desire to benefit your race."

His characterization of her motive was so distasteful that she made no reply, and left him to his conjectures, in which he did not appear unhappy. "How do you find Mrs. Maynard to-day?" she asked.

He looked at her with an instant coldness, as if he did not like her asking, and were hesitating whether to answer. But he said at last, "She is no better. She will be worse before she is better. You see," he added, "that I have n't been able to arrest the disorder in its first stage. We must hope for what can be done, now, in the second."

She had gathered from the half-jocose ease with which he had listened to Mrs. Maynard's account of herself, and to her own report, an encouragement which now fell to the ground. "Yes," she asserted, in her despair, "that is the only hope."

He sat beside the table in the hotel parlor, where they found themselves alone for the moment, and drubbed upon it with an absent look. "Have you sent for her husband?" he inquired, returning to himself.

"Yes; Mr. Libby telegraphed the evening we saw you."

"That 's good," said Dr. Mulbridge, with comfortable approval; and he rose to go away.

Grace impulsively detained him. "I won't ask you whether you consider Mrs. Maynard's case a serious one, if you object to my doing so."

"I don't know that I object," he said

slowly, with a teasing smile, such as one might use with a persistent child whom one chose to baffle in that way.

She disdained to avail herself of the implied permission. "What I mean — what I wish to tell you is — that I feel myself responsible for her sickness, and that if she dies I shall be guilty of her death."

"Ah?" said Dr. Mulbridge, with more interest, but the same smile. "What do you mean?"

"She did n't wish to go that day when she was caught in the storm. But I insisted; I forced her to go." She stood panting with the intensity of the feeling which had impelled her utterance.

"What do you mean by forcing her to go?"

"I don't know. I — I — persuaded her."

Dr. Mulbridge smiled, as if he perceived her intention not to tell him something she wished to tell him. He looked down into his hat, which he carried in his hand.

"Did you believe the storm was coming?"

"No!"

"And you did n't make it come?"

"Of course not!"

He looked at her and laughed.

"Oh, you don't at all understand!" she cried.

"I 'm *not* a doctor of divinity," he said. "Good-morning."

"Wait, wait!" she implored. "I am afraid — I don't know — Perhaps my being near her is injurious to her; perhaps I ought to let some one else nurse her. I wished to ask you this" — She stopped, breathlessly.

"I don't think you have done her any harm as yet," he answered lightly. "However," he said, after a moment's consideration, "why don't you take a holiday? Some of the other ladies might look after her a while."

"Do you really think," she palpitated, "that I might? Do you think I ought? I 'm afraid I ought n't" —

"Not if your devotion is hurtful to her?" he asked. "Send some one else to her for a while. Any one can take care of her for a few hours."

"I could n't leave her — feeling as I do about her."

"I don't know how you feel about her," said Dr. Mulbridge. "But you can't go on at this rate. I shall want your help by and by, and Mrs. Maynard does n't need you now. Don't go back to her."

"But if she should get worse while I am away" —

"You think your staying and feeling bad would make her better? Don't go back," he repeated; and he went out to his ugly rawboned horse, and, mounting his shabby wagon, rattled away. She lingered, indescribably put to shame by the brutal common sense which she could not impeach, but which she still felt was no measure of the case. It was true that she had not told him everything, and she could not complain that he had mocked her appeal for sympathy if she had trifled with him by a partial confession. But she indignantly denied to herself that she had wished to appeal to him for sympathy.

She wandered out on the piazza, which she found empty, and stood gazing at the sea in a reverie of passionate humilation. She was in that mood, familiar to us all, when we long to be consoled and even flattered for having been silly. In a woman this mood is near to tears; at a touch of kindness the tears come, and momentous questions are decided. What was perhaps uppermost in the girl's heart was a detestation of the man to whom she had seemed a simpleton; her thoughts pursued him, and divined the contempt with which he must be thinking of her and her pretensions. She heard steps on the sand, and Libby came round the corner of the house from the stable.

W. D. Howells.

KOSHCHEI THE DEATHLESS; OR, THE DIFFUSION OF FAIRY-TALES.

Until the beginning of the present century, by far the greater portion of Aryan mythology existed only, like an unwritten language, on the lips of the common people. The Vedas, the great Sanskrit epics and the dramas of Kalidasa, the Homeric poems, the immortal Attic tragedies and the works of the Greek logographers, as well as the collection of sacred books known as Zendavesta, did indeed form a literature thousands of years old, to which in later times the Icelandic Edda, with the Heimskringla of Sturluson and other Norse sagas, and the German Lay of the Nibelungs, were added; and in this mass of literature all the most conspicuous features of Aryan mythology are no doubt to be found, as well as many important clews by which to interpret them. A far greater mass of legendary lore, however, at least if we consider its bulk only, was preserved from age to age by word of mouth, in the shape of fairy-tales, nursery rhymes and ballads, popular superstitions and proverbs. From the loftier mythology which deals with gods and sublime heroes, and is thus associated with religious ideas, this humble material of tradition is customarily distinguished as "folk-lore," but no one would pretend to draw any boundary line between folk-lore and mythology. Through the whole warp of the more serious mythology runs the homely woof of folk-lore, so that our opinion about Athene or Odysseus is worth but little until we have given due attention to Little Red Riding Hood and her happier cousin Cinderella.

Of this humble but very important portion of mythology, very little, I said, was reduced to writing until the present century. In the Middle Ages the two great storehouses of popular lore were the Directorium Humanæ Vitæ, by John of Capua, and the famous Book of the Seven Wise Masters, by Dame Jehans, a French monk. The first of these was translated toward the end of the thirteenth century from a Hebrew version of an Arabic version of a Pehlevi version made seven hundred years before at the court of Khosrou Nushirwan. The original which passed through so many metamorphoses was the Sanskrit Pantcha Tantra, or Five Books of fable, and in one form or another the work is variously known as the Fables of Bidpai or Pilpay, the Anvar-i Suhaili or Lights of Canopus, or the book of Kalila and Dimna. The Book of the Seven Wise Masters had an equally complicated career. In 1550 the first modern collection of folk-lore appeared in the Piacevole Notte of Straparola, which was followed in the next century by the Pentamerone of Basile, a work of much higher character. Sixty years later, Perrault published his Contes de ma Mère l'Oye, the original of our Mother Goose, and about the same time the Countess D'Aulnoy set the fashion of writing such stories as the Beneficent Frog, Princess Carpillon, and The Hind in the Wood, which used to interest children, but are of little or no value to the student of folk-lore. The two great mediæval collections, with the books of Perrault, Basile, and Straparola, the monkish tales known as the Gesta Romanorum, and the peerless Arabian Nights, comprise pretty much all the literature of folk-lore known in Europe before the present century. In 1812, an event of the first importance in the study of mythology occurred when the brothers Grimm published the first volume of their household tales, gathered orally from nurses, children, and gran-

nies at a hundred German firesides. Everybody knows what this book is. It has taken its place by the side of the Arabian Nights, and can be understood at a still earlier age. I have often thought that if any man ever achieved a thoroughly enviable reputation, that man was Jacob Grimm. The greatest scholar of modern times, and one of the chief inaugurators of the comparative method in linguistics, mythology, and jurisprudence, master in two such distinct lines of inquiry as those now represented by Max Müller and Sir Henry Maine, and author of one of the most colossal works in philology that have ever been published, — at the same time his name has become and will long remain a household word wherever there are dear little rosy-cheeked boys and girls to be interested in the misfortunes of Faithful John, or tickled by the adventures of Hans-in-Luck. Of this latter fame, however, his brother William is entitled to an equal share. This work of the Grimms "proceeded on the principle of faithfully collecting traditions from the mouths of the people, without adding one jot or tittle, or in any way interfering with them, except to select this or that variation as most apt or beautiful."[1] The example having thus been set, other explorers and collectors followed it, and the amount of folk-literature that has thus grown up within the past fifty years is simply enormous. Next in interest and merit to the Grimm collection are the Norse tales of Asbjörnsen and Moe, translated into English by Dasent, — a book which ought to be in every household. Among other such works of first importance are Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands, Kennedy's Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts, the great Russian collection by Afanasief, portions of which have been made accessible to English readers by Mr. Ralston, and the interesting volume entitled Old Deccan Days, dictated to Miss Frere by a family servant in Southern India. But I have not set out to give the bibliography of this subject. The literature of popular mythology to-day fills thousands of volumes, and could hardly be mastered in an ordinary lifetime. It is fortunate that such zeal has been shown in this work, but much still remains to be done, and should be done without delay. For in this age of railroads and telegraphs and daily newspapers the native growth of folk-lore is likely ere long to die out. When a nation gets to be so literary that in every farmer's house you find a copy of Harper's Magazine or the Atlantic Monthly, there is not much chance left for folk-lore, except in so far as it has taken shape in literature, like everything else. In this country we seem to be getting into some such condition as this, and an emulator of the Grimms would find a comparatively poor harvest here. Indeed, I think we have a feeling that folk-lore belongs in the main to the Old World, like quaint heraldic emblems, orders of nobility, ruined monasteries, and such sort of things. But this only indicates that in course of time the diffusion of printed literature is likely to kill out folk-lore everywhere, except in so far as it gathers it up and preserves it as literature.

It is not likely, however, that any further explorations will essentially modify the conclusions at which we are now enabled to arrive. The vast mass of material already at our command is quite sufficient to demonstrate for us, in a manner no less interesting than convincing, how deep-seated was the community of culture in the primitive Aryan world. The first and most striking result of this extensive investigation shows that the community of folk-lore among the various Indo-European peoples is as unmistakable as the community of speech. The existence of a story in any part of the Aryan domain is almost a sure guarantee that it will turn up soon-

[1] Dasent, op. cit. p. cl.

er or later in some other part. One needs but to read Dasent's Norse Tales and Miss Frere's Old Deccan Days to see how wonderful is the identity between the nursery tales of Norway and of Southern Hindustan, told as they are by humble folk who have no knowledge of book-lore whatever. In my Myths and Myth-Makers I have cited several examples of this correspondence, which I will not repeat here. Out of innumerable other instances, equally suggestive, we may consider Grimm's story of the Traveling Musicians. Somewhere near the city of Bremen dwelt an ass, who had grown so old in service that his master thought him of no use, and resolved to knock him on the head. But the sagacious brute, suspecting that something was wrong, contrived to slink away, and started for the city, bethinking himself that his voice was still effective, and perhaps he might secure employment as a musician. Before he had gone far he fell in with a large dog, who began to complain bitterly of the hard life he led, chained all day in a narrow kennel, and fed on the sorriest of dry bones. It needed but little persuasion to induce him to join the ass, and set out to try whether his fine bass voice would not insure him a place in some city choir. Trudging along together, the two friends presently espied a cat perched on a brick wall, with her lithe spine well arched, and mewing desperately. On inquiry, it appeared that there had been a new litter of kittens, and the lady of the house had been heard to suggest that the prettiest kitten should be kept and the old cat drowned, as she had grown too lazy to prowl for mice. Under these circumstances, the temptation to join the traveling musicians proved too strong for that love of home which nature has implanted in the feline breast, and an excellent soprano was thus added to the company. An alto or counter-tenor was all that was now needed, and this was soon found in the person of Chanticleer, who had that morning overheard the cook making some very ominous remarks about the chicken-broth for to-morrow's dinner. The quartette traveled along in pleasant comradeship till nightfall, when, having got well into the woods, the rooster found a perch among the branches of a tall tree, while the other musicians composed themselves to sleep at its foot. Before the night was far gone the company below were awakened by a prolonged cock-crow. "What's the matter up there?" said the donkey; to which Chanticleer made answer that he saw the sun on the horizon. Some wrangling ensued over this, as the donkey and dog maintained that it was pitch-dark, until Tabby, who had run up the tree, reported that Chanticleer certainly saw some kind of a light. It was hereupon thought worth while to pry further into the matter, and so they all started off together in the direction indicated by the cock. After a while they saw that the light came from the window of a large house; and as they drew near, the ass, being the tallest, beheld a gang of robbers seated around a large table, playing at cards and drinking brandy and water. How to capture this desirable stronghold was now the problem of the musicians, and after some consultation they hit upon a plan. "The ass placed himself upright on his hind-legs, with his fore-feet resting against the window; the dog got upon his back; the cat scrambled up to the dog's shoulders, and the cock flew up and sat upon the cat's head. When all was ready, a signal was given, and they began their music. The ass brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the cock" crowed lustily; "and then they all broke through the window at once, and came tumbling into the room, amongst the broken glass, with a most hideous clatter! The robbers, who had been not a little frightened by the opening concert, had now no doubt that some dreadful

hobgoblin had broken in upon them, and scampered away as fast as they could." In the scramble the table was overturned and the light put out; but the musicians, being masters of the situation, soon smelled out whatever was good to eat, and after a while they went to bed, — the donkey on a heap of straw in the yard, the dog on a mat behind the door, the cat curled up on the hearth, and the cock on the ridge-pole of the roof. Presently the robbers began to repent of their terror, and one of the boldest volunteered to go back and see how things looked. Finding everything still, he went in, and tried to get a light from the cat's eyes, mistaking them for live coals; but when it came to scratching eyes the cat had the best of it. As the robber retreated through the door the dog bit him in the leg; the ass kicked him as he ran across the yard; and with a prodigious crow Chanticleer completed his discomfiture. He flew back to his comrades in deadly terror, and told them how a horrid witch clawed his face with her long bony fingers; how a ruffian in the door-way stabbed him with a knife; "how a black monster stood in the yard and struck him with a club; and how the devil" sat on top of the house and screamed, "Throw the rascal up here!"

I have given this story not precisely according to Grimm, but have mixed in some details from another German version, which I heard when a boy. Singular as it may seem, it is found in one form or another in all the Teutonic and Keltic parts of Europe. It appears as indigenous in Ireland, under the title of Jack and his Comrades, where some features are added which bring it within the large class of stories relating to grateful beasts. Jack is the young hero who figures so conspicuously in nursery literature, who starts out to seek his fortune. He drags the ass out of a bog in which he is floundering, and afterwards rescues the dog from some naughty boys who are tormenting him. The accession of the cat to the company is marked by no special adventure, but the cock is saved by the dog's prowess from the clutches of a red fox which is carrying it off. When they all reach the house in the wood, it is Jack who creeps up to the window and discovers six robbers drinking whisky-punch. He listens to their talk, and overhears how they lately bagged a fine booty at Lord Dunlavin's, with the connivance of the gatekeeper. The house is then taken by storm, as in the German version, and when the bravest robber returns in the dark he meets with a similar ill-reception. The stolen treasure is all found secreted in the house, and next morning Jack loads it on to the donkey, and they proceed to Lord Dunlavin's castle. The treasure is restored, the gatekeeper is hanged, the faithful beasts get well provided for in the the kitchen and farmyard, and Jack marries the lord's only daughter, and eventually succeeds to the earldom.

Taken as a whole, this fantastic story may not have a consistent mythological significance, but it has certainly been pieced together out of genuine mythical conceptions. It is impossible to read it without being reminded of the lame ass in the Zend Yaçna, who by his fearful braying terrifies the night-monsters and keeps them away from the sacred *homa*, or drink of the gods. In the Veda this business of guarding the *soma* is intrusted not to an ass, but to a centaur or *gandharva*. The meaning of these creatures is well enough understood. The Vedic *gandharvas*, corresponding to the Greek κενταυροι, were cloud deities, who, among other accomplishments, were skillful performers on the kettle-drum; and their musical performances, as well as the braying of the ass in the Zendavesta, appear to have represented neither more nor less than the thunder with which Indra terrified the Panis, or night-robbers. The ass, indeed, plays a considerable part in Hindu mythology; and

the protection of treasure and intimidation of thieves is one of his regular mythical functions.[1] Now when we consider the close resemblance between this function of the ass in Hindu mythology and the part which he plays in the Kelto-Teutonic legend above cited, and when we reflect that there is nothing in our actual familiar experience of the animal which should suggest any such function to the story-teller, does it not seem quite clear that this prominent idea in the grotesque and homely story, — the idea of robbers frightened by a donkey's voice, — had its origin in an Old Aryan mythical conception? If this be the case, — even without considering the other members of the quartette, albeit they have all figured very conspicuously in divers Aryan myths, — we are bound to account for the wide diffusion of the story by supposing that it is a very old tradition, and has not been passed about in recent times from one Aryan people to another.

If our view were restricted to this story alone, however, perhaps we could not make out a very strong case for it as illustrating an early community of Aryan tradition. It is no doubt possible, for example, that the story may have been originally pieced together out of mythical materials by some Teutonic story-teller, and may have been transmitted into Keltic Britain by Uncle Toby's armies in Flanders, or in any other of a thousand ways; for the social intercourse between Kelts and Teutons has always been very close. Some scholars think that we may account in this way for the greater part of the resemblances among folk-tales in different parts of Europe; and in support of their opinion they allege the immense popularity, in the Middle Ages, of the version of the Pantcha Tantra and the Seven Wise Masters. But such an opinion seems based on altogether too narrow a view of the subject. In the first place, the stories which have come into Europe through the Seven Wise Masters and the versions of the Pantcha Tantra are but a drop in the bucket, when compared with the vast mythical lore which has been taken down from the lips of the common people within the last fifty years. For the greater part of this mythical lore no imaginable literary source can be pointed out. In the second place, however practicable this theory of what we may call "lateral transmission" might seem if applied only to one legend, like the story of the donkey and his friends, above cited, it breaks down utterly when we try to apply it to the entire folk-lore of any one people. Granting that the Scotch and Irish Kelts may have learned this particular story from some German source, we have yet to remember that nine tenths of Scoto-Irish folk-lore is substantially identical with the folk-lore of Germany; and shall we say that Scotch and Irish nurses never told nursery tales until they were instructed, in some way or other, from a German source? We seem here to get very near to a *reductio ad absurdum;* but the case is made immeasurably worse when we reflect that it is not with two or three but with twenty or thirty different Aryan peoples, and throughout more than a hundred distinct areas, that this remarkable community of popular tradition occurs. Is it in any way credible that one of these groups of people should have been obliged to go to some other group to get its nursery tales? Or, to put the question more forcibly, is it at all credible that any one group should have been so differently constituted from the rest, in regard to the making of folk-lore, that it should have enjoyed a monopoly of this kind of invention? Yet, unless we feel prepared to defend some such extreme position as this, there appears to be nothing for us to do but to admit that all the Aryan people have

[1] See Gubernatis, Zoölogical Mythology, i. 370–379.

gone on from the outset with their own native folk-lore. Here and there, no doubt, they have acquired new stories from one another, and the instances of such cross-transmission may very likely have been numerous; but with regard to the great body of their fireside traditions we may safely assert, on general principles of common sense, that it has been indigenous. And when we find that not two or three but two or three thousand nursery-tales are common to Ireland and Russia, to Norway and Hindustan, we may feel pretty sure that the gist of these tales was all contained in Old Aryan folk-lore in the times when there was but one Old Aryan language and culture. We have no alternative but to admit, as I have elsewhere said, "that the primitive Aryan cottager, as he took his evening meal of *yava* and sipped his fermented mead, listened with his children to the stories of Boots and Cinderella and the Master Thief, in the days when the squat Laplander was master of Europe and the dark-skinned Sudra was as yet unmolested in the Punjab. Only such community of origin can explain the community in character between the stories told by the Aryan's descendants from the jungles of Ceylon to the highlands of Scotland."

But in support of this view we have not only this general *a priori* probability, sustained by the difficulty of adopting any alternative. We have also the demonstrated fact that the whole structure of Aryan speech, with the culture that it implies, however multiform it is to-day, has been traced back to an era of uniformity. Quite independently of our study of myths and legends, we know that there was once a time when the ancestors of the Englishman, the Russian, and the Hindu formed but one single people; and we know that English words are like Russian and Hindustani words because they have been handed down by tradition from a common source, and for no other reason, occult or plausible. Knowing this to be so, is it not obvious that the conditions of the case quite cover also the case of nursery tales? Children learn the adventures of Little Bo-Peep and Jack the Giant-Killer precisely as they learn the words of their mother tongue; and if the power of tradition is sufficient to make us say "three" in America to-day just because our ancestors said "tri" forty centuries ago in Central Asia, why should not the same conservative habit insure a similar duration to the rhymes and stories with which infancy is soothed and delighted?

Our position is further strengthened by a qualification which it is desirable here to introduce. Great as is the number of entirely similar *stories* which can be brought together from the remotest corners of the Indo-European world, the number of similar mythical *incidents* is far greater. The wide diffusion of such stories as Cinderella and Faithful John is in itself a striking phenomenon. But after all, the main point is that no matter how endlessly diversified the great mass of Aryan nursery tales may appear on a superficial view, they are nevertheless all made up of a few fundamental incidents, which recur again and again in an amazing variety of combinations. Thus the conception of grateful beasts, which we have already noticed, appears in hundreds of stories, its simplest version being the familiar legend of Androniicus, who pulls a thorn from a lion's paw, and is long afterward spared by the same lion in the amphitheatre. Hardly less common is the notion of a man whose life depends on the duration or integrity of something external to him, as the existence of Meleagros was to be determined by the burning of a log. The idea of a Delilah-like woman, who by amorous wheedling extorts the secret of her lover's invulnerability, is equally wide-spread. And the conception of human beings turned into stone by an enchanter's spell is continually repeated, from the classic victims

of the Gorgon to the brothers of Parizade in the Arabian Nights. These elements are neatly blended in the South Indian legend of the magician Punchkin, who turned into stone six daughters of a rajah, with their husbands, and incarcerated the youngest daughter in a tower until she should make up her mind to marry him. He forgot, however, to enchant the baby son of this youngest daughter, who, years afterward, when grown to manhood, discovered his mother in the tower, and laid a plot for Punchkin's destruction. The princess gives Punchkin to understand that she will probably marry him if he will tell her the secret of his immortality. After two or three futile attempts to hoodwink his treacherous charmer, he confesses that his life is bound up with that of a little green parrot concealed under six jars of water in the midst of a jungle, a hundred thousand miles distant. On his journey thither, the young prince rescues some eaglets from a serpent, and they reward him by carrying him on their crossed wings, out of the reach of the dragons who guard the jungle. As he seizes the parrot, Punchkin roars for mercy, and immediately sets at liberty all the victims of the enchantment; but as soon as this has been done the prince wrings the parrot's neck, and the magician dies.

From the Deccan to Argyleshire this story is told, with hardly any variation, the most familiar version of it being the Norse tale of the Giant who had no Heart in his Body. But we are now looking at these stories analytically, and what we have chiefly to notice are the ubiquity, the persistence, and the manifold recombinations of the mythical incidents. These points are well illustrated in the Russian legend of Marya Morevna. This beautiful princess marries Prince Ivan, — the everlasting Jack or Odysseus of popular tradition, whom the wise dawn goddess ever favors, and insures him ultimate success. Marya Morevna is an Amazon, like Artemis and Brynhild, and after the honeymoon is over the impulse to go out and fight becomes irresistible. Ivan is left in charge of the house, and may do whatever he likes except to look into "that closet there." This incident you have met with in the stories of Bluebeard and the Third Royal Mendicant in the Arabian Nights, and there is hardly any limit to its recurrence. Of course, the moment his wife is out of the house, Ivan goes straight to the closet, and there he finds Koshchei the Deathless, fettered by twelve strong chains. Koshchei pleads piteously for some water, as he has not tasted a drop for ten years; but after the charitable Ivan has given him three bucketfuls, the malignant giant breaks his chains like cobwebs, and flies out of the window in a whirlwind, and overtakes Marya Morevna, and carries her home a prisoner. To recount all the adventures of Ivan while seeking his wife would be to encumber ourselves too heavily with mythical incident. He finds her several times, and carries her off; but Koshchei the Deathless has a magic horse, belonging to the same breed with Pegasus, the horses of Achilleus, the enchanted steed of the Arabian Nights, and the valiant hippogriff of Ariosto, and with this wonderful horse Koshchei always overtakes and baffles the fugitives. Prince Ivan's game is hopeless unless he can find out where Koshchei obtained his incomparable steed. By dint of industrious coaxing Marya Morevna learns that there is a Baba Yaga, or witch, who lives beyond a river of fire, and keeps plenty of mares; one time Koshchei tended the mares for three days without losing any, and the witch gave him a foal for his services. The way to get across the fiery river was to wave a certain magic handkerchief, when a lofty but narrow bridge would instantly span the stream. Here we have the Es-Sirat, or rainbow bridge, of

the Moslem, over which the good pass safely to heaven, while the wicked fall into the flames of hell below. Marya Morevna obtained the handkerchief, and so Ivan contrived to get across the river. Now comes the grateful-beast incident. The prince is faint with hunger, and is successively tempted by a chicken, a bit of honeycomb, and a lion's cub; but on the intercession of the old hen, the queen bee, and the lioness, he refrains from meddling with their treasures, and arrives half starved, at the horrible hut of the Baba Yaga, inclosed within a circle of twelve poles, on eleven of which are stuck human heads. The old hag gives him the mares to look after, with the friendly warning that if he loses a single one he need n't feel annoyed at finding his own head stuck on the twelfth pole. On each of the three days the mares scamper off in all directions, leaving Ivan in despair; but each night they are safely driven home, first by a flock of outlandish birds, next by a lot of wild beasts, and lastly by a swarm of angry bees. In the dead of night Prince Ivan laid hands on a magic colt, and rode off on it across the fairy bridge. The Baba Yaga followed in hot pursuit, driving along in an iron mortar, brushing away her traces with a broom, like the "old woman, whither so high," of our own nurseries. She drove fearlessly on to the bridge, but when she was midway it broke in two, and flop she went into the fiery stream. All was up now with Koshchei the Deathless, in spite of his surname; for now came Ivan and carried off Marya Morevna on his heroic steed; and when Koshchei caught up with them they just cracked his skull, and built a funeral pyre, and burned him to ashes on it.

Of the mythical incidents with which this wild legend is crowded, we must go back and pick up one or two which we could not conveniently notice on the way. We observed that Marya Morevna is like the Norse Brynhild in her character of an Amazon; she is like her also in being separated from her lover, who has to go through long wanderings and many trials before he can recover her. The theme, with many variations, is most elaborately worked out in the classic story of Odysseus, and it is familiar to every one in the Arabian tales of Beder and Johara, and of Kamaralzaman and Budoor. Another and more curious feature is the sudden recovery of gigantic strength by Koshchei the Deathless as soon as he has taken a drink of water. This notion is illustrated in many Aryan tales, but in none more forcibly than in the Bohemian story of Yanechek[1] and the Water-Demon. A poor widow's mischievous boy having been drowned, the mother some time after succeeds in capturing the water-demon while he is out of his element, roaming about on land. She drags him home to her hut, and ties him tight with a rope nine times plaited, and builds a fearful fire in the oven, which so scorches and torments the fiend that he is prevailed upon to tell her how to get down into the water-kingdom and release her Yanechek. Everything succeeds until Yanechek is restored to the dry land, and learns how his enemy is tied hand and foot in the hut. Overcome with a silly desire for revenge, he runs home, picks up a sharp hatchet, and throws it at the water-demon, thinking to split his head open and finish him. But the horrible fiend, changing suddenly into a huge black dog, jumps aside as the axe descends, and the sharp edge falls on the ninefold plaited rope and severs it. The dog, freed from his fetters, springs to the empty water-jug standing on the table, and, thrusting in his paw succeeds in touching one wet drop that remained at the bottom. Instantly, then, the demon recovered his

[1] The diminutive *Yanechek* means "Johnny." The name of the grand Bohemian actress, Fanny *Janauschek*, would seem to be equivalent to the English name "Johnson."

strength, and the drop of water became an overwhelming torrent, that swallowed up Yanechek, and his mother, and the house, and the region round about, and went off roaring down the hillside, leaving nothing but a dark and gloomy pool, which is there to this day, with the legend still hovering about it.

One might go on indefinitely citing stories in illustration of these curious correspondences. But we have already before us as much material as we can well manage, and quite enough to establish our main thesis. The reader will now clearly understand what is meant when it is said that the thousands of stories which constitute the body of Aryan folk-lore are made up of comparatively few mythical incidents combined in an endless variety of ways. This freedom with which the common stock of mythical ideas is handled in the different stories must finally dispose of the hypothesis that such stories have been diffused through any other means than that of immemorial tradition. No one will think it likely that in every Aryan land "men have handled the stories introduced from other countries with the deliberate purpose of modifying and adapting them, and that they have done their work in such a way as sometimes to leave scarcely a resemblance, at other times scarcely to effect the smallest change."[1] "To take these stories after any system, and arrange their materials methodically, is almost an impossible task. The expressions or incidents worked into these legends are like the few notes of the scale from which great musicians have created each his own world. . . . In one story we may find a series of incidents briefly touched, which elsewhere have been expanded into a hundred tales, while the incidents themselves are presented in the countless combinations suggested by an exuberant fancy. The outlines of the tales, when these have been carefully analyzed, are simple enough; but they are certainly not outlines which could have been suggested by incidents in the common life of mankind. Maidens do not fall for months or years into death-like trances, from which the touch of one brave man alone can rouse them. Dragons are not coiled round golden treasures or beautiful women on glistening heaths. Princes do not everywhere abandon their wives as soon as they have married them, to return at length in squalid disguise and smite their foes with invincible weapons. Steeds which speak and which cannot die do not draw the chariots of mortal chiefs. . . . Yet every fresh addition made to our stores of popular tradition does but bring before us new phases of those old forms"[2] of which the myth-makers seem never to have grown weary.

Let us now proceed to show how these elementary mythical incidents, out of which Aryan folk-lore is woven, are in general to be interpreted; and, not to multiply examples needlessly, let us consider some of the incidents and personages already cited. Koshchei the Deathless is a curious and interesting character; let us begin by seeing what we can make of him.

Between the Russian legend of Koshchei and the Hindu legend of Punchkin we have noted some general resemblances. Both these characters are mischief-makers, with whom the hearer is not expected to sympathize, and who finally meet their doom at the hands of the much-tried and much-wandering hero of the story. Both carry off beautiful women, who coquet with them just enough to lure them to destruction. Such resemblances may not suffice to prove their mythologic identity, but a more specific likeness is not wanting. The Russian legends of Koshchei are many, and in one of them his life depends on an egg which is in a duck

[1] Cox, Aryan Mythology, i. 142.

[2] Ibid., i. 157.

shut up in a casket underneath an oak-tree, far away. In all the main incidents this version coincides with the story of Punchkin, up to the smashing of the egg by Prince Ivan, which causes the death of the deathless Koshchei. There can thus be no doubt that the two personages stand for the same mythical idea. Again, we have seen that Koshchei is in his most singular characteristic identifiable with the water-demon of the Bohemian tale. In several Russian legends of the same cycle, the part of Koshchei is played by a water-snake, who at pleasure can assume the human form. In view of the entire grouping of the incidents, one can hardly doubt that this serpent belongs to the same family with Typhon, Ahi, and Echidna, and is to be counted among the robber Panis, the enemies of the solar deity Indra, who steal the light and bury it in distant caverns, but are sure to be discovered and discomfited in the end. The dawn-nymph — Marya Morevna, or whatever other name she may assume — is always true to her character, which is to be consistently false to the demon of darkness, with whom she coquets for a while, but only to inveigle him to destruction at the hands of her solar lover. The separation of the bright hero, Odysseus, or Kamaralzeman, or Prince Ivan, from his twilight bride, and his long nocturnal wanderings in search of her, exposed on the way to all manner of perilous witchcraft, which he invariably baffles, — all these incidents are transparent enough in their meaning. The horrid old witch, the Baba Yaga, is in many respects the ugly counterpart of the more agreeable Kalypso and Kirke, or of the abominable Queen Labe in the Arabian tale of Beder and Johara. The Baba Yaga figures very extensively in Russian folk-lore as a malignant fiend, and one prominent way in which she wreaks her malice is to turn her victims into stone. Herein she agrees with the Gorgon Medusa and the magician Punchkin. Why the fiends of darkness should be described as petrifying their victims is perhaps not obvious, until we reflect that throughout an immense circle of myths the powers of winter are indiscriminately mixed up with those of the night-time, as being indiscriminately the foes of the sun-god Zeus or Indra. That the demon of winter should turn its victims into stone for a season, until they are released by the solar hero, is in no wise incomprehensible, even to our mature and prosaic style of thinking. The hero who successfully withstands the spell of the Gorgon, after many less fortunate champions have succumbed to it, is the indomitable Perseus, who ushers in the spring-time.

The malignant characteristics of Punchkin are thus, in the Russian tale, divided between Koshchei and his ally, the Baba Yaga. It is in this random, helter-skelter way that the materials of folk-lore are ordinarily put together. But the instinct of the story-teller is here correct enough, for he feels that these demons really belong to the same family, though he cannot point, as the scholar can, to the associations of ideas which have determined what characteristics are to be assigned them. It cannot be too carefully borne in mind that the story-teller knows nothing whatever of the ancient mythical significance of the incidents which he relates. He recites them as they were told to him, in pursuance of some immemorial tradition of which nobody knows either the origin or the meaning. Yet in most instances the contrast between the good and the evil powers, between the god of light and warmth and comfort on the one hand and the fiends of darkness and cold and misery on the other, is so distinctly marked in the features of the immemorial myth that the story-teller — ignorant as he is of the purport of his talk — is not likely altogether to overlook it. As a general rule the attributes of Hercules are but seldom con-

founded with those of Cacus. Now and then, however, a confusion occurs, as we might expect, where there is no obvious reason why a particular characteristic should be assigned to a good rather than to an evil hero. In this way some of the relatively neutral features in a solar myth have been assigned indifferently to the powers of light and the powers of darkness. It seems to have puzzled Max Müller that, in the myth of the Trojan War, the night-demon Paris should appear invested with some of the attributes of solar heroes. But I think it is natural that this should be so when we consider how far the myth-makers were from intending anything like an allegory, and how slightly they were bound by any theoretical consistency in the use of their multifarious materials. The old antithesis of the good and the bad has generally been well sustained in the folk-lore which has descended from the myths of antiquity, but incidents not readily thus distinguishable have been parceled out very much at random. Bearing this in mind, we have no difficulty in understanding why the black magician's life depends on the integrity of an egg, or some other such object, outside of him. In the legends we have been considering, it is the fiend of darkness who is thus conditioned, but, originally, it is beyond all question that the circumstance refers to the sun. Out of a thousand legends of this class, it is safe to say that nine hundred and ninety represent the career of the hero as bound up with the duration of an egg. And here, I think, we come close to the primitive form of the myth. This mysterious egg is the roc's egg which the malign African Efreet asked Aladdin to hang up in the dome of his palace. It is the sun; and when the life of the sun is destroyed, as when he goes down, the life of the hero who represents him is also destroyed. From this mythical source we have the full explanation of the singular fate of such personages as Meleagros, and Punchkin, and Koshchei the Deathless.

It is an odd feature of Koshchei that, while invariably distinguished as immortal, he is invariably slain by his solar adversary. But herein what have we to note save the fact that the night-demon, though perpetually slain, yet rises again, and presents a bold front, as before, to the solar hero? In the mythology of the American Indians we have this everlasting conflict between the dark and the bright deities. The West, or the spirit of darkness contends with the East, or the spirit of light. The struggle begins on the mountains, and the West is forced to give ground. The East drives him across rivers and over mountains and lakes, until at last they come to the brink of this world. "Hold!" cries the West; "hold, my son! You know my power, and that it is impossible to kill me!" Nothing can be more transparent than the meaning of all this; and it is in just this way that the deathless Koshchei is slain again and again by his solar antagonist. Conversely, among the incidents of the legend which we omitted as too cumbrous for citation is one in which Prince Ivan is chopped into small pieces by Koshchei, and is brought to life again only by most weird magic. What can be more obvious than that here we have the perennial conflict between Day and Night, — the struggle that knows no end, because both the antagonists are immortal?

As for the conception of grateful beasts, who in so many legends aid the solar hero in time of need, I think it is most likely derived from a mingling together of ancient myths in which the sun himself figures as a beast. In various ancient myths the sun is represented as a horse or a bull, or even as a fish, — Oannes or Dagon, — who swims at night through a subterranean ocean from the west, where he has disappeared, to the east, whence he is to emerge.

The cock is also, quite naturally, a solar animal, and his cheerful crow is generally the signal at which ghosts and night-demons depart in confusion. In popular legends, in which these primitive connections of ideas have been blurred and partially forgotten, we need not be surprised to find these and other solar beasts assisting the solar hero.

The beast, on the other hand, who enlists his services in support of the powers of darkness is usually a wolf, or a serpent, or a fish. In many legends the sun is supposed to be swallowed by a fish at nightfall, and cast up again at daybreak; and in the same way the wolf of darkness devours little Red Riding Hood, the dawn-nymph, with her robe of crimson twilight, and, according to the German version, yields her up whole and sound when he is cut open next day. But the fish who devours the sun is more often a water-snake, or sea-dragon, and we have seen that Koshchei the Deathless is connected by ties of kinship with these mythical animals. In the readiness with which Koshchei and the water-fiend of the Bohemian legend undergo metamorphosis we are reminded of the classic Proteus. But in the suddenness with which their giant strength is acquired we seem to have a reminiscence of the myth of Hermes, the god of the winds in the Homeric Hymn, who, while yet an infant in the cradle, becomes endowed with giant powers, and works mischief with the cloud cattle of Apollo; retreating afterwards through the key-hole, and shrinking back into his cradle with a mocking laugh. This mythical conception duly reappears in the Arabian story of the Efreet whom the fisherman releases from a bottle, who instantly grows into a gigantic form that towers among the clouds.

Thus the careful analysis of this Russian legend of Marya Morevna and Koshchei the Deathless yields the same results which in the foregoing paper we obtained from the Latin myth of Hercules and Cacus. And a similar analysis of the whole body of Aryan folk-lore would but strengthen our position by accumulated evidence, without in any degree modifying it. In these curious stories, to which our children listen to-day with breathless interest, we have the old mythical notions of the primitive Aryan people most strangely distorted and blended together. We may fairly regard them as the alluvial refuse which the stream of tradition has brought down from those distant highlands of mythology where our primeval ancestors recorded their crude and child-like impressions of the course of natural events. Out of the mouths of babes comes wisdom; and so from this quaint medley of nursery lore we catch glimpses of the thoughts of mankind in ages of which the historic tradition has utterly vanished.

John Fiske.

HARVEST NOON.

Morn hath its matins, each morn new,
The evening hath its vespers meet;
Nor lacks the noon a service true,
While crickets sing the song of heat.

An hour-long truce the reapers keep
With the mute legions of the grain;

Through swath and stubble spiders creep,
And web them with a filmy skein.

The bees forget their errantry,
Lapped in the clover white and red;
The wind, grown faint with luxury,
Leaves the ripe thistle-down unshed:

Still, yonder, on the long, gray road,
It lives, — a momentary gust,
That drives along, with noiseless goad,
A whirling phantom clothed in dust.

The dreams of night? Noon, too, hath dreams;
In fugitive, mysterious bands,
They launch their fleet on quivering streams
That flow above the sun-bright lands!

I see their prows are southward set;
And soon their sails the haven crowd,
By swimming dome and minaret,
And rich pavilion wove of cloud!

Edith M. Thomas.

IN EXILE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

THE autumn rains set in early, and the winter was unusually severe. Arnold had a purpose which kept him hard at work and very happy in those days.

During the long December nights he was shut up in his office, plodding on his maps and papers, or smoking in dreamy comfort by the fire. He was seldom interrupted, for he had earned a reputation socially in the camp not unlike that roughly formulated by Pratt. He had earned it quite unconsciously, and was as little troubled by the fact as by its consequences. On the evening of New Year's day he crossed the street to the Dyers' and asked for Miss Newell. She presently greeted him in the parlor, where she looked, Arnold thought, more than ever out of place among the bead-baskets, and splint-frames inclosing photographs of deceased members of the Dyer family, and the pallid walls, penitential chairs, and crude imaginings in worsted work. Her apparent unconsciousness of these abominations was another source of irritation. It is always irritating to a man to see a charming woman in an unhappy and false position, where he is powerless to help her. Arnold had not expected it would be a very exhilarating occasion, — he remembered the Dyer parlor, — but it was even less pleasant than he had expected. Captain Dyer was there, and told a great many stories in a loud, tiring voice. Miss Frances sat by with some soft white knitting in her hands, and her attitude of patient attention made Arnold long to

attack her with some savage pleasantries on the subject of Christmas in a mining camp. It seemed to him that patience was a virtue which could be carried too far, even in woman. Then Mrs. Dyer came in, and manœuvred her husband out into the passage; after some loud whispering there, she succeeded in getting him into the kitchen, and shut the door. Arnold got up soon after that, and said good-evening.

Miss Newell remained in the parlor for some time, moving softly about. She had gathered her knitting closely into her clasped hands; the ball trailed after her, among the legs of the chairs, and when in her silent promenade she had spun a grievous tangle of wool she sat down, and dropped the work out of her hands with a helpless gesture. Her head drooped, and tears trickled slowly between the slender white fingers which covered her face. Presently the fingers descended to her throat and clasped it close, as if to still an intolerable throbbing ache which her half suppressed tears had left.

At length she rose, picked up her work, and patiently followed the tangled clew until she had recovered her ball; then she wound it all up neatly, wrapped the embroidery in a thin white handkerchief, and went to her room.

With the fine March weather, fine in spite of the light rains, the engineer was laying out a road to the new shaft. It wound along the hill-side where Miss Newell had first seen the green trees by the spring. The engineer's orders included the building of a flume, carrying the water down from the Chilano's plantation into a tank built on the ruins of the rock which had guarded the sylvan spring. The discordant voices of a gang of Chinamen profaned the stillness which had framed Miss Frances' girlish laughter; the blasting of the rock had loosened, to their fall, the clustering trees above, and the brook below was a mass of trampled mud.

The engineer's visits to the spring gave him no pleasure in those days. He felt that he was the inevitable instrument of its desecration; but over the hill, just in sight from the spring, carpenters were putting a new piazza round a cottage that stood remote from the camp, where a spur of the hills descended steeply towards the valley. Arnold took a great interest in this cottage. He was frequently to be seen there in the evening, tramping up and down the new piazza, and offering to the moon, which looked in through the boughs of a live-oak at the end of the piazza, the incense of his lonely cigar. Sometimes he would take the key of the front door from his pocket, enter the silent house, and wander from one room to another, like a restless but not unhappy ghost. The moonlight, touching his face, showed it strangely stirred and softened. His was no melancholy madness.

Arnold was leaning on the gate of this cottage one afternoon, when the schoolmistress came down the trail from the camp. She did not appear to see him, but turned off the trail at a little distance from the cottage, and took her way across the hill behind it. Arnold watched her a few minutes, and then followed, overtaking her on the hills above the new road, where she had sat with Nicky Dyer nearly a year ago.

"I don't like to see you wandering about here, alone," he said. "The men on the road are a scratch gang, picked up anyhow, not like the regular miners. I hope you are not going to the spring!"

"Why?" said she. "Did you not drink to our return?"

"But you would not drink with me, so the spell did not work; and now the spring is gone, — all its beauty, I mean. The water is there in a tank, where the Chinamen fill their buckets night and morning, and the teamsters water their horses. We 'll go over there, if you would like to see the march of modern improvements."

"No," she said; "I'm not fond of looking at graves. Let us sit down a while."

A vague depression, which Arnold had been aware of in her manner when they met, became suddenly manifest in her paleness and a look of dull pain in her eyes.

"I had no idea you would be so cut up about the spring," he said. "I wish I had n't told you in that brutal way. I'm afraid I'm not many degrees removed from the primeval savage, after all."

"Oh, you need n't mind," she said, after a moment. "That was the only thing I cared for here, so now there will be nothing to regret when I go away."

"Are you going away, then? I'm very sorry to hear it; but of course I'm not surprised. You could n't be expected to stand it here; those children must have been something fearful."

"Oh, it was n't the children, particularly."

"Well, I'm sorry. I had hoped" —

"Yes," said she, "what is it you had hoped?"

"That I might indirectly be the means of making your life less lonely here. You remember that 'experiment' we talked about at the spring?"

"That *you* talked about, you mean."

"I am going to try it myself. Not because you were so encouraging — but — it's a risk any way, you know, and I'm not sure the circumstances make so much difference. I've known people to be wretched with all the modern conveniences. I am going East for her in about two weeks. How sorry she will be to find you gone! I wrote to her about you. You might have helped each other. Could n't you stand it, Miss Newell, don't you think, if you had another girl?"

"I'm afraid not," she said very gently. "I *must* go home. You may be sure she will not need me; you must see to it that she does n't."

They were walking back and forth on the hill.

"I was just looking for the cottonwood trees; are they gone too?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; there is n't a tree left in the cañon. Don't you envy me my work?"

"I suppose everything we do seems like desecration to somebody. Here am I making history very rapidly for this colony of ants." She looked down with a rueful smile as she spoke.

"I wish you had the history of the entire species under your foot, and could finish it at once."

"I'm not sure that I would; I'm not so fond of extermination as you pretend to be."

"Well, keep the ants if you like them, but I am firm on the subject of the camp-children. There *are* blessings, you know, which brighten as they take their flight. I pay my monthly assessment for the doctor with the greatest cheerfulness. If it was n't for him, in this climate, they would never die."

"Please don't!" she said wearily. "Even *I* don't like to hear you talk like that; I am sure *she* will not."

He laughed softly. "You have often reminded me of her in little ways: that was what upset me at the spring. I was very near telling you all about her that day."

"I wish you had!" she said. They were walking towards home now. "I suppose you know it is talked of in the camp," she said, after a pause. "Mr. Dyer told me, and showed me the house, a week ago. And now I must tell you about my violets. I had them in a box in my room all winter. I should like to leave them as a little welcome to her. Last night Nicky Dyer and I planted them on the bank by the piazza under the climbing-rose. It was a secret between Nicky and me, and Nicky promised to water them until she came; but of course I meant to tell you. Will you

look at them to-night, please, and see if Nicky has been faithful?"

"I will, indeed," said Arnold. "That is just the kind of thing she will delight in. If you are going East, Miss Newell, shall we not be fellow-travelers? I should be so glad to be of any service."

"No, thank you. I am to spend a month in Santa Barbara, and escort an invalid friend home. I shall have to say good-by, now. Don't go any further with me, please."

That night Arnold mused late, leaning over the railing of the new piazza in the moonlight. He fancied that a faint perfume of violets came from the damp earth below; but it could have been only fancy, for when he searched the bank for them they were not there. The new sod was trampled, and a few leaves and slight, uptorn roots lay scattered about, with some broken twigs from the climbing-rose. He had found the gate open when he came, and the Dyer cow had passed him, meandering peacefully up the trail.

The crescent moon had waxed and waned since the night when it lighted the engineer's musings through the wind-parted live-oak boughs, and another slender bow gleamed in the pale, tinted haze of twilight. The month had gone like a feverish dream to the young school-mistress, as she lay in her small, upper chamber, unconscious of all save alternate light and darkness, and rest following pain. When at last she crept down the short staircase to breathe the evening coolness, clinging to the stair-rail and holding her soft white draperies close around her, she saw the pink light lingering on the mountains, and heard the chorus to the Sweet By and By from the miner's church on the hill. It was Sunday evening, and the house was piously "emptied of its folk." She took her old seat by the parlor window, and looked across to the engineer's office. Its windows and doors were shut, and the dogs of the camp were chasing one another over the loose boards of the piazza floor. She laughed a weak, convulsive laugh, thinking of the engineer's sallies of old upon that band of Ishmaelites, and of the scrambling, yelping rush that followed. He had gone East, no doubt. She looked down the valley where the mountains parted seaward, the only break in the continuous barrier of land, — interminable stretches of continent, closing in about the atom of her own identity. The thought of that immensity of distance made her faint.

There were steps on the porch, — not Captain Dyer's, for he and his good wife were lending their voices to swell the stentorian chorus which was shaking the church on the hill; the footsteps paused at the door, and Arnold himself opened it. He had evidently not expected to see her.

"I was looking for some one to ask about you," he said. "Are you sure you are able to be down?"

"Oh, yes. I've been sitting up for several days. I wanted to see the mountains again."

He was looking at her intently, while she flushed with weakness, and drew the fringes of her shawl over her tremulous fingers.

"How ill you have been! I have wished myself a woman, that I might do something for you! I suppose Mrs. Dyer nursed you like a horse."

"Oh, no; she was very good; but I don't remember much about the worst of it. I thought you had gone home."

"Home! Where do you mean? I did n't know I had ever boasted of any reserved rights of that kind. I have no mortgage, in fact or sentiment, on any part of the earth's surface, that I'm acquainted with!"

He spoke with a hard carelessness in his manner which make her shrink.

"I mean the East. I am homeless, too, but all the East seems like home to me."

"You had better get rid of those sentimental, backward fancies as soon as possible. The East concerns itself very little about us, I can tell you! It can spare us."

She thrilled with pain at his words. "I should think you would be the last one to say so, — you, who have so much treasure there."

"Will you please to understand," he said, turning upon her a face of bitter calmness, "that I have no treasure anywhere, — not even in heaven!"

She sat perfectly still, conscious that by some helpless fatality of incomprehension every word she said goaded him, and fearing to speak again.

"Now I have hurt you," he said in his gentlest voice. "I am always hurting you. I ought n't to come near you with my rough edges! I 'll go away now, if you will tell me you forgive me!"

She smiled at him without speaking, while her fair throat trembled with a pulse of pain.

"Will you let me take your hand a moment? It is so long since I have touched a woman's hand! God! how lonely I am! Don't look at me in that way; don't pity me, or I shall lose what little manhood I have left!"

"What is it?" she said, leaning towards him. "There is something strange in your face. If you are in trouble, tell me. It will help me to hear it. I am not so very happy myself."

"Why should I add my load to yours? I seem always to impose myself upon you, first my hopes, and now my — no, it is n't despair; it is only a kind of brutal numbness. You have the fatal gift of sympathy, or you would never have seen my little hurt."

Miss Frances was not strong enough to bear the look in his eyes as he turned them upon her, with a dreary smile. She covered her face with one hand, while she whispered, —

"Is it — you have not lost her?"

"Yes! Or, rather, I never had her. I 've been dreaming like a boy all these years. 'In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.'"

"It is not death, then?"

"No, she is not dead. She is not even false; that is, not very false. How can I tell you how little it is, and yet how much! She is only a trifle selfish. Why should n't she be? Why should we men claim the exclusive right to choose the best for ourselves? It was selfish of me to ask her to share such a life as mine. And she has gently and reasonably reminded me that I 'm not worth the sacrifice. It 's quite true. I always knew I was n't. She said it very delicately and sweetly, — she 's the sweetest girl you ever saw! She 'd marry me to-morrow if I could add myself, such as I am, — she does n't overrate me, — to what she has already; but an exchange she was n't prepared for. She is gentle, but she 's cool, — infernally cool! In all my life I never was so clearly estimated, body and soul, and found wanting. I don't blame her, you understand. When I left her, three years ago, I saw my way easily enough to a reputation, and an income, and a home in the East. She never thought of anything else. I never taught her to look for anything else. I dare say she rather enjoyed having a lover working for her in the unknown West. She enjoyed the pretty letters she wrote me; but when it came to the bare bones of existence in a mining camp with a husband not very rich or very distinguished, she had nothing to clothe them with. You said once that to be happy here a woman must not have too much imagination; she had n't quite enough. I had to be dead honest with her when I asked her to come. I told her there was nothing here but the mountains and the sunsets, and a few items of picturesqueness which count with some people. Of course I had to tell her I was but little better off than when I left, except for

experience. A man's experience is something he cannot set forth at its value to himself. She passed it over as a word of no practical meaning. There her imagination failed her again. She took me frankly at my own estimate; and in justice to her I must say I put myself at the lowest figures. I made a very poor show on paper. She did n't raise me up and put a garland on my head, and give me a high seat at table. I suppose I must have expected something of the kind. We are always surprised when we get our deserts. She proposed that I should come East, and accept a superintendentship from a cousin of hers, the owner of a gun-factory in one of those shady New England towns women are so fond of. She intimated quietly that he was in politics, this cousin, and of course would expect his employees to become part of his constituency. It 's a very pretty little bribe, you see; when you add the — the girl herself, it 's enough to shake a man — who wants that kind of a girl. I 'm not worth much to myself, or to anybody else, apparently, but by Heaven I 'll not sell out as cheap as that! It all amounts to nothing, except one more illusion gone. If there is a woman on this earth who can love a man without knowing for what, and take the chances of life with him without counting the cost, I have never known her. I asked you once if a woman could do that. You had n't the courage to tell me the truth. I would n't have been satisfied if you had, but I 'm satisfied now."

"I believed she would be happy; I believe she would be now, if only you could persuade her to try."

"I persuade her! I should never try to *persuade* a woman to be my wife were I dying for love of her! I don't regard myself as invented by nature to promote the happiness of woman, in the aggregate or individually. I know there are men who do, — let them urge their claims. I thought she loved me, — that was another illusion. She will probably marry the cousin, and become the most loyal of his constituents. He is welcome to her; but there 's a ghostly blank somewhere. How I have tired you! You 'll be in bed another week for this selfishness of mine." He stopped, while a sudden thought brought a change to his face. "But when are you going home?"

"I cannot go," she said. Her weakness came over her like a cloud, darkening the room and pressing upon her heavily. "Will you give me your arm?"

At the stairs she stopped, and leaning against the wall looked at him with wide, hopeless eyes.

"We are cut off from everything. My friend will not need me now; she has gone, — alone. She is dead!"

Arnold took a long walk upon the hills that night, and smoked a great many cigars in gloomy meditation. He was thinking of two girls, as young men who smoke a great many cigars without counting them often are. He was also thinking of Arizona. He had fully made up his mind to resign, and depart for that problematic region as soon as his place was filled; but an alternative had presented itself to him with a pensive attractiveness, — an alternative unmistakably associated with the fact that the school-mistress was to remain in her present isolated circumstances. It even occurred to him that there might be some question of duty involved in his "standing by her," as he phrased it to himself, "till she got her color back." There was an unconscious appeal in the last words he had heard her speak which constrained him to do so. He was not in the habit of pitying himself, but had there been another soul to follow this mental readjustment of himself to his mutilated life, it would surely have pitied the eagerness with which he clung to this one shadow of a duty to a fellow-creature. It was the measure of his loneliness.

It was late in November. The rains had begun again with sound and fury; with ranks of clouds forming along the mountain sides, and driven before the sea-winds upward through the gulches; with days of breeze and sunshine, when the fog veil lightly lifted and blew apart, showing the valley always greener; with days of lowering stillness, when the veil descended and left the mountains alone, like islands of shadow rising from a sea of misty whiteness.

On such a lowering day Miss Frances stood at the junction of three trails before the door of the blacksmith's shop. She was wrapped in a dark blue cloak, with the hood drawn over her head. The cool dampness had given a clear, pure glow to her cheeks, and her brown eyes looked out with a cheerful light. She was watching the parting of the mist in the valley below, for a wind had sprung up; and now the rift widened, as the windows of heaven might have opened, giving a glimpse of the world to the "Blessed Damozel." All was dark above and around her; only a single shaft of sunlight pierced the fog, and startled into life a hundred tints of brightness in the valley. She caught the sparkle on the roofs and windows of the town ten miles away; the fields of sunburnt stubble glowed a deep Indian red; the young crops were tenderest emerald; and the line of the distant bay a steel-blue thread against the horizon.

Arnold was plodding up the lower trail on his gray mare, fetlock deep in mud. He dismounted at the door of the shop, and called to a small Mexican lad with a cheek of the tint of ripe corn.

"Here, Pedro Segundo! Take this mare up to the camp! Can you catch?" He tossed him a coin. "Bueno!"

"Mucho bueno!" said Pedro the First, looking on approvingly from the door of his shop.

Arnold turned to the school-mistress, who was smiling from her perch on a pile of wet logs.

"I'm perfectly happy!" she said. "I hear the bluebirds, and smell the salt-marshes and the wood-mosses. This east wind takes me home. I'm not sure but when the fog lifts we shall see white caps in the valley."

"I dare say there are some very good people down there," said Arnold, with deliberation, "but all the same I should welcome an inundation. Think what a climate this would be if we had the sea below us, knocking against the rocks on still nights, and bellowing at us in a storm!"

"Don't speak of it! It makes me long for a miracle, or a judgment, or something that 's not likely to happen."

"Meantime, I want you to come down the trail, and pass judgment on my bachelor quarters. I can't stand the boarding-house any longer! By Jove, I 'm like the British footman in Punch: 'what with them legs o' mutton and legs o' pork, I 'm a'most wore out! I want a new hanimal inwented!' I 've found an old girl down in the valley who consents to look after me and vary the monotony of my dinners at the highest market price. She is n't here yet, but the cabin is about ready. I want you to look it over. I'm a perfect barbarian about color! You can't put it on too thick and strong to suit me. I dare say I need toning down."

They were slipping and sliding down the muddy trail, brushing the rain-drops from the live-oak scrub as they passed. A subtle underlying content had lulled them both of late into an easier companionship than they had ever found possible before, and they were gay with that enjoyment of wet weather which is like an intoxication after seven months of drought.

"Now I suppose you like soft, harmonious tints and neutral effects. You 're a bit of a conservative in everything, I fear."

"I think I should like plenty of color here; the monotony of the landscape

and its own deep, low tones demand it. A neutral house would fade into an ash heap under this sun, or jar like a flat note in a major chord."

"Good! You have a willing mind, I see. You 'll like my dark little den, with its barbaric reds and blues."

They were at the gate of the little cottage overlooking the valley. The gleam of sunlight had faded and the fog curtain rolled back. The house did indeed seem very dark as they entered. It was only a little after four o'clock, but the cloudy twilight of a short November day was suddenly descending upon them. The school-mistress looked shyly around, while Arnold tramped about the rooms and drew up the shades.

They were in a small, irregular parlor, wainscoted and floored in redwood, and lightly furnished with bamboo, which communicated by a low arch with the dining-room beyond.

"I have some flags and spurs and old trophies to hang up there," he said, pointing to the arch; "and perhaps I can get you to sew the rings on the curtain that 's to hang underneath. I don't want too much of the society of my angel from the valley, you know; besides, I want to shield her from the vulgar gaze, as they do the picture of the Madonna."

"It will serve you right if she never comes at all!"

"Oh, she 's anxious to come. She 's longing to sacrifice herself for twenty-five dollars a month. Did I tell you, by the way, that I 've had a rise in my salary? There is a rise in the work, too, which rather overbalances the increase of pay, but that 's understood. For a good many years it will be more work than wage, but at the other end I hope it will be more wage than work. You don't seem to be very much interested in my affairs. If you knew how seldom I speak of them to any one but yourself, you might perhaps deign to listen."

"I am listening; but I 'm thinking, too, that it 's getting very late."

"See, here is my curtain!" he said, dragging out a roll of heavy stuff. He took it to the window, and threw it over a Chinese lounge that stood beneath. "It 's an old serapa I picked up at Guadalajara five years ago. The beauty of having a house is that all the old rubbish you have bored yourself with for years immediately becomes respectable and useful. I expect to become so myself. You don't say that you like my curtain!"

"I think it is very pagan looking, and rather — dirty."

"Well, I shan't make a point of the dirt. I dare say the thing would look just as well if it were clean. Won't you try my lounge?" he said, as she looked restlessly towards the door. "It was invented by the only race who make a science of loafing. It takes an American back some time to relax enough to appreciate it."

Miss Frances half reluctantly drew her cloak about her, and yielded her Northern slenderness to the long Oriental undulations of the couch. Her head was thrown back, showing her fair throat and the sweet upward curves of her lips and brows.

Arnold gazed at her with too evident delight.

"You look like a homesick Sultana, — a rebellious one, you know. Why won't you sit still? You cannot deny that you have never been so comfortable in your life before."

"It 's a very good place to 'loaf and celebrate' one's self," she said, rising to a sitting position; "but that is n't my occupation at present. I must go home. It is almost dark."

"There is no hurry. I 'm going with you. I want you to see how the little room lights up. All this redwood glows like old mahogany in the sunlight. I 've never seen it by fire-light, and I 'll have my house-warming to-night!"

"Oh, no, indeed! I must go back. There 's the five-o'clock whistle, now!"

"Well, we 've an hour yet. You must get warm before you go."

He went out, and quickly returned with an armful of wood and shavings, which he crammed into the cold fireplace.

"What a litter you have made! Do you think your mature angel from the valley will stand that sort of thing?"

As she spoke, the rain descended in violence, sweeping across the piazza, and obliterating the fast-fading landscape. They could scarcely see each other in the darkness, and the trampling on the roof overhead made speech an effort. Almost as suddenly as it had opened upon them the tumult ceased, and in the silence that followed they heard the heavy spattering of drops from the eaves.

Arnold crossed to the window, where Miss Frances stood shivering a little, with her hands clasped before her.

"I want you to light my fire," he said.

"Why not light it yourself?" She drew away from his outstretched hand. "It seems to me you are a bit of a tyrant in your own house."

He drew a match across his knee and held it towards her: by its gleam she saw his pale, unsmiling face and a look in his eyes she remembered.

"Do you refuse me such a little thing, — my first guest? I ask it as a most especial grace!"

She took the match, and knelt with it in her hands; but it only flickered a moment, and went out. "It will not go for me. You must light it yourself."

He knelt beside her and struck another match. "We will try together," he said, placing it in her fingers and closing his own about them. He held the trembling fingers and the little spark they guarded steadily against the shaving. It kindled; the flame breathed and brightened and curled upward among the crooked manzanita stumps, lighting the two pale young faces bending before it. Miss Frances rose to her feet, and Arnold, rising too, looked at her with a growing dread and longing in his eyes.

"You said to-day that you were happy, because in fancy you were at home. Is that the only happiness possible to you, here? Could we not make a home of this on our way to something better, as the birds flying north rest on a little island in the sea? Your beloved East would never have existed if some woman had not exiled herself for the sake of some man. The men were better worth daring for in those days, perhaps, but nothing braces a man like a woman's trust."

"You have always had mine."

"But I want something more!"

"You said once that I reminded you of her: is that the reason you — Am I consoling you?"

"Good God! I don't want consolation! Do you suppose I care for the shadow of a thing that never existed, when the reality of all I have longed for is before me? I wish you had as little as I have outside of this room where we two stand together!"

"I don't know that I have anything," she said under her breath.

"Then," said he, taking her in his arms, "I don't see but we are ready to enter the kingdom of heaven. It seems very near to me."

They are still in exile: they have joined the band of lotus-eaters who inhabit that region of the West which is pervaded by a subtle breath from the Orient, blowing across the seas between. Mrs. Arnold has not yet made that first visit East which is said by her Californian friends to be so disillusioning, and the old home still hovers, like a beautiful mirage, on the receding horizon.

Mary Hallock Foote.

HOUSEKEEPING HEREAFTER.

It is the province of science to observe facts and phenomena, current or precedent, to generalize from these, and from the vantage-ground thus gained to look forward toward the future. Science reflects the light of experience on the pathway before us. Social science has not attained to the last and highest of this trinity of uses. We are gathering facts industriously, and some broad generalizations have been made, but predictions as to the future of society are as yet mostly empirical. Many Utopias have been constructed, but not on scientific foundations. Philosophers and poets, from Plato to Tennyson, have been fertile in suggestions of ultimate perfection in human institutions, but the road to reach this millennial state has not been surveyed. It has remained for the modern investigations of comparative sociology to advance science toward a position where such a survey may be attempted. These investigations already extend to some of the most interesting departments of human affairs, showing the origin of existing customs and institutions, and their relations to each other and to the race, in the several phases of progress from savagery to civilization. The rights of private property, education and the diffusion of knowledge, rites and ceremonies, religions, the wearing of clothing, and many kindred subjects have been studied, and the distinctive phases of progress from age to age successfully delineated in each instance. Progress in each coincides with progress in all, and every advance toward civilization from the rudest state may be distinguished by the prevailing habits of men in any department investigated.

The history of the use of cereals as food affords an illustration of this position. Each stage of society's advance, from lowest to highest, may be broadly characterized by the prevailing manner of handling the staff of life; that is, by the methods pursued in making bread. Whether prehistoric races made bread or not is more than can be certainly determined, but we know that existing tribes of cave-dwellers and burrowers make no bread. They are differentiated from the brutes by ability to light a fire, by the practice of cooking, and by that of wearing clothing, but their diet consists for the most part of reptiles and roots. A striking advance occurs when the seeds of the field come into use as food. Grain bruised on a flat stone with a billet of wood is wet into dough and cast on the embers: bread makes its appearance in the world, and progress begins. Several tribes of the Shoshone family of Indians make bread in this way. The mortar and pestle succeed the billet and stone, and a baking plate of clay or stone is added to the household outfit. The mortar and pestle are the utensils of the earlier nomadic period, and most tribes of American Indians use them until contact with the whites modifies their habits. The hand-mill, probably the first and certainly the most important machine used in the peaceful arts, marks the transition from the barbarous to the patriarchal state. This admirable contrivance, with which two women ground corn in the early dawn of history, and with which two women still grind corn wherever patriarchal institutions prevail, has rendered more service to man, it may almost be said, than all other machines together. It is the type of the patriarchal state, but its use was not abandoned until the advent of the existing form of society. The use of leaven probably originated in the patriarchal period, while the oven, that is, what is now known as the

baker's oven, belongs to the era of village communities. The grist-mill is the type of existing civilization; being the first experiment in removing domestic industries from the household, the first attempt to set up machinery for doing the work of several households at once.

With these premises to stand on, with some knowledge of the influences which wrought the changes noted from age to age, and with a still better knowledge of the influences at work in the same field to-day, it ought to be possible to foresee what further changes are to come in the immediate future. Mr. Carlyle said, "Only he who understands what has been can know what should and will be." We begin to have some understanding of what has been, we ought to know something of what will be. Society obeys the law of careers, and as other social states have had their rise, progress, and transition, so the state which we know as civilization will pass through several phases and finally give place to a more advanced order. We do not yet understand either the past or the present clearly enough to determine what the career of civilization is to be, but we do understand enough to determine that new phases of development are approaching, and, at this moment, with rapid steps. The existing phase, which may be typified as above noted by the grist-mill, is passing away. It is not necessary to demonstrate this proposition. Those who are accustomed to regard the significance of current events do not require other demonstration than that afforded by observation.

It is safe enough, then, for prophets to put science to the final test, and predict that the day of the grist-mill is going by, and that the coming generation will abandon its use. Flour will be made hereafter by devices as much better than the stones and bolt as these are better than the mortar and pestle. What these devices are to be is not so plainly perceptible, but the agency used will almost certainly be the explosive force of electricity. Our children will make bread from grain struck by lightning. Invention already apprehends this impending evolution. Ingenious students, unknown to each other, and unconscious that they are forwarding any general purpose, are working out the different parts of the mechanism which will be brought together to accomplish this result.

If so much can be ventured respecting bread, the main-stay of the household, what can be said respecting the household itself? With the change from the hand-mill to the grist-mill came important changes in the life of the family; what changes in the home are to follow the bringing in of electricity to do the work of the grist-mill? In answering this inquiry no course of reasoning can be laid down within the limits of this article. The illustration as to the history of bread-making, hasty sketch as it is, must suffice to indicate the line of investigation leading to the conclusions here given.

One of the most potent and far-reaching influences now at work in society, modifying agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and indeed all great public interests, is the centripetal force which draws men together in united action. The economies and advantages of centralization are such as to overcome all obstacles and all objections. To many people the word "centralization" is offensive. Business men especially are afraid of the tendency of the time, and look with distrust on its monopolizing manifestations; but they yield to it, all the same, its workings being too gainful to be resisted. Accordingly, we see the larger commercial bodies irresistibly attracting the smaller, the great corpo rations absorbing the minor companies, the big stores buying out the little ones, and all business undertakings tending more and more certainly toward centralization.

In the house and the home, on the contrary, the tendency of the time is as decidedly the other way, the disposition of society being to separate families more and more distinctly, and to erect more impenetrable safeguards about the household. The communists make the mistake of being out of date. The unit of the existing social order is the family, and the animating spirit of this order demands that the family circle shall be more, rather than less, exclusively maintained, and the privacy of the home more fully recognized. The sentiment of familism, as it has been called, is stronger in its own sphere than the centripetal force above noted, and will have as much effect in shaping affairs hereafter. Familism has been hostile to centralization thus far, and although many theories have been advanced and not a few experiments attempted looking to the union of family interests, none have succeeded. Religious associations have, it is true, established community households, as the Shakers, for example, but they have done this only by abolishing the family, — an effective but desperate resort.

The centralizing movement, therefore, has not been allowed to affect the household, except indirectly and to an unimportant extent. The necessity for economizing ground room in large cities brings several families together under one roof; but even in this case the apartment house giving the most complete seclusion to each tenant is the most successful. The care with which the privacy of the home is maintained waxes more jealous as neighbors come closer together. The great cost of keeping up separate household establishments where one central organization would do the work of fifty, and do it far better, the embarrassments and discomforts occasioned by the chronic failure of domestic service, the weariness of flesh and of spirit induced by housekeeping cares, and the waste of energy and capacity in petty toils that might be successfully devoted to high and noble aims, all are ungrudgingly borne that the sacred retirement of the home may be held inviolate. It is plain that all innovation will be forbidden in the conduct of household affairs until the time when this conservative sentiment of familism becomes convinced that changes can be made to promote rather than to detract from the sanctity of the home, to protect the family still more efficiently rather than to invite entangling alliances or to threaten invasions. This time is now approaching. The family sentiment is coming again into harmonious relations with the centripetal force of civilization, and the world is about to witness the evolution of a new domestic economy as the result. M. de Tocqueville said, "Il faut une science politique nouvelle à un monde tout nouveau." This is true also of social science, and accordingly it is to America that we may properly look for this new evolution.

All the arts contributing to the sustentation of life and the well-being of the family have grown up around the hearth-stone. The aggressive and tedious partisan assertions of woman's ability to do this, that, or the other work in the world are superfluous, or would be so but for modern myopia. As a counter-statement it may be said that woman has done nearly everything that has been done in the peaceful arts from the dawn of history up to the present era. In all the earlier ages women established the home, built the house, reared the family, provided food, except the spoils of the chase and of war, tilled the ground, garnered the crops, provided materials for raiment, spun thread and wove cloth, designed and manufactured clothing, cared for the sick, and educated the children. Modern civilization, developing commerce and manufactures and improving agriculture, has diverted the attention of men from

fighting and hunting, and given into their hands the tasks of providing food, raiment, and luxuries for the family. Indeed, the history of civilization may be regarded as a history of the transfer of these tasks from the hands of women in the household to the hands of men in the factory, the mill, and the shop; this transfer being one manifestation of the centralizing force above noted. The grinding of corn in a grist-mill instead of in hand-mills was the first instance of such transfer; the invention of the grist-mill enabling man to take what was a family chore, done by two women, and make a leading business of it, centralizing the chores of fifty families in one mill. The substitution of cotton for linen and the invention of the power-loom removed the round of industries connected with the preparation of flax and wool, and with spinning and weaving, from the fireside to the factory, where, by aid of machinery and organization, the work could be better done at less cost. Commerce and manufactures have thus been developed from germs transplanted from the household and cultivated in the wide field of the world's business.

This process of transplanting went on very rapidly after the application of steam to machinery, but of late years it has been checked by the hostility of the family sentiment above noted. It has not ceased, as witness the recent establishment of creameries and cheese-factories in place of private dairies, and the immense development of the canning of meats, vegetables, and fruits, a business originating in the family preserving-kettle; but it has slackened decidedly, for the reason that it has gone nearly as far as it can go without trenching on matters that involve a risk of "mixing up family affairs" in a manner wholly intolerable. This difficulty has now been fully met, and science can foresee that the removal of the objection permits another step to be taken in the centralization of family industries. Invention has again come forward, and opened the way for the transfer of other chores from the household to the realm of business, where organization and machinery can be brought to bear upon them.

The new gifts of invention to society which are destined to work as great revolutions in domestic affairs as the grist-mill, the cotton-gin, and the power-loom did in their several days are the telephone and the perfected pneumatic dispatch. By aid of these marvelously fitting devices, the severe labors, the drudgeries, and the dirt-making toils of housekeeping will be taken from the home and consigned to an organized establishment, and there brought under subjection to steam and electricity, to combined effort and discipline. With these magic appliances in use, the jealous family sentiment will not antagonize the innovation, but will favor it, since the first step will be to erect a screen between the household and the world, directly promoting the domestic seclusion which has been sought and preserved at such cost. The telephone wire and the pneumatic tube will preserve a secrecy as to family affairs that the best servants cannot emulate, and the centralized establishment will defend the home from endless intrusions now constituting one of the gravest annoyances that mistress and maid have to encounter. It is fast becoming evident that a change of some sort is an inevitable necessity. Housekeeping, as now conducted, is too big a job for those who undertake to do it, — a fact practically realized in all households. Not even the most favored are free from danger of periodic break-down in the overtaxed machinery of domestic administration, and the common experience is that the gearing runs anything but smoothly at best. The one matter of trouble with servants is becoming such a crying evil that it is the first topic talked of whenever housekeepers meet, and the public prints are burdened with discussions of

remedies and plans for obtaining better "help." This agitation will presently make it plain that the servant trouble lies too deep to be reached by changes in the *personnel* of the service. It is not that cooks and chamber-maids are so greatly at fault as that too much is demanded from them. The work to be done requires greater intelligence and ability than can be induced to enter domestic service at present.

Necessity commanding and opportunity inviting, an attempt to institute better methods of housekeeping cannot long be delayed. The centripetal force of society, potent in commerce and the arts, will be permitted again to modify the conduct of household affairs; acting, as heretofore, by removing certain kinds of work from the home, and making them the basis of a new business. The kinds of work to be transplanted are those which bring dirt and litter into the house, those which require or which produce heat, and those which demand a man's strength or an expert's skill. In plain words, the household is to be relieved of the heavy and gross labors, and also the difficult and trying operations connected with cooking, washing, ironing, heating, and cleaning.

The centralized establishment for the carrying on of these labors will be neither a factory nor a machine-shop, though having some of the characteristics of both. For present convenience, it may be called a domestic depot. It will need to be so located as to facilitate communication with say fifty households, in order that its province may be wide enough to give the dignity of respectable business to its transactions. It will be so connected with each house that talk and work may pass to and fro as readily and rapidly as now between kitchen and dining-room. It will be so organized as to receive materials and supplies, whether from the house or from the merchant and the market; to deal with these as directed; and to return results to the housekeeper in the best and promptest manner. It will furnish heat throughout each house, for all purposes and at all temperatures, from mild warmth to hot-blast for cooking; dispensing with use of fuel, except, perhaps a cheery wood-fire in the sitting-room or library. It will give light, probably electric, to each house and to the neighborhood, effecting a summary settlement of all questions relating to gas and gas monopolies. It will supply power not only for driving the machinery required in its own work, but for certain lighter purposes in the several homes, — running sewing-machines, for example; electricity being the agent likely to be used in this latter case also. It will put each member of the little community it serves into instant communication with all the world. And, finally, it will reduce the cost of living twenty-five or thirty per cent.

These hints as to the functions of the domestic depot are not based on dreams of what progress and invention may accomplish in the future, everything here suggested as possible having been actually done already in commerce and the arts. The mechanical appliances requisite for equipment to do the work are already in operation in one industrial field or another, and to organize the establishment it only remains to bring these together and set them in motion. That such an organization will presently be attempted is another prediction that may be ventured with little risk.

The first essay is likely to be made in some of the rapidly growing summer colonies by the sea. The material conditions are favorable in such situations, and the temporary, picnic-like character of these settlements imparts a degree of freedom to the social order less hostile to experiment than the fixed conservatism of old, deeply-rooted communities. But a full illustration of economies and advantages will not be had until the centralized system is applied to perma-

nent homes; and after an experiment has been successfully tried as a device for summer holidays it will soon be adopted in some progressive Western city. A square or block in such a city, bounded by four streets, will accommodate say fifty families. On one of the side-streets the domestic depot will be established, extending, if the situation favors, to the centre of the square, the greater part of the room required being found below the surface. The main features above-ground will be the offices and a high chimney, which latter may be made an ornament to the neighborhood, and may be crowned with electric light, illuminating the interior of the square and the rear rooms of the houses. The working appliances will be a steam-generator of ample capacity; a steam-engine; a blowing-engine, furnishing compressed air for the pneumatic dispatch and for ventilation; an electric-light apparatus and batteries for the wires; a hotel range for roasting, boiling, and other heavy cooking; a good old-fashioned brick oven; and a laundry with modern machinery, where washing and ironing can be done at any and all times, without regard to weather.

So far as these appliances are concerned, the domestic depot might have been established before now. It is true, the electric light has not been perfected, but it has not been necessary to wait for that, as gas might have been used with economy. The missing link has been in the line of communication between the home and the central offices. Such communication has only been practicable heretofore by running to and fro, fetching and carrying and repeating messages by servants, — resorts that no family would descend to. The telegraph and other contrivances might have been used, but housekeepers are not mechanical experts, and anything requiring skilled handling is but slowly adopted. No means of communication that housekeepers could and would use have been available until the invention of the telephone and the perfecting of the pneumatic dispatch. These devices, hardly known in the household at present, are to be the most important agents used in housekeeping hereafter. Pneumatic tubes and telephone wires will extend from the central depot to every house in the square. The wires will also connect the depot with the telephone and telegraph system of the city and the world. The dispatch will also reach out, eventually, to convenient points in the city, but not until the pneumatic-express business has been generally established. The tubes communicating with the houses will be large enough to convey most articles that usu ally go into the kitchen, and will be fitted with carrying-cylinders of various sizes and descriptions, suited to the wants of the family. With these trusty, reticent, obedient servants always at command, the housekeeper can carry on the business of the home in business-like fashion, with less exposure to curious eyes and ears in the neighborhood than at present, and with incalculably greater facility. Beside the tubes and wires, it may be found desirable to lay pipes for gas or for hot-blast, for cooking, lighting, heating, or ventilating purposes. Power will also doubtless be conveyed to the homes, and other connections will be effected as found needful. Details will be settled by experience, and only leading suggestions can here be attempted.

Household supplies of all kinds will be delivered at the depot. The invasion of the home by the employés of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, with baskets, bundles, and boxes, will become absolutely intolerable. The marketing, for instance, instead of being dragged through the main entrance of the house, will be received at the depot, and will there be prepared in accordance with directions given. The orders may be to have the meats

and vegetables cleansed and dressed for cooking at home, or may be to have dinner cooked, ready to serve on the table at a certain hour. The transaction will be constantly under control of the housekeeper, in her own rooms, the telephone keeping up confidential communication; and when the dinner, or whatever the orders call for, has been made ready by skilled hands, it can be dispatched to the pantry in the house by the pneumatic tubes more easily than from one floor to another by dumb-waiter. For further illustration of practical workings, the significant matter of bread-making may be considered. This will probably be subject, for a time at least, to a sort of compromise treatment. Economy will lead to the buying of flour in large lots from first hands, and the supply will be kept at the depot. It will be distributed as wanted, and the bread will be made at home. When the loaves are ready, however, they will be returned to the depot to be baked in the brick oven. This secures the perfection of baking, reduces the cost to a comparative trifle, and relieves the home of the heat, dirt, and trouble of a baking-fire.

The question of costs can be definitely settled only by experiment, but, as compared with present methods, it is reasonable to estimate that the centralized system will effect a saving of one quarter to one third, while incidentally improving the style of living. The plant above sketched looks formidable, but it will not require so large an investment as the fifty ranges and other appliances which it will replace. The rent or interest will therefore be no more, while the insurance, depreciation, and repairs will be much less. The principal saving in current expense will be in the item of fuel. Each of the fifty households here cited requires from two to five fires. It is fair to take three as an average, making one hundred and fifty fires to the block or square. These fires consume say twenty-five tons of coal in each household annually, or twelve hundred and fifty tons for the square. Twelve hundred and fifty tons of dirty coal handled into the houses, and say three hundred tons of dirty ashes handled out again! To carry the fuel and ashes, and tend the fires requires say one third of a servant's time in each house through half the year, or say three thousand days' labor per annum for all the houses. The domestic depot will furnish heat for cooking, for warming, for ventilating, for generating power, for supplying electric currents, and for illuminating purposes to the fifty households with a consumption of not more than four hundred tons of coal per annum. One man will do all the work, and not an ounce of dirt will be carried into any dwelling. This does not represent the whole saving, either, as the domestic depot will contract for coal at the mines, paying no intermediate tax except the cost of transportation.

The distribution of milk may be mentioned as showing another form of economy. In the four streets bounding a city block, there are usually not fewer than forty milk-wagons rattling to and fro from daylight until noon. With the establishment of the centralized system, it will be found that one wagon can do the business, and thirty-nine will be dispensed with. The producer receives from two to three cents per quart for milk, while the consumer pays from six to nine cents; the difference going, for the most part, to the support of the thirty-nine superfluous wagons. The domestic depot will buy directly from the dairy, paying two to three cents; and, furthermore, will have oversight of the dairy and of the cattle, securing the best quality of milk, produced under the best conditions.

The saving in wages paid for housework will be another important item. In a home relieved from heavy labor and from dirty drudgery, one girl will

easily do the work that now taxes the energies of three. With no dirt coming into the house; with no fires to tend; with none of the incessant calls to the door to meet tradesfolk and to receive supplies; with cooking, washing, ironing, cleaning, sweeping, scrubbing, and dusting reduced to an unimagined minimum, domestic service will be shorn of half its terrors, and more than half its cost.

Illustrations may be multiplied showing how economy will be promoted in every branch of home affairs, but space forbids, here, and those interested can institute comparisons for themselves. Furthermore, the savings to be effected by the establishment of the domestic depot cannot be measured in dollars and cents. It will save the household. The oft-repeated cry of distress, "Something *must* be done!" is a warning to be heeded forthwith. Something *will* be done, either constructively or destructively, and that soon. We must enfranchise our homes, or run the risk of seeing home life degenerate into hotel life, or into other transitory forms even more inimical to the integrity of the family. Society now imposes burdens upon and exacts duties from the household that cannot be borne and performed without the aid of the best devices civilization has at command for carrying and doing in other departments of human affairs. The services of steam and electricity, of machinery and organization, are as much needed in the home as in the market. We must find means for adapting these potent helps to domestic uses, neglecting to do so at our peril. This is the next problem to engage the attention of intelligent minds. Do not the suggestions herein offered point to the right solution?

J. V. Sears.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XLIII.

The Countess Gemini was often extremely bored, — bored, in her own phrase, to extinction. She had not been extinguished, however, and she struggled bravely enough with her destiny, which had been to marry an unaccommodating Florentine, who insisted upon living in his native town, where he enjoyed such consideration as might attach to a gentleman whose talent for losing at cards had not the merit of being incidental to an obliging disposition. The Count Gemini was not liked even by those who won from him; and he bore a name which, having a measurable value in Florence, was, like the local coin of the old Italian states, without currency in other parts of the peninsula. In Rome he was simply a very dull Florentine, and it is not remarkable that he should not have cared to pay frequent visits to a city where, to carry it off, his dullness needed more explanation than was convenient. The countess lived with her eyes upon Rome, and it was the constant grievance of her life that she had not a habitation there. She was ashamed to say how seldom she had been allowed to go there; it scarcely made the matter better that there were other members of the Florentine nobility who never had been there at all. She went whenever she could; that was all she could say. Or, rather, not all, but all she said she could say. In fact, she had much more to say about it, and had often set forth the reasons why she hated Florence, and had wished to end her days in the shadow of St. Peter's. They were rea-

sons, however, which do not closely concern us, and were usually summed up in the declaration that Rome, in short, was the Eternal City, and that Florence was simply a pretty little place, like any other. The countess apparently needed to connect the idea of eternity with her amusements. She was convinced that society was infinitely more interesting in Rome, where you met celebrities all winter at evening parties. At Florence there were no celebrities, — none, at least, that she had ever heard of. Since her brother's marriage her impatience had greatly increased; she was so sure that his wife had a more brilliant life than herself. She was not so intellectual as Isabel, but she was intellectual enough to do justice to Rome: not to the ruins and the catacombs; not even, perhaps, to the church ceremonies and the sceneries; but certainly to all the rest. She heard a great deal about her sister-in-law, and knew perfectly that Isabel was having a beautiful time; she had indeed seen it for herself on the only occasion on which she had enjoyed the hospitality of the Palazzo Roccanera. She had spent a week there during the first winter of her brother's marriage; but she had not been encouraged to renew this satisfaction. Osmond did n't want her, — that she was perfectly aware of; but she would have gone, all the same, for after all she did n't care two straws about Osmond. But her husband would n't let her, and the money question was always a trouble. Isabel had been very nice; the countess, who had liked her sister-in-law from the first, had not been blinded by envy to Isabel's personal merits. She had always observed that she got on better with clever women than with silly ones, like herself; the silly ones could never understand her wisdom, whereas the clever ones — the really clever ones — always understood her silliness. It appeared to her that, different as they were in appearance and general style, Isabel and she had a patch of common ground somewhere, which they would set their feet upon at last. It was not very large, but it was firm, and they would both know it when once they touched it. And then she lived, with Mrs. Osmond, under the influence of a pleasant surprise; she was constantly expecting that Isabel would "look down" upon her, and she as constantly saw this operation postponed. She asked herself when it would begin; not that she cared much, but she wondered what kept it in abeyance. Her sister-in-law regarded her with none but level glances, and expressed for the poor countess as little contempt as admiration. In reality, Isabel would as soon have thought of despising her as of passing a moral judgment on a cockatoo. She was not indifferent to her husband's sister, however; she was rather a little afraid of her. She wondered at her; she thought her very extraordinary. The countess seemed to her to have no soul; she was like a bright shell, with a polished surface, in which something would rattle when you shook it. This rattle was apparently the countess's spiritual principle; a little loose nut that tumbled about inside of her. She was too odd for disdain, too anomalous for comparisons. Isabel would have invited her again (there was no question of inviting the count); but Osmond, after his marriage, had not scrupled to say frankly that Amy was a fool of the worst species, — a fool whose folly was irrepressible, like genius. He said at another time that she had no heart; and he added in a moment that she had given it all away, — in small pieces, like a wedding-cake. The fact of not having been asked was of course another obstacle to the countess's going again to Rome; but at the period with which this history has now to deal she was in receipt of an invitation to spend several weeks at the Palazzo Roccanera. The proposal had come from Osmond himself, who wrote to his sister that

she must be prepared to be very quiet. Whether or no she found in this phrase all the meaning he had put into it I am unable to say; but she accepted the invitation on any terms. She was curious, moreover; for one of the impressions of her former visit had been that her brother had found his match. Before the marriage she had been sorry for Isabel — so sorry as to have had serious thoughts (if any of the countess's thoughts were serious) of putting her on her guard. But she had let that pass, and after a little she was reassured. Osmond was as lofty as ever, but his wife would not be an easy victim. The countess was not very exact at measurements; but it seemed to her that if Isabel should draw herself up she would be the taller spirit of the two. What she wanted to learn now was whether Isabel had drawn herself up; it would give her immense pleasure to see Osmond overtopped.

Several days before she was to start for Rome a servant brought her the card of a visitor, — a card with the simple superscription, "Henrietta C. Stackpole." The countess pressed her fingertips to her forehead; she did not remember to have known any such Henrietta as that. The servant then remarked that the lady had requested him to say that if the countess should not recognize her name she would know her well enough on seeing her. By the time she appeared before her visitor, she had in fact reminded herself that there was once a literary lady at Mrs. Touchett's, the only woman of letters she had ever encountered; that is, the only modern one, for she was the daughter of a defunct poetess.

She recognized Miss Stackpole immediately, the more so that Miss Stackpole seemed perfectly unchanged; and the countess, who was thoroughly good-natured, thought it rather fine to be called on by a person of that sort of distinction. She wondered whether Miss Stackpole had come on account of her mother, — whether she had heard of the American Corinne. Her mother was not at all like Isabel's friend; the countess could see at a glance that this lady was much more modern; and she received an impression of the improvements that were taking place, chiefly in distant countries, in the character (the professional character) of literary ladies. Her mother used to wear a Roman scarf thrown over a pair of bare shoulders, and a gold laurel wreath set upon a multitude of glossy ringlets. She spoke softly and vaguely, with a kind of Southern accent; she sighed a great deal, and was not at all enterprising. But Henrietta, the countess could see, was always closely buttoned and compactly braided; there was something brisk and business-like in her appearance, and her manner was almost conscientiously familiar. The countess could not but feel that the correspondent of the Interviewer was much more efficient than the American Corinne.

Henrietta explained that she had come to see the countess because she was the only person she knew in Florence, and that when she visited a foreign city she liked to see something more than superficial travelers. She knew Mrs. Touchett, but Mrs. Touchett was in America, and even if she had been in Florence Henrietta would not have gone to see her, for Mrs. Touchett was not one of her admirations.

"Do you mean by that that I am?" the countess asked, smiling graciously.

"Well, I like you better than I do her," said Miss Stackpole. "I seemed to remember that when I saw you before you were very interesting. I don't know whether it was an accident, or whether it is your usual style. At any rate, I was a good deal struck with what you said. I made use of it afterwards in print."

"Dear me!" cried the countess, staring and half alarmed. "I had no idea I

ever said anything remarkable. I wish I had known it."

"It was about the position of women in this city," Miss Stackpole remarked. "You threw a good deal of light upon it."

"The position of women is very uncomfortable. Is that what you mean? And you wrote it down and published it?" the countess went on. "Ah, do let me see it!"

"I will write to them to send you the paper, if you like," Henrietta said. "I did n't mention your name; I only said a lady of high rank. And then I quoted your views."

The countess threw herself hastily backward, tossing up her clasped hands.

"Do you know, I am rather sorry you did n't mention my name? I should have rather liked to see my name in the papers. I forget what my views were; I have so many! But I am not ashamed of them. I am not at all like my brother; I suppose you know my brother? He thinks it a kind of disgrace to be put into the papers; if you were to quote him he would never forgive you."

"He need n't be afraid; I shall never refer to him," said Miss Stackpole, with soft dryness. "That 's another reason," she added, "why I wanted to come and see you. You know Mr. Osmond married my dearest friend."

"Ah, yes; you were a friend of Isabel's. I was trying to think what I knew about you."

"I am quite willing to be known by that," Henrietta declared. "But that is n't what your brother likes to know me by. He has tried to break up my relations with Isabel."

"Don't permit it," said the countess.

"That 's what I want to talk about. I am going to Rome."

"So am I!" the countess cried. "We will go together."

"With great pleasure. And when I write about my journey, I will mention you by name as my companion."

The countess sprang from her chair, and came and sat on the sofa beside her visitor.

"Ah, you must send me the paper! My husband won't like it; but he need never see it. Besides, he does n't know how to read."

Henrietta's large eyes became immense.

"Does n't know how to read? May I put that in my letter?"

"In your letter?"

"In the Interviewer. That 's my paper."

"Oh, yes, if you like; with his name. Are you going to stay with Isabel?"

Henrietta held up her head, gazing a little in silence at her hostess.

"She has not asked me. I wrote to her I was coming, and she answered that she would engage a room for me at a *pension*."

The countess listened with extreme interest.

"That 's Osmond!" she remarked, pregnantly.

"Isabel ought to resist," said Miss Stackpole. "I am afraid she has changed a great deal. I told her she would!"

"I am sorry to hear it; I hoped she would have her own way. Why does n't my brother like you?" the countess added ingenuously.

"I don't know, and I don't care. He is perfectly welcome not to like me; I don't want every one to like me; I should think less of myself if some people did. A journalist can't hope to do much good unless he gets a good deal hated; that 's the way he knows how his work goes on. And it 's just the same for a lady. But I did n't expect it of Isabel."

"Do you mean that she hates you?" the countess inquired.

"I don't know; I want to see. That 's what I am going to Rome for."

"Dear me, what a tiresome errand!" the countess exclaimed.

"She does n't write to me in the same way; it 's easy to see there 's a difference. If you know anything," Miss Stackpole went on, "I should like to hear it beforehand, so as to decide on the line I shall take."

The countess thrust out her under lip and gave a gradual shrug.

"I know very little; I see and hear very little of Osmond. He does n't like me any better than he appears to like you."

"Yet you are not a lady correspondent," said Henrietta, thoughtfully.

"Oh, he has plenty of reasons. Nevertheless, they have invited me; I am to stay in the house!" And the countess smiled almost fiercely; her exultation, for a moment, took little account of Miss Stackpole's disappointment.

This lady, however, regarded it very placidly.

"I should not have gone, if she had asked me. That is, I think I should not; and I am glad I had n't to make up my mind. It would have been a very difficult question. I should not have liked to turn away from her, and yet I should not have been happy under her roof. A pension will suit me very well. But that is not all."

"Rome is very good just now," said the countess; "there are all sorts of smart people. Did you ever hear of Lord Warburton?"

"Hear of him? I know him very well. Do you consider him very smart?" Henrietta inquired.

"I don't know him, but I am told he is extremely *grand seigneur*. He is making love to Isabel."

"Making love to her?"

"So I 'm told; I don't know the details," said the countess lightly. "But Isabel is pretty safe."

Henrietta gazed earnestly at her companion; for a moment she said nothing.

"When do you go to Rome?" she inquired, abruptly.

"Not for a week, I am afraid."

"I shall go to-morrow," Henrietta said. "I think I had better not wait."

"Dear me, I am sorry; I am having some dresses made. I am told Isabel receives immensely. But I shall see you there; I shall call on you at your pension." Henrietta sat still; she was lost in thought, and suddenly the countess cried, "Ah, but if you don't go with me you can't describe our journey!"

Miss Stackpole seemed unmoved by this consideration; she was thinking of something else, and she presently expressed it: —

"I am not sure that I understand you about Lord Warburton."

"Understand me? I mean he 's very nice, — that 's all."

"Do you consider it nice to make love to married women?" Henrietta inquired, softly.

The countess stared, and then, with a little violent laugh, —

"It 's certain that all the nice men do it. Get married, and you 'll see!" she added.

"That idea would be enough to prevent me," said Miss Stackpole. "I should want my own husband; I should n't want any one else's. Do you mean that Isabel is guilty — is guilty" — and she paused a little, choosing her expression.

"Do I mean she 's guilty? Oh, dear, no; not yet, I hope. I only mean that Osmond is very tiresome, and that Lord Warburton is, as I hear, a great deal at the house. I 'm afraid you are scandalized."

"No, I am very anxious," Henrietta said.

"Ah, you are not very complimentary to Isabel! You should have more confidence. I tell you," the countess added quickly, "if it will be a comfort to you, I will engage to draw him off."

Miss Stackpole answered at first only with the deepest solemnity of her eyes.

"You don't understand me," she said,

after a while. "I have n't the idea that you seem to suppose. I am not afraid for Isabel — in that way. I am only afraid she is unhappy, — that 's what I want to get at."

The countess gave a dozen turns of the head ; she looked impatient and sarcastic.

"That may very well be; for my part, I should like to know whether Osmond is."

Miss Stackpole had begun to bore her a little.

"If she is really changed, that must be at the bottom of it," Henrietta went on.

"You will see ; she will tell you," said the countess.

"Ah, she may not tell me, — that 's what I am afraid of!"

"Well, if Osmond is n't enjoying himself, I flatter myself I shall discover it," the countess rejoined.

"I don't care for that," said Henrietta.

"I do, immensely! If Isabel is unhappy, I am very sorry for her, but I can't help it. I might tell her something that would make her worse, but I can't tell her anything that would console her. What did she go and marry him for? If she had listened to me she would have got rid of him. I will forgive her, however, if I find she has made things hot for him! If she has simply allowed him to trample upon her, I don't know that I shall even pity her. But I don't think that 's very likely. I count upon finding that if she is miserable she has at least made him so."

Henrietta got up; these seemed to her, naturally, very dreadful expectations. She honestly believed that she had no desire to see Mr. Osmond unhappy ; and indeed he could not be for her the subject of a flight of fancy. She was on the whole rather disappointed in the countess, whose mind moved in a narrower circle than she had imagined.

"It will be better if they love each other," she said, gravely.

"They can't. He can't love any one."

"I presumed that was the case. But it only increases my fear for Isabel. I shall positively start to-morrow."

"Isabel certainly has devotees," said the countess, smiling very vividly. "I declare, I don't pity her."

"It may be that I can't assist her," said Miss Stackpole, as if it were well not to have illusions.

"You can have wanted to, at any rate, — that 's something. I believe that 's what you came from America for," the countess suddenly added.

"Yes, I wanted to look after her," Henrietta said, serenely.

Her hostess stood there smiling at her, with her small bright eyes and her eager-looking nose ; a flush had come into each of her cheeks.

"Ah, that 's very pretty, — *c'est bien gentil!*" she said. "Is n't that what they call friendship?"

"I don't know what they call it. I thought I had better come."

"She is very happy, — she is very fortunate," the countess went on. "She has others, besides." And then she broke out passionately, "She is more fortunate than I! I am as unhappy as she. I have a very bad husband; he is a great deal worse than Osmond. And I have no friends! I thought I had, but they are gone! No one would do for me what you have done for her."

Henrietta was touched; there was nature in this bitter effusion. She gazed at her companion a moment, and then, —

"Look here, countess, I will do anything for you that you like. I will wait over, and travel with you!"

"Never mind," the countess answered, with a quick change of tone; "only describe me in the newspaper!"

Henrietta, before leaving her, however, was obliged to make her under-

stand that she could not give a fictitious representation of her journey to Rome. Miss Stackpole was a strictly veracious reporter.

On quitting the countess she took her way to the Lung' Arno, the sunny quay beside the river, where the bright-faced hotels familiar to tourists stand all in a row. She had learned her way before this through the streets of Florence (she was very quick in such matters), and was therefore able to turn with great decision of step out of the little square which forms the approach to the bridge of the Holy Trinity. She proceeded to the left, towards the Ponte Vecchio, and stopped in front of one of the hotels which overlook that structure. Here she drew forth a small pocket-book, took from it a card and a pencil, and, after meditating a moment, wrote a few words. It is our privilege to look over her shoulder, and if we exercise it we may read the brief query: "Could I see you this evening for a few moments on a very important matter?" Henrietta added that she should start on the morrow for Rome. Armed with this little document, she approached the porter, who now had taken up his station in the door-way, and asked if Mr. Goodwood were at home. The porter replied, as porters always reply, that he had gone out half an hour before; whereupon Henrietta presented her card, and begged it might be handed to him on his return. She left the inn, and took her course along the river to the severe portico of the Uffizzi, through which she presently reached the entrance of the famous gallery of paintings. Making her way in, she ascended the high staircase which leads to the upper chambers. The long corridor, glazed on one side and decorated with antique busts, which gives admission to these apartments, presented an empty vista, in which the bright winter light twinkled upon the marble floor. The gallery is very cold, and during the midwinter weeks is but scantily visited. Miss Stackpole may appear more ardent in her quest of artistic beauty than she has hitherto struck us as being, but she had after all her preferences and admirations. One of the latter was the little Correggio of the Tribune, — the Virgin kneeling down before the sacred infant, who lies in a litter of straw, and clapping her hands to him while he delightedly laughs and crows. Henrietta had taken a great fancy to this intimate scene; she thought it the most beautiful picture in the world. On her way, at present, from New York to Rome, she was spending but three days in Florence, but she had reminded herself that they must not elapse without her paying another visit to her favorite work of art. She had a great sense of beauty in all ways, and it implied a good many intellectual obligations. She was about to turn into the Tribune when a gentleman came out of it; whereupon she gave a little exclamation, and stood before Caspar Goodwood.

"I have just been at your hotel," she said. "I left a card for you."

"I am very much honored," Caspar Goodwood answered, as if he really meant it.

"It was not to honor you I did it; I have called on you before, and I know you don't like it. It was to talk to you a little about something."

He looked for a moment at the buckle in her hat. "I shall be very glad to hear what you wish to say."

"You don't like to talk with me," said Henrietta. "But I don't care for that; I don't talk for your amusement. I wrote a word to ask you to come and see me; but since I have met you here, this will do as well."

"I was just going away," Goodwood said; "but of course I will stop." He was civil, but he was not enthusiastic.

Henrietta, however, never looked for great professions, and she was so much in earnest that she was thankful he would listen to her on any terms. She

asked him first, however, if he had seen all the pictures.

"All I want to. I have been here an hour."

"I wonder if you have seen my Correggio," said Henrietta. "I came up on purpose to have a look at it." She went into the Tribune, and he slowly accompanied her.

"I suppose I have seen it, but I did n't know it was yours. I don't remember pictures, — especially that sort." She had pointed out her favorite work; and he asked her if it was about Correggio that she wished to talk with him.

"No," said Henrietta; "it's about something less harmonious!" They had the small, brilliant room, a splendid cabinet of treasures, to themselves; there was only a custode hovering about the Medicean Venus. "I want you to do me a favor," Miss Stackpole went on.

Caspar Goodwood frowned a little, but he expressed no embarrassment at the sense of not looking eager. His face was that of a much older man than our earlier friend. "I 'm sure it 's something I shan't like," he said, rather loud.

"No, I don't think you will like it. If you did, it would be no favor."

"Well, let us hear it," he said, in the tone of a man quite conscious of his own reasonableness.

"You may say there is no particular reason why you should do me a favor. Indeed, I only know of one: the fact that if you would let me I would gladly do you one." Her soft, exact tone, in which there was no attempt at effect, had an extreme sincerity; and her companion, although he presented rather a hard surface, could not help being touched by it. When he was touched he rarely showed it, however, by the usual signs; he neither blushed, nor looked away, nor looked conscious. He only fixed his attention more directly; he seemed to consider with added firmness. Henrietta went on, therefore, disinterestedly, without the sense of an advantage. "I may say now, indeed, — it seems a good time, — that if I have ever annoyed you (and I think sometimes that I have) it is because I know that I was willing to suffer annoyance for you. I have troubled you, doubtless. But I would take trouble for you."

Goodwood hesitated. "You are taking trouble now."

"Yes, I am, some. I want you to consider whether it is better, on the whole, that you should go to Rome."

"I thought you were going to say that!" Goodwood exclaimed, rather artlessly.

"You *have* considered it, then?"

"Of course I have, very carefully. I have looked all round it. Otherwise I should n't have come as far as this. That 's what I stayed in Paris two months for; I was thinking it over."

"I am afraid you decided as you liked. You decided it was best, because you were so much attracted."

"Best for whom, do you mean?" Goodwood inquired.

"Well, for yourself, first. For Mrs. Osmond, next."

"Oh, it won't do her any good! I don't flatter myself that."

"Won't it do her harm? — that 's the question."

"I don't see what it will matter to her. I am nothing to Mrs. Osmond. But if you want to know, I do want to see her myself."

"Yes, and that 's why you go."

"Of course it is. Could there be a better reason?"

"How will it help you? — that 's what I want to know," said Miss Stackpole.

"That 's just what I can't tell you; it 's just what I was thinking about in Paris."

"It will make you more discontented."

"Why do you say more so?" Goodwood asked, rather sternly. "How do you know I am discontented?"

"Well," said Henrietta, hesitating a little, "you seem never to have cared for another."

"How do you know what I care for?" he cried, with a big blush. "Just now I care to go to Rome."

Henrietta looked at him in silence, with a sad yet luminous expression. "Well," she observed, at last, "I only wanted to tell you what I think; I had it on my mind. Of course you think it 's none of my business. But nothing is any one's business, on that principle."

"It 's very kind of you; I am greatly obliged to you for your interest," said Caspar Goodwood. "I shall go to Rome, and I shan't hurt Mrs. Osmond."

"You won't hurt her, perhaps. But will you help her? — that is the question."

"Is she in need of help?" he asked, slowly, with a penetrating look.

"Most women always are," said Henrietta, with conscientious evasiveness, and generalizing less hopefully than usual. "If you go to Rome," she added, "I hope you will be a true friend, — not a selfish one!" And she turned away and began to look at the pictures.

Caspar Goodwood let her go, and stood watching her while she wandered round the room; then, after a moment, he rejoined her. "You have heard something about her here," he said in a moment. "I should like to know what you have heard."

Henrietta had never prevaricated in her life, and though on this occasion there might have been a fitness in doing so she decided, after a moment's hesitation, to make no superficial exception. "Yes, I have heard," she answered; "but as I don't want you to go to Rome I won't tell you."

"Just as you please. I shall see for myself," said Goodwood. Then, inconsistently for him, "You have heard she is unhappy!" he added.

"Oh, you won't see that!" Henrietta exclaimed.

"I hope not. When do you start?"

"To-morrow, by the evening train. And you?"

Goodwood hesitated; he had no desire to make his journey to Rome in Miss Stackpole's company. His indifference to this advantage was not of the same character as Gilbert Osmond's, but it had at this moment an equal distinctness. It was rather a tribute to Miss Stackpole's virtues than a reference to her faults. He thought her very remarkable, very brilliant, and he had, in theory, no objection to the class to which she belonged. Lady-correspondents appeared to him a part of the natural scheme of things in a progressive country, and though he never read their letters he supposed that they ministered somehow to social progress. But it was this very eminence of their position that made him wish that Miss Stackpole did not take so much for granted. She took for granted that he was always ready for some allusion to Mrs. Osmond; she had done so when they met in Paris, six weeks after his arrival in Europe, and she had repeated the assumption with every successive opportunity. He had no wish whatever to allude to Mrs. Osmond; he was *not* always thinking of her, he was perfectly sure of that. He was the most reserved, the least colloquial, of men, and this inquiring authoress was constantly flashing her lantern into the quiet darkness of his soul. He wished she did n't care so much; he even wished, though it might seem rather brutal of him, that she would leave him alone. In spite of this, however, he just now made other reflections, — which show how widely different, in effect, his ill-humor was from Gilbert Osmond's. He wished to go immediately to Rome; he would have liked to go alone, in the night-train. He hated the European railway carriages, in which one sat for hours in a vise, nose to nose and knee to knee with a foreigner, to whom one presently

found one's self objecting with all the added vehemence of one's wish to have the window open; and if they were worse at night even than by day, at least at night one could sleep and dream of an American saloon-car. But he could not take a night-train, when Miss Stackpole was starting in the morning; it seemed to him that this would be an insult to an unprotected woman. Nor could he wait until after she had gone, unless he should wait longer than he had patience for. It would not do to start the next day. She worried him; she oppressed him; the idea of spending the day in a European railway-carriage with her offered a complication of irritation. Still, she was a lady traveling alone; it was his duty to put himself out for her. There could be no two questions about that; it was a perfectly clear necessity. He looked extremely grave for some moments, and then he said, without a touch of the richness of gallantry, but in a tone of extreme distinctness, "Of course, if you are going to-morrow, I will go too, as I may be of assistance to you."

"Well, Mr. Goodwood, I should hope so!" Henrietta remarked, serenely.

XLIV.

I have already had reason to say that Isabel knew that her husband was displeased by the continuance of Ralph's visit to Rome. This knowledge was very present to her as she walked to her cousin's hotel the day after she had invited Lord Warburton to give a tangible proof of his sincerity; and at this moment, as at others, she had a sufficient perception of the sources of Osmond's displeasure. He wished her to have no freedom of mind, and he knew perfectly well that Ralph was an apostle of freedom. It was just because he was this, Isabel said to herself, that it was a refreshment to go and see him. It will be perceived that she partook of this refreshment in spite of her husband's disapproval; that is, she partook of it, as she flattered herself, discreetly. She had not as yet undertaken to act in direct opposition to Osmond's wishes; he was her master; she gazed, at moments, with a sort of incredulous blankness at this fact. It weighed upon her imagination, however; constantly present to her mind were all the traditionary decencies and sanctities of marriage. The idea of violating them filled her with shame as well as with dread, for when she gave herself away she had lost sight of this contingency in the perfect belief that her husband's intentions were as generous as her own. She seemed to see, however, the rapid approach of the day when she should have to take back something that she had solemnly given. Such a ceremony would be odious and monstrous; she tried to shut her eyes to it, meanwhile. Osmond would do nothing to help it by beginning first; he would put that burden upon her. He had not yet formally forbidden her to go and see Ralph; but she felt sure that unless Ralph should very soon depart this prohibition would come. How could poor Ralph depart? The weather as yet made it impossible. She could perfectly understand her husband's wish for the event; to be just, she did n't see how he could like her to be with her cousin. Ralph never said a word against him; but Osmond's objections were none the less founded. If Osmond should positively interpose, then she should have to decide, and that would not be easy. The prospect made her heart beat and her cheeks burn, as I say, in advance; there were moments when, in her wish to avoid an open rupture with her husband, she found herself wishing that Ralph would start, even at a risk. And it was of no use that, when catching herself in this state of mind, she called herself a feeble spirit, a coward. It was not that she

loved Ralph less, but that almost anything seemed preferable to repudiating the most serious act — the single sacred act — of her life. That appeared to make the whole future hideous. To break with Osmond once would be to break forever; any open acknowledgment of irreconcilable needs would be an admission that their whole attempt had proved a failure. For them there could be no condonement, no compromise, no easy forgetfulness, no formal readjustment. They had attempted only one thing, but that one thing was to have been exquisite. Once they missed it, nothing else would do; there is no substitute for that success. For the moment, Isabel went to the Hôtel de Paris as often as she thought well; the measure of expediency resided in her moral consciousness. It had been very liberal to-day; for, in addition to the general truth that she could n't leave Ralph to die alone, she had something important to ask of him. This, indeed, was Gilbert's business as well as her own.

She came very soon to what she wished to speak of.

"I want you to answer me a question," she said. "It 's about Lord Warburton."

"I think I know it," Ralph answered, from his arm-chair, out of which his thin legs protruded at greater length than ever.

"It 's very possible," said Isabel. "Please, then, answer it."

"Oh, I don't say I can do that."

"You are intimate with him," said Isabel; "you have a great deal of observation of him."

"Very true. But think how he must dissimulate!"

"Why should he dissimulate? That 's not his nature."

"Ah, you must remember that the circumstances are peculiar," said Ralph, with an air of private amusement.

"To a certain extent, — yes. But is he really in love?"

"Very much, I think. I can make that out."

"Ah!" said Isabel, with a certain dryness.

Ralph looked at her a moment; a shade of perplexity mingled with his mild hilarity.

"You said that as if you were disappointed."

Isabel got up, slowly, smoothing her gloves, and eying them thoughtfully.

"It 's after all no business of mine."

"You are very philosophic," said her cousin. And then, in a moment, "May I inquire what you are talking about?"

Isabel stared a little. "I thought you knew. Lord Warburton tells me he desires to marry Pansy. I have told you that before, without eliciting a comment from you. You might risk one this morning, I think. Is it your belief that he really cares for her?"

"Ah, for Pansy, no!" cried Ralph, very positively.

"But you said just now that he did."

Ralph hesitated a moment. "That he cared for you, Mrs. Osmond."

Isabel shook her head, gravely. "That 's nonsense, you know."

"Of course it is. But the nonsense is Warburton's, not mine."

"That would be very tiresome," Isabel said, speaking, as she flattered herself, with much subtlety.

"I ought to tell you, indeed," Ralph went on, "that to me he has denied it."

"It 's very good of you to talk about it together! Has he also told you that he is in love with Pansy?"

"He has spoken very well of her, very properly. He has let me know, of course, that he thinks she would do very well at Lockleigh."

"Does he really think it?"

"Ah, what Warburton really thinks" — said Ralph.

Isabel fell to smoothing her gloves again; they were long, loose gloves, upon which she could freely expend herself. Soon, however, she looked up; then, —

"Ah, Ralph, you give me no help!" she cried, abruptly, passionately.

It was the first time she had alluded to the need for help, and the words shook her cousin with their violence. He gave a long murmur of relief, of pity, of tenderness; it seemed to him that at last the gulf between them had been bridged. It was this that made him exclaim in a moment, —

"How unhappy you must be!"

He had no sooner spoken than she recovered her self-possession, and the first use she made of it was to pretend she had not heard him.

"When I talk of your helping me, I talk great nonsense," she said, with a quick smile. "The idea of my troubling you with my domestic embarrassments! The matter is very simple; Lord Warburton must get on by himself. I can't undertake to help him."

"He ought to succeed easily," said Ralph.

Isabel hesitated a moment. "Yes; but he has not always succeeded."

"Very true. You know, however, how that always surprised me. Is Miss Osmond capable of giving us a surprise?"

"It will come from him, rather. I suspect that after all he will let the matter drop."

"He will do nothing dishonorable," said Ralph.

"I am very sure of that. Nothing can be more honorable than for him to leave the poor child alone. She cares for some one else, and it is cruel to attempt to bribe her by magnificent offers to give him up."

"Cruel to the other person, perhaps, — the one she cares for. But Warburton is n't obliged to mind that."

"No, cruel to her," said Isabel. "She would be very unhappy if she were to allow herself to be persuaded to desert poor Mr. Rosier. That idea seems to amuse you; of course you are not in love with him. He has the merit of being in love with her. She can see at a glance that Lord Warburton is not."

"He would be very good to her," said Ralph.

"He has been good to her already. Fortunately, however, he has not said a word to disturb her. He could come and bid her good-by to-morrow with perfect propriety."

"How would your husband like that?"

"Not at all; and he may be right in not liking it. Only he must obtain satisfaction himself."

"Has he commissioned you to obtain it?" Ralph ventured to ask.

"It was natural that as an old friend of Lord Warburton's — an older friend, that is, than Osmond — I should take an interest in his intentions."

"Take an interest in his renouncing them, you mean."

Isabel hesitated, frowning a little. "Let me understand. Are you pleading his cause?"

"Not in the least. I am very glad he should not become your step-daughter's husband. It makes such a very queer relation to you!" said Ralph, smiling. "But I 'm rather nervous lest your husband should think you have n't pushed him enough."

Isabel found herself able to smile as well as he.

"He knows me well enough not to have expected me to push. He himself has no intention of pushing, I presume. I am not afraid I shall not be able to justify myself!" she said lightly.

Her mask had dropped for an instant, but she had put it on again, to Ralph's infinite disappointment. He had caught a glimpse of her natural face, and he wished immensely to look into it. He had an almost savage desire to hear her complain of her husband, — hear her say that she should be held accountable for Lord Warburton's defection. Ralph was certain that this was her situation;

he knew by instinct, in advance, the form that in such an event Osmond's displeasure would take. It could only take the meanest and cruelest. He would have liked to warn Isabel of it, — to let her see, at least, that he knew it. It mattered little that Isabel would know it much better; it was for his own satisfaction more than for hers that he longed to show her that he was not deceived. He tried and tried again to make her betray Osmond; he felt cold-blooded, cruel, dishonorable almost, in doing so. But it scarcely mattered, for he only failed. What had she come for, then, and why did she seem almost to offer him a chance to violate their tacit convention? Why did she ask him his advice, if she gave him no liberty to answer her? How could they talk of her domestic embarrassments, as it pleased her humorously to designate them, if the principal factor was not to be mentioned? These contradictions were themselves but an indication of her trouble, and her cry for help, just before, was the only thing he was bound to consider.

"You will be decidedly at variance, all the same," he said, in a moment. And as she answered nothing, looking as if she scarcely understood, "You will find yourselves thinking very differently," he continued.

"That may easily happen, among the most united couples!" She took up her parasol; he saw that she was nervous, afraid of what he might say. "It's a matter we can hardly quarrel about, however," she added; "for almost all the interest is on his side. That is very natural. Pansy is after all his daughter, — not mine." And she put out her hand to wish him good-by.

Ralph took an inward resolution that she should not leave him without his letting her know that he knew everything; it seemed too great an opportunity to lose. "Do you know what his interest will make him say?" he asked, as he took her hand. She shook her head, rather dryly, not discouragingly, and he went on: "It will make him say that your want of zeal is owing to jealousy." He stopped a moment; her face made him afraid.

"To jealousy?"

"To jealousy of his daughter."

She blushed red, and threw back her head.

"You are not kind," she said, in a voice that he had never heard on her lips.

"Be frank with me, and you'll see," said Ralph.

But she made no answer; she only shook her hand out of his own, which he tried still to hold, and rapidly went out of the room.

She made up her mind to speak to Pansy, and she took an occasion on the same day, going to the young girl's room before dinner. Pansy was already dressed; she was always in advance of the time; it seemed to illustrate her pretty patience and the graceful stillness with which she could sit and wait. At present she was seated, in her fresh array, before the bedroom fire. She had blown out her candle, on the completion of her toilet, in accordance with the economical habits in which she had been brought up, and which she was now more careful than ever to observe; so that the room was lighted only by a couple of logs. The rooms in the Palazzo Roccanera were as spacious as they were numerous, and Pansy's virginal bower was an immense chamber, with a dark, heavily-timbered ceiling. Its diminutive mistress, in the midst of it, appeared but a speck of humanity, and as she got up, with quick propriety, to welcome Isabel, the latter was more than ever struck with her finished lowliness. Isabel had a difficult task; the only thing was to perform it as simply as possible. She felt bitter and angry, but she warned herself against betraying

it to Pansy. She was afraid, even, of looking too grave, or at least too stern; she was afraid of frightening her. But Pansy seemed to have guessed that she had come a little as a confessor; for after she had moved the chair in which she had been sitting a little nearer to the fire, and Isabel had taken her place in it, she kneeled down on a cushion in front of her, looking up and resting her clasped hands on her step-mother's knees. What Isabel wished to do was to hear from her own lips that her mind was not occupied with Lord Warburton; but if she desired the assurance, she felt herself by no means at liberty to provoke it. The girl's father would have qualified this as rank treachery; and indeed Isabel knew that if Pansy should display the smallest germ of a disposition to encourage Lord Warburton, her own duty was to hold her tongue. It was difficult to interrogate without appearing to suggest; Pansy's supreme simplicity, an innocence even more complete than Isabel had yet judged it, gave to the most tentative inquiry something of the effect of an admonition. As she knelt there in the vague firelight, with her pretty dress vaguely shining, her hands folded half in appeal and half in submission, her soft eyes, raised and fixed, full of the seriousness of the situation, she looked to Isabel like a childish martyr, decked out for sacrifice, and scarcely presuming even to hope to avert it. When Isabel said to her that she had never yet spoken to her of what might have been going on in relation to her getting married, but that her silence had not been indifference nor ignorance, it had only been the desire to leave her at liberty, Pansy bent forward, raised her face nearer and nearer to Isabel's, and with a little murmur, which evidently expressed a deep longing, answered that she had greatly wished her to speak, and that she begged her to advise her now.

"It 's difficult for me to advise you," Isabel rejoined. "I don't know how I can undertake that. That 's for your father; you must get his advice, and, above all, you must act upon it."

At this Pansy dropped her eyes; for a moment she said nothing.

"I think I should like your advice better than papa's," she presently remarked.

"That 's not as it should be," said Isabel, coldly. "I love you very much, but your father loves you better."

"It is n't because you love me; it 's because you 're a lady," Pansy answered, with the air of saying something very reasonable. "A lady can advise a young girl better than a man."

"I advise you, then, to pay the greatest respect to your father's wishes."

"Ah, yes," said Pansy, eagerly, "I must do that."

"But if I speak to you now about your getting married, it 's not for your own sake; it 's for mine," Isabel went on. "If I try to learn from you what you expect, what you desire, it is only that I may act accordingly."

Pansy stared, and then very quickly, —

"Will you do everything I desire?" she asked.

"Before I say yes, I must know what such things are."

Pansy presently told her that the only thing she wished in life was to marry Mr. Rosier. He had asked her, and she had told him that she would do so if her papa would allow it. Now her papa would n't allow it.

"Very well, then, it 's impossible," said Isabel.

"Yes, it 's impossible," said Pansy, without a sigh, and with the same extreme attention in her clear little face.

"You must think of something else, then," Isabel went on; but Pansy, sighing then, told her that she had attempted this feat without the least success.

"You think of those that think of you," she said, with a faint smile. "I know that Mr. Rosier thinks of me."

"He ought not to," said Isabel, loftily. "Your father has expressly requested he should n't."

"He can't help it, because he knows that I think of him."

"You should n't think of him. There is some excuse for him, perhaps; but there is none for you!"

"I wish you would try to find one!" the girl exclaimed, as if she were praying to the Madonna.

"I should be very sorry to attempt it," said the Madonna, with unusual frigidity. "If you knew some one else was thinking of you, would you think of him?"

"No one can think of me as Mr. Rosier does; no one has the right."

"Ah, but I don't admit Mr. Rosier's right!" Isabel cried, hypocritically.

Pansy only gazed at her; she was evidently deeply puzzled; and Isabel, taking advantage of it, began to represent to her the miserable consequences of disobeying her father. At this Pansy stopped her, with the assurance that she would never disobey him, would never marry without his consent. And she announced, in the serenest, simplest tone, that, though she might never marry Mr. Rosier, she would never cease to think of him. She appeared to have accepted the idea of eternal singleness; but Isabel, of course, was free to reflect that she had no conception of its meaning. She was perfectly sincere; she was prepared to give up her lover. This might seem an important step toward taking another, but for Pansy, evidently, it did not lead in that direction. She felt no bitterness towards her father; there was no bitterness in her heart; there was only the sweetness of fidelity to Edward Rosier, and a strange, exquisite intimation that she could prove it better by remaining single than even by marrying him.

"Your father would like you to make a better marriage," said Isabel. "Mr. Rosier's fortune is not very large."

"How do you mean better, if that would be good enough? And I have very little money; why should I look for a fortune?"

"Your having so little is a reason for looking for more." Isabel was grateful for the dimness of the room; she felt as if her face were hideously insincere. She was doing this for Osmond; this was what one had to do for Osmond! Pansy's solemn eyes, fixed on her own, almost embarrassed her; she was ashamed to think that she had made so light of the girl's preference.

"What should you like me to do?" said Pansy, softly.

The question was a terrible one, and Isabel pusillanimously took refuge in a generalization.

"To remember all the pleasure it is in your power to give your father."

"To marry some one else, you mean, — if he should ask me?"

For a moment Isabel's answer caused itself to be waited for; then she heard herself utter it, in the stillness that Pansy's attention seemed to make: —

"Yes, — to marry some one else."

Pansy's eyes grew more penetrating; Isabel believed that she was doubting her sincerity, and the impression took force from her slowly getting up from her cushion. She stood there a moment, with her small hands unclasped, and then she said, with a timorous sigh, —

"Well, I hope no one will ask me!"

"There has been a question of that. Some one else would have been ready to ask you."

"I don't think he can have been ready," said Pansy.

"It would appear so, — if he had been sure that he would succeed."

"If he had been sure? Then he was not ready!"

Isabel thought this rather sharp; she also got up, and stood a moment looking into the fire. "Lord Warburton has shown you great attention," she said;

"of course you know it's of him I speak." She found herself, against her expectation, almost placed in the position of justifying herself; which led her to introduce this nobleman more crudely than she had intended.

"He has been very kind to me, and I like him very much. But if you mean that he will ask me to marry him, I think you are mistaken."

"Perhaps I am. But your father would like it extremely."

Pansy shook her head, with a little wise smile.

"Lord Warburton won't ask me simply to please papa."

"Your father would like you to encourage him," Isabel went on, mechanically.

"How can I encourage him?"

"I don't know. Your father must tell you that."

Pansy said nothing for a moment; she only continued to smile, as if she were in possession of a bright assurance. "There is no danger, — no danger!" she declared at last.

There was a conviction in the way she said this, and a felicity in her believing it, which made Isabel feel very awkward. She felt accused of dishonesty, and the idea was disgusting. To repair her self-respect, she was on the point of saying that Lord Warburton had let her know that there *was* a danger. But she did not; she only said — in her embarrassment rather wide of the mark — that he surely had been most kind, most friendly.

"Yes, he has been very kind," Pansy answered. "That's what I like him for."

"Why, then, is the difficulty so great?"

"I have always felt sure that he knows that I don't want — what did you say I should do? — to encourage him. He knows I don't want to marry, and he wants me to know that he therefore won't trouble me. That's the meaning of his kindness. It's as if he said to me, 'I like you very much, but if it does n't please you I will never say it again.' I think that is very kind, very noble," Pansy went on, with deepening positiveness. "That is all we have said to each other. And he does n't care for me, either! Ah, no, there is no danger!"

Isabel was touched with wonder at the depths of perception of which this submissive little person was capable; she felt afraid of Pansy's wisdom, — began almost to retreat before it. "You must tell your father that," she remarked, reservedly.

"I think I would rather not," Pansy answered.

"You ought not to let him have false hopes."

"Perhaps not; but it will be good for me that he should. So long as he believes that Lord Warburton intends anything of the kind you say, papa won't propose any one else. And that will be an advantage for me," said Pansy, very lucidly.

There was something brilliant in her lucidity, and it made Isabel draw a long breath. It relieved her of a heavy responsibility. Pansy had a sufficient illumination of her own, and Isabel felt that she herself just now had no light to spare from her small stock. Nevertheless, it still clung to her that she must be loyal to Osmond; that she was on her honor in dealing with his daughter. Under the influence of this sentiment she threw out another suggestion before she retired, — a suggestion with which it seemed to her that she should have done her utmost.

"Your father takes for granted, at least, that you would like to marry a nobleman."

Pansy stood in the open door-way; she had drawn back the curtain for Isabel to pass.

"I think Mr. Rosier looks like one!" she announced, very gravely.

XLV.

Lord Warburton was not seen in Mrs. Osmond's drawing-room for several days, and Isabel could not fail to observe that her husband said nothing to her about having received a letter from him. She could not fail to observe, either, that Osmond was in a state of expectancy, and that, though it was not agreeable to him to betray it, he thought their distinguished friend kept him waiting quite too long. At the end of four days he alluded to his absence.

"What has become of Warburton? What does he mean by treating one like a tradesman with a bill?"

"I know nothing about him," Isabel said. "I saw him last Friday, at the German ball. He told me then that he meant to write to you."

"He has never written to me."

"So I supposed, from your not having told me."

"He 's an odd fish," said Osmond, comprehensively. And on Isabel's making no rejoinder, he went on to inquire whether it took his lordship five days to indite a letter. "Does he form his words with such difficulty?"

"I don't know," said Isabel. "I have never had a letter from him."

"Never had a letter? I had an idea that you were at one time in intimate correspondence."

Isabel answered that this had not been the case, and let the conversation drop. On the morrow, however, coming into the drawing-room late in the afternoon, her husband took it up again.

"When Lord Warburton told you of his intention of writing, what did you say to him?" he asked.

Isabel hesitated a moment. "I think I told him not to forget it."

"Did you believe there was danger of that?"

"As you say, he 's an odd fish."

"Apparently he has forgotten it," said Osmond. "Be so good as to remind him."

"Should you like me to write to him?" Isabel asked.

"I have no objection whatever."

"You expect too much of me."

"Ah, yes, I expect a great deal of you."

"I am afraid I shall disappoint you," said Isabel.

"My expectations have survived a good deal of disappointment."

"Of course I know that. Think how I must have disappointed myself! If you really wish to secure Lord Warburton, you must really do it yourself."

For a couple of minutes Osmond answered nothing; then he said, "That won't be easy, with you working against me."

Isabel started; she felt herself beginning to tremble. He had a way of looking at her through half-closed eyelids, as if he were thinking of her but scarcely saw her, which seemed to her to have a wonderfully cruel intention. It appeared to recognize her as a disagreeable necessity of thought, but to ignore her for the time as a presence. That was the expression of his eyes now. "I think you accuse me of something very base," she said.

"I accuse you of not being trustworthy. If he does n't come up to the mark it will be because you have kept him off. I don't know that it 's base; it is the kind of thing a woman always thinks she may do. I have no doubt you have the finest ideas about it."

"I have told you I would do what I could," said Isabel.

"Yes, that gained you time."

It came over Isabel, after he had said this, that she had once thought him beautiful. "How much you must wish to capture him!" she exclaimed, in a moment.

She had no sooner spoken than she perceived the full reach of her words,

of which she had not been conscious in uttering them. They made a comparison between Osmond and herself; recalled the fact that she had once held this coveted treasure in her hand, and felt herself rich enough to let it fall. A momentary exultation took possession of her, — a horrible delight in having wounded him; for his face instantly told her that none of the force of her exclamation was lost. Osmond expressed nothing otherwise, however; he only said, quickly, "Yes, I wish it very much."

At this moment a servant came in, as if to usher a visitor, and he was followed the next by Lord Warburton, who received a visible check on seeing Osmond. He looked rapidly from the master of the house to the mistress, — a movement that seemed to denote a reluctance to interrupt, or even a perception of ominous conditions. Then he advanced, with his English address, in which a vague shyness seemed to offer itself as an element of good-breeding; in which the only defect was a difficulty in achieving transitions.

Osmond was embarrassed; he found nothing to say; but Isabel remarked, promptly enough, that they had been in the act of talking about their visitor. Upon this her husband added that they had n't known what was become of him; they had been afraid he was gone away.

"No," said Lord Warburton, smiling and looking at Osmond; "I am only on the point of going." And then he explained that he found himself suddenly recalled to England; he should start on the morrow or next day. "I am awfully sorry to leave poor Touchett!" he ended by exclaiming.

For a moment neither of his companions spoke; Osmond only leaned back in his chair, listening. Isabel did n't look at him; she could only fancy how he looked. Her eyes were upon Lord Warburton's face, where they were the more free to rest that those of his lordship carefully avoided them. Yet Isabel was sure that had she met her visitor's glance she should have found it expressive. "You had better take poor Touchett with you," she heard her husband say, lightly enough, in a moment.

"He had better wait for warmer weather," Lord Warburton answered. "I should n't advise him to travel just now."

He sat there for a quarter of an hour, talking as if he might not soon see them again, — unless, indeed, they should come to England, a course which he strongly recommended. Why should n't they come to England in the autumn? That struck him as a very happy thought. It would give him such pleasure to do what he could for them, — to have them come and spend a month with him! Osmond, by his own admission, had been to England but once, which was an absurd state of things. It was just the country for him; he would be sure to get on well there. Then Lord Warburton asked Isabel if she remembered what a good time she had there, and if she did n't want to try it again. Did n't she want to see Gardencourt once more? Gardencourt was really very good. Touchett did n't take proper care of it, but it was the sort of place you could hardly spoil by letting it alone. Why did n't they come and pay Touchett a visit? He surely must have asked them. Had n't asked them? What an ill-mannered wretch! And Lord Warburton promised to give the master of Gardencourt a piece of his mind. Of course it was a mere accident; he would be delighted to have them. Spending a month with Touchett and a month with himself, and seeing all the rest of the people they must know there, they really would n't find it half bad. Lord Warburton added that it would amuse Miss Osmond as well, who had told him that she had never been to England, and whom he had assured it was a country she deserved to see. Of course she did n't

need to go to England to be admired, — that was her fate everywhere; but she would be immensely liked in England, Miss Osmond would, if that was any inducement. He asked if she were not at home: could n't he say good-by? Not that he liked good-bys; he always funked them. When he left England, the other day, he had not said good-by to any one. He had had half a mind to leave Rome without troubling Mrs. Osmond for a final interview. What could be more dreary than a final interview? One never said the things one wanted to; one remembered them all an hour afterwards. On the other hand, one usually said a lot of things one should n't, simply from a sense that one had to say something. Such a sense was bewildering; it made one nervous. He had it at present, and that was the effect it produced on him. If Mrs. Osmond did n't think he spoke as he ought, she must set it down to agitation; it was no light thing to part with Mrs. Osmond. He was really very sorry to be going. He had thought of writing to her instead of calling; but he would write to her, at any rate, to tell her a lot of things that would be sure to occur to him as soon as he had left the house. They must think seriously about coming to Lockleigh.

If there was anything awkward in the circumstances of his visit or in the announcement of his departure, it failed to come to the surface. Lord Warburton talked about his agitation; but he showed it in no other manner, and Isabel saw that, since he had determined on a retreat, he was capable of executing it gallantly. She was very glad for him; she liked him quite well enough to wish him to appear to carry a thing off. He would do that on any occasion, not from impudence, but simply from the habit of success; and Isabel perceived that it was not in her husband's power to frustrate this faculty. A double operation, as she sat there, went on in her mind. On one side, she listened to Lord Warburton; said what was proper to him; read, more or less, between the lines of what he said himself; and wondered how he would have spoken if he had found her alone. On the other, she had a perfect consciousness of Osmond's emotion. She felt almost sorry for him; he was condemned to the sharp pain of loss without the relief of cursing. He had had a great hope, and now, as he saw it vanish into smoke, he was obliged to sit and smile and twirl his thumbs. Not that he troubled himself to smile very brightly; he treated Lord Warburton, on the whole, to as vacant a countenance as so clever a man could very well wear. It was indeed a part of Osmond's cleverness that he could look consummately uncompromised. His present appearance, however, was not a confession of disappointment; it was simply a part of Osmond's habitual system, which was to be inexpressive exactly in proportion as he was really intent. He had been intent upon Lord Warburton from the first; but he had never allowed his eagerness to irradiate his refined face. He had treated his possible son-in-law as he treated every one, — with an air of being interested in him only for his own advantage, not for Gilbert Osmond's. He would give no sign now of an inward rage which was the result of a vanished prospect of gain — not the faintest nor subtlest. Isabel could be sure of that, if it was any satisfaction to her. Strangely, very strangely, it was a satisfaction; she wished Lord Warburton to triumph before her husband, and at the same time she wished her husband to be very superior before Lord Warburton. Osmond, in his way, was admirable; he had, like their visitor, the advantage of an acquired habit. It was not that of succeeding, but it was something almost as good, — that of not attempting. As he leaned back in his place, listening but vaguely to Lord Warburton's friendly offers and suppressed explanations, — as

if it were only proper to assume that they were addressed essentially to his wife, — he had at least, since so little else was left him, the comfort of thinking how well he personally had kept out of it, and how the air of indifference, which he was now able to wear, had the added beauty of consistency. It was something to be able to look as if their visitor's movements had no relation to his own mind. Their visitor did well, certainly; but Osmond's performance was in its very nature more finished. Lord Warburton's position was after all an easy one; there was no reason in the world why he should not leave Rome. He had benevolent inclinations, but they had stopped short of fruition; he had never committed himself, and his honor was safe. Osmond appeared to take but a moderate interest in the proposal that they should go and stay with him, and in his allusion to the success Pansy might extract from their visit. He murmured a recognition, but left Isabel to say that it was a matter requiring grave consideration. Isabel, even while she made this remark, could see the great vista which had suddenly opened out in her husband's mind, with Pansy's little figure marching up the middle of it.

Lord Warburton had asked leave to bid good-by to Pansy, but neither Isabel nor Osmond had made any motion to send for her. He had the air of giving out that his visit must be short; he sat on a small chair, as if it were only for a moment, keeping his hat in his hand. But he stayed and stayed; Isabel wondered what he was waiting for. She believed it was not to see Pansy; she had an impression that on the whole he would rather not see Pansy. It was of course to see herself alone; he had something to say to her. Isabel had no great wish to hear it, for she was afraid it would be an explanation, and she could perfectly dispense with explanations. Osmond, however, presently got up, like a man of good taste, to whom it had occurred that so inveterate a visitor might wish to say just the last word of all to the ladies.

"I have a letter to write before dinner," he said; "you must excuse me. I will see if my daughter is disengaged, and if she is she shall know you are here. Of course, when you come to Rome, you will always look us up. Isabel will talk to you about the English expedition; she decides all those things."

The nod with which, instead of a hand-shake, he terminated this little speech was perhaps a rather meagre form of salutation; but on the whole it was all the occasion demanded. Isabel reflected that after he left the room Lord Warburton would have no pretext for saying, "Your husband is very angry," which would have been extremely disagreeable to her. Nevertheless, if he had done so, she would have said, "Oh, don't be anxious. He does n't hate *you;* it 's me that he hates!"

It was only when they had been left alone together that Lord Warburton showed a certain vague awkwardness, — sitting down in another chair, handling two or three of the objects that were near him. "I hope he will make Miss Osmond come," he presently remarked. "I want very much to see her."

"I 'm glad it 's the last time," said Isabel.

"So am I. She does n't care for me."

"No, she does n't care for you."

"I don't wonder at it," said Lord Warburton. Then he added, with inconsequence, "You will come to England, won't you?"

"I think we had better not."

"Ah, you owe me a visit. Don't you remember that you were to have come to Lockleigh once, and you never did?"

"Everything is changed since then," said Isabel.

"Not changed for the worse, surely, — as far as we are concerned. To see you under my roof" — and he hesitated a moment — "would be a great satisfaction."

She had feared an explanation; but that was the only one that occurred. They talked a little of Ralph, and in another moment Pansy came in, already dressed for dinner, and with a little red spot in either cheek. She shook hands with Lord Warburton, and stood looking up into his face with a fixed smile, — a smile that Isabel knew, though his lordship probably never suspected it, to be near akin to a burst of tears.

"I am going away," he said. "I want to bid you good-by."

"Good-by, Lord Warburton." The young girl's voice trembled a little.

"And I want to tell you how much I wish you may be very happy."

"Thank you, Lord Warburton," Pansy answered.

He lingered a moment, and gave a glance at Isabel. "You ought to be very happy; you have got a guardian angel."

"I am sure I shall be happy," said Pansy, in the tone of a person whose certainties are always cheerful.

"Such a conviction as that will take you a great way. But if it should ever fail you, remember — remember" — and Lord Warburton stammered a little. "Think of me sometimes, you know," he said, with a vague laugh. Then he shook hands with Isabel, in silence, and presently he was gone.

When he had left the room Isabel expected an effusion of tears from her stepdaughter; but Pansy in fact treated her to something very different.

"I think you are my guardian angel!" she exclaimed, very sweetly.

Isabel shook her head. "I am not an angel of any kind. I am at the most your good friend."

"You are a very good friend, then, to have asked papa to be gentle with me."

"I have asked your father nothing," said Isabel, wondering.

"He told me just now to come to the drawing-room, and then he gave me a very kind kiss."

"Ah," said Isabel, "that was quite his own idea!"

She recognized the idea perfectly; it was very characteristic, and she was to see a great deal more of it. Even with Pansy, Osmond could not put himself the least in the wrong. They were dining out that day, and after their dinner they went to another entertainment; so that it was not till late in the evening that Isabel saw him alone. When Pansy kissed him, before going to bed, he returned her embrace with even more than his usual munificence, and Isabel wondered whether he meant it as a hint that his daughter had been injured by the machinations of her step-mother. It was a partial expression, at any rate, of what he continued to expect of his wife. Isabel was about to follow Pansy, but he remarked that he wished she would remain; he had something to say to her. Then he walked about the drawing-room a little, while she stood waiting, in her cloak. "I don't understand what you wish to do," he said in a moment. "I should like to know, so that I may know how to act."

"Just now I wish to go to bed. I am very tired."

"Sit down and rest; I shall not keep you long. Not there; take a comfortable place." And he arranged a multitude of cushions that were scattered in picturesque disorder upon a vast divan. This was not, however, where she seated herself; she dropped into the nearest chair. The fire had gone out; the lights in the great room were few. She drew her cloak about her; she felt mortally cold. "I think you are trying to humiliate me," Osmond went on. "It 's a most absurd undertaking."

"I have n't the least idea what you mean," said Isabel.

"You have played a very deep game; you have managed it beautifully."

"What is it that I have managed?"

"You have not quite settled it, however; we shall see him again." And he stopped in front of her, with his hands in his pockets, looking down at her thoughtfully, in his usual way, which seemed meant to let her know that she was not an object, but only a rather disagreeable incident, of thought.

"If you mean that Lord Warburton is under an obligation to come back, you are wrong," Isabel said. "He is under none whatever."

"That 's just what I complain of. But when I say he will come back, I don't mean that he will come from a sense of duty."

"There is nothing else to make him. I think he has quite exhausted Rome."

"Ah, no, that 's a shallow judgment. Rome is inexhaustible." And Osmond began to walk about again. "However, about that, perhaps, there is no hurry," he added. "It 's rather a good idea of his that we should go to England. If it were not for the fear of finding your cousin there, I think I should try to persuade you."

"It may be that you will not find my cousin," said Isabel.

"I should like to be sure of it. However, I shall be as sure as possible. At the same time, I should like to see his house, that you told me so much about at one time, — what do you call it? — Gardencourt. It must be a charming thing. And then, you know, I have a devotion to the memory of your uncle; you made me take a great fancy to him. I should like to see where he lived and died. That, however, is a detail. Your friend was right; Pansy ought to see England."

"I have no doubt she would enjoy it," said Isabel.

"But that 's a long time hence. Next autumn is far off," Osmond continued; "and meantime there are things that more nearly interest us. Do you think me so very proud?" he asked, suddenly.

"I think you very strange."

"You don't understand me."

"No, not even when you insult me."

"I don't insult you; I am incapable of it. I merely speak of certain facts, and if the allusion is an injury to you the fault is not mine. It is surely a fact that you have kept all this matter quite in your own hands."

"Are you going back to Lord Warburton?" Isabel asked. "I am very tired of his name."

"You shall hear it again before we have done with it."

She had spoken of his insulting her, but it suddenly seemed to her that this ceased to be a pain. He was going down, down: the vision of such a fall made her almost giddy; that was the only pain. He was too strange, too different; he did n't touch her. Still, the working of his strange passion was extraordinary, and she felt a rising curiosity to know in what light he saw himself justified. "I might say to you that I judge you have nothing to say to me that is worth hearing," she rejoined, in a moment. "But I should perhaps be wrong. There is a thing that would be worth my hearing, — to know in the plainest words of what it is you accuse me."

"Of preventing Pansy's marriage to Warburton. Are those words plain enough?"

"On the contrary, I took a great interest in it. I told you so; and when you told me that you counted on me — that, I think, was what you said — I accepted the obligation. I was a fool to do so, but I did it."

"You pretended to do it, and you even pretended reluctance, to make me more willing to trust you. Then you began to use your ingenuity to get him out of the way."

"I think I see what you mean," said Isabel.

"Where is the letter that you told me he had written me?" her husband asked.

"I have n't the least idea; I have n't asked him."

"You stopped it on the way," said Osmond.

Isabel slowly got up; standing there, in her white cloak, which covered her to her feet, she might have represented the angel of disdain, first-cousin to that of pity. "Oh, Osmond, for a man that was so fine!" she exclaimed, in a long murmur.

"I was never so fine as you! You have done everything you wanted. You have got him out of the way without appearing to do so, and you have placed me in the position in which you wished to behold me, — that of a man who tried to marry his daughter to a lord, but did n't succeed."

"Pansy does n't care for him; she is very glad he is gone," said Isabel.

"That has nothing to do with the matter."

"And he does n't care for Pansy."

"That won't do; you told me he did. I don't know why you wanted this particular satisfaction," Osmond continued; "you might have taken some other. It does n't seem to me that I have been presumptuous, — that I have taken too much for granted. I have been very modest about it, very quiet. The idea did n't originate with me. He began to show that he liked her before I ever thought of it. I left it all to you."

"Yes, you were very glad to leave it to me. After this you must attend to such things yourself."

He looked at her a moment, and then he turned away. "I thought you were very fond of my daughter."

"I have never been more so than to-day."

"Your affection is attended with immense limitations. However, that, perhaps, is natural."

"Is this all you wished to say to me?" Isabel asked, taking a candle that stood on one of the tables.

"Are you satisfied? Am I sufficiently disappointed?"

"I don't think that on the whole you are disappointed. You have had another opportunity to try to bewilder me."

"It's not that. It's proved that Pansy can aim high."

"Poor little Pansy!" said Isabel, turning away with her candle.

XLVI.

It was from Henrietta Stackpole that she learned that Caspar Goodwood had come to Rome, — an event that took place three days after Lord Warburton's departure. This latter event had been preceded by an incident of some importance to Isabel, — the temporary absence, once again, of Madame Merle, who had gone to Naples to stay with a friend, the happy possessor of a villa at Posilippo. Madame Merle had ceased to minister to Isabel's happiness, who found herself wondering whether the most discreet of women might not also by chance be the most dangerous. Sometimes, at night, she had strange visions: she seemed to see her husband and Madame Merle in dim, indistinguishable combination. It seemed to her that she had not done with her; this lady had something in reserve. Isabel's imagination applied itself actively to this elusive point, but every now and then it was checked by a nameless dread; so that when her brilliant friend was away from Rome she had almost a consciousness of respite. She had already learned from Miss Stackpole that Caspar Goodwood was in Europe, Henrietta having written to inform her of this fact immediately after meeting him in Paris. He himself never wrote to Isabel, and, though he was in Europe, she thought it very possible he might not desire to see her. Their last interview, before her

marriage, had had quite the character of a complete rupture; if she remembered rightly, he had said he wished to take his last look at her. Since then he had been the most inharmonious survival of her earlier time, — the only one, in fact, with which a permanent pain was associated. He left her, that morning, with the sense of an unnecessary shock; it was like a collision between vessels in broad daylight. There had been no mist, no hidden current, to excuse it, and she herself had only wished to steer skillfully. He had bumped against her prow, however, while her hand was on the tiller, and, to complete the metaphor, had given the lighter vessel a strain, which still occasionally betrayed itself in a faint creaking. It had been painful to see him, because he represented the only serious harm that, to her belief, she had ever done in the world; he was the only person with an unsatisfied claim upon her. She had made him unhappy, — she could n't help it; and his unhappiness was a great reality. She cried with rage, after he had left her, at — she hardly knew what: she tried to think it was his want of consideration. He had come to her with his unhappiness when her own bliss was so perfect; he had done his best to darken the brightness of these pure rays. He had not been violent, and yet there was a violence in that. There was a violence, at any rate, in something, somewhere; perhaps it was only in her own fit of weeping, and that after-sense of it which lasted for three or four days. The effect of Caspar Goodwood's visit faded away, and during the first year of Isabel's marriage he dropped out of her books. He was a thankless subject of reference; it was disagreeable to have to think of a person who was unhappy on your account, and whom you could do nothing to relieve. It would have been different if she had been able to doubt, even a little, of his unhappiness, as she doubted of Lord Warburton's; unfortunately it was beyond question, and this aggressive, uncompromising look of it was just what made it unattractive. She could never say to herself that Caspar Goodwood had great compensations, as she was able to say in the case of her English suitor. She had no faith in his compensations, and no esteem for them. A cotton-factory was not a compensation for anything, — least of all for having failed to marry Isabel Archer. And yet, beyond that, she hardly knew what he had, save of course his intrinsic qualities. Oh, he was intrinsic enough; she never thought of his even looking for artificial aids. If he extended his business, — that, to the best of her belief, was the only form exertion could take with him, — it would be because it was an enterprising thing, or good for the business; not in the least because he might hope it would overlay the past. This gave his figure a kind of bareness and bleakness, which made the accident of meeting it in one's meditations always a sort of shock; it was deficient in the social drapery which muffles the sharpness of human contact. His perfect silence, moreover, the fact that she never heard from him and very seldom heard any mention of him, deepened this impression of his loneliness. She asked Lily for news of him, from time to time. But Lily knew nothing about Boston; her imagination was confined within the limits of Manhattan. As time went on, Isabel thought of him oftener, and with fewer restrictions; she had more than once the idea of writing to him. She had never told her husband about him, — never let Osmond know of his visits to her in Florence; a reserve not dictated in the early period by a want of confidence in Osmond, but simply by the consideration that Caspar Goodwood's disappointment was not her secret, but his own. It would be wrong of her, she believed, to convey it to another, and Mr. Goodwood's affairs could have, after all, but little interest for

Gilbert. When it came to the point she never wrote to him; it seemed to her that, considering his grievance, the least she could do was to let him alone. Nevertheless, she would have been glad to be in some way nearer to him. It was not that it ever occurred to her that she might have married him; even after the consequences of her marriage became vivid to her, that particular reflection, though she indulged in so many, had not the assurance to present itself. But when she found herself in trouble he became a member of that circle of things with which she wished to set herself right. I have related how passionately she desired to feel that her unhappiness should not have come to her through her own fault. She had no near prospect of dying, and yet she wished to make her peace with the world, — to put her spiritual affairs in order. It came back to her, from time to time, that there was an account still to be settled with Caspar Goodwood; it seemed to her that she would settle it to-day on terms easy for him. Still, when she learned that he was coming to Rome she felt afraid; it would be more disagreeable for him than for any one else to learn that she was unhappy. Deep in her breast she believed that he had invested his all in her happiness, while the others had invested only a part. He was one more person from whom she should have to conceal her misery. She was reassured, however, after he arrived in Rome, for he spent several days without coming to see her.

Henrietta Stackpole, it may well be imagined, was much more punctual, and Isabel was largely favored with the society of her friend. Isabel threw herself into it, for now that she had made such a point of keeping her conscience clear, that was one way of proving that she had not been superficial, — the more so that the years, in their flight, had rather enriched than blighted those peculiarities which had been humorously criticised by persons less interested than Isabel, and were striking enough to give friendship a spice of heroism. Henrietta was as keen and quick and fresh as ever, and as neat and bright and fair. Her eye had lost none of its serenity, her toilet none of its crispness, her opinions none of their national flavor. She was by no means quite unchanged, however; it seemed to Isabel that she had grown restless. Of old she had never been restless; though she was perpetually in motion, it was impossible to be more deliberate. She had a reason for everything she did; she fairly bristled with motives. Formerly, when she came to Europe, it was because she wished to see it; but now, having already seen it, she had no such excuse. She did not for a moment pretend that the desire to examine decaying civilizations had anything to do with her present enterprise; her journey was rather an expression of her independence of the Old World than of a sense of further obligations to it. "It 's nothing to come to Europe," she said to Isabel; "it does n't seem to me one needs so many reasons for that. It is something to stay at home; this is much more important." It was not, therefore, with a sense of doing anything very important that she treated herself to another pilgrimage to Rome. She had seen the place before, and carefully inspected it; the actual episode was simply a sign of familiarity, of one's knowing all about it, of one's having as good a right as any one else to be there. This was all very well, and Henrietta was restless; she had a perfect right to be restless, too, if one came to that. But she had after all a better reason for coming to Rome than that she cared for it so little. Isabel easily recognized it, and with it the worth of her friend's fidelity. She had crossed the stormy ocean in midwinter because she guessed that Isabel was unhappy. Henrietta guessed a great deal, but she had never guessed so happily as

that. Isabel's satisfactions just now were few, but even if they had been more numerous, there would still have been something of individual joy in her sense of being justified in having always thought highly of Henrietta. She had made large concessions with regard to her, but she had insisted that, with all abatements, she was very valuable. It was not her own triumph, however, that Isabel found good; it was simply the relief of confessing to Henrietta, the first person to whom she had owned it, that she was not contented. Henrietta had herself approached this point with the smallest possible delay, and had accused her to her face of being miserable. She was a woman, she was a sister; she was not Ralph, nor Lord Warburton, nor Caspar Goodwood, and Isabel could speak.

"Yes, I am miserable," she said, very gently. She hated to hear herself say it; she tried to say it as judicially as possible.

"What does he do to you?" Henrietta asked, frowning as if she were inquiring into the operations of a quack doctor.

"He does nothing. But he does n't like me."

"He 's very difficult!" cried Miss Stackpole. "Why don't you leave him?"

"I can't change, that way," Isabel said.

"Why not, I should like to know? You won't confess that you have made a mistake. You are too proud."

"I don't know whether I am too proud. But I can't publish my mistake. I don't think that 's decent. I would much rather die."

"You won't think so always," said Henrietta.

"I don't know what great unhappiness might bring me to; but it seems to me I shall always be ashamed. One must accept one's deeds. I married him before all the world; I was perfectly free; it was impossible to do anything more deliberate. One can't change, that way," Isabel repeated.

"You have changed, in spite of the impossibility. I hope you don't mean to say that you like him."

Isabel hesitated a moment. "No, I don't like him. I can tell you, because I am weary of my secret. But that 's enough; I can't tell all the world."

Henrietta gave a rich laugh. "Don't you think you are rather too considerate?"

"It 's not of him that I am considerate; it 's of myself!" Isabel answered.

It was not surprising that Gilbert Osmond should not have taken comfort in Miss Stackpole; his instinct had naturally set him in opposition to a young lady capable of advising his wife to withdraw from the conjugal mansion. When she arrived in Rome he said to Isabel that he hoped she would leave her friend the interviewer alone; and Isabel answered that he at least had nothing to fear from her. She said to Henrietta that, as Osmond did n't like her, she could not invite her to dine; but they could easily see each other in other ways. Isabel received Miss Stackpole freely in her own sitting-room, and took her repeatedly to drive, face to face with Pansy, who, bending a little forward, on the opposite seat of the carriage, gazed at the celebrated authoress with a respectful attention which Henrietta occasionally found irritating. She complained to Isabel that Miss Osmond had a little look as if she should remember everything one said. "I don't want to be remembered that way," Miss Stackpole declared; "I consider that my conversation refers only to the moment, like the morning papers. Your step-daughter, as she sits there, looks as if she kept all the back numbers, and would bring them out some day against me." She could not bring herself to think favorably of Pansy, whose absence of initiation, of conversation, and of per-

sonal claims seemed to her, in a girl of twenty, unnatural and even sinister. Isabel presently saw that Osmond would have liked her to urge a little the cause of her friend, insist a little upon his receiving her, so that he might appear to suffer for good manners' sake. Her immediate acceptance of his objections put him too much in the wrong, — it being in effect one of the disadvantages of expressing contempt that you cannot enjoy at the same time the credit of expressing sympathy. Osmond held to his credit, and yet he held to his objections, all of which were elements difficult to reconcile. The right thing would have been that Miss Stackpole should come to dine at the Palazzo Roccanera once or twice, so that in spite of his superficial civility, always so great, she might judge for herself how little pleasure it gave him. From the moment, however, that both the ladies were so unaccommodating, there was nothing for Osmond but to wish that Henrietta would take herself off. It was surprising how little satisfaction he got from his wife's friends; he took occasion to call Isabel's attention to it.

"You are certainly not fortunate in your intimates; I wish you might make a new collection," he said to her one morning, in reference to nothing visible at the moment, but in a tone of ripe reflection which deprived the remark of all brutal abruptness. "It 's as if you had taken the trouble to pick out the people in the world that I have least in common with. Your cousin I have always thought a conceited ass, besides his being the most ill-favored animal I know. Then it 's insufferably tiresome that one can't tell him so; one must spare him on account of his health. His health seems to me the best part of him; it gives him privileges enjoyed by no one else. If he is so desperately ill there is only one way to prove it; but he seems to have no mind for that. I can't say much more for the great Warburton. When one really thinks of it, the cool insolence of that performance was something rare! He comes and looks at one's daughter as if she were a suite of apartments; he tries the door-handles and looks out of the windows, raps on the walls, and almost thinks he will take the place. Will you be so good as to draw up a lease? Then, on the whole, he decides that the rooms are too small; he does n't think he could live on a third floor; he must look out for a *piano nobile*. And he goes away, after having got a month's lodging in the poor little apartment for nothing. Miss Stackpole, however, is your most wonderful invention. She strikes me as a kind of monster. One has n't a nerve in one's body that she does n't set quivering. You know I never have admitted that she is a woman. Do you know what she reminds me of? Of a new steel pen, — the most odious thing in nature. She talks as a steel pen writes; are n't her letters, by the way, on ruled paper? She thinks and moves, and walks and looks, exactly as she talks. You may say that she does n't hurt me, inasmuch as I don't see her. I don't see her, but I hear her; I hear her all day long. Her voice is in my ears; I can't get rid of it. I know exactly what she says, and every inflection of the tone in which she says it. She says charming things about me, and they give you great comfort. I don't like at all to think she talks about me; I feel as I should feel if I knew the footman were wearing my hat!"

Henrietta talked about Gilbert Osmond, as his wife assured him, rather less than he suspected. She had plenty of other subjects, in two of which the reader may be supposed to be especially interested. She let Isabel know that Caspar Goodwood had discovered for himself that she was unhappy, though indeed her ingenuity was unable to suggest what comfort he hoped to give her by coming to Rome, and yet not calling on her. They met him twice in the street, but he had

no appearance of seeing them; they were driving, and he had a habit of looking straight in front of him, as if he proposed to contemplate but one object at a time. Isabel could have fancied she had seen him the day before; it must have been with just that face and step that he walked out of Mrs. Touchett's door at the close of their last interview. He was dressed just as he had been dressed on that day, — Isabel remembered the color of his cravat; and yet, in spite of this familiar look, there was a strangeness in his figure, too, — something that made her feel afresh that it was rather terrible he should have come to Rome. He looked bigger and more overtopping than of old, and in those days he certainly was lofty enough. She noticed that the people whom he passed looked back after him, but he went straight forward, lifting above them a face like a February sky.

Henry James, Jr.

POST PRANDIAL.

PHI BETA KAPPA.

1881.

"THE Dutch have taken Holland," — so the schoolboys used to say;
The Dutch have taken Harvard, — no doubt of that to-day!
For the Wendells were low Dutchmen, and all their vrows were Vans
And the Breitmanns are high Dutchmen, and here is honest Hans.

Mynheers, you both are welcome! Fair cousin Wendell P.,
Our ancestors were dwellers beside the Zuyder Zee;
Both Grotius and Erasmus were countrymen of we,
And Vondel was our namesake, though he spelt it with a V.

It is well old Evart Jansen sought a dwelling over sea
On the margin of the Hudson, where he sampled you and me
Through our grandsires and great grandsires, for you would n't quite agree
With the steady-going burghers along the Zuyder Zee.

Like our Motley's John of Barnveld, you have always been inclined
To speak, — well, — somewhat frankly, — to let us know your mind,
And the Mynheers would have told you to be cautious what you said,
Or else that silver tongue of yours might cost your precious head.

But we 're very glad you 've kept it; it was always Freedom's own,
And whenever Reason chose it she found a royal throne;
You have whacked us with your sceptre; our backs were little harmed,
And while we rubbed our bruises we owned we had been charmed.

And you, our *quasi* Dutchman, what welcome should be yours
For all the wise prescriptions that work your laughter-cures?

"Shake before taking? — not a bit, — the bottle-cure's a sham, —
Take before shaking, and you 'll find it shakes your diaphragm.

"Hans Breitmann gif a barty, — vhere is dot barty now?"
On every shelf where wit is stored to smooth the careworn brow!
A health to stout Hans Breitmann! How long before we see
Another Hans as handsome, — as bright a man as he!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

THE KATRINA SAGA.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

"FORR English Ladies." This was the address on the back of a much-thumbed envelope, resting on top of the key rack in the dining-room of our Bergen hotel. If "For" had been spelled correctly, the letter would not have been half so likely to be read; but that extra outsider of an *r* was irresistibly attractive. The words of the letter itself were, if not equally original in spelling, at least as unique in arrangement, and altogether the advertisement answered its purposes far better than if it had been written in good English. The *naïveté* with which the writer went on to say, "I do recommend me," was delicious, and when she herself appeared there was something in her whole personal bearing entirely in keeping with the child-like and unconscious complacency of her phraseology. "I do recommend me" was written all over her face, and, as things turned out, if it had been "I do guarantee me," it had not been too strong an indorsement. A more tireless, willing, thoughtful, helpful, eager, shrewd little creature than Katrina never chattered. Looking back from the last day to the first of my acquaintance with her, I feel a remorseful twinge as I think how near I came to taking instead of her, as my maid for a month's journeying, a stately young woman, who, appearing in answer to my advertisement, handed me her card with dignity, and begged my pardon for inquiring precisely what it would be that she would have to do for me, besides the turning of English into Norwegian, and *vice versa*. The contrast between this specific gravity and Katrina's hearty and unreflecting "I will do my best to satisfy you in all occasions" did not sufficiently impress me in the outset. But many a time afterward did I recall it, and believe more than ever in the doctrine of lucky stars and good angels.

When Katrina appeared, punctually to the appointed minute, half an hour before the time for setting off, I saw with pleasure that she was wrapped in a warm cloak of dark cloth. I had seen her before, flitting about in shawls of various sorts, loosely pinned at the throat in a disjointed kind of way, which gave to her appearance an expression that I did not like, — an expression of desultory if not intermittent respectability. But wrapped in this heavy cloak, she was decorum personified.

"Ah, Katrina," I said, "I am very glad to see you are warmly dressed. This summer you keep in Norway is so cold, one needs winter clothes all the time."

"Yes, I must," she replied. "I get fever and ague in New York, and since then it always reminds me. That was

six years ago; but it reminds me, — the freezing at my neck," putting her hand to the back of her neck.

It was in New York, then, that she had learned so much English. This explained everything, — the curious mixture of volubility and inaccuracy and slang in her speech. She had been for several months a house servant in New York, "with an Irish lady; such a nice lady. Her husband, he took care of a bank; kept it clean, don't you see, and all such tings. And we lived in the top in the eight story: we was always going up and down in the elewator."

After this she had been a button-hŏle maker in a great clothing house, and next, had married one of her own countrymen; a nephew, by the way, of the famous Norwegian giant at Barnum's Museum, — a fact which Katrina stated simply, without any apparent boast, adding, "My husband's father were guyant, too. There be many guyants in that part of the country."

Perhaps it was wicked, seeing that Katrina had had such hopes of learning much English in her month with me, not to have told her then and there that *g* in the English word *giant* was always soft. But I could not. Neither did I once, from first to last, correct her inimitable and delicious pronunciations. I confined my instructions to the endeavor to make her understand clearly the meanings of words, and to teach her true synonyms; but as for meddling with her pronunciations, I would as soon have been caught trying to teach a baby to speak plain. I fear, towards the last, she began to suspect this, and to be half aware of the not wholly disinterested pleasure which I took in listening to her eager prattle; but she did not accuse me, and I let her set off for home not one whit wiser in the matter of the sounds of the English language than she had been when she came away, except so far as she might have unconsciously caught them from hearing me speak. It is just as well: her English is quite good enough as it is, for all practical purposes in Norway, and would lose half its charm and value to English-speaking people if she were to learn to say the words as we say them.

To set off by boat from Bergen means to set off by boats; it would not be an idle addition to the phrase, either, to say, not only by boats, but among boats, in, out, over, and across boats; and one may consider himself lucky if he is not called upon to add, — the whole truth being told, — under boats. Arriving at the wharf, he is shown where his steamer lies, midway in the harbor; whether it be at anchor, or hoisted on a raft of small boats, he is at first at loss to see. However, rowing alongside, he discovers that the raft of small boats is only a crowd, like any other crowd, of movable things or creatures, and can be shoved, jostled, pushed out of the way, and compelled to give room. A Norwegian can elbow his boat through a tight-packed mass of boats with as dexterous and irresistible force as another man can elbow his way on foot, on dry land, in a crowd of men. So long as you are sitting quiet in the middle of the boat, merely swayed from side to side by his gyrations, with no sort of responsibility as to their successive direction, and with implicit faith in their being right, it is all very well. But when your Norwegian springs up, confident, poises one foot on the edge of his own boat, the other foot on the edge of another boat, plants one of his oars against the gunwale of a third boat, and rests the other oar hard up against the high side of a steamboat and then authoritatively requests you to rise and make pathway for yourself across and between all these oars and boats, and leap varying chasms of water between them and the ladder up the steamer's side, dismay seizes you, if you are not to the water born. I did not hear of anybody's being drowned in attempting

to get on board a Bergen steamer. But why somebody is not, every day in the week, I do not know, if it often happens to people to thread and surmount such a labyrinth of small rocking boats as lay around the *dampskib* Jupiter, in which Katrina and I sailed for Christiania.

The Northern nations of Europe seem to have hit upon signally appropriate names for that place of torment which in English is called steamboat. There are times when simply to pronounce the words *dampskib* or *dampbaad* is soothing to the nerves; and nowhere oftener than in Norway can one be called upon to seek such relief. It is an accepted thing in Norway that no steamboat can be counted on either to arrive or depart within one, two, or three hours of its advertised time. The guide-books all state this fact: so nobody who, thus forewarned, has chosen to trust himself to the dampskib has any right to complain if the whole plan of his journey is disarranged and frustrated by the thing's not arriving within four hours of the time it had promised. But it is not set down in the guide-books, as it ought to be, that there is something else on which the traveler in Norwegian dampskibs can place no dependence whatever; and that is the engaging beforehand of his state-room. To have engaged a state-room one week beforehand, positively, explicitly, and then, upon arriving on board, to be confronted by a smiling captain, who states in an off-hand manner, as if it were an every-day occurrence, that "he is very sorry, but it is impossible to let you have it;" and who, when he is pressed for an explanation of the impossibility, has no better reason to give than that two gentlemen wanted the state-room, and as the two gentlemen could not go in the ladies' cabin, and you, owing to the misfortune of your sex, could, therefore the two gentlemen have the state-room, and you will take the one remaining untenanted berth in the cabin, — this is what may happen in a Norwegian dampskib. If one is resolute enough to halt in the gangway, and, ordering the porters bearing the luggage to halt also, say, calmly, "Very well; then I must return to my hotel, and wait for another boat, in which I can have a state-room. It would be quite out of the question, my making the journey in the cabin," the captain will discover some way of disposing of the two gentlemen, and without putting them into the ladies' cabin: but this late concession, not to the justice of your claim, only to your determination in enforcing it, does not in any wise conciliate your respect or your amiability. The fact of the imposition and unfairness is the same. I ought to say, however, that this is the only matter in which I found unfairness in Norway. In regard to everything else the Norwegian has to provide, or to sell, he is just and honest; but when it comes to the question of dampskib accommodations, he seems to take leave of all his sense of obligation to be either.

As I crept into the narrow trough called a berth, in my hardly-won state-room, a vision flitted past the door: a tall and graceful figure, in a tight, shabby black gown; a classic head, set with the grace of a lily on a slender neck; pale brown hair, put back, braided, and wound in a knot behind, all save a few short curls, which fell lightly floating and waving over a low forehead; a pair of honest, merry gray eyes, with a swift twinkle at the corners, and a sudden serious tenderness in their depths; a straight nose, with a nostril spirited and fine as an Arabian's; a mouth of flawless beauty, unless it might be that the upper lip was a trifle too short, but this fault only added to the piquancy of the face. I lifted myself on my elbow to look at her. She was gone; and I sank back, thinking of the pictures that the world raved over, so few short years ago, of the lovely Eugénie. Here was a face strangely like hers, but with far

more fire and character, — a Norwegian girl, evidently poor. I was wondering if I should see her again, and how I could manage to set Katrina on her track, and if I could find out who she was, when, lo, there she stood by my side, bending above me, and saying something Norwegian over and over in a gentle voice : and Katrina behind her, saying, " This is the lady what has care of all. She do say, ' Poor lady, poor lady, to be so sick.' She is sorry that you are sick." I gazed at her in stupefied wonder. This radiant creature the stewardess of a steamboat! She was more beautiful near, than at a distance. I am sure I have never seen so beautiful a woman. And coming nearer, one could see clearly, almost as radiant as her physical beauty, the beauty of a fine and sweet nature shining through. Her smile was transcendent. I am not over easy to be stirred by women's fair looks. Seldom I see a woman's face that gives me unalloyed pleasure. Faces are half-terrifying things to one who studies them, such paradoxical masks are they; only one half mask, and the other half bared secrets of a life-time. Their mere physical beauty, however great it may be, is so underlaid and overlaid by tokens and traces and scars of things in which the flesh and blood of it have played part that a fair face can rarely be more than half fair. But here was a face with beauty such as the old Greeks put into marble ; and shining through it the honesty and innocence of an untaught child, the good-will and content of a faithful working-girl, and the native archness of a healthful maiden. I am not unaware that all this must have the sound of an invention, and there being no man to bear witness to my tale, except such as have sailed in the Norwegian dampskib Jupiter, it will not be much believed ; nevertheless, I shall tell it. Not being the sort of artist to bring the girl's face away in a portfolio, the only thing left for me is to try to set it in the poor portraiture of words. Poor enough portraiture it is that words can fashion, even for things less subtle than faces, — a day or a sky, a swift passion or a thought. Words seem always to those who work with them more or less failures; but most of all are they impotent and disappointing when a face is to be told. Yet, I shall not cast away my sketch of the beautiful Anna. It is the only one which will ever be made of her. Now that I think of it, however, there is one testimony to be added to mine, — a testimony of much weight, too, taken in the connection, for it was of such involuntariness.

On the second day of my voyage in the Jupiter, in the course of a conversation with the captain, I took occasion to speak of the good-will and efficiency of his stewardess. He assented warmly to my praise of her ; adding that she was born of very poor parents, and had little education herself beyond knowing how to read and write, but was a person of rare goodness.

I then said, " And of very rare beauty, also. I have never seen a more beautiful face."

" Yes," he replied. " There is something very not common about her. Her face is quite antic." Antique, he meant, but for the first few seconds I could not imagine what it was he had intended. He also, then, had recognized, as this phrase shows, the truly classic quality of the girl's beauty ; and he is the only witness I am able to bring to prove that my description of her face and figure and look and bearing are not an ingenious fable wrought out of nothing.

From Katrina, also, there came testimonies to Anna's rare quality.

" I have been in long speech with Anna," she said, before we had been at sea a day. " I tink she will come to Bergen, by my husband and me. She can be trusted ; I can tell in one firstest minute vat peoples is to be trusted. She is so polite always, but she passes

ghentlemens without speaking, except she has business. I can tell."

Shrewd Katrina! Her husband has a sort of restaurant and billiard-room in Bergen; a place not over-creditable, I fear, although keeping within the pale of respectability. It is a sore trial to Katrina, his doing this, especially the selling of liquor. She had several times refused her consent to his going into the business, "but dis time," she said, "he had it before I knowed anyting, don't you see? He did n't tell me. I always tink dere is de wifes and children, and may be de mens don't take home no bread; and den to sit dere and drink, it is shame, don't you see? But if he don't do, some other mans would; so tere it is, don't you see? And tere is money in it, you see." Poor Katrina had tried in vain to shelter herself and appease her conscience by this old sophistry. Her pride and self-respect still so revolted at the trade that she would not go to the place to stay. "He not get me to go tere. He not want me, either. I would not work in such a place."

But she had no scruples about endeavoring to engage Anna as a waiter-girl for the place.

"She will be by my husband and me," she said, "and it is always shut every night at ten o'clock; and my husband is very strict man. He will have all right. She can have all her times after dat; and here she have only four dollars a mont, and my husband gives more tan dat. And I shall teach to her English; I gives her one hour every day. Dat is great for her, for she vill go to America next year. If she can English speak, she get twice the money in America. Oh, ven I go to America, I did not know de name of one ting; and every night I cry and cry; I tink I never learn; but dat Irish lady I live by, she vas so kind to me as my own mother. Oh, I like Irish peoples; the Irish and the Americans, dey are what I like best. I don't like de English; and Chermans, I don't like dem; dey vill take all out of your pocket. She is intended;[1] and dat is good. When one are intended one must be careful; and if he is one you love, ten you don't vant to do anyting else; and her sweetheart is a nice young fellow. He is in the engyne in a Hamburg boat. She has been speaking by me about him."

The dampskib Jupiter is a roller. It is a marvel how anything not a log can roll at such a rate. The state-room berths being built across instead of lengthwise, the result is a perpetual tossing of heads versus feet. As Katrina expressively put it, "It is first te head, and den te feets up. Dat is te worstest. Dat makes te difference."

Ill, helpless, almost as tight wedged in as a knife-blade shut in its handle, I lay in my trough a day and a night. The swinging port-hole through which I feebly looked made a series of ever-changing vignettes of the bits of water, sky, land, it showed: moss-crowned hillocks of stone; now and then a red roof, or a sloop scudding by. The shore of Norway is a kaleidoscope of land, rock, and water, broken up. To call it shore at all seems half a misnomer. I have never heard of a census of the islands on the Norway coast, but it would be a matter of great interest to know if it needs the decimals of millions to reckon them. This would not be hard to be believed by one who has sailed two days and two nights in their labyrinths. They are a more distinctive feature in the beauty of Norway's seaward face than even her majestic mountain ranges. They have as much and as changing beauty of color as those, and, added to the subtle and exhaustless beauty of changing color, they have the still subtler charm of that mysterious combination of rest and restlessness, stillness and motion, solidity and evanescence, which is the dower of all islands, and

[1] Betrothed.

most of all of the islands of outer seas. Even more than from the stern solemnity of their mountain-walled fjords must the Norwegians have drawn their ancient inspirations, I imagine, from the wooing, baffling, luring, forbidding, locking and unlocking, and never-revealing vistas, channels, gates, and barriers of their islands. They are round and soft and mossy as hillocks of sphagnum in a green marsh. You may sink above your ankles in the moist, delicious verdure, which looks from the sea like a mere mantle lightly flung over the rock. Or they are bare and gray and unbroken, as if coated in mail of stone; and you might clutch in vain for so much as the help of a crevice or a shrub, if you were cast on their sides. Some lie level and low, with oases of vividest green in their hollows; these lift and loom in the noon or the twilight, with a mirage which the desert cannot outdo. Some rise up in precipices of sudden wall, countless Gibraltars, which no mortal power can scale, and only wild creatures with tireless wings can approach. They are lashed by foaming waves, and the echoes peal like laughter among them; the tide brings them all it has; the morning sun lights them up, top after top, like beacons of its way out to sea, and leaves them again at night, lingeringly, one by one; changing them often into the semblance of jewels by the last red rays of its sinking light. They seem, as you sail swiftly among them, to be sailing too, a flotilla of glittering kingdoms; your escort, your convoy; shifting to right, to left, in gorgeous parade of skillful display, as for a pageant. When you anchor, they too are of a sudden at rest; solid, substantial land again, wooing you to take possession. There are myriads of them still unknown, untrodden, and sure to remain so forever, no matter how long the world may last; as sure as if the old spells were true, and the gods had made them invincible by a charm, or lonely under an eternal curse. At the mouths of the great fjords they seem sometimes to have fallen back and into line, as if to do honor to whomever might come sailing in. They must have greatly helped the splendor of the processions of viking ships, a thousand years ago, in the days when a viking thought nothing of setting sail for the South or the East with six or seven hundred ships in his fleet. If their birch-trees were as plumy then as now, there was nothing finer than they in all that a viking adorned his ships with, not even the gilt dragons at the prow.

Before the close of the second day of our voyage, the six passengers in the ladies' cabin had reached the end of their journey and left the boat. By way of atonement for his first scheming to rob me of my state-room, the captain now magnanimously offered to me the whole of the ladies' cabin, for which he had no farther use. How gladly I accepted it! How gleefully I watched my broad bed being made on a sofa, lengthwise the rolling Jupiter! How pleased was Katrina, how cheery the beautiful stewardess.

"Good-night! Good-night! Sleep well! Sleep well!" they both said as they left me.

"Now it will be different; not te head and feets any more. De oder way is bestest," added Katrina, as she lurched out of the room.

How triumphantly I locked the door! How well I slept! All of which would be of no consequence here, except that it makes such a background for what followed. Out of a sleep sound as only the sleep of one worn out by seasickness can be, I was roused by a dash of water in my face. Too bewildered at first to understand what had happened, I sat up in bed quickly, and thereby brought my face considerably nearer the port-hole, directly above my pillow, just in time to receive another full dash of water in my very teeth; and water by

no means clean, either, as I instantly perceived. The situation explained itself. The port-hole had not been shut tight; the decks were being washed. Swash, swash, it came, with frightful dexterity, aimed it would seem at that very port-hole, and nowhere else. I sprang up, seized the handle of the port-hole window, and tried to tighten it. In my ignorance and fright I turned it the wrong way; in poured the dirty water. There stood I, clapping the window to with all my might, but utterly unable either to fasten it or to hold it tight enough to keep out the water. Calling for help was useless, even if my voice could have been heard above the noise of the boat; the door of my cabin was locked. Swash, swash, in it came, more and more, and dirtier and dirtier; trickling down the back of the red velvet sofa, drenching my pillows and sheets, and spattering me. One of the few things one never ceases being astonished at in this world is the length a minute can seem when one is uncomfortable. It could n't have been many minutes, but it seemed an hour, before I had succeeded in partially fastening that port-hole, unlocking that cabin door, and bringing Anna to the rescue. Before she arrived the dirty swashes had left the first port-hole and gone to the second, which, luckily, had been fastened tight, and all danger was over. But if I had been afloat and in danger of drowning, her sympathy could not have been greater. She came running, her feet bare — very white they were, too, and rosy pink on the outside edges, like a baby's, I noticed, — and her gown but partly on. It was only half past four, and she had been, no doubt, as sound asleep as I. With comic pantomime of distress, and repeated exclamations of "Poor lady, poor lady!" which phrase I already knew by heart, she gathered up the wet bed, made me another in a dry corner, and then vanished; and I heard her telling the tale of my disaster, in excited tones, to Katrina, who soon appeared, with a look half sympathy, half amusement, on her face.

"Now, dat is great tings," she said, giving the innocent port-hole another hard twist at the handle. "I tink you vill be glad ven you comes to Christiania. Dey say it vill be tere at ten, but I tink it is only shtories."

It was not. Already we were well up in the smoothness and shelter of the beautiful Christiania Fjord, — a great bay, which is in the beginning like a sea looking southward into an ocean; then reaches up northward, counting its miles by scores, shooting its shining inlets to right and left, narrowing and yielding itself more and more to the embrace of the land, till, suddenly, headed off by a knot of hills, it turns around, and as if seeking the outer sea it has left behind runs due south for miles, making the peninsula of Nesodden. On this peninsula is the little town of Drobak, where thirty thousand pounds' worth of ice is stored every winter, to be sold in London as "Wenham Lake ice." This ice was in summer the water of countless little lakes. The region round about the Christiania Fjord is set full of them, lily-grown and fir-shaded. Once they freeze over, they are marked for their destiny; the snow is kept from them; if the surface be too much roughened it is planed; then it is lined off into great squares, cut out by an ice-plow, pried up by wedges, loaded on carts, and carried to the ice-houses. There it is packed into solid bulk, with layers of sawdust between to prevent the blocks from freezing together again. We shall use thousands of pounds of this ice ourselves next year. The Christiania ice merchants have chuckled at the reports of the midsummer of 1880 in the United States.

The fjord was so glassy smooth, as we sailed up, that even the Jupiter could not roll, but glided; and seemed to try to hush its jarring sounds, as if holding

its breath, with sense of the shame it was to disturb such sunny silence. The shores on either hand were darkly wooded; here and there a country-seat on higher ground, with a gay flag floating out. No Norwegian house is complete without its flag-staff. On Sundays, on all holidays, on the birthdays of members of the family, and on all days when guests are expected at the house, the flag is run up. This pretty custom gives a festal air to all places; since one can never walk far without coming on a house that keeps either a birthday or a guest-day.

There seemed almost a mirage on the western shore of the bay. The captain, noticing this, called my attention to it, and said it was often to be seen on the Norway fjords, "but it was always on the head." In reply to my puzzled look, he went on to say, by way of making it perfectly clear, that "the mountains stood always on their heads;" that is, "their heads down to the heads of the other mountains." He then spoke of the strange looming of the water-line often seen in Holland, where he had traveled; but where, he said, he never wished to go again, they were "such dirty people." This accusation brought against the Dutch was indeed startling. I exclaimed in surprise, saying that the world gave the Dutch credit for being the cleanliest of people. Yes, he said, they did scrub; it was to be admitted that they kept their houses clean; "but they do put the spitkin on the table when they eat."

"Spitkin," cried I. "What is that? You do not mean spittoon, surely?"

"Yes, yes, that is it; the spitkin in which to spit. It is high, like what we keep to put flowers in,—so high," holding his hand about twelve inches from the table; "made just like what we put for flowers; and they put it always on the table, when they are eating. I have myself seen it. And they do eat and spit, and eat and spit, ugh!" and the captain shook himself with a great shudder, as well he might, at the recollection. "I do never wish to see Holland again."

I took the opportunity then to praise the Norwegian "spitkin," which is a most ingenious device; and not only ingenious, but wholesome and cleanly. It is an open brass pan, some four inches in depth, filled with broken twigs of green juniper. These are put in fresh and clean every day,—an invention, no doubt, of poverty, in the first place; for the Norwegian has been hard pressed for centuries, and has learned to set his fragrant juniper and fir boughs to all manner of uses unknown in other countries: for instance, spreading them down for outside door-mats, in country houses, another pretty and cleanly custom. But the juniper-filled "spitkin" is the triumph of them all, and he would be a benefactor who would introduce its civilization into all countries. The captain seemed pleased with my commendation, and said hesitatingly,—

"There is a tale, that. They do say,—excuse me," bowing apologetically,—"they do say that it is in America spitted everywhere; and that an American who was in Norway did see the spitkin on the stove, but did not know it was spitkin."

This part of the story I could most easily credit, having myself looked wonderingly for several days at the pretty little oval brass pan, filled with juniper twigs, standing on the hearth of the turret-like stove in my Bergen bedroom, and having finally come to the conclusion that the juniper twigs must be kept there for kindlings.

"So he did spit everywhere on the stove; it was all around spitted. And when the servant came in he said, 'Take away that thing with green stuff; I want to spit in that place.'"

The captain told this story with much hesitancy of manner and repeated "excuse me's," but he was reassured by my

hearty laughter, and my confession that my own ignorance of the proper use of the juniper spitkin had been quite equal to my countryman's.

Christiania looks well, as one approaches it by water; it is snugged in on the lower half of an amphitheatre of high wooded hills, which open as they recede, showing ravines, and suggesting countless delightful ways up and out into the country. Many ships lie in the harbor; on either hand are wooded peninsulas and islands; and everywhere are to be seen light or bright-colored country-houses. The first expression of the city itself, as one enters it, is disappointingly modern, if one has his head full of Haralds and Olafs, and expects to see some traces of the old Osloe. The Christiania of to-day is new, as newness is reckoned in Norway, for it dates back only to the middle of the sixteenth century; but it is as characteristically Norwegian as if it were older, — a pleasanter place to stay in than Bergen, and a much better starting point for Norway travel.

> "A cautious guest,
> When he comes to his hostel,
> Speaketh but little;
> With his ears he listeneth,
> With his eyes he looketh:
> Thus the wise learneth."

an old Norwegian song says.

When walking through the labyrinths of the Victoria Hotel in Christiania, and listening with my ears, I heard dripping and plashing water, and when, looking with my eyes, I saw long dark corridors, damp court-yards, and rooms on which no sun ever had shone, I spoke little, but forthwith drove away in search of airier, sunnier, drier quarters. There were many mysterious inside balconies of beautiful gay flowers at the Victoria, but they did not redeem it.

"I tink dat place is like a prison more tan it is like a hótle," said Katrina, as we drove away; in which she was quite right. "I don't see vhy tey need make a hótle like dat; nobody vould stay in prison!" At the Hotel Scandinavie, a big room with six sides and five windows pleased her better. "Dis is vat you like," she said; "here tere is light."

Light! If there had only been darkness! In the Norway summer, one comes actually to yearn for a little Christian darkness to go to bed by: much as he may crave a stronger sun by day, to keep him warm, he would like to have a reasonable night-time for sleeping. At first there is a stimulus, and a weird sort of triumphant sense of outwitting nature, in finding one's self able to read or to write by the sun's light till nearly midnight of the clock. But presently it becomes clear that the outwitting is on the other side. What avails it that there is light enough for one to write by at ten o'clock at night, if he is tired out, does not want to write, and longs for nothing but to go to sleep? If it were dark, and he longed to write, nothing would be easier than to light candles and write all night, if he chose and could pay for his candles. But neither money nor ingenuity can compass for him a normal darkness to sleep in. The Norwegian house is one half window: in their long winters they need all the sun they can get; not an outside blind, not an inside shutter, not a dark shade, to be seen; streaming, flooding, radiating in and round about the rooms, comes the light, welcome or unwelcome, early and late. And to the words "early" and "late" there are in a Norway summer new meanings: the early light of the summer morning sets in about half past two; the late light of the summer evening fades into a luminous twilight about eleven. Enjoyment of this species of perpetual day soon comes to an end. After the traveler has written home to everybody once by broad daylight at ten o'clock, the fun of the thing is over: normal sleepiness begins to hunger for its rights, and dissatisfaction takes the place of wondering amusement. This

dissatisfaction reaches its climax in a few days; then, if he is wise, the traveler provides himself with several pieces of dark green cambric, which he pins up at his windows at bed-time, thereby making it possible to get seven or eight hours' rest for his tired eyes. But the green cambric will not shut out sounds; and he is lucky if he is not kept awake until one or two o'clock every night by the unceasing tread and loud chatter of the cheerful Norwegians, who have been forced to form the habit of sitting up half their night-time, to get in the course of a year their full quota of day-time.

"I tink King Ring lived not far from dis place," said Katrina, stretching her head out of first one and then another of the five windows, and looking up and down the busy streets; "not in Christiania, but I tink not very far away. Did ever you hear of King Ring? Oh, dat is our best story in all Norway, — te saga of King Ring!"

"Cannot you tell it to me, Katrina?" said I, trying to speak as if I had never heard of King Ring.

"Vell, King Ring, he loved Ingeborg. I cannot tell; I do not remember. My father, you see, — not my right father, but my father the hatter; he whose little home I showed you in Bergen, — he used to take books out, vere you pay so much for one week, you see; and I only get half an hour, may be, or few minutes, but I steal de book, and read all vat I can. I vas only little den: oh, it is years ago. But it is our best story in all Norway. Ingeborg was beauty, you see, and all in te kings families vat vanted her: many ghentlemens, and Ring, he killed three or four, I tink; and den after he killed dem three or four, den he lost her, after all, don't you see; and tat was te fun of it."

"But I don't think that was funny at all, Katrina," I said. "I don't believe King Ring thought it so."

"No, I don't tink, either; but den, you see, he had all killed for nothing, and den he lost her himself. I tink it was on the ice: it broke. A stranger told dem not to take the ice; but King Ring, he would go. I tink dat was te way it was."

It was plain that Katrina's reminiscences of her stolen childish readings of the Frithiof's Saga were incorrect as well as fragmentary, but her eager enthusiasm over it was delicious. Her face kindled, as she repeated, "Oh, it is our best story in all Norway!" and when I told her that the next day she should go to a circulating library and get a copy of the book, and read it to me, her eyes actually flashed with pleasure.

Early the next morning she set off. A nondescript roving commission she bore: "a copy of the Frithiof's Saga in Norwegian, [how guiltily I feared she might stumble upon it in an English translation!] and anything in the way of fruit or vegetables." These were her instructions. It was an hour before she came back, flushed with victory, sure of her success and of my satisfaction. She burst into the room, brandishing in one hand two turnips and a carrot; in the other she hugged up in front of her a newspaper, bursting and red-stained, full of fresh raspberries; under her left arm, held very tight, a little old copy of the Frithiof's Saga. Breathless, she dropped the raspberries down, newspaper and all, in a rolling pile on the table, exclaiming, "I tink I shall not get tese home, after I get te oders in my oder hand! Are tese what you like?" holding the turnips and carrot close up to my face. "I vas asking for oranges," she continued, "but it is one month ago since they leaved Christiania."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"One mont ago since dey were to see in Christiania," she repeated, impatiently. "It is not mont since I vas eating dem in Bergen. I tought in a great place like Christiania dere would be more tings

as in Bergen; but it is all shtories, you see."

How well I came to know the look of that little ragged old copy of the grand Saga, and of Katrina's face, as she bent puzzling over it, every now and then bursting out with some ejaculated bit of translation, beginning always with, "Vell, you see!" I kept her hard at work at it, reading it to me, while I lingered over my lonely breakfasts and dinners, or while we sat under fragrant fir-trees on country hills. Wherever we went, the little old book and Katrina's Norwegian and English Dictionary, older still, went with us.

Her English, always incalculably wrong and right, in startling alternations, became a thousand times droller when she set herself to deliberate renderings of the lines of the Saga. She went often, in one bound, in a single stanza, from the extreme of nonsense to the climax of poetical beauty of phrase; her pronunciation, always as unexpected and irregular as her construction of phrases, grew less and less correct, as she grew excited and absorbed in the tale. The troublesome *th* sound, which in ordinary conversation she managed to enunciate in perhaps one time out of ten, disappeared entirely from her poetry; and in place of it, came the most refreshing *t*'s and *d*'s. The worse her pronunciation and the more broken her English, the better I liked it and the more poetical was the translation. Many men have tried their hand at translation of the Frithiof's Saga, but I have read none which gave me so much pleasure as I had from hearing Katrina's; neither do I believe that any poet has studied and rewritten it, however cultured he might be, with more enthusiasm and delight than this Norwegian girl of the people, to whom many of the mythological allusions were as unintelligible as if they had been written in Sanskrit. She had a convenient way of disposing of those when she came to such as she did not understand: "Dat 's some o' dem old gods, you see, — dem gods vat dey used to worship." It was evident from many of Katrina's terms of expression, and from her peculiar delight in the most poetical lines and thoughts in the Saga, that she herself was of a highly poetical temperament. I was more and more impressed by this, and began at last to marvel at the fineness of her appreciations. But I was not prepared for her turning the tables suddenly upon me, as she did, one day, after I had helped her to a few phrases in a stanza over which she had come to a halt in difficulties.

"As sure 's I 'm aliv," she exclaimed, "I believe you 're a poet your own self, too!" While I was considering what reply to make to this charge, she went on: "Dat 's what tey call me in my own country. I can make songs. I make a many: all te birtdays and all te extra days in our family, all come to me and say, 'Now, Katrina, you has to make song.' Dey tink I can make song in one minute for all! [What a kinship is there, all the world over, in some sorts of misery.] Ven I 've went to America, I made a nice song," she added. "I vould like you to see."

"Indeed, I would like very much to see it, Katrina," I replied. "Have you it here?"

"I got it in my head, here," she said, laughing, tapping her broad forehead. "I keeps it in my head."

But it was a long time before I could persuade her to give it to me. She persisted in saying that she could not translate it.

"Surely, Katrina," I said, "it cannot be harder than the Frithiof's Saga, of which you have read me so much."

"Dat is very different," was all I could extract from her. I think that she felt a certain pride in not having her own stanzas fail of true appreciation owing to their being put in broken English. At last, however, I got it. She

had been hard at work a whole forenoon in her room, with her dictionary and pencil. In the afternoon she came to me, holding several sheets of much-scribbled brown paper in her hand, and said shyly, "Now I can read it." I wrote it down as she read it, only in one or two instances helping her with a word, and here it is: —

SONG ON MY DEPARTURE FROM BERGEN FOR AMERICA.

THE time of departure is near,
And I am no more in my home;
But God, be thou my protector.
I don't know how it will go,
Out on the big ocean,
From my father and mother;
I don't know for sure where at last
My dwelling-place will be on the earth.

My thanks to all my dear,
To my foster father and mother;
In the distant land, as well as the near,
Your word shall be my guide.
It may happen that we never meet on earth,
But my wish is that God forever
Be with you and bless you.

Don't forget; bring my compliments over
To that place where my cradle stood, —
The dear Akrehavnske waves,
What I lately took leave of.

Don't mourn, my father and mother,
It is to my benefit;
My best thanks for all the goodness
You have bestowed on me.

A last farewell to you
All, my dear friends;
May the life's fortune, honor, and glory
Be with you wherever you are.
I know you are all standing
In deep thoughts
When Harald Haarfager weighs anchor,
And I am away from you.

A wreath of memory
I will twine or twist round
My dear native land,
And as a lark happy sing
This my well-meaned song.
Oh, that we all may be
Wreathed with glory,
And in the last carry our wreaths of glory
In heaven's hall.

Watching my face keenly, she read my approbation of her simple little song, and, nodding her head with satisfaction, said, —

"Oh, sometime you see I ain't quite that foolish I look to! I got big book of all my songs. Nobody but myself could read dem papers. It is all pulled up, and five six words standing one on top of oder."

H. H.

THE FUTURE OF HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL.

THE president of Harvard University is attempting to bring about something like a transformation of the Divinity School of that institution, upon principles whose enunciation has provoked no little discussion. For the most part, this discussion has been unsympathetic, whether on the ground that those principles are not reducible to practice, or on that of the objectionable character of the results, if they should be so reduced. Even when the president's scheme has been favored, it has often been on grounds which have only more seriously compromised it in the eyes of those who thus questioned the value of the results proposed.

But it is submitted that there is a point of view from which the proposed plan of transformation would appear not only a logical development of the past history of this school, but also a profoundly philosophic interpretation of the obligations of such an institution as Harvard University to the present and the coming age.

The authorities of the university have, for a half century or more, insisted upon the unsectarian and undogmatic character of its Divinity School, and have

therefore been unwilling to have the name of any one sect or denomination attached to it. It is frankly admitted, however, that it has been, none the less, to all practical intents and purposes, Unitarian. In a controversial and most dogmatic age, it has been a distinctive characteristic of this one body of Christians that, unlike all others, it held dogmatic differences to be of very subordinate importance. There has been but this one denomination which would not strongly repudiate any undogmatic or "unsectarian" ministerial training: all other theological or even ecclesiological education has been, as it is still, based upon the acceptance of certain dogmatic and ecclesiastical premises, the polemic defense of which was a dominant motive in such education. In such an age, under such conditions, to attempt to stand apart from the dogmatic struggle in which all denominations of Christians — save only one — were earnestly engaged, and especially to attempt to educate ministers upon the principles of such doctrinal neutrality, was of necessity, in the eyes of all such denominations, to accept practical identification with that one.

From this identification, the other, and notably the college interests of the university have undoubtedly suffered: and for this reason the president and fellows twice — in 1855 and in 1858 — sought to disembarrass the university of trusts which so seriously involved it. Both efforts were unsuccessful; and it therefore remained only to discover some way of relieving the Divinity School of its practically Unitarian character, — some principles upon which these trusts could be so administered that, instead of being a source of weakness, they might become a source of new strength.

Although the college was itself — quoting from the president's report — "originally established largely for the sake of training ministers," the Divinity School has "for sixty years represented and maintained" the principle that "the various philosophical theories and religious beliefs should be studied before, and not after, any of them are embraced." As a matter of fact, however, to whatever extent these various theories and beliefs are made the subject of *private* investigation before any one system of belief or of ecclesiastical fellowship is accepted, rather than others, the question of theological and ecclesiastical affiliation is almost invariably determined prior to any serious purpose of studying for the ministry. A divinity school, therefore, conducted on the principle thus above laid down, would naturally be found, as it has been found in the present case, "practically unserviceable to the vast majority of young men who prepare for the ministry;" to all, in fact, but those already virtually identified with the one undogmatic denomination above referred to.

As a school for training ministers, then, it has been impossible to divest this Divinity School of a practically sectarian character: if, therefore, it is to be resolutely relieved, in the interests of the college, of such a character, it would seem that it must cease to be, save perhaps incidentally, a divinity *school* at all. Are there any other theological or ecclesiological functions which such a department of the university *can* consistently undertake to discharge, upon the principles thus maintained for the last sixty years?

During this period the state of the religious world has been singularly unfavorable, even antagonistic, not merely to training ministers, but to the attempt to enter upon any *other strictly* theological or ecclesiastical work, upon these principles. There has been no sphere in which these principles could unite Unitarian and Puritan, Methodist and Presbyterian, Baptist and Churchman. There has been no common ground upon which thoroughly representative

members of any two of these systems could meet as such. So long as each conscientiously claimed to exhaust the field of legitimate theological teaching or of ecclesiastical training, so long the distinctive principles of each were naturally held to be inconsistent with, if not the absolute negation of, those of every other.

During the latter part of this period, there has indeed been far more of personal commingling and individual religious co-working between those whose ecclesiastical affiliations and theological convictions remained as antagonistic as ever. This has no doubt done much to relieve the different Christian bodies of the personal feeling which once too generally characterized their relations, and so to prepare for a future thus dimly foreshadowed: but the real conditions were not yet changed, since such persons met and coöperated not as *representatives*, but as those who, for the time being, ignored these controversies.

But in the more irenic era which is now apparently coming to divided and distracted Christendom, while these dogmatic and ecclesiastical differences — antagonisms, even — still exist, yet, nevertheless, the explorers of Christian thought have reached at last a loftier plateau region, accessible from every side, in whose pure, bracing air all such differences can be compared, discussed, no longer in the struggle for victory, but now in the far nobler search for truth, by whomsoever it may be held, wheresoever it may even yet be hid.

Upon this elevated ground, and upon this alone, it is now possible to conduct a scientific and comprehensive study of the theological and ecclesiastical problems of the age. It is to this lofty region that the president of Harvard University wishes, as it would seem, to raise that Divinity School, which on the plains below has failed, and must inevitably fail, of such larger purposes, and which, as a training school for ministers, has only embarrassed the university by the practically denominational character which circumstances have so unavoidably forced upon it. Such a scheme would involve the transformation of Harvard Divinity School into something of much greater importance, of larger and more far-reaching scope than have heretofore been so much as aimed at.

Let the consideration of such a purpose be approached from another direction.

No church, ecclesiastical organization, or sect exists, or can exist, — far less discharge the functions of a Christian church, — on the basis of an unbiased, judicial search for yet undetermined theological or ecclesiastical truth. The pulpit is not available for academic purposes. Every distinct ecclesiastical organization must logically assume that such an investigation is either unnecessary, or that it has been concluded; and that it is upon results no longer admitted to be questionable that its distinctive existence is based. The preacher and the catechist have no reason for being but the conviction that the principles which they seek to inculcate, the dogmas which they teach, the ecclesiastical systems which they defend, have already been surely ascertained to be true.

Whatever attitude any individual theologian or ecclesiastic may personally take toward such questions, in his character of student, the theological seminary or divinity school of any given church or sect must therefore, *as such*, take its stand upon the principles and dogmas, the convictions and even the traditions, of that body as conclusions already reached, which it is the object of that school to qualify its alumni to preach, to disseminate, and to defend. There is no logical room for even a reformer *within* any such body, save on the theory that such body has, in practice, departed from its own principles, to which he seeks to bring about a re-

turn. From this necessity of its character *no* such denominational seminary can release itself; not even the Divinity School of Harvard University, considered as practically Unitarian. In so far as even a negative denominationalism has been impressed upon it, it must be held to assume the negation of very much that other denominations hold as essential truth and divine ordering.

If, then, the Harvard Divinity School has been heretofore, in despite of its own principles, necessarily Unitarian, in consequence of its implied *negation* of dogmatic principles held by all other Christian systems, so also the theological seminaries of those other systems are equally confined, by the conditions of their several purposes as such, to the direct *assertion* and inculcation of principles and doctrines already accepted as established.

But whatever the principles upon which theological seminaries must, *as schools*, be conducted, the day is now past when the enlightened Christian scholar and thinker — however strong he may be in his theological convictions and staunch in his ecclesiastical loyalty — can affect to regard his own church or system as *actually* in exclusive possession of the whole field of Christian teaching or of Christian influence, or claim that it is such a realized ideal of Christian belief and practice that there is no room left for any other. Indeed, the very fact that there are actually other organizations of Christian teachers and workers fulfilling important religious and ecclesiastical functions which would otherwise go undischarged, accomplishing results which would otherwise be lost to the world, would place every Christian man, however strongly partisan, in this dilemma: —

Either (1) the actual life and teaching of his own ecclesiastical system falls short of its principles;

Or (2) those principles are themselves partial and defective.

Either of these alternatives is, in the case of any given denomination, speculatively possible; one *or* the other is certainly true of every Christian organization in the land.

In view of the possibility of the *first*, the conditions of all earnest religious life require of each such denomination severally, and more especially of its philosophic thinkers, the creation of an ecclesiastical philosophy of its own distinctive belief and life, — the development of an ecclesiastical statesmanship of its own distinctive polity. This is what each such church or system has a right, therefore, to expect of its own theological seminaries.

But there is another, and in some respects an even greater, need, in view of the fact that the second alternative is certainly true in most cases; and possibly true of any, and therefore of every, one.

The present state of religious thought not only admits, but requires, a *theological philosophy* which study and combine in their scientific relations to each other all the various doctrinal systems of American Protestantism, to say the least. The state of ecclesiastical controversy, the new problems which the present age seems called upon to solve, demand the creation of a comprehensive and exhaustive *ecclesiology*, which shall take account of all the various types of American Christianity, the ebb or flow of each distinct form of organic religious life and energy, the mutual actions and reactions of divided Christianity; which shall eliminate from their several experiences the lessons taught, the results attained, by each; and which shall thus work out, academically, the principles of those great ecclesiastical movements and convergences that the concourse of Christian churches and sects, considered in the aggregate, are working out empirically, on the broad field of practical religious life and action.

Surveying the great ethnographical divisions of Christendom, such a philosophy would note that Christianity is by some races regarded as primarily *a system of doctrine* addressing itself chiefly to the intellect, and interesting itself principally in the inquiry concerning the truth or falsehood of the various doctrines which claim to be divine. It would note that by others Christianity is accepted, primarily, as embodied in *an institution*, instinctively raising, above all others, the question, "Where and what is the church of Christ?" Yet again, it would note that others conceive of Christianity rather as *a spiritual power*, working in the heart and thus moulding the life of man; and to these the only essential search is for those influences which shall most efficaciously awaken the affections and draw them Christward.

An exhaustive ecclesiology should therefore be œcumenical, examining and seeking to interpret the mutual relations, influences, and combined results of these seemingly inconsistent, but perhaps only complementary, ethnographical types of Christianity. Thus only could it turn back and fully interpret the interrelations of the dogmatic, the institutional, and the spiritual in the conflicts and co-operations of American Christianity.

To make this argument clearer, an analogical illustration may be reverently drawn from the relations of an ideal statesmanship to secular politics.

The great mass of those who interest themselves in public affairs are divided into at least two great parties, — the one conservative and the other progressive. The mere politician and the body of the adherents of either party hold, and perhaps really believe, that the well-being, if not the very life, of the country depends only upon its conservatism or only upon its progressive spirit, as the case may be. The true *statesman*, with whichever party he may associate himself, whether he be personally a conservative or a liberal, knows perfectly well that the maintenance of the national life depends upon the existence, and the well-being of the country upon the balance and virtual coöperation, of *both* parties; and that any serious impediment thrown in the way of the influence or activities of either would be gravely harmful to the public welfare.

Should the conditions of any given epoch develop special interests or reveal special needs, of which both the great parties remained unmindful, there would inevitably arise a third party to advocate them. Should such interests or needs be local as well as peculiar to the times, such new party would also be local. In either case, the mere local politician, careless of the great principles of the old parties, would be apt to act as though the whole success of government depended upon the one temporary or local truth or principle of which he was the representative. The statesman would recognize in the existence of such a supplemental party the sufficient evidence that there were interests, for the time being, at all events, or in certain localities, of more importance than usual, of which the great parties of the land were unmindful or neglectful; and this once recognized, a true statesmanship would so provide for those temporary or local interests that such minor party would be absorbed in that which thus provided for it, and become to it a new element of strength.

So, an exhaustive ecclesiastical philosophy would teach us all that there are divisions and antagonisms in Christendom only because of the past or present lack of religious statesmanship; and that the new sects which arise at any given period, or in any given country or community, are the temporary or the local consequence of this lack of statesmanship on one side, and of the presence of earnest though possibly one-sided religious leaders on the other.

In easy, prosperous times, — to re-

turn to the illustration, — when a nation can support a considerable waste of its resources and energies, the divisions and even the bitter strife of such parties can go on with comparative safety. But in a period of invasion, or of any great national peril, there are times when the harmonious coöperation, if not the practical consolidation, of all parties, large and small, is the condition of the nation's life.

In such an emergency, who are they who would be brought together to discover a *modus coöperandi*, to evolve from all such party principles a great and comprehensive national policy? Obviously, neither the narrow-minded partisans, who remain persuaded that all political wisdom is to be sought among their own following, nor, on the other hand, those who are the mere accidental associates of their respective parties, and who are therefore in no sense representative men. The true statesman can never be a mere party politician; but as little can he be without strong and clearly defined convictions on the questions which divide parties; and it is from the consultations of statesmen only that the nation can hope for such honest and stable political unity as she needs.

So the ecclesiastical statesman can never be a mere bigot or sectarian controversialist; but as little can he be found among those who hold that the questions which divide the churches and sects of Christendom are matters of indifference. It is therefore to neither of these that believers must look for statesman-like counsels, in a day when Christian unity has become *essential* to withstand the assaults of irreligious agnosticism, materialism, and infidelity.

The conditions of no *denominational* theological seminary permit it to accomplish such a work. Nor could it be undertaken by any concourse of those who are not personally in full sympathy and thoroughly representative of their several systems of theology and their respective forms of ecclesiastical organic life. A service of this kind could be rendered to the Christianity of the future only by the theological and ecclesiastical department of a great non-sectarian and undogmatic university, such as Harvard claims to be, or such an institution, perhaps, as the Johns Hopkins University; because such an institution could alone call to her aid and command the united services of great scholars, profound thinkers, and, at the same time, loyally representative members of widely differing forms of American Christianity.

Such a theological and ecclesiological academy would not be a divinity school, in the sense of a place of training for any one type of Christian minister. It would offer to divinity students of any and every name opportunities for pursuing special branches of instruction; and even those engaged in the Christian ministry itself would not infrequently pause, or turn aside temporarily from active work, to avail themselves of one or another special course. But its noblest function would be that it would bring and maintain together a body of Christian thinkers, philosophers, and ecclesiastical statesmen, whose combined labors would give to the Christian world results which, in our land at all events, could probably no otherwise be attained.

It is to be hoped, it is believed, that something like this is the purpose of the president of Harvard University; that, sooner or later, some such scheme will be carried out by the corporation, and Harvard Divinity School be eventually transformed into an American Academy of Ecclesiology and Theological Philosophy.

But if it be still premature to propose such an academy, is it premature to hope that at Cambridge, or Baltimore, or elsewhere, *some* institution may be found ready to take at least a first step in a direction so important to the religious world? Some university — for this is

more distinctively university than college work — which aims at retaining a positively Christian, while it avoids a specifically denominational character, — some such university there surely ought to be, ready to establish, on the common frontiers of Christianity, philosophy, and history, at least a pioneer chair for the scientific study of comparative ecclesiology, and for the preparation of a grammar, or certainly a primer, of Christian irenics.

Wm. Chauncy Langdon.

THE DRAMAS OF THE ELDER DUMAS.

"THERE is in everything a maturity which must be waited for," says Chamfort; "happy the man who arrives at the moment of this maturity." At the end of the first quarter of this century, it was evident to any one in France who had eyes to see that the time was ripe for a new growth in the drama. In French tragedy as it then was, all that one could hear was the empty echo of a hollow past. Elsewhere in literature and art there was the murmur of new life: in prose fiction and in poetry there had been a new birth; and even on the stage there were signs of the coming of new blood. The national *vaudeville* had been renewed by Eugène Scribe, who had stamped it with his image and superscription; while Pixérécourt and Victor Ducange had made themselves masters of melodrama, imported from Germany, and were using it to wring all hearts at will. Even in the classic Théâtre Français two or three daring attempts had been made to break the cast-iron rigor of the so-called unities. In 1827 a company of English actors, headed by Kean, Charles Kemble, Young, and Macready, crossed the Channel to act in Paris. At the end of the year after the English tragedians had gone, Victor Hugo published his unacted and unactable Cromwell, with a preface laying down theories of dramatic art so iconoclastic as to seem almost impious to those who had grown up under the influence of the accepted perversion of Aristotle's precepts. The chief of Hugo's declarations was that the drama should be a reflection of life in its mingling of the tragic and the comic, the terrible and the grotesque. To the French Classicists of nearly sixty years ago this dictum was inexpressibly shocking. Like all reformers, Hugo pushed his argument too far and too strenuously, but essentially it is not one to be disputed now. In Hugo's preface the programme of the Romanticists, as the new school was called, was laid down, and it only remained for them then to give the performance. Hugo himself wrote Marion Delorme, which was not allowed to be acted. The waited-for maturity had come, but another writer was happy enough to arrive before Hugo. On the 11th of February, 1829, a full year before any piece of Hugo's was played, there was produced at the Théâtre Français a five-act drama, full of fire and action, called Henri III. et sa Cour, and written by Alexandre Dumas, a young quadroon, who owed to his fine handwriting a place as clerk under the Duke of Orléans, and who had promised himself some day to live by his pen instead of his penmanship.

Like Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas was the son of a revolutionary general. His father, the Count Mathieu Dumas, was the son of the Marquis Davy de la Pailleterie. In his characteristically voluminous memoirs Dumas tells us

how he spent his early youth in the country, running wild and laying up stores of strength. He seems to have grown up as void of learning as he was of fear. His mother tried to get him to read Corneille and Racine; he confesses that he was prodigiously bored by them. But one day there came along a company of apprentice actors from the Conservatory, and gave the Hamlet of the good and simple-minded Ducis, with Hamlet acted in imitation of Talma. It made so great an impression on Dumas that when he wrote his memoirs, thirty-two years afterward, he could recall distinctly every detail of the performance. He sent to Paris for the Hamlet of Ducis, and in three days he had the part by heart. He was then not sixteen years old. Two or three years later he had the pleasure of seeing Talma as Sylla, and was introduced to him as a young man who aspired to be a dramatist. Talma greeted him so kindly that he was emboldened to ask the great actor to lay hands on him in consecration, as it were, and to bring him luck in his vocation. "So be it," said Talma, laying his hand on the youth's head. "Alexandre Dumas, I baptize you poet, in the name of Shakespeare, of Corneille, and of Schiller!"

When Dumas was twenty years of age he and his mother came up to Paris, and he got himself a clerkship under the Duke of Orléans. Then he took up in earnest the hard trade of a professional play-maker. In the first four years of his life in Paris Dumas succeeded in getting acted three vaudevilles, of no special value, and each written in collaboration with one or two of his comrades, hopeful and struggling youngsters like himself. He made also a tragedy of Fiesque, imitated from Schiller. In 1827 Dumas saw in succession the masterpieces of the English drama performed by English actors. (He had English enough to follow Shakespeare, as he had had German enough to paraphrase Schiller.) Just before the English performances ended, leaving Dumas with new lights and having opened to him new ranges of vision, the Salon set forth its annual show of pictures and sculptures; and here Dumas observed two bas-reliefs, the energy and fineness of which struck him. One was a scene from the Abbot, and the other represented the death of Monaldeschi. Dumas did not know who Monaldeschi was, so he borrowed a biographical dictionary, and there made the acquaintance of Christine of Sweden and of her physician lover; and he began at once to work their story into a five-act tragedy in verse. When it was written, by good luck he got audience of Baron Taylor, the manager of the Théâtre Français, who invited him to read it before the committee of comedians which had the accepting of new plays. Very comic indeed, and very characteristic of the changing condition of the drama just then, was the declaration of the committee that it did not know whether the play was Classic or Romantic. "What matter?" asked the author. "Is it good or bad?" And the committee did not know that, either. Finally, however, it accepted the piece on condition that it was approved by one of the regular dramatists of the house. So Dumas was forced to leave the play for a week with Picard, the author of the Petite Ville, imitated by Kotzebue. When he went for his answer, Picard asked him if he had any other means of existence than literature; and when Dumas answered that he had a fifteen-hundred-franc clerkship under the Duke of Orléans, the withered old dramatist handed back the manuscript of Christine, saying, "Go to your desk, young man, — go to your desk!"

In spite of this chilling criticism, the Comédie Française accepted Christine, and put it in rehearsal. But delays arose, and disagreements with Samson according to one account, and with Mademoiselle Mars according to another;

and in a little while Dumas was convinced that Christine would never be acted at the Théâtre Français. In this he was right; and his first drama, like Hugo's, was brought out after his second. It was perhaps well for Dumas that this was so, for it is a great advantage to begin by hitting the bull's eye; and Christine would never have made as striking a success as Henri III. After he was established as a dramatist, Dumas remodeled Christine, and from a quasi-classic tragedy it became a frankly romantic "trilogy in five acts, with prologue and epilogue," with changes of scene to justify the new sub-title, Stockholm, Fontainebleau, and Rome, and with the introduction even of a wholly new and important character, Paula. As the original version is no longer before us, criticism is impossible: no doubt it was tamer in movement and duller in color than the play as we have it; no doubt it was a somewhat timid attempt at Romanticism; even in the revised version it is not one of Dumas's best. The verse in which it is written is verse; it is not poetry. Dumas, although not exactly constrained in writing Alexandrines, never handles them with the assured ease of a master. Though he bends the metre to obey him, the result is good journeyman verse-making, — nothing more; and there is never the burst of lyric fervor which sometimes makes Hugo's lines sing themselves into the memory.

Dumas threw off the shackles of metre when he began to write his second drama, Henri III. In style too, as well as in speech, it was ampler and more frankly romantic than his first. Since Christine had been originally outlined, Hugo had published the preface to Cromwell, the Romantic revolt had gained great headway, and the time for paltering between the two schools had passed forever. Henri III. showed no hesitation or wavering: it was a bold, not to say brutal, picture of an epoch of history; it was the first French play in which history was set squarely on the stage, much as Scott had shown it in his novels. And, truth to tell, Scott had his share in the drama, directly as well as indirectly. Dumas had found one suggestion in Anquetil and another in the Mémoires de l'Estoile: combining and developing these hints from the records, he had made the main plot of his play, utilizing for one of its chief situations a scene from Scott's Abbot, — probably the one represented in the first of the two bas-reliefs mentioned. Dumas also drew on his abandoned version of Schiller's Fiesco. He has told us that he had studied Schiller and Goethe and Calderon and Lope de Vega, scalpel in hand, seeking to spy out the secret of their skill; and what wonder was it that a few shreds and fragments of the foreign authors should cling to the end of his knife, and get themselves somehow worked into his model! Made, in a measure, of reminiscences, Henri III. hangs together singularly well, and possesses a unity of its own. Some of the brick and some of the mortar are borrowed without leave, but the finished house is Dumas's property beyond all question.

The late Alphonse Royer, who was present at the first performance, has recorded that he never again saw such a sight, and that from the third act on, the audience was wild with excitement. The changing scene, and startling situations were followed with breathless interest. The touches of local color, the use of the language and even of the oaths of the time, the ease and grace of the sketch of the king's court, with the *mignons* playing cup-and-ball, the life and vigor of the whole drama, charmed and delighted an audience tired with the dignified inanity of the Classicists. The very violence of the action gave a shock of pleasure to the willing spectators. It is to be said, too, that the partisans of the Classicists, not afraid of the

first play of an unknown writer, had not assembled to give it battle, as they did a year later when Hernani was brought out; and so Henri III. took them by surprise, and gained the victory before they could rally. And a profitable victory it was for the author. Before writing Henri III. he was a clerk at fifteen hundred francs a year, a little less than six dollars a week. Henri III. had been written in about eight weeks; and in addition to what he received from the Théâtre Français for the right of performance, he sold the copyright for six thousand francs. By two months' labor of his pen he had gained far more than he could have made in four years by his penmanship.

Taking all things into consideration, one is inclined to call Henri III. Dumas's best drama. In the long list of his plays, it is not easy to pick out another as simple, as strong, as direct, and as dignified. It has a compressed energy and a certain elevation of manner not found together in any of his other plays. But whether the best of his dramas or not, it is emphatically a very remarkable play to have been written by a young man of twenty-six. It is especially remarkable when we recall that it sprang up from the dust of the Classicist tragedies, and that it was the first flower of Romanticism on the stage. There are many things one might single out for praise: for one, the intuition by which Dumas grasped the cardinal principle of historical fiction, deducing it, perhaps, from the example set by Scott in his novels. This principle prescribes that the chief characters in which the interest of the spectator or the reader is to be excited shall either be wholly the invention of the author, or actual personages so little known that the author may mould or modify them as he please. A transcription of historic fact may then serve as the scaffolding of the story, and real characters may be reproduced to give it solidity and pomp. In other words, history may be stretched for the warp, but fiction must supply the woof. This is what Dumas generally did in his novels; and it is what he did admirably in Henri III. We see the crafty, courageous, and effeminate Henri III. himself, the resolute, masculine, intriguing Catherine de Medicis, and the stern and rigorous Duke of Guise; and these serve to set off the high and noble heroine and the melancholy and devoted hero, who, although bearing historic names, are in fact truly projections of the dramatist's imagination.

The story of Henri III. has a purity and a sobriety lacking in most of Dumas's other plays, yet it yields to none of them in effect, in freedom, or in force. The plot may be told briefly. The weak-kneed but quick-witted King Henri III. is under the rule of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, who fears the ascendency gained over him by St. Mégrim, and dreads the growing power in the state of the Duke of Guise. She craftily sets one against the other by fostering the love of St. Mégrim for Catherine of Cleves, wife of the duke, and she contrives an interview between them at an astrologer's, — an interview innocent enough, even if the speedy coming of the duke had not put to flight the duchess, who leaves behind her a handkerchief, which her husband finds. In the next act the Duke of Guise and St. Mégrim bandy words before the king, who makes St. Mégrim a duke too, that he may fight Guise as his peer; and the combat is fixed for the morrow. But the wily Guise has no desire to die in a duel; so in the third act we see him in full mail armor standing over his wife, grasping her arm with his iron gauntlet, and by physical pain forcing her to write a letter to St. Mégrim, bidding him to her palace that night. In the following act St. Mégrim gets the note; and the king, anxious about the issue of the single combat, the next morning lends St.

Mégrim his own special talisman against death by fire or steel. In the last act St. Mégrim comes to the apartment of the duchess to keep his appointment. While the duchess is trying to tell him hastily how she has vainly sought to give warning of the trap in which he is caught, the outer door of the palace clangs to, and the tread of armed men is heard on the stairs. Helpless and unarmed before the danger which draws nearer and nearer, St. Mégrim knows no way to turn; when suddenly a bundle of rope falls at his feet, thrown through the window by the duchess' page, who has overheard enough to suspect. The duchess thrusts her arms through the rings of the door in place of the missing staple, to give St. Mégrim time to let himself down to the ground. When the door opens the duke strides in and goes straight to the window. St. Mégrim has fallen among thieves, for Guise's men are below. He is wounded and bleeding, but not dead. "Perhaps he has a talisman against fire and steel," says the Duke of Guise. "Here, strangle me him with this!" and he drops down to his hirelings the handkerchief of his wife which he picked up at the beginning of the play.

This telling of the tale is bare and barren indeed; it hides the good points, while exposing the weak. That the story is of thinner texture at times than one could wish is sufficiently obvious. French and English wits have readily found spots to gird at. In a French parody of the play, the moral was summed up in four lines, which made fair fun of the handkerchief expedient:

"Messieurs et mesdames, cette pièce est morale:
Elle prouve aujourd'hui sans faire de scandale
Que chez un amant, lorsqu'on va le soir,
On peut oublier tout . . . excepté son mouchoir!"

And Lord Leveson Gower's English adaptation, called Catherine of Cleves, gave the author of the Ingoldsby Legends a chance to condense the story in comic verse, and to give it at least one keen hit: —

"De Guise grasped her wrist
With his great bony fist,
And punched it and gave it so painful a twist
That his hard iron gauntlet the flesh went an inch in: —
She did not mind death, but she could not stand pinching!"

Henri III. et sa Cour is not a play of the highest order, and it has sufficiently obvious blemishes; but it is a strong and stirring drama, and one of the best of its class, of which it was also almost the first. It is a very much better play than Christine, or than Charles VII. chez ses Grands Vassaux, a second attempt in rhymed Alexandrines scarcely more successful than the first. It is a finer play than either of the two dramas he produced in 1831: of these the first was the frantically immoral and preposterously impossible Antony, which Dumas strangely chose to consider his chief title to immortality; and the second was Napoléon Bonaparte, which he had cut with a hasty pair of scissors from the many memoirs of the time, and which is more of a panorama than a play. The author had to confess that it made no pretense to be literature, except in so far as a single character gave it value, — the character of a magnanimous and heroic spy, omniscient, ubiquitous, and ever ready to sacrifice himself for Napoleon.

After Henri III., the next of Dumas's dramas which needs consideration is the Tour de Nesle. This is as remarkable a play as the first; it is a play of the same kind, but more exciting, more terrible, more brutal. The dramatist has given another turn to the screw, and the pressure is more intense. Considered solely by its effect in the theatre, the Tour de Nesle is one of the most powerful plays ever written. The clash of conflicting interests and emotions catches the attention in the first scene and holds it breathless till the last. There is a resistless rush of action: im-

probabilities so glaring that on other occasions you would cry aloud are here so dexterously veiled and so promptly turned to advantage that you have neither wish nor time to protest; situation presses after situation, each stronger than the other; a complicated plot, intricate in its convolutions, unrolls itself with the utmost ease and simplicity. The eye is kept awake and the ear alert, and the interest never flags for a moment, from the rising of the curtain to the going down thereof. Then, ah then, with the final pause, there is at last and for the first time a chance for reflection; one falls to wondering what manner of monster this is which has held one motionless and almost panting for so many hours, and one begins, it may be, to suspect that the drama is either a mass of absurdities or a phantasmagoric nightmare, or both at once. But, whatever it is, and however much sober second thought may find to cavil at, its power, its sheer brute force, is indisputable.

Outcry has been made about the immorality of Henri III. and the Tour de Nesle, surely without reason. Antony is immoral, it is true, shamelessly and grossly immoral, but not Henri III. or the Tour de Nesle. The latter has been termed a tissue of horrors, but Dumas tries to get no sham pathos out of sins he sets forth, and they are not dallied with, or in any way palliated. Dark crimes were frequent enough in the dark days in which the action of the Tour de Nesle is laid. Nor are these crimes so repulsive that they are without the pale of art, as are some of the subjects Calderon treats, for example. The horrible is not necessarily immoral; rather, if anything, the reverse. The accumulation of sin in the Tour de Nesle is not more horrible than it is in Medea, nor so horrible as in Œdipus. It must be confessed at once that the effect is more revolting in the modern play than in the ancient, because the Greek tragedians were poets, and their later imitators have tried to catch also something of the poetic spirit. But Dumas's treatment of a similar situation has no touch of poetry; it is prosaic, baldly prosaic, and so the horrors stand forth in their nakedness. The modern French play may be more shocking, but essentially it is no more immoral, than the old Greek tragedy. After all, morality is an affair not of subject, but of handling; and Dumas's treatment, while not as austere and ennobling as the Greek, is not insidious or vicious. Except in so far as all over-exciting exhibitions are harmful, I do not believe that any one ever has been injured by the Tour de Nesle, which has been acted in half the theatres of the United States at one time or another during the past half century.

It was with intention that reference was made to Calderon. There is something in the exuberant prodigality of Dumas's production which recalls the most brilliant days of the Spanish stage. Dumas can stand a comparison with Lope de Vega and Calderon; it is not altogether to his disadvantage. In the qualities in which they were most eminent, ease and fertility and skill, he was also most abundant. In the vastness of his production he recalls Lope de Vega, but it is perhaps with Calderon rather than Lope de Vega with whom Dumas may be compared, when one considers quality instead of quantity. Dumas lacked the simple faith of Calderon, and Calderon was without the self-consciousness which was so strong in Dumas; and the points of resemblance are scarcely more than the points of dissimilarity. Archbishop Trench dwells on the technical play-making skill of Calderon, in which Dumas was assuredly his equal, while in fecundity of character, if not of situation, the French dramatist excels the Spaniard. Where Dumas is inferior is in that indescribable quality we call "style." Calderon, like Victor Hugo, is a playwright doubled with a

lyric poet; in the highest sense, neither is a true dramatic poet, as are Shakespeare, Molière, and Schiller. And the distinction between the clever playwright who is also a lyric poet and the true dramatic poet is not at all trivial, even if it seem so. Much as Dumas was like Calderon in ease and abundance and skill, he was far inferior in that he was not a poet, and that he is altogether lacking in elevation.

It was in 1836 that Dumas brought out Don Juan de Marana, or the Fall of an Angel, a mystery in five acts. This is the play which puts us most in mind of Calderon. The story is one which the author of Life is a Dream might well have told, and would have told with a simple sincerity and an honest faith not to be found in Dumas's drama. The bold use of sacred personages as part of the machinery of the play is more in the style of the pious and priestly Calderon than of a worldling like Dumas. The chief figure is a repetition of the traditional type of Don Juan, accompanied throughout by the good and evil angels of his family striving with each other for his soul. Most of the scenes are on the earth; though there is one under the earth in a tomb, in which a dead man comes to life for a moment, and another above the earth in the heavens, in which the good angel begs permission of the Virgin Mary to be allowed to go down into the world as a woman, to be more closely united with her beloved Don Juan. In the course of this truly extraordinary production we have duels and deaths by the half dozen, suicides, seductions, elopements, murders, poisonings, ghosts, and spectral visions. Calderon handles elements not unlike these without shocking our moral sense; however extravagant the events in his tale, it is easy to see they have been touched by the magic wand of the poet. Dumas uses a showman's pointer instead of a poet's wand, and so, in spite of all effort to moralize, his precious hodge-podge is not exactly edifying.

Don Juan de Marana is one of the pieces against which Thackeray particularly protested in his essay on French Dramas and Melodramas, reprinted in the Paris Sketch-Book. It affected him so unpleasantly, with all his liberality and fondness for freedom, that he cried aloud for government interference and the putting down of such indecent entertainments as this by the stern hand of the law. It is not a little curious that Thackeray, who lost no opportunity of heartily praising Dumas's novels, has only words of reprobation for his plays. For one thing, it must be remembered that Dumas had not regularly set up as a novelist, with a sign over his door and daily office hours, when the Paris Sketch-Book was written; he was then known only as a dramatist. The charm of the story-teller had not yet disposed Thackeray, whose morality was sturdy and militant, to look with lenity on Dumas's slipshod ethics. Then, too, Thackeray had not himself a very quick feeling for strength of situation and stage effects in general; and perhaps he was therefore not precisely the critic to appreciate at its full value Dumas's best quality. Whatever the cause of Thackeray's lack of liking for Dumas as a dramatist, it is certain that he did not like him, and he showed it plainly in the essay already referred to. Not only does he fall foul of Don Juan de Marana, but he makes fun of some of the rodomontade which fills the preface to Caligula; harmless enough it seems to us now, and not to be taken seriously. Besides Caligula, which failed, Thackeray also dissected, with the finest-edged scalpel of his sarcasm, Kean, a drama the action of which Dumas chose to lay in England. In spite of its success, due no doubt for the most part to the acting of Frédéric Lemaître, Kean can scarcely be considered a fair specimen of Dumas at his best. The hero is Edmund Kean, most

erratic and most miserable of Mother Carey's chickens; and Dumas, with a truly Parisian disregard for exact facts, makes Kean indeed a tragedy hero. Thackeray has so thoroughly shown the flimsiness and absurdity of the play that nothing remains to be said.

I have called Don Juan de Marana a hodge-podge, not merely because the drama has no very distinct unity of design, but more particularly because it was compounded of scraps stolen from half a score of authors. The outline of plot and character had been borrowed from Molière, of course, and more especially from Mérimée; and individual incidents had been taken from Goethe, Musset, Scott, Shakespeare, and even "Monk" Lewis. It must be confessed at once that this proceeding was not unusual with Dumas, although the plagiarism is rarely as flagrant as here. All through his earlier plays are scattered little bits of Scott and Schiller and Lope de Vega, turned to excellent account and firmly joined to the rest of the work. The prologue of Richard Darlington, for instance, is from Scott's Chronicles of the Canongate. Generally it was but a hint, a suggestion, an effect, an incident, a situation, which he appropriated. Sometimes, as in the case of Henri III., he borrowed from two or three authors. Sometimes, as in Don Juan de Marana, although the whole play was plainly his own, nearly all the separate scenes could be traced to other writers. Sometimes he even took a play ready-made, and condescended to the vulgar adaptation of which his own plays have only too often been the victims in English. Dean Milman's Fazio was thus turned into French verse as the Alchimiste. Sometimes, again, only the motive of the action came from outside, and the development was all his own. Racine's Andromaque furnished the basis of Charles VII., and Dumas boldly braved the comparison by the epigraph on his title-page, *Cur non?*

Ben Jonson, as we are told, once dreamed that he saw the Romans and Carthaginians fighting on his big toe. No doubt Dumas had not dissimilar dreams, for his vanity was at least as stalwart and as frank as Ben Jonson's. To defend himself against all charges of plagiarism the French playwright echoed the magniloquent phrase of the English dramatist, and declared that he did not steal, he conquered. It is but justice to say that there was no mean and petty pilfering about Dumas; he annexed as openly as a statesman, and made no attempt at disguise. In his memoirs he is very frank about his sources of inspiration, and tells us at length where he found a certain situation and what it suggested to him, and how he combined it with another effect which had struck him somewhere else. When one goes to the places thus pointed out, one finds something very different from what it became when it had passed through Dumas's hands, and more often than not far inferior to it. It can scarcely be said that Dumas touched nothing he did not adorn, for he once laid sacrilegious hands on Shakespeare, and brought out a Hamlet with a very French and epigrammatic last act; but whatever he took from other authors he made over into something very different, something truly his own, something that had *Dumas fecit* in the corner, even though the canvas and the colors were not his. The present M. Dumas asserts that "there are no original ideas, especially in dramatic literature; there are only new points of view." Granting this, as we may, it remains to be said that no one ever took more new points of view than Dumas. In a word, all his plagiarisms — and they were not a few — are the veriest trifles when compared with his indisputable and extraordinary powers.

Besides plagiarism, Dumas has been accused of "deviling," as the English term it; that is to say, of putting his name to plays written either wholly or in part by others. There is no doubt

that the accusation can be sustained, although many of the separate charges are groundless. The habit of collaboration obtains widely in France, and collaboration runs easily into deviling. That Dumas yielded to temptation now and then is not to be wondered at. There was something imperious in his character as there was something imperial in his power; he had dominion over so many departments of literature that he had accustomed himself to be monarch of all he surveyed; and if a follower came with the germ of a plot, or a suggestion for a strong situation, Dumas took it as a tribute due to his superior ability. In his hands the hint was worked out and made to render all it had of effect. Even when he had avowed collaborators, as in Richard Darlington, he alone wrote the whole play. His partners got their share of the pecuniary profits, benefiting by his skill and his renown; and most of them did not care whether he who had done the best of the work should get all the glory or not. At times, too, as in the case of Perrinet Leclerc and of the Tour de Nesle, his name did not appear at all; he tells us in his memoirs that the former was in part his handiwork, and it is not even yet included in his collected plays.

The case of the Tour de Nesle is different and not a little complicated. Dumas has written a long and somewhat disingenuous history of the play. It seems that M. Frédéric Gaillardet (afterward the founder of the Courrier des Etats-Unis in New York) wrote the Tour de Nesle and took it to Harel, the manager of the Porte St. Martin Théâtre. Harel saw in it the raw material of a strong piece, and accepted it, subject to revision by a more practiced hand. He sent the play to Jules Janin, who rewrote it, and then knew enough to see that the result was hopelessly undramatic. Harel then took Janin's manuscript to Dumas, who, according to his own account, discarded most of the original play, and wrote a new drama around the central situations. Having thus made what was substantially a new play, Dumas arranged with Harel that M. Gaillardet should get the full author's fee, which the Porte St. Martin Théâtre was accustomed to pay, and that his own fee should be independent of M. Gaillardet's. In spite of Harel's repeated requests, Dumas refused to allow his name to be put on the bills. Under such circumstances, a play is announced as by MM. Gaillardet and ——, but Harel chose to announce the Tour de Nesle as by MM. —— and Gaillardet. M. Gaillardet rushed into print, and M. Dumas rejoined, setting forth his own share in the composition of the drama. Subsequently Dumas and Gaillardet fought a bloodless duel; then there was a lawsuit; after many years peace was declared, and M. Gaillardet was pleased to acknowledge the great service Dumas had rendered to the Tour de Nesle. Looking back now, one can scarcely have a doubt as to whom the success of the drama was due: whether to M. Gaillardet, who had not done anything like it before and who has not done anything like it since, or to Dumas, who had shown in Henri III. and Antony his ability to write a play of precisely the same quality. The original sequence of situations was no doubt suggested by M. Gaillardet, but the play as it stands is unequivocally the handiwork of Dumas.

That Dumas plagiarized freely in his earliest plays, and had the aid of devils in the second stage of his career, is not to be denied, and neither proceeding is praiseworthy. But although he is not blameless, it irks one to see him pilloried as a mere vulgar appropriator of the labors of other men. The exact fact is that he had no strict regard for mine and thine; he took as freely as he gave. In literature, as in life, he was a spendthrift, — and a prodigal is not always as scrupulous as he might be in replenish-

ing his purse. Dumas's ethics deteriorated as he advanced. One may safely say that none of the plays bearing his name fails to prove itself his by its workmanship. When, however, he began to write serial stories and to publish a score of volumes a year, then he trafficked in his reputation, and signed his name to books which he had not even read. An effort has been made to show that Monte Cristo and the Three Musketeers series were the work of M. Auguste Maquet, and that Dumas contributed to them only his name on the title-page. It is foreign to the purpose of the present essay to deal with Dumas as a writer of romance, but as these novels were at once cut up into plays, a consideration of their authorship is in order here. I do not see how any one with a pretense to the critical faculty can doubt that Monte Cristo and the Three Musketeers are Dumas's own work. That M. Maquet made historical researches, accumulated notes, invented scenes even, is probable, but the mighty impress of Dumas's hand is too plainly visible in every important passage for us to believe that either series owes more to M. Maquet than the service a pupil might render fairly to a master. That these services were considerable is sufficiently obvious from the printing of M. Maquet's name by the side of M. Dumas's on the title-pages of the dramatizations from the stories. Señor Castelar has said that all Dumas's collaborators together do not weigh half as much in the literary balance as Dumas alone; and this is true. I have no wish to reflect on the talents of Dinaux, the author of Thirty Years, or a Gambler's Life, and of Louise de Lignerolles, or on the talents of M. Maquet himself, whose own novels and plays have succeeded, and who was so highly esteemed by his fellow-dramatists as to be elected and reëlected the president of the Society of Dramatic Authors; yet I must say that the plays which either Dinaux or M. Maquet has written by himself do not show the possession of the secret that charmed us in the work in which they helped Dumas. It is to be said, too, that the later plays, taken from his own novels, in which Dumas was assisted by M. Maquet, are very inferior to his earlier plays. They are mere dramatizations of romances, and not in a true sense dramas at all. The earlier dramas, however extravagant they might be in individual details, have a distinct and essential unity not to be detected in the dramatizations, which were little more than sequences of scenes snipped with the scissors from the interminable series of tales of adventure. How could the plot of the Three Musketeers, so far as it has any single plot, — how could it be compressed within the limits of five or even six or seven acts? Monte Cristo was brought out as a play in two parts December 3d and 4th, 1848; and three years later two more divisions of the same story were put on the stage. Obviously enough, pieces of this sort are like the earlier Napoléon Bonaparte, not plays, but panoramas; slices of the story serve as magic-lantern slides, and dissolve one into another at the will of the exhibitor. Full as these pieces are of life and bustle and gayety, they are poor substitutes for plays which depend for success on themselves, and not on the vague desire to see in action figures which the reader has learned to like in endless stories. These dramatizations were unduly long drawn: naturally prolix, not to say garrulous, Dumas, when his tales were paid for by the word, or at least by space, let the vice of saying all there was to be said grow upon him. Whatever may be the case in prose fiction, on the stage the half is more than the whole.

Side by side with these dramatizations Dumas continued to bring out now and then dramas in his earlier manner: for example, the already-mentioned Alchimiste (1839) and Hamlet (1849), and also a Catilina (1849), likewise in verse,

besides an occasional play in prose, including, for one, an adaptation of Schiller's Kabale und Liebe. None of these, however, is as interesting or as important as any one of his earliest four or five successes. The only works of his more mature years which enlarge his reputation are his comedies. He brought to the making of comedy the same freshness, facility, fecundity, and force that he had brought years before to the making of drama. After all, it is not inexact to say that the two chief qualities of Dumas were abundance and ease. Other writers of his time were abundant, none was so easy. Contrast his running sentences with the tortured style of Balzac, and we can understand how it was that Dumas could write a volume in a few hours, and that Balzac once spent a whole night toiling over a single sentence. Now ease and abundance are invaluable to a writer of comedy. Although the half a dozen comedies Dumas wrote vary in value, all are equally facile and flowing. Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle and the Demoiselles de St. Cyr and the Jeunesse de Louis XIV. (which his son edited for the Parisian stage a few years ago) are as simple and unaffected plays as you can find, and they are plays of a new kind. The comedies of Dumas are unlike the comedies of any other French dramatist. They are as different from the more philosophic comedy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as they are from the realistic and dramatic comedy which his son brought into fashion. They are a little like the best of the comedies which Scribe wrote for the Théâtre Français, although they have a boldness and a freedom Scribe could never attain. Perhaps more than anything else they resemble the English comedies of intrigue and adventure imitated from Spanish models, chief among which is Cibber's She Would and She Would Not. In Dumas's plays, however, both situation and dialogue seem less forced, although it is unfair ever to speak of either as though it were at all forced. Dumas had little humor, as we understand the word, and what he had was on the surface; but he was witty without effort and without end. It is a quality he seems to have discovered after he had written his earlier and more famous plays, for in these there is little to relieve the tensity of emotion, although they are not as barren as most of Victor Hugo's dramas. In his comedies, however, his wit had a chance to show its nimbleness. This wit is lightsome and buoyant rather than penetrating. It is not epigrammatically sparkling, with a hard brilliance, like Sheridan's and Congreve's; it appears less studied and more natural than either, and more to be compared to the graceful and clever wit of a ready man of the world. As I have said, it is as unfailing as it is spontaneous. I can recommend a little comedy in one act called the Mari de la Veuve, and written during the desolation caused by the cholera, to all who may desire to see as bright and light a little play as could be desired. In his memoirs Dumas tells us that the primary idea of this tiny piece was one friend's, and that the development and construction were another's, and that all he did was to take their plans and write the dialogue. But it was such dialogue as none but he could write. This very play contains an admirable instance of his tact in turning a difficulty. A husband has written to his wife bidding her to announce his death for reasons not given but imperative: it is from the false position thus created for the wife, who is supposed to be a widow, that the comedy is evolved. Shortly after the rise of the curtain the husband appears, but too much in a hurry to explain why he has to conceal his existence. The explanation is never furnished. At the end of the piece, as the notary enters to draw up the contract reuniting the pair, the husband

lightly remarks to his wife, "I will tell you all about it to-morrow!" and the curtain falls, leaving the spectator amused and entertained, but still in ignorance why the husband found it necessary to give out his own death. One is inclined to surmise that the pair of collaborators who planned the play devised a reason for this, — a reason which Dumas found insufficient; and not having time to concoct another, he made the difficulty disappear by not giving any reason at all.

From the sombre Antony to the laughing Mari de la Veuve is a long stride, but Dumas took it without straining, and many another beside. Even more remarkable than the range of Dumas's work is its general level of merit. He had at least one element of greatness, — an inexhaustible fecundity; and more than this, when we consider the quantity of his dramas, the quality of the best of them seems singularly high. There is but one dramatist of his generation who will stand comparison with him; and even Victor Hugo, master as he is of many things, is less a master of the theatre than Dumas. He was the superior of Dumas in that he was a poet and had style, as Dumas was willing to confess. But for success on the stage poetry and style are not so potent as other qualities which Dumas had more abundantly than Hugo. He had an easy wit, which Hugo lacked, and which is of inestimable service to the play-maker. He had a flexibility of manner to which Hugo could not pretend: we have seen how many different kinds of drama Dumas attempted, while all Hugo's pieces are cast in the same mould. As Heine said, "Dumas is not so great a poet as Victor Hugo, but he possesses gifts which in the drama enable him to achieve far greater results than the latter. He has perfect command of that forcible expression of passion which the French term *verve*, and he is, withal, more of a Frenchman than Victor Hugo is." Elsewhere Heine credits Hugo with a Teutonic want of tact, and suggests that his muse has two left hands. Now, Dumas's muse had a right hand which never forgot its cunning. Dumas's dramas, extravagant as some of them are, strike one as more natural than Hugo's, perhaps because the latter reveal too openly the constraint of their construction, as the former never do. Dumas was frank to praise Hugo and to acknowledge his own indebtedness to him; yet he spoke his mind freely about his competitor. He is reported as saying that "each had our own good points, but mine were better. Hugo was lyrical and theatrical; I was dramatic. Hugo, to be effective, could not do without contrasting drinking-songs with church hymns, and setting tables laden with flowers and flasks by the side of coffins draped in black. All I wanted was four scenes, four boards, two actors, and a passion." It is easy to smile at this as mere vanity and vexation of spirit, but, magniloquence apart, it is sound criticism, nevertheless. Like Hugo, Dumas was born of revolutionary blood; and both were as militant in literature as their fathers had been in actual life. From his father Dumas inherited little but the physical force which sustained him in his reckless waste of energy, and which helped to give him the abundant confidence in himself. These two things, indeed, strength and confidence, are at the bottom of his career of marvelous prodigality. It was confidence and strength combined which made possible his unhasting, unresting life of toil in so many departments of literature. This life is in many respects a warning rather than an example: with his great powers, one feels that he ought to have done something higher and nobler; but that the power was great admits of no cavil. The present M. Alexandre Dumas, who is as restrained as his father was exuberant, and who looked on his father as a sort of prodigal son, upholds the honor of

the family and pushes filial reverence to the extreme verge of extravagance (and yet, due allowance made, he is not so very far out) when he speaks of his father as "he who was and is the master of the modern stage, whatever noise may be made about other names; he whose prodigious imagination touched the four cardinal points of our art, tragedy, historical drama, the drama of manners and the comedy of anecdote; he whose only fault was to lack solemnity, and to have genius without pride and fecundity without effort, as he had youth and health; he who, to conclude, Shakespeare being taken as the culminating point, by invention, power, and variety approached among us most closely to Shakespeare."

J. Brander Matthews.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE.

The horror excited by the attempt on the President's life was, of course, in the main the ordinary human civilized horror of assassination. This is always deepened when the victim is assailed at his post, and when the post is a conspicuous one, and when death seems to come because he has been faithful to his duty. Society has more than usual tenderness for what may be called its sentinels, — that is, for the persons who expose themselves in its service, — and the more responsibility it puts on them the greater the tenderness becomes. Nobody, on hearing that General Garfield had been stricken down, probably thought for one moment of his faults or shortcomings. Democrats were as much impressed by the tragedy as republicans, and the reason was that all felt that it was holding a high place in the public service which had made him the victim. Sympathy of this kind, too, was not confined to the United States. It was felt all over the civilized world, — felt by millions, probably, who knew little or nothing of the President's past career, and knew as little of his duties or responsibilities. They did know, however, that a nation had raised him to great eminence, and that it was because he was eminent that Guiteau's pistol was leveled against him; and they felt for him, accordingly, that sorrow which has become almost instinctive with the civilized man, for the misfortunes of those who keep watch and ward while others sow or reap, and spin or weave.

But no one who observed the expressions of popular feeling during the month of July could help seeing that there was in the general indignation and regret a good deal of mortification and humiliation. Of these there was not much trace when Lincoln was assassinated. *That* seemed like a not unnatural sequela of the civil war. It had been feared from the day on which he was inaugurated. He acknowledged the existence of the danger himself, in his simple way, when he put a soldier with a musket beside him in the carriage. Then, too, the country was familiar with deeds of violence. It had seen tens of thousands, during the previous five years, come to a bloody end. Lincoln, to hundreds of thousands, if not millions, represented aggression, lawlessness, conquest, and oppression. When one reads, in fact, of the ferocious language towards him, and towards the whole Northern people, in which Southern politicians, from Jefferson Davis down, and the leading Southern newspapers were in the habit of indulging, and the readiness of the Southern mind at that period to think of the killing of an enemy even in cold blood as, somehow,

not murder, the wonder is that Booth's attack should have been the first. The generation of Southerners which began the war had never known a Southern jury to refuse to accept a previous quarrel as justification of a homicide, or, in other words, had never seen malice prepense treated as of the essence of blood-guiltiness. That Lincoln should have gone unscathed for one whole term seems in these quiet times even stranger than it did then.

When General Garfield was elected, however, the peaceful habit of mind was probably more widely diffused through the country than it had been since the foundation of the government. There have been assassinations enough, Heaven knows, during the past fifteen years, but there never has been, heretofore, the dislike of bloodshed as a remedy for private wrongs which now exists in all parts of the Union. There are unmistakable signs at the South of the growth of a public opinion hostile to dueling, and *a fortiori* hostile to all violent modes of redress for either real or fancied wrongs. No President, since the antislavery agitation began, had as much reason to think himself safe as President Garfield had, or less reason to suppose that it would be prudent to make access to Presidents more difficult. There had been no dispute about his election. He was a man of singularly genial temper. There was nothing in his career to excite envy, hatred, or malice. He had won his way to prominence by arts which nearly every American admires, and there was a large element of pathos, which everybody felt, in his final triumph.

Not only, then, did he seem, in the popular eye, to be protected by the immunity which republican Presidents, as distinguished from sovereigns, are supposed to enjoy, but by the peculiar immunity which in the United States is always enjoyed by "the poor boy" who fights his way up to distinction, and is not ashamed of his beginnings. It appeared easy enough to account for the attempts on the lives of the emperors of Russia and Germany and the king of Italy. They represented a system which existed, to all outward appearance, for the benefit of a particular family, and to destroy the head of the family was to shake the system. Then, also, there is in all monarchical governments wide room for the play of the monarch's discretion. He has so many honors or privileges to bestow or refuse; so many pardons or promotions always ready to his hand; can do so much to make or mar a man's fortune; can inflict so much misery without ever having to answer for it, — without even having to allow the victim the comfort of remonstrance or criticism. A king lives so long, too. He may be on the throne forty or fifty years, during which those who think he has wronged them know there will be no appeal from him, and that all men in power will make it their duty not to question the justice of his decrees. In fact, it needs no deep examination of the nature and function of royalty to see that some of its traits must readily suggest assassination to men with a grievance, and either not afraid of death, or very confident of the efficacy of their means of escape. The sentiment of loyalty is the one moral defense which it possesses which the presidency does not; but this is comparatively feeble in our time, and never was strong in more than a very small circle. It has a dangerous tendency to rouse a sort of reactionary hatred among persons who do not feel it, and yet are called on to acknowledge it as a political agency. The very idea of a man raised above the law, and claiming reverence without regard to his personal merits, has become to hundreds of thousands, in our day, a highly inflammatory idea, which kindles fanaticism of protest, before which loyalty, even in its best days, would have to pale its ineffectual fires. There is less discussion

now than there used to be, even among speculative writers, about the lawfulness of tyrannicide, but there has probably never been a time when so many fairly moral and rational men would think so little of killing a king as a means of promoting a much desired political change. There is no doubt that monarchs owe their safety, such as it is, far more to the growth of belief in the possibility of bringing about desired political changes by peaceable means than to increased mildness of manners or increased horror of assassination. The Nihilistic atrocities in Russia are not simply proofs of the ferocity of Russian conspirators. They show also that the Czar is more of a political obstacle than the sovereign in any other civilized country.

The mortification felt in this country when President Garfield was shot was therefore, in large part, the product of surprise that the differences between the office of President and that of king, even of constitutional king, did not in a time of profound peace secure his safety. Most Americans had no doubt that it did secure it; that he was in no more danger of assassination as President than any other person in the community. Everybody had these differences at his tongue's end, when he heard of attempts on the life of the Czar, or of the Kaiser. The presidential office is not hereditary; it can only be filled by a man whom, whether worthy or not, the majority thinks worthy. It is elective, and nobody can enter on it with any glamour of divine light about him, or with any special claim to "the grace of God." The President is always a man taken from the people, and destined to return to the ranks of the people as one of themselves. His term is short. Even the most impatient of his enemies has not long to wait before seeing him lose his power, and securing an appeal from his decisions to his successor. Everybody whom he offends has the relief, and indeed luxury, of abusing him. The law puts no restraint on the terms in which he may be assailed, and even lying about him has in practice an impunity which does not attend it in the case of any other man in the nation.

These are all important vents for the feelings which in monarchical countries are likely to lead to attempts to assassinate the chief executive officer. But the most important difference of all between the President and a king, in the popular eye in this country, lies in the fact that he is supposed to enjoy less discretion than kings. He is not a "fountain of honor," as a king is. He can bestow no decorations or pensions. His social countenance or favor does nothing for anybody. He is titular commander-in-chief of the army and navy, it is true, and commanders-in-chief have necessarily much power over the fortunes of soldiers and sailors; but there are practically no army and no navy here. Nor is there any state church, with bishoprics, deaneries, or canonries, in the presidential gift. Moreover, in the popular conception of the office, the President has no prerogative, properly so called. He cannot declare war, or make peace. He can pardon criminals, but only a very limited class of criminals, — those who violate federal laws. He cannot protect any man from trial or impeachment. He is himself liable to impeachment. He has been impeached for, among other things, using bad language in public. He is the creature of the law, and his duty — the only duty which the ordinary American thinks of as belonging to him — is to take care that the laws are faithfully executed. His death does not necessarily cause the holding of a new election, and thus procure for the opposite party another chance of getting into power. His successor is designated by law when he takes office. Why, then, should any one think of murdering him for any political object? What could any one gain by murdering him? He might, of

course, be murdered for revenge, but history shows that political murders for simple revenge are so rare as not to be worth considering. The murder of Mr. Percival by Bellingham seems an exception to this rule; but Bellingham was an undoubted lunatic, and would have escaped as such but for the indecent haste of his trial. No assassination or serious attempt at assassination of high political personages, it may be safely said, has ever been committed by a person who would be held morally and legally accountable for his acts, except with the expectation of thereby producing some important political change. But the powers and duties of the American President and the devolution of his office are apparently so regulated by law that no change worth, to a tolerably rational man, the risk involved in killing him has hitherto seemed possible. Americans have therefore probably been less concerned about his personal safety than any people ever were before about that of their chief magistrate.

But when Guiteau's attempt was made they began, not unnaturally, to inquire whether they had not been mistaken in supposing the conditions of the President's official life so very different from those of a king. If Guiteau had been unmistakably insane, it would of course have made such an inquiry unnecessary. It so happens, however, that he is, if insane at all, — and his apparent mistake about consequences does indicate considerable unsoundness, — not more insane than that very large class of the community called erratic. This is a class whose members are able to follow the current of affairs with attention, though intermitting attention, and to reason about them without plain absurdity, and are consequential enough in their conduct to enable them occasionally to obtain employment. Their unsoundness and inability to succeed consists largely in a quality which is prominent in savages, but in them is ascribed not to insanity, but to imperfect development, — namely, want of tenacity of purpose. Guiteau seems to have done a variety of things with a certain amount of ability — small, to be sure, but still sufficient to enable him to earn a livelihood, if he had stuck to any one thing. Instability, combined with inordinate vanity, brought him to want, and want made him tricky. But until he shot the President no one thought him too insane for *all* share in the world's work. When he shot him, therefore, it was not unnatural that people should listen to his explanation of his act, not as a defense, but as an elucidation of the kind of motives by which this very large class to which he belongs are acted on. That his talk was silly is nothing to the purpose. Two thirds of the talk one hears in a bar-room, for instance, is silly. It becomes important when we remember that there are thousands of persons like him afloat, that is, persons capable of forming plans under a delusion, and pursuing them for a short period with determination, — the delusion being one which a man might entertain without rendering himself thereby liable to confinement.

His story was in substance that he belonged to the portion of the republican party opposed to the President, and led by General Grant and Mr. Conkling; that he wished General Arthur to become President; and that if he did so he (Guiteau) expected to be rewarded for his trouble with an office, besides being pardoned for the murder. It appeared, too, on inquiry, that he had unsuccessfully sought office from President Garfield; but it did not appear that anybody to whom he applied for aid in getting office thought him more flagrantly unfit than many other office-seekers, or his application more absurd than those of many others. In fact, he seems to have been looked on simply as a poor specimen of a class of adventurers who plague the Departments a good deal on the occasion of every new administra-

tion and sometimes plague them successfully.

Now the public was startled at finding that he was tolerably correct in his view of the political situation. He described it much as any "stalwart" would have described it. What he desired, too, in the way of change — the substitution of General Arthur for General Garfield as President, the reorganization of the cabinet, and the conduct of the administration under the inspiration of Mr. Conkling and General Grant — was exactly what all the "stalwarts" desired. They would all have declared, if questioned, that if such a change could be brought about honorably it would be a most fortunate thing for the party and the country. So that it plainly appeared that a political situation had arisen which most Americans had supposed was not possible under this government, a situation in which the death of the President would almost certainly produce the effect of a new election won by the opposition, by putting the administration into the hands of his bitter enemies, and leading to some considerable changes. It was, in short, just the kind of situation which in the Old World has produced the great historical assassinations and attempts at assassination, and notably the assassination of William the Silent and Henri IV. In both these cases things had reached a pass which made a cause or *régime* dependent for success or stability on a single life, and would have made the death of a particular man, if it came naturally, welcome to a large body even of honorable, sincere, and disinterested persons. No such situation ever lasts long anywhere without touching some diseased imagination, and one great object of all free constitutions is to provide against its creation. I do not think I overstate in saying that the American people were shocked two months ago in finding they had not provided against it. Most readers will be shocked still more, if they will take the trouble to see how closely Gerard, who murdered William the Silent, and still more Ravaillac, who murdered Henri IV., resembled Guiteau both in character and career. They were both more fanatical than he, but they belonged to the same category of unstable, flighty, and vainglorious people who seek to achieve fame by a single blow, and find all ordinary pursuits and industries too monotonous for them.

There is, in fact, a curious likeness between Ravaillac and Guiteau. Ravaillac began life as a lawyer's clerk; then he turned school-master; then got into jail for debt, and while there had numerous visions. On his discharge he joined the Feuillants in Paris, much as Guiteau joined the Oneida Community, but was expelled as a fool and visionary. They would not have him even as a lay brother. While knocking about the world, after this, seeking occupation, he heard of the king as the enemy of the Catholic faith, who threatened the church with unnumbered woes; and he heard it from men who would not for worlds have harmed a hair of the king's head, but would, doubtless, have considered the changes the king's death would work, and as a matter of fact did work, most desirable. Their talk opened to Ravaillac's sick fancy an easy road to distinction, and he took it. After he struck the fatal blow he made no attempt to escape, but, says L'Etoile, "remained, knife in hand, to show himself and vaunt himself as the greatest of assassins."

The civil service reformers have met with some opposition, but after all very little, in their attempts to "make capital" out of Guiteau's crime by ascribing it to "the spoils system," and use it as an argument in favor of a different system of appointment and a different tenure in the civil service of the government. Of course no effort "to make capital" out of anything is wholly unattended with extravagance. Anything

which makes the hostility of the stalwarts a *guilty* cause of Guiteau's offense is unwarrantable and unfair. It would be absurd to ask men to refrain, in political contests, from all language which may by any possibility incite some crazy man to commit a murder. But then we must, on the other hand, not be deterred, by the fear of hurting some one's feelings, from saying that there can be no manner of doubt that this opposition was a cause of Guiteau's offense, and that it was the spoils system which made it so. The quarrel of the stalwarts with the President was a quarrel about offices, and about nothing else. What they asked of him, and reproached him for not granting, was a different distribution of offices from the one he had made. This different distribution of offices was the change, and the only one of moment, which would have resulted from the accession of General Arthur to the presidency. It was this change that Guiteau had in mind when he fired his shot. Now it was probably unfair to say that the Jesuits put Ravaillac up to kill Henri, but it is none the less true that if there had been no Jesuistic hostility to Henri's policy of toleration Ravaillac would never have killed him, and a French reformer would have been fully justified in denouncing Jesuit rancor and seeking its extirpation from the kingdom, if that were possible, as the cause of the tragedy.

What has made the Guiteau attempt so useful to the civil service reformers is not the discredit it has brought on the enemies of the reform, for that is after all remote and indirect, but the revelation it has made of the extent to which the spoils system, by enlarging enormously the field of the President's discretion, assimilates his position in the matter of responsibility to that of a monarch. The more arbitrary power he exercises and can use, either for his own personal benefit or that of others, the greater the temptation to assassinate him, either to revenge denial, or bring about a "new deal," by a fresh hand. If places were filled and promotions made by legal machinery, as they are for the most part in England and in Germany and France, he would be the mere arm of the law, which even the crazy could see it would do no man any good to lop off or disable. As he is now, he is the dispenser of more favors than any monarch in Europe would be if he had no standing army. No monarch possesses or would dare to exercise the power over the civil servants of the government which the President exercises, and it is a power which no President can exercise without giving offense to great numbers of unsteady minds. His use of it every four years at least, and in a minor degree every year, has on what may without injustice be called the class of adventurers of both sexes the unsettling effects of a great public lottery. The sole difference is that in the one case, in order to draw a prize, one has to have some slight clerical capacity, and must go to Washington and "lobby," while in the other one has only to buy a ticket. But the only effect of this difference is to diminish the number of candidates by making the process more expensive. In neither case is any thought bestowed by those who seek to win on mental capacity or moral standing as a condition of success. The office-seeker is apt to be a person who has failed, or thinks he is going to fail, in ordinary pursuits. In this country this usually indicates some sort of defectiveness, either of mind or character, and he looks to government employment solely because he expects that its standards are not so rigid as those of private employment. Consequently, the possibility of a "new deal" always most powerfully disturbs the class who are most easily disturbed, and is sure to furnish the Gerards, Ravaillacs, Catesbys, Thistlewoods, and Guiteaus whenever the situation seems to call for them or rather tempt them.

In other words, the President, by his arbitrary dealing with offices, calls about him, and excites, or depresses, or exasperates, the only persons from whose anger he runs any risk, — the only persons who are likely to find incentives to violence in the ordinary denunciation of political contests.

It is to be observed, too, that it is the spoils system only which makes the hostility of the Vice-President to the President a matter of eager interest to this class. If the only possible result of the Vice-President's accession to power were the recommendation or support by the White House of a new set of measures, or some new line of public policy, the change would have no interest whatever for the Guiteaus, though it might have much for the intelligent and steady and industrious. It is the conversion of "politics" into a scramble for offices which makes the appearance of the Vice-President at the head of a faction hostile to the President like the alarum of Byron's Tambourji to the Klephts, a sign to broken and unlucky people, who have lost their places and exhausted their credit, that there may be another chance for them. It suggests to every one of them the thought, "What a lucky thing it would be if he could only come into power!" It consequently goes far to destroy the effect of the constitutional provision which designates the Vice-President as the President's successor, in case of his death, in so far as this provision is intended to produce certainty and quiet in the demise of the office. The succession of a Vice-President hostile to the administration is attended, in fact, with all the inconveniences, and has none of the advantages, of a new election. It not only substitutes a man whom the people did not intend to be President for one whom they did intend to be President, but substitutes a man who disliked the President's ways and ideas, and is almost pledged to act in an entirely opposite direction, and for this purpose is likely to derange the whole machinery of government. If this derangement is to take place, however, every time a new President enters the White House, it should only take place after and as the result of a popular vote. To permit it as the result of the President's natural death would be a great and very inconvenient anomaly; to permit it as the result of his assassination is more than inconvenient, — it is highly dangerous. It ought to be a settled rule of American polity, that no man or body of men shall profit by assassination. Nothing should pass by murder, in the shape of either dignity or emolument, to any person designated for the succession by law. But the great lesson of the occasion is the danger to the president which plainly lies in his arbitrary power over the enormous body of persons who now compose the civil service of the government. They do not live under law, and as long as they do not live under law they will constitute in a certain sense a dangerous class, and will be surrounded by a still more dangerous class, composed of those who would like to oust them and get their places.

E. L. Godkin.

MR. HOWELLS'S NEW BOOK.

This little volume[1] of two hundred and fifty pages contains one story and two sketches. Neither story nor sketch cost the writer much labor, apparently. He has become so skillful in his art that it is almost as easy for him to shape exquisite things as it is for another to fail in the attempt. Prosper Mérimée never offered his reader a lighter or more highly-finished handful of fiction than these three studies. We have seen it written that Mr. Howells is a man of "mere talent." Mr. Howells reconciles us to mere talent; it seems to be a finer thing than the more Promethean endowment, for it gives us subtile characterizations, consummate workmanship, wit, humor, and pathos in abundance, and all of a quality not generally discoverable in the prose or verse of contemporary genius.

Mr. Howells's new book is especially interesting as offering side by side with the author's latest work an illustration of his earlier manner. A wide and constantly increasing group of listeners has gathered around him since Tonelli's Marriage was printed in The Atlantic Monthly in 1868. Between this sketch and A Fearful Responsibility comes the episode entitled At the Sign of the Savage. Of the novelette which gives the title to the collection it is only necessary to say that it has all the charm of Mr. Howells's more elaborate stories. That it has no different charm is perhaps its one fault. It strikes us that Mr. Howells has here repeated himself a little. It seems as if certain actors in some preceding comedy of his were standing at the side-wings, and critically watching the progress of the after-piece. Vague but still recognizable shadows, not otherwise to be accounted for, are projected upon the stage. The principal persons in A Fearful Responsibility have habits of dialogue and gesture not unfamiliar to us. Here and there Owen Elmore and his wife remind one of Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Ellison. Miss Lilly Mayhew is Miss Lydia Blood with a trifle more vivacity, or Miss Florida Vervain with darkened eyelashes and a sweeter disposition. Mr. Howells has given an enchanting atmosphere of reality to his story by laying the scene of it in the Venice of A Foregone Conclusion. We catch a glimpse of Mr. Ferris, the painter who amused himself with "consuling," and expect every instant to have Don Ippolito called in to assist Miss Mayhew in her Italian lessons. The war is going on in America; it is spring again; there are odors of rose and orange blossom in the small Venetian gardens, and morning and evening the air is sharp enough along the canals. We are more than half disappointed not to meet Don Ippolito coming down the narrow *calle* with his two handkerchiefs, like a Japanese *samurai* with his pair of swords. Here, as in others of his stories, Mr. Howells lays bare the intricacies of girl nature, — its shyness and daring, its coquetry and candor, its dove-like wisdom and serpent-like innocence. He has caught all these evanescent and winged things, and transfixed them to his page with the careful tenderness of a naturalist pinning his *papilonidæ*.

At the Sign of the Savage is a sketch of travel, in which the reader finds himself in Vienna. The narrative hinges on a humorously conceived and artfully presented incident, which seems almost like a plot when compared with the slender thread of story running through A Fearful Responsibility. We have

[1] *A Fearful Responsibility, and Other Stories.* By William D. Howells, author of The Lady of the Aroostook, The Undiscovered Country, etc. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

been deterred from referring to the plot of the longer piece by a circumstance similar to that which prevented a certain historian from devoting a chapter to snakes in his work on Ireland. At the Sign of the Savage is notable for its clean-cut characterizations, and for those neat satiric turns which we have learned to regard as a matter of course, though not so many of them as there are in this one brief sketch would make the fortune of a new writer. Colonel Kenton, calmly discrediting everything set down in Baedeker's guide-book, is a stroke of genuine humor: —

"As they bowled along in the deliberate German express train through the Black Forest, Colonel Kenton said he had only two things against the region: it was not black, and it was not a forest. He had all his life heard of the Black Forest, and he hoped he knew what it was. The inhabitants burned charcoal, high up the mountains, and carved toys in the winter, when shut in by the heavy snows; they had Easter eggs all the year round, with overshot mill-wheels in the valleys, and cherry-trees all about, always full of blossoms or ripe fruit, just as you liked to think. They were very poor people, but very devout, and lived in little villages, on a friendly intimacy with their cattle. The young women of these hamlets had each a long braid of yellow hair down her back, blue eyes, and a white bodice with a cat's-cradle lacing behind. The men had bell-crowned hats and spindle-legs; they buttoned the breath out of their bodies with round pewter buttons on tight, short crimson waistcoats. 'Now, here,' said the colonel, breathing on the window of the car and rubbing a little space clear of the frost, 'I see nothing of the sort. Either I have been imposed upon by what I have heard of the Black Forest, or this is not the Black Forest. I 'm inclined to believe that there is no Black Forest, and never was. There is n't,' he added, looking again, so as not to speak hastily, 'a charcoal-burner, or an Easter egg, or a cherry blossom, or a yellow braid, or a red waistcoat, to enliven the whole desolate landscape. What are we to think of it, Bessie?' . . . Wherever they stopped, whatever they did, before reaching Vienna, Colonel Kenton chose to preserve his guarded attitude. 'Ah, they pretend this is Stuttgart, do they?' he said, on arriving at the Suabian capital. 'A likely story! They pretended that was the Black Forest, you know, Bessie.' At Munich, 'And this is Munich!' he sneered, whenever the conversation flagged during their sojourn. 'It 's outrageous, the way they let these swindling little towns palm themselves off upon the traveler for cities he 's heard of. This place will be calling itself Berlin, next.'"

In Tonelli's Marriage the scene is again Venice; it is not a story, but a study of character, and, happily, of Italian character. The canvas is full of delightful detail and local color, and escapes those incongruities which result from placing the modern American tourist, male or female, against a background of mediæval architecture. The sketch was drawn before Mr. Howells deliberately set himself the task of story-telling. It lacks, perhaps, something of the precision and directness of his later touch, but is still lovely enough to be a model of style. It has that ineffable grace of youth for which an artist in his prime would willingly give all his laboriously acquired technique, — a grace no more possible of recapture than a perfume.

Mr. Howells has not anywhere painted a young woman more charmingly than in these pages, though the portrait is only in outline. He has probably put all the archness and pathos of Italian girlhood into the Paronsina, hastily as he has sketched her. The Paronsina is the daughter of an old notary named Cenarotti, to whom Tonelli, a faded fop

and harmless *buon diavolo*, acts as clerk and copyist. The history of the Little Mistress's first love affair, the conduct of which she trusts to the diplomatic Tonelli, insists on quoting itself: —

"In fact, it was altogether a business affair, and was managed chiefly by Tonelli, who, having met a young doctor, laureled the year before at Padua, had heard him express so pungent a curiosity to know what the Paronsina would have to her dower that he perceived he must be madly in love with her. So, with the consent of the signora, he had arranged a correspondence between the young people; and all went on well at first, the letters from both passing through his hands. But his office was anything but a sinecure; for while the Doctor was, on his part, of a cold temperament, and disposed to regard the affair merely as a proper way of providing for the natural affections, the Paronsina cared nothing for him personally, and only viewed him favorably as abstract matrimony, — as the means of escaping from the bondage of her girlhood and the sad seclusion of her life into the world outside her grandfather's house. So presently the correspondence fell almost wholly upon Tonelli, who worked up to the point of betrothal with an expense of finesse and sentiment that would have made his fortune in diplomacy or poetry. What should he say now? that stupid young Doctor would cry in a desperation, when Tonelli delicately reminded him that it was time to answer the Paronsina's last note. Say this, that, and the other, Tonelli would answer, giving him the heads of a proper letter, which the Doctor took down on square bits of paper, neatly fashioned for writing prescriptions. 'And for God's sake, *caro dottore*, put a little warmth into it!' The poor Doctor would try, but it must always end in Tonelli's suggesting and almost dictating every sentence; and then the letter, being carried to the Paronsina, made her laugh: 'This is very pretty, my poor Tonelli, but it was never my *onoratissimo dottore* who thought of these tender compliments. Ah! that allusion to my mouth and eyes could only have come from the heart of a great poet. It is yours, Tonelli; don't deny it.' And Tonelli, taken in his weak point of literature, could make but a feeble pretense of disclaiming the child of his fancy; while the Paronsina, being in this reckless humor, more than once responded to the Doctor in such fashion that in the end the inspiration of her altered and amended letter was Tonelli's. Even after the betrothal the love-making languished, and the Doctor was indecently patient of the late day fixed for the marriage by the notary. In fact, the Doctor was very busy; and, as his practice grew, the dower of the Paronsina dwindled in his fancy, till one day he treated the whole question of their marriage with such coldness and uncertainty in his talk with Tonelli that the latter saw whither his thoughts were drifting, and went home with an indignant heart to the Paronsina, who joyfully sat down and wrote her first sincere letter to the Doctor, dismissing him. 'It is finished,' she said, 'and I am glad. After all, perhaps I don't want to be any freer than I am; and while I have you, Tonelli, I don't want a younger lover. Younger? Diana! You are in the flower of youth, and I believe you will never wither. Did that rogue of a Doctor, then, really give you the elixir of youth for writing him those letters? Tell me, Tonelli, as a true friend, how long have you been forty-seven? Ever since your fiftieth birthday? Listen! I have been more afraid of losing you than my sweetest Doctor. I thought you would be so much in love with love-making that you would go break-neck and court some one in earnest on your own account!'"

Tonelli's Marriage belongs to the period of the Italian Journeys, and is one

of the singularly rich results of Mr. Howells's three years' residence in Venice. His Venetian Life, in which the swan city is painted once for all, does not display a more consummate knowledge and appreciation of Italian traits. As a delineation of character, as an absolutely fresh and vitalized creation, Tomaso Tonelli ranks with Dr. Boynton in The Undiscovered Country. These two figures are Mr. Howells's masterpieces. They prove that he possesses a quality which his critics have not sufficiently recognized, that is, versatility. From Dr. Boynton, with his unconscious charlatanism, to the superannuated notary's clerk, ogling the ladies at the *café* in the Piazza of St. Mark; from the subtile self-delusion of the New Englander to the simple conceit of the Italian, as Mr. Howells has drawn them, is as long a step as any novelist need take.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.

In two ponderous volumes[1] Mr. Jefferson Davis has submitted to the world his justification of his career as a public man. Many persons, probably, not only in this country but in Europe, were anxious to hear an account of the greatest struggle of modern times since the French Revolution closed at Waterloo, from the lips of a man who was the political leader, the conspicuous figure, and the official chief of one of the contending forces. Yet we cannot but think that the great majority of those who have eagerly expected the book will be disappointed when they read it. We do not say this because we think Mr. Davis has done his work badly, for from his stand-point it is well done, but because we are satisfied that it is not the kind of book which the public looked for. Most persons, we are inclined to believe, expected one of two things: either memoirs full of personal experiences, thoughts, and incidents, of what the newspapers call "revelations," spiced with attacks upon individuals, or else a careful history of the war and its causes, such as the ex-president of the Southern Confederacy would be likely to write after twenty years of quiet reflection. But Mr. Davis has given us neither one nor the other of them, nor even a mixture of both. His two volumes are for the benefit of that august judge and sadly overburdened individual, "the future historian," and form an elaborate argument or plea in behalf of Jefferson Davis in particular, and of the Southern Confederacy in general. As a contribution to history, in the ordinary sense, The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government is of little value, except, perhaps, for some of the private letters which are scattered through the various chapters. This may seem a strange assertion to make in regard to a book professedly historical, and written by a principal actor in the scenes which it describes. But it must be remembered, in the first place, that nearly one half of the whole work is devoted to arguments, legal and historical, on points of constitutional law, while the remainder is, after a fashion, only a history of the war itself. The former are clear and forcibly stated, for Mr. Davis is a man of undoubted ability and knows his subject thoroughly; but legal and constitutional arguments are not history. On the other hand, the portions relating to the war are so distorted, one-sided, and

[1] *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.* By Jefferson Davis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

false, so thoroughly absurd, even, at times, as to be worthless as history. If a person utterly ignorant of the whole subject, say a highly civilized Maori scholar, some thousands of years hence were to read this book, he would learn that there had been a great and terrible war between two sections of the same country, the North and the South. He would find that all the battles from the first to the last, except in a few instances, lightly referred to or explained away, were won by the South. He would learn that all the men of the South were heroes, and performed everywhere prodigies of valor in their career of victory against overwhelming odds of men, money, and resources, while the soldiers and people of the North, with few exceptions, principally confined to their defeated generals, were cowardly, tyrannical, and in short so base and cruel that it would be difficult to tell why it was such a great exploit to overcome them. Yet at the end of all this he would be informed in an unmistakable way that the South had been thoroughly beaten, or, as the author prefers to put it, "subjugated;" and we are inclined to think that our searcher after truth would be sorely puzzled by such a consummation, and would wonder — and wonder in vain, if he had only these pages to turn to — why the side which had all the valor, truth, and right, and won all the victories of any apparent importance, should nevertheless have been hopelessly defeated. But in our day and generation there is no need to rectify such a narrative, nor do we intend to dwell on Mr. Davis's account of the war. We leave him in this respect to more competent critics, especially to our military historians, and to his own generals among the number, with an entire confidence that he will receive full justice. We have no doubt that if it is worth while, his account in many instances will be demolished as completely as it was in regard to the burning of Columbia by General Sherman, whose statement of fact, as Mr. Davis has forgotten, was fully sustained by an impartial tribunal, — the mixed commission which sat to hear the British claims for cotton burned at that place, and which did not agree with Mr. Davis, General Wade Hampton to the contrary notwithstanding.

But putting all this aside, these volumes have in one way a real and lasting value, and will be of great service to our esteemed friend the future historian, who will unquestionably have a proper appreciation of their rightful merits. The future historian will not go to Mr. Davis's book for facts, but he will take it as a whole, arguments and history, so called, together; and he will find it an unequaled representation of a type of mind and of a mental condition which entered very largely into the war of the rebellion, and probably did more to precipitate that war than anything else. Time passes very rapidly, and even the greatest events soon grow dim, so that it is well worth while, especially for the younger generations who wish to know the history of the country, to study the type of man and of mind which is here depicted, and to examine closely the mode of thought and reasoning of which Mr. Davis is the best exponent.

As we read these pages we are carried back to the period before the war, into the atmosphere of the South in the time of the antislavery conflict, — an atmosphere murky with deceit and self-deception, when men listened only to their passions, and took their own ignorance of others for the truth. Mr. Davis is a man who has learned nothing and forgotten nothing, a genuine Bourbon; and it is this which gives value to his book and makes it typical. The world in its progress has moved by him, and he is no wiser and no better than before. Other men, other Southern leaders, for the most part have learned something, be it much or little, in the last twenty

years; Mr. Davis has learned nothing. He is a Southern leader of 1860, alive with the power of thought, and utterly unchanged in 1881, — a very rare and interesting combination. If he were not so, he would be more respectable as a man, but his book would be very different and probably much less instructive. As it is, these two large volumes seem as if they had come from under some corner-stone where men are wont to put the money and current literature of the day. The great building rises from the corner and becomes one of the landmarks by which pours day after day the eager stream of life. Years come and go: the building burns or is torn down, and from under the corner-stone we take up the yellow newspapers and old coins unchanged. They are the same, instinct with the spirit of the past, and yet speaking to us in the present tense, unconscious of the lapse of time, of the world's progress, of the manifold interests of humanity, of the new ideas of a new generation. They have passed into history without knowing it, and so have the ideas of the ex-president of the Confederacy. Like Irving's hero, he thinks that he is the same after his long sleep, and that the world is the same, while in reality he is an old man and it is a new world. Here the parallel breaks down, for Rip Van Winkle found out his mistake, but Mr. Davis has not and never will. For him the sun has stood still, and he rehearses the old talk of the old South with a ludicrous belief that it is new and valid. Thus he represents living what died long since, and so becomes of value to the historian.

The bare statement of the preface that the object of the book is to defend the constitutional doctrine of secession, and thereby to justify the conduct of the South, concentrates at once the utter confusion of thought which, whether willful or ignorant, was so largely responsible for the action of the South. Mr. Davis, speaking in 1881 with the voice of 1860, has not learned, or refuses to acknowledge, that secession was not then and could never be a constitutional question. Secession was revolution, and the one vital point was whether it was possible, not whether it was legal; for revolutions are not concerned with law. They may be right or wrong; they may be peaceable or bloody; they may be to defend threatened rights, or to repel oppression, or to erect a despotism; but they are not, and can never be, even when the right to them is secured to the people in specific terms, as in the South American republics, constitutional. In the very nature of things, a revolution must be outside the pale of an existing constitution, and must appeal to humanity on grounds entirely foreign to constitutions, written or unwritten. To talk about secession as a constitutional right not to be interfered with is to say that men have a constitutional right to overthrow their government; and that is a very plain contradiction in terms, for a constitution is formed to create and maintain, not to destroy, political systems. Men have a right, no doubt, to revolution, but it is not a constitutional right, and it must rest on moral, not on legal principles, no matter how lawful the cause may be, or even if it is a revolution of precedents, as was our struggle of 1776. Mr. Davis says that the States exercised the right of secession from the old confederacy, and therefore they had it under the new. There is no question of the fact. The people of the various States pulled down the old confederacy, and set up a new form of government in its stead. They carried through a peaceful revolution, but they did not appeal to the Articles of Confederation as an authority. Men of English race, in drawing up a constitution of government, do not stultify themselves by putting in a clause to provide for its overthrow. When the men of 1787 found that the old confederacy was a failure they induced a majority of the people to agree

with them, destroyed it, and erected a new one. Mr. Davis says, again, that the constitution was regarded at its formation as a compact. Any one who is familiar with the history of that time will readily admit this to be true. It was an experiment, which the people, acting through their state organizations, agreed to try. Whether it would be permanent, or whether it would fall a victim to a revolution, as its predecessor had done, no man then could tell. Only two men of that day, so far as we are aware, saw deeply enough into futurity to perceive what the work of the constitution would be if it was maintained. Washington and Hamilton looked to the constitution to create, as they said, a national sentiment, and a national sentiment meant the creation of a nation. That was the possible work of the constitution, and that was what it effected. The compact of 1789 endured, and in 1860 it had made a nation out of a confederacy; it had become a national charter. The question in 1860 was not, Have certain States, or the people of certain States, the constitutional right to withdraw from a compact? but was just what it had always been: Have they sufficient reason and sufficient power to revolutionize the existing government, and substitute something else in its place? The issue was whether the nation which had grown up under the constitution should live or die, — whether we should have one Union or two. The North upheld the cause of the former, the South of the latter; the North prevailed. The people of this country did not go to war on a point of constitutional law; they fought to determine whether the nation should be broken up and divided, or should remain united and indivisible.

In support of the right of secession Mr. Davis adduces the attitude of Virginia and Kentucky in 1799, of New England in 1814, of South Carolina in 1832, and he might have cited many other examples, but none of them prove anything. In a federal system one weapon of the minority is sure to be the menace of withdrawal or disunion. It is a terrible weapon, no doubt, and when it was grasped by New England, and afterwards by South Carolina, the Union quivered. In the former case, events removed the grievances of the States; in the latter, the national government yielded and compromised; but both meant simply that certain communities, defeated at the ballot-box, threatened to resort to revolution. But revolutions must stand or fall on their own merits. To argue the constitutional right of secession is beating the air. Such an argument at best was merely the necessary concession to the law-abiding and law-loving spirit of the race, which likes to fight revolutions on legal principles, and it degenerated in the hands of Mr. Davis and his friends into a mere cloud-compeller to obscure existing facts far mightier than any constitutions.

Mr. Davis's discussion is of value only as showing the state of mind to which reasoning of that sort was needful in order to cover up the real issues of the time. The secession of the Southern States is not to be tried by the constitution, because in its nature it transcends the constitution and aims at its subversion. The simple question is, Was the South justified in beginning a revolution? The answer lies in these volumes. Mr. Davis admits that slavery was only incidental; that the South did not secede on account of John Brown, or of the abolitionists, or of the course of certain Northern States as to slavery. In short, the South did not secede because the North had actually done anything, but, according to Mr. Davis, on account of what a sectional Northern party would do, in power. Nothing, absolutely nothing, had been done when the States seceded; and although it is an excellent specimen of Southern reasoning in the time of James Buchanan, it is childish, and even worse, to point to what hap-

pened in war as a proof of what the North would have done if the South had never seceded and there had been no war. The whole case can be put in a few words, although Mr. Davis dared not declare it at the time, and does not dare to state it now, but goes round and round in the old treadmill of deceptive phrases, and will not face the facts. The truth was that while the North had always been politically divided on slavery, as on all other points, on that question the South had ever been solid and united. For more than half a century the South ruled the country. In 1860 the South was beaten in a fair election, and a party of the North hostile to slavery came into power. Did the South submit, as the North had always done, to the popular will expressed at the ballot-box? No; the moment they were defeated in the elections they rushed into revolution. So long as they ruled the Union they maintained it; when the majority was adverse they undertook to destroy the Union. The simple statement of the fact is the bitterest condemnation which can be uttered.

It seems a startling paradox to say that self-governing communities of English race, living in freedom and under a democratic system, should precipitate upon themselves and upon their country such an awful calamity, and for a cause so comparatively slight, so unreasonable, and so at variance with the first principles of American liberty. The problem can be understood and solved only by a close observance of the condition of the Southern mind. Slavery had of course a powerful effect upon Southern character. It made the ruling classes despotic, fierce, and impatient of opposition, and it bred the narrow contempt to be found in a greater or less degree in every aristocracy for all who differ from them, or who engage in pursuits which they think humiliating. Yet this of itself is an inadequate explanation of the action of the South. Slavery served merely to prepare the soil, in which the ideas carefully planted and nurtured by Southern leaders, drawn from the slave-holding class, grew rank and flourished. The leading theory was that the North had neither courage nor principle; and it is sorely to be lamented that there was some ground for this in the conduct of Northern politicians who helped the South, and were called "dough-faces" for their pains. But the universal acceptance of the theory lay in the colossal ignorance of the North which prevailed at the South. Most Southerners believed that they could leave the Union in peace when they saw fit, and that the North would not fight. Others, and among them Mr. Davis, thought there would be war, — an opinion which makes their course still worse than it would otherwise have been. But it is safe to say that all Southerners alike felt that the North could not fight, even if they tried. The cowardice, mean spirit, and love of money in the North had been preached so long that the Southern people had come to accept them as immutable truths. The South was cursed with the same miserable ignorance as that displayed by England when Lord Sandwich proclaimed the Yankees cowards. The South assumed that men of English blood, the descendants of the Puritans, the boldest and hardiest of their race, could not fight, and they paid for this ghastly mistake by four years of desolating war, by the ruin of their social system, and by utter and crushing defeat.

Blinded by this error, they were led by their false guides to believe that they were fighting for the constitution and for liberty. Even the fact that they held slaves could not disperse the idea that they were the champions of freedom. To a people thus confused, and with passions heated by a political issue which they were taught to think threatened their well-being, when it really could affect only a class, every species of lie was told, and upon them every

deception was practiced. Mr. Davis says now, as he and others said then to their followers, "Look at the awful growth of the national government! The very life of the States is in danger." They failed to point out that this overgrown government had reached that condition in a half century of almost complete control by the South. They omitted to show that the greatest stretches of power by the central government up to that time had been effected by Southern statesmen. And this is a specimen of their reasoning. The air was full of lies, equivocations, deceptions, and half truths, and in this atmosphere the South lived, thanks to the effects of slavery and a profound ignorance of their neighbors! Everything in the Southern mind was distorted and twisted. Nothing appeared to them as it really was, nothing had its true proportions; they lost in this way even the capacity to recognize existing facts, an attribute which Mr. Davis, as we see in this book, has never recovered, and the lack of which does so much to make the work typical and a living reproduction of an extinct species of thought.

This atmosphere of deceit went with them into the war, deepened their misfortunes, and made their downfall more complete. Take a few examples at random from Mr. Davis's book. What, for instance, can be said to a man who calls a mob, composed of the scum of a great city in a State forming a part of the Union, engaged in throwing brickbats at national soldiers, "noble and unarmed citizens;" who refers to Gettysburg as "a check;" who says the government at Washington imitated the worst days of the French Terror, in the border States? Words fail to do justice to a man who comes from a region where, in times of profound peace, men were hunted, imprisoned, and had a price set on their heads because they spoke and wrote against slavery, and who abuses fiercely the government of the Union for suppressing freedom of opinion and free speech because in time of war they put traitors in prison and kept them there, and no doubt occasionally made mistakes and confounded the innocent with the guilty.

There is no need to dwell upon such things; they are mere illustrations of the utter falseness which beset the South with a thick darkness. The South got light at last, but it was a painful operation. As we read this book we know where to place the deepest blame for the war. It lies not upon the Southern people as a whole, nor upon their soldiers, who fought so gallantly and well, — for we have no need to belittle ourselves or our country by abusing and slandering our opponents, as Mr. Davis does in his treatment of the Northern armies. No; the heavy burden of causing the war, of making it possible, rests upon the leaders of the South, at home and in Washington, who represented the great planters and slave-holders, the rulers and governors of their States. It was for their interest to maintain slavery as it stood. When, in the march of progress and of modern ideas, it became evident that human slavery was doomed, instead of accepting the inevitable; instead of yielding to a world-wide public sentiment, which forced even the Tsar of Russia to abolish serfdom; instead of seeking to guide the movement of emancipation, and by gradual steps destroy slavery and so save themselves, they set themselves against the tide. With great skill and tenacity they held the government and made the Union subservient to slavery for nearly fifty years. When power passed from them without a single overt act on the other side, they hurried the country into revolution and war, setting the national life at stake by so doing. They made it their business to deceive others, — they may perhaps in some instances have deceived themselves; but their purpose was to rule unchecked, and if that was not possible over the whole country, then

the nation must be sacrificed. It was a great crime against the country and against humanity, and among the class and the leaders who were guilty of it and responsible for it Mr. Davis stands conspicuous. We have no wish to indulge in any sectional feeling. We respect the men who fought well; we respect those who accept the result in good faith, and we wish for nothing so much as peace and good-will everywhere. But we cannot read this book and refrain from putting the blame where it belongs, — on the Southern political leaders. We have, furthermore, no desire to engage in the very simple amusement of abusing a man who has fallen below the point at which he deserves even hatred; but when he recalls to us what he and men like him were, and for what misery and sorrow, both North and South, he and his fellow-leaders of the Southern policy are responsible, the verses of Lowell ring in our ears, and will not cease: —

> "I 'd sooner take my chance to stan'
> At Jedgment where your meanest slave is,
> Than at God's bar hol' up a hand
> Ez drippin' red ez yours, Jeff. Davis."

SOME RECENT BIOGRAPHIES.

Livingstone's life was singular in what is, perhaps, the principal condition of a successful practical career ungoverned by extraordinary intellectual force, — the simplicity of its motives and ends. The continuous development of his character, the steady evolution of his plans, were a true growth, regular, harmonious, free from the intrusion of any stunting or deforming outward influences. No sudden discovery of new objects of effort, no expansion of view presenting human action in a widely different aspect, no revolution in belief reversing relative moral values, introduced complexity and discord into his life, as has been the case with other markedly conscientious men of his day. Dominated by one leading motive, tending to one main result, his career possessed a remarkable unity. He set out, a boy, to convert South Africa by the customary methods of missionaries. He soon saw that the developed religious ideas of Europe could not take root in a soil wholly savage and unreclaimed, — that barbarism must be overthrown before heathenism would yield; and so he came to direct his attention chiefly to bringing about social and economic changes, to suppressing the slave-trade and building a highway for commerce, and at last ended, as every one knows, by becoming the opener of a continent and the forerunner of a civilization. But until he was found by his attendants, on that May morning, kneeling and dead in the heart of Africa, he was always in spirit a missionary, and valued his labor less as contributing to extend the areas of knowledge and industry than as preparing the way for the coming of Christ to the peoples in darkness. The author of this volume [1] does not record, except in general, the progress of that great work, which is rather to be read in Livingstone's own writings; he sets himself only to the most pleasing and fruitful task of biography, — the illustration of character.

The simplicity of Livingstone's character makes any detailed presentation of it unnecessary, and even renders this

[1] *The Personal Life of David Livingstone, LL. D., D. C. L.* Chiefly from his Unpublished Journals and Correspondence in the Possession of his Family. By William Garden Blaikie, D. D., LL. D. With portrait and map. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

account at times monotonous, particularly in its insistence on his piety, — a quality which in this case was so little affected by its accessories as to fail of interest to the imagination after a brief space, and was in itself of such slight variety in mood and expression, and of so great natural privacy, as to make the reiteration of his prayers and pious ejaculations somewhat trying; for, however these words burnt with fire to the weary and solitary explorer, they have become to the modern mind a dry shell. Beside his piety, his abiding conviction that his refuge and his strength was God, he displayed a persistent and enduring courage, sagacity, independence, a power of self-sacrifice, and an utter devotion of life and resources to a cause, exceptional even among men of his own moral rank; but this catalogue of virtues, like an epitaph, is destitute of specific meaning to one ignorant of the circumstances in which they were bred and exercised. These circumstances, however, strange and romantic to a degree that will make his life ever a stirring one to youth and interesting to experienced manhood, must be sought in this book, of which the principal excellence is the author's choice and arrangement of such illustrative matter. Of all, the most striking thing to us, not to go too much into detail, was the success with which Livingstone established social relations with the natives. Amiable through life toward all associates, exhibiting, especially toward the blacks, such admirable thoughtfulness, tact, and kindliness, he was well endowed to win upon them by natural means; the surprise lies in the quickness and fullness of the blacks' appreciation of these qualities. He was aided in this task, of course, by the value he set upon the future of the African tribes, and by the readiness with which he looked beyond their childishness, grossness, and inactivity; and though an enthusiast is seldom free from illusion respecting the worth of his work, it is quite possible that Livingstone's estimate of their capacity may be justified by the event. Certainly the blacks in a savage state never appeared with so many of the fundamental good qualities of mankind as in his letters. One example of their intelligence ought not to be passed over. One day, as he was preaching to them upon the resurrection, they told him they could not believe a reunion of the particles of the body possible. He gave them a chemical illustration, and then referred to the authority of the Book that taught the doctrine. "And," exclaims the biographer, "the poor people were more willing to give in to the authority of the Book than to the chemical illustration!" "The poor people" may grow in mind, and possibly something may finally accrue to the wealth of the race from them; but whether the biographer's dreams, as well as Livingstone's, shall be realized, and a grand memorial pile rise at Ilala over his buried heart, and the like, is more dubious. There is no need of air-drawn rhetoric; through many real perils by land and sea, from beast and man, from disease, famine, and violence, Livingstone gained a definite success, of great significance to civilization in Africa. And apart from all success whatever, now or to come, he has given us the example of a faithful and inherently noble life, which utter failure could not have injured. America's share in his work, through Stanley, is familiar; but probably few know of the dearer tie which binds him to us in that his son Robert lies with the dead at Gettysburg.

The biography of Guizot, by his daughter,[1] is also mainly an illustration of character, but only as it was shown in private life. In the case of a man who played so great a part in the world's affairs, a biography that leaves his work

[1] *Monsieur Guizot in Private Life*, 1787–1874. By his daughter, MADAME DE WITT. Authorized edition. Translated by M. C. M. SIMPSON. Boston: Estes and Lauriat. 1881.

almost wholly out of account, and uses it but sparingly even in the way of side-light, must be somewhat unsatisfactory, and may easily be misleading. Guizot's life was one of great and long-continued activity, but here he is seen in his arm-chair; and as with Livingstone's piety, so with Guizot's warm and tender family feelings; attractive and pleasurable though they are, prolix repetition grows wearisome. A due regard for that reticence which is the law of refined intimacy would have suppressed some of these pages, but it is only just to add that Madame De Witt, in admitting a world of strangers to the secrets of her father's heart, has exercised unusual discretion. Guizot, no doubt, found in the love of his two wives and his children his principal relaxation; but this is not so extraordinary that it needs to be made much of. He relates that at Talleyrand's he remarked, "'Conversation is a great pleasure.' 'There is one still greater,' said M. de Talleyrand, with a somewhat scornful smile, — 'action!' Whereupon I retorted, 'Yes, prince; but there is another which is greater far than the other two, — affection!' He looked at me with some surprise, but without smiling. I think that this dry, corrupt old diplomatist had wit enough to see that I was right." Probably the "corrupt old diplomatist" thought he was a "green girl." But the youth had abundant opportunity afterward to test his words: he had conversation and action and affection in ample measure, and he held to the truth of his somewhat commonplace "retort." Of more interest to men, however, is the type Guizot affords of that French seriousness of which we need to be reminded from time to time. He must have derived this temperament from his ancestry of the *Désert*, for it was of an old-fashioned kind. He was a model youth, sober, industrious; a better companion for his elders, it would seem, than for his mates. These elders, M. Suard and M. Stapfer in particular, interested themselves in him, set him to work, admitted him to the salons; and he was rapidly advanced by means of the professor's chair, the doctrinaire state-craft, the minister's portfolio, until he became the chief adviser of Louis XVIII., to fall with the king. It does not come within the scope of this notice to estimate his contribution to the political growth of France or to the development of historical study; but we should recall that in the one he was a pioneer in the fruitful investigation of early French civilization, and that in the other he won the friendship of Lord Aberdeen and the satire of Heine. His early associations and his historic sense coöperated to render him conservative, both in politics and in religion: he trusted in God "without understanding him," and "bowed before the mysteries of the Bible and the gospel," and "refrained" from discussion of them; he had more faith in "guns" than in the ideas of the Revolution, and though he calls "national good sense" the "real Deity," — that national good sense which was in 1832 to "modify the short-sightedness and violence of the Reform Bill" in England, — still he does not seem to have conceived of a state resting on a true public. Of remarkable talents, but not of large-minded genius; of much force of character, but employing it in obstructing rather than in advancing progress; too often commonplace and obvious rather than brilliant and incisive in his utterances, he left the shadow of a great name, — possibly, like other shadows, larger than the reality casting it. After all, he wins, perhaps, most admiration and is most attractive when seen in the quiet privacy of his family: the knowledge of him there, where there was no place for coldness, stolidity, unscrupulous diplomacy, constitutional monarchy, and the like, must give the world a better impression of him than it has hitherto had, and is a gain. It is character-

istic of this volume that it contains little wit and few anecdotes.

Sir Anthony Panizzi was one of the men to whom the British Museum is most indebted. He was an Italian, exiled in early manhood in consequence of his connection with revolutionary schemes. On arriving in England, he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and after a time was appointed to a post in the British Museum, of which he finally became principal librarian. These volumes [1] contain, besides an account of his life, a sketch of the history of the museum both before and during his administration; the rest of the biography is taken up by a narrative of the relation of Italian patriots to one another and their attempts to free Italy, and by the political correspondence of Panizzi with statesmen like Thiers, and men of letters like Prosper Mérimée; and this portion is historically most valuable and intrinsically most interesting. There is nothing especially noteworthy for Americans, however, unless it be some very ungracious remarks about us by Mérimée, in condemning England for not joining Louis Napoleon in attacking us during the rebellion. Panizzi, himself, was an energetic, painstaking, and able officer; fond of a fight, apparently, and often in one, but always bearing himself well and coming off victor. His enmities are fully shared by his biographer, who sometimes takes up his defense in so insignificant matters that they might have been forgotten, as in the case of the remarkably inefficient young gentleman who was "hired as a supernumerary," and "discharged for incompetence." These volumes do not easily lend themselves to quotation or condensation; they are of permanent value, apart from their interest as biography, because of the light thrown upon the diplomacy of the time, and are of especial utility for librarians because of the insight afforded into the growth and management of the British Museum, — the present foremost position of which is chiefly due to Panizzi's intelligence and skill. The sketches of illustrious men which are inserted are a novel and excellent feature, many of the portraits being very vigorous and truthful.

Of the remaining biographies little need be said. That of Bishop Seabury,[2] largely occupied with a detailed narrative of bitter theological controversies long since the driest of dust, has but slight attraction to the secular mind, except so far as it gives glimpses of the trials and temper of the loyalists in the Revolution, among whom the bishop was a leader. The two bulky volumes upon Heine [3] are a mass of ill-grouped details regarding him, and of extracts from his works. The information is valuable, but the literary skill and judgment of the compiler fall far short of his industry, fidelity to Heine's memory, and satirical spirit toward Germany. The translation, too, is frequently at fault. The few events of Sir William Herschel's life [4] are recorded by Mr. Holden with simplicity, though not always in pure English. The book is an admirable scientific memoir, and it is to our national credit that one of our astronomers should be the first to perform this service for Herschel's memory.

[1] *The Life and Correspondence of Sir Anthony Panizzi, K. C. B.* By Louis Fagan. In two volumes. Authorized American edition. To which is appended a third volume, containing Twenty Years' Personal and Bibliographical Reminiscences of Panizzi and the British Museum, 1845–1865. By Henry Steevens, of Vermont, F. S. A., etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

[2] *Life and Correspondence of the Right Reverend Samuel Seabury, D. D.*, First Bishop of Connecticut and of the Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By E. Edwards Beardsley, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

[3] *The Life, Work, and Opinions of Heinrich Heine.* By William Stigand. In two volumes. New York: J. W. Bouton. 1880.

[4] *Sir William Herschel: His Life and Works.* By Edward S. Holden, United States Naval Observatory, Washington. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

THE ENGLISH COLONIES IN AMERICA.[1]

It is unfortunate for a book to be misnamed. Mr. Lodge, when he delivered his course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston, had an attractive and by no means a hackneyed subject. For our Western world, certainly, no more interesting and expressive conjunction of affairs appears than existed when the English colonies were growing to have a comprehension of a possible nation. There were more stupendous material results in the war which unshackled the slave, but the principles involved were not so far-reaching, nor was the transformation of peoples so promising of effects. Three millions of British colonists drawing together more from principle than from a common oppression, and resolving themselves into a nation, is a phenomenon which has in respect to potentiality as great a significance as modern history shows. The condition of these colonists at the time when the spirit of independence was rapidly ripening is a study of the utmost importance in the history of liberty and as indicative of a principle of autonomy. Phases of it have of course been studied by local historians, and it has come within the scope of the general historians. The growth of it in a comprehensive way has hardly, however, been followed except in Mr. Frothingham's Rise of the Republic, — a work of careful research, deserving more consideration than it has received or is likely to acquire, in view of its somewhat unengaging style. It lacks, moreover, in treatment just what Mr. Lodge's opportunity opened to him, — a picture of the social condition of the diverse peoples whose communities, distinct and grouped, stretched along an extended sea-board, coming near one another by sea communication, while a varied composition kept them foils or made them complements of one another. Nothing could be more picturesque than this contrast, which was not like that of the Northmen, for instance, in the Mediterranean, nor did it resemble the Latin and the Moor in Spain; but it was a more suggestive one, because these colonists formed varieties in the same race. In them the Roundhead and Cavalier of midland England were transformed into the Yankee and Virginian, and were left free to develop — and this is important — without constant contact. It was this contrast and conglomeration which was Mr. Lodge's proper theme. He had to show what were the conditions of society, the manners of life, the material environments, which made New England intensify herself in Sam Adams; which drew no lines of social demarkation between rank and file when the gathering bands of men shut up Gage and Howe in Boston; and which made most of the fine houses of her towns the homes of tories. He had to show a society which nurtured such extremes in New York as the youthful Hamilton and the Bourbonic Judge Jones, taking cognizance of that patroon society and the military understanding which made Philip Schuyler so different a character from Israel Putnam. He had to show how the English Quaker, the Protestant Swede, and the Moravian fused into the colonial Pennsylvanian; how the roystering solitary dwellers in the Virginia river bottoms produced on the one hand a Lord Fairfax, and on the other a George Washington; how the Huguenot and the English planter fortified their family citadels against the poor white and the negro slave in South Carolina.

[1] *A Short History of the English Colonies in America.* By Henry Cabot Lodge. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1881.

All these and many more symptomatic indications went to create a peculiar indigenous and almost tribal difference, marking off with the distinction of isothermal lines the latitudes of the coast. All along this verge the fate of these peoples had sometimes been accidental, always for a time uncertain. If Gorges' plan had not miscarried, the descendants of the companions of Endicott and Winthrop and Bradford had not been roused by the fear of bishops so much as by the imposition of stamp duties. The opportune coming of Captain John Smith and the immigration which his reports had incited only saved Voshaven and Crane Bay from remaining permanently on our maps where the English planted Boston and Plymouth. The Gulf Stream and the turbulence of Nantucket shoals are responsible for the sturdy yeoman courage which had exchanged Yorkshire for Holland finding its way to the pine forests of Southeastern Massachusetts, instead of planting communities on the shores of Jersey or on the banks of Delaware. The flight of birds which induced Columbus to change his course to the southwest prevented Carolina and Virginia from becoming the seat of Spanish power.

These are but a few of the striking events, insignificant as they must have seemed at the moment, which luckily or lucklessly turned the currents as they did. In the waters of Delaware Bay, there would have been no occasion for that primal political compact signed in Provincetown harbor. The Yankee shipbuilder and shoe-maker might, in such an event, have tilled a peach orchard. It may be a curious, if not profitable, speculation to forecast the future of New England, had the Pophamists of the Maine coast been vital enough to emulate the colonists of James River.

The very chance that things might have been different from what they were had a certain influence in fashioning events; and all the differential elements set off the contrasts bodily along the sea-board, with as little blending at the territorial conjunction as human nature would admit. Here was Mr. Lodge's field, and the only valuable part of his book is found in the interjected chapters in which this comprehensive picture is wrought. In these portions he has worked with a full purpose, free from make-shift, or make-weight, and the result is a valuable contribution; we do not know where to find a better in the same field. He says in his preface, "When I had finished these chapters for which the work was undertaken, I felt that it was essential to my purpose to give an outline of the political history of each colony, in order to present a complete picture of the various communities;" and so he intercalated sundry chapters, tracing briefly, under the head of each colony, the events of its previous history, to lead up, as he seemed to think, to the moment (1765) when he desired to analyze the condition of them all. Then, to cover this perfunctory work, he named his book in a way which completely conceals its real significance.

That there was some "leading up" necessary may be admitted, but it was unfortunately done too obtrusively, though hardly so much so as the misnomer on the back of the book would indicate. In those better chapters which illustrate the points of support of the coming Revolution, which survey the vantage-ground of liberty in the training in manners, thought, and business of the colonies, united but not yet confederated, the author has preserved not a little of just this retrospection, essential to a perfect comprehension of his subject. It may be a question of judgment, though not by any means capable of but a single solution, how much of this "leading up" was necessary. There was still room, certainly, for larger grafts in the essential text, without forcing a new division on the book; and that some such preparatory sketching was desirable is easily

shown. The difference between New England and Virginia in 1765 is doubtless understood better when we contrast the early and eager solicitude of the one to reinforce the ministry by the college, with the rude maxim of the typical Virginian which enjoined him to grow tobacco and damn his soul. We may not admire the whine and cant of Northern conventicles; nor may we esteem, on the other hand, the robust barbarism of the land of turpentine. We must, to be wholly intelligible in such a study, go back and trace to the prerogative party, as championed by Joseph Dudley in Massachusetts, the loyalist fervor which made Tory-Row in Cambridge: but we must equally track the small New England immigration which kept tough Yankee freedom safe in Georgia, and, when the time came, carried it over to the whigs. We must recede a century, surely, if we would comprehend the difference between toleration under Penn and license under Roger Williams, and see how each colony worked out its salvation accordingly. Persecution was no exclusive heritage, and it should be shown. There was the witch delusion in Massachusetts, the negro massacre in New York, Quaker and Baptist enormities in Virginia; and though these several communities had outgrown such barbarisms, there were traces of the old spirit still, and it needed to be studied.

But the question for the author really was an artistic one. A good book is made as a picture is painted, and should have proportion, perspective, things conspicuous by absence, and things salient and telling. The truth is, Mr. Lodge's book lacks a good deal of these artistic qualities of make-up, and fails by striving for too much. His insignificant but title-giving chapters blur the design. They do not comport with the plan. They show all the faults of the callow dramatist, who crams his plot with incident, instead of vigorously excluding everything which does not tend to advance the story. Not a crowding together of all events of the colonial progress (that is the work of the annalist), but the grouping of epoch-marking ideas and deeds, the selecting of everything tending to evolve the colonial unity, — this was what was wanted to make the retrospective part of the book fit to introduce the grand panorama of the Stamp Act period. As we said in the beginning, the title is a misnomer, and the book wants unity and proportion. It is unfortunate that so much honest work should not have been helped by the construction, and been made prominent by an indicative title.

TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

The spiritualists have taken heart to a great degree by the accession to their ranks of several men of considerable scientific repute. These men are William Crookes, F. R. S., the discoverer of the radiometer, and the author of a brilliant paper on Radiant Matter; Johann Carl Friedrich Zöllner, professor of physical astronomy at the University of Leipsic, one of the first scientific men to call attention to the photometry of the stars, for which he invented an ingenious photometer; William Edward Weber, professor of physics, and one of the first authorities in the subject of electricity and magnetism; Professor Scheibner, of Leipsic, a mathematician; Gustave Theodore Fechner, professor of physics at Leipsic; and Lord Lindsay, of astronomical fame. These men are certain-

ly notable converts to spiritualism, and one naturally examines with great interest the evidence they give for the faith that is in them. Professor Zöllner comes forward with a book which is entitled Transcendental Physics,[1] and presents this evidence to the world. Not only does it require moral courage to take the step which these men have taken, but it also requires a certain moral courage to touch the subject of spiritualism in literature; for the opponents of spiritualism regard the writer who endeavors even to expose its fallacies as one who shows a want of form; and the followers of spiritualism do not emulate the meekness of the early Christians, although desiring to class themselves with them as martyrs to a faith. The rigors of martyrdom have been much softened in these later times, and perhaps we should expect a corresponding absence of humility. It is true that there is a disinclination among scientific men to examine the subject of spiritualism. There are those, however, who regard it the bounden duty of scientific men to explain its phenomena or to give in their adherence to the faith.

We fear that the conversion of these scientific men to spiritualism is calculated to do considerable harm among those who do not weigh evidence carefully and are not in the habit of thinking for themselves. One opens this work of Zöllner with great interest, in the expectation of something substantial and more edifying than the dreary accounts of table-tippings, and the insane conversations of great men who, entering into a Nirvana, have apparently forgotten all they learned in this world, and have nothing better to do than to move chamber furniture. One hopes that no reference will be made to materializations of unhealthy and puffy spirit hands, — to the spirit of Colonel Smith, who has a *penchant* for getting under card-tables, and suddenly trundling them off. Unfortunately, this hope is not realized, and we must relegate this work on Transcendental Physics to the limbo where we have consigned the physico-physiological researches of Baron Reichenbach. One rises from its perusal with a feeling of sorrow. Is there anything in this book which purifies the heart? No. Is there anything which elevates the mind? No. Does the intellectual faculty grow keener by reading it? No. Why, then, should one spend time in discussing it? Simply because it is calculated to do harm from the weight of authority of the scientific men who support the utterances in the book, and because it is an evidence of certain psychological states of mind.

Zöllner's investigations begin with a coloring of scientific reasoning. He discovers that the habitat of the spirits is the fourth dimension in space. We say to ourselves, "Come on, this is interesting. In common with the rest of the world, the non-come-at-able has great charms for us too." In an interesting preamble which leads us to expect more, he explains what might possibly be done by beings who have the sense, so to speak, of the fourth dimension in space; who are able to conceive of motions in a realm shut to ordinary mortals. Place a string in the form of a circle on a table: a being who had the sense of but one dimension in space, who could move only on a plane like that of the table, could not straighten this string save by movements in the plane of the table, and could not conceive of beings like ourselves who could straighten the string by simply lifting it by one end, perpendicularly to the table. Following the same train of reasoning with respect to a complicated knot, beings like ourselves cannot untie a knot, except by move-

[1] *Transcendental Physics.* An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of Johann Carl Friedrich Zollner. Translated from the German by Charles Carleton Massey. London: W. H. Harrison. 1880.

ments in three dimensions, whereas beings with the sense of four dimensions could untie a knot as simply as we straighten the string which lies in a circle on the table.

This is interesting and suggestive, and we look for more, but are woefully disappointed. The scientific gloss has been given, and it is very thin. There may be beings who have this ability to work in four dimensions, or in *n* dimensions; perchance there are inhabitants beneath the fiery envelope of the sun; or gnomes beneath the crust of the earth. These suppositions appeal to an audience of children rather than to full-grown men. The rest of the book is made up of accounts of the usual spiritualistic manifestations, *bouleversement* of furniture, platitudes upon slates, raps under tables and behind tables, untying knots, appearance of pale, olive-green hands, penetration of wooden rings through wood, and so on, with a jargon of commentary colored by metaphysics. We ask ourselves involuntarily, Why do the lucubrations of spiritualists have such a strange likeness to each other, an unhealthy thinness, a nightmare atmosphere born of indigestion? Why is it that spiritualism never advances beyond pandering to the wonder element of mankind, and never builds a foundation? The reason for these peculiarities must be sought in the science of psychology.

In a company of ten one can often find one or two who can be carried out of themselves, so to speak, by the emphasis and force of conviction of one man. We know how a person of certain attributes can carry an audience with him even to the point of persuading men to believe what their calmer sense tells them to be untrue. We do not call in spirits to account for this action of man on man. We call it animal magnetism, which means simply that this action is a mystery, but does not imply that there is any resemblance between this impression of man on man and the attraction of two magnets. It is evident that the scientific way of investigating this impression of man on man is by the study of the human mind. This study builds up the science of psychology, and when a peculiar action of the brain is once analyzed and understood, it takes its place among the accumulations of our knowledge, and can be verified at any time. By the addition of fact to fact and experiment to experiment all human knowledge advances. Whenever a new science arises we apply a criterion to it, — the capability of having its facts verified; and if it does not satisfy this criterion we are forced to conclude that it is not a science. Spiritualism makes no addition to our knowledge; for it does not satisfy the above criterion. It is not logical to call in the aid of spirits to account for phenomena which may be peculiar states of mental action, or the impression of the nerve centres of one person by those of another. The first step is to study mental action. Our ignorance of the functions of our brains alone should make us reject spiritualism for the present: we have yet no bridge across this chasm of mystery, and we need no piers at present in spirit land.

The accession of scientific men to spiritualism counts for nothing, since scientific men can be deluded as well as other men. The faculty of being impressed by a person with certain attributes can reside in them as well as in untrained minds. Eminent jurists have joined the ranks of the spiritualists, and have been foremost in believing what we have set forth as having no criterion of truth. Their acumen while upon the bench is laid aside under the action of different mental states. Therefore the complaint of scientific men that they do not investigate spiritualism is a petulant one. Is a physicist or a chemist necessarily a student of mental phenomena? What fits a scientific man, who is not a psychologist, for the study of spiritualism? Certainly nothing but a trained

skepticism: and this skepticism exerted in one direction may tend to make him overlook the peculiar mental conditions which have not been brought to his attention during his life-time of study in physics and mathematics. The spiritualist points to Zöllner, Weber, Fechner, and Crookes, and asks, Are these men not brilliant men in science? Are they not trained observers? Are they not eminently well qualified to judge of the best conditions for experiment? In the same breath he answers the skeptical scientist thus: "Scientific men are unfitted to investigate spiritualistic phenomena, for they are unwilling to put themselves into a receptive attitude; they desire to judge of a new class of appearances, which require peculiar treatment, by old so-called scientific methods, which are utterly inadequate to cope with the new facts." Thus we are asked to respect the authority of scientific men when they believe in spiritualism and do not employ scientific methods, and to discredit it when really scientific methods are applied. Truly this argument is a two-edged sword!

Spiritualism starts with assumption, reasons upon assumptions, and ends with assumptions. Some one has said that a belief in spiritualism adds a new terror to death. Certainly none of us desire to be set at table-tipping, or to be at the beck of ignorant mediums, in an after state. On the other hand, we earnestly desire to be the pioneers in our search for knowledge. If there is any new manifestation of energy, any so-called force between man and man, we wish to be among the first to investigate it. How shall we train ourselves for our new quest? Simply by forgetting the old adage, "Knowledge is power," and by reducing the mind to a blank in order that the spirits may play their pranks along paths of no resistance. Here the psychologist must answer the questions, How far can the equilibrium of the mind be shaken, and yet allow of a return to reason? What corresponds in the mind to the state of elasticity of metals? How far can we play the imbecile before the permanent set takes place? You "do not require any preparation to become the medium of spiritualistic phenomena," replies the spiritualist; it is an inborn receptivity. It is not true that you bring more to that land of mystery than the land brings to you. Ignorance is better than so-called knowledge; for the knowledge of the world is misleading when a new order of facts is to be interpreted. To this point thus speaks Mr. Massey, the editor of Transcendental Physics: "We do not know all the conditions under which anything is said to have occurred; we cannot properly speak of it is as opposed to our experience. We do not know which of the circumstances attending even the most familiar facts of experience are conditions, and which are entirely irrelevant. Transport yourself to an imagined infancy of experience, and you could not predict from the fact that fire had burned you in one place or time that it would burn you in another." True, we reply; but how do we rise from this infancy of experience, this blank of the mind? We educate ourselves and learn to distinguish between the true and the false by exertion, not by remaining passive in order to allow the indefinite to stream through us.

When the mind of man is better understood, perhaps we shall perceive that what we call spiritualism must necessarily exist. In the progress of development the brutish past forms a superstitious horizon, where we relegate all that strikes us as mysterious in our environment. On that horizon is the shrine of spiritualism, and the love of the supernatural bids us minister there. Man must have a limbo for the unexplained, and the mind, imperfectly comprehending its own phenomena, naturally imputes to outside influences what it is not ready to recognize as its own action.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I SUPPOSE I express the feeling of hundreds of your readers in saying that I was intensely interested in Mr. Richard Grant White's article On the Acting of Iago; nay, more, — that I was absorbed and fascinated by it. One might search the magazines for a year without discovering a more brilliant essay on any subject. And with the substance of most of it I heartily agree. Iago's outer personality is depicted with vivid justness; and Mr. White's argument amounts to exact demonstration when he shows how essential the Venetian's frank and winning manners were to the accomplishment of his schemes, and therefore how faulty is the performance which makes his hypocrisy apparent, and deprives him of his peculiar power of gaining and inspiring confidence. *Per contra*, Mr. White's analysis of Iago's inner nature seems to me so grossly incorrect that I can account for its existence only upon the theory that he allowed a desire to complete his own clever parallel between Iago and the selfish modern society man to run away with him, and to "seel" his "eyes up, close as oak," to what is plainly written on the poet's page. Upon this part of his theme, naturally, he does not argue at all, condescends to cite neither chapter nor verse, and contents himself with straightforward and, as I think, unverified assertions.

Mr. White's propositions with regard to Iago's character are in substance these: that he is a "heartless," "selfish," "cold blooded," "unprincipled," "good-natured," "utterly unscrupulous scoundrel;" but that he is *not* "malicious" or spontaneously "malignant," and, by implication, has *not* a "soul full of hatred." In one place Mr. White says that Iago shows "no disposition to malice, or even to needless mischief;" in another that "he had no inclination to do harm to any one;" and in still another that he had "no special preference for wrong-doing." Mr. White finds that all of Iago's villainy springs from selfishness, pure and simple, working itself out in a nature absolutely unscrupulous, and having "for right and wrong in themselves neither like nor dislike." In opposition to this ingenious theory I assert that Iago was malevolent, malignant, and exceedingly malicious; that his soul was full of envy, cruelty, and hatred; and that, while supremely selfish and scheming always in the first instance for his own advantage, he took intense delight in evil and evil-doing for their own sake.

When Mr. White applies his theory of Iago's moral constitution to Iago's conduct, the theory goes to pieces at once on the rocks of the dramatist's text. Let us see if it does not. Mr. White says, Iago's "main purpose, indeed his only real purpose, was to ruin Cassio and get his place:" and this extraordinary statement is the real key-stone of his comment on the plot. In the first of the soliloquies Iago, direct as always when talking to himself, goes straight to the central truth. And what is his foremost word?

> "*I hate the Moor;*
> And [not *for*, observe] it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
> He has done my office: I know not if 't be true;
> But I, *for mere suspicion in that kind,*
> *Will do as if for surety.*"

Could the spirit of malignancy be more perfectly uttered than in the words which are in italics? But go farther in the speech, and trace the working of Iago's mind: —

> "Let me see now;
> To get his [Cassio's] place *and* to plume up my will
> In double knavery."

That is to say, to secure my own pro-

motion and to accomplish my will to injure Othello. And soon after, in his second soliloquy, he returns to the same idea in the words, —

"The Moor, — howbeit that I endure him not," etc.

Both before and afterward in his talks with Roderigo he shows his hatred for Othello, assigning his non-promotion as the cause, but by his intensity plainly indicating other reasons. Just how far Iago believed that his wife had played the wanton with Othello, and just how much he was moved by his belief, it would be hard to say. But Mr. White's comment is quite inadequate and misleading: "He did not quite like it, for some unexplained reason, that there was reason to suspect his wife with Othello." (Let me say, in passing, that Shakespeare nowhere says or implies that there was "reason to suspect" Emilia of infidelity.) But see how Iago utters his "not quite liking it:" —

— "the thought whereof
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife.
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure."

In the whole of the great soliloquy from which the above quotation is made the getting of the lieutenancy is only once mentioned, and then indirectly: gratification of his hatred and his desire for revenge is the mainspring of his purpose. His particular disappointment may have struck the spark, but the magazine had been stored and the train laid long before, and some other occasion would have served the same end. Mr. White's inability to account for Iago's "not quite liking" the idea of his wife's unfaithfulness is of a piece with his unphilosophical view of Iago's nature. But rightly viewed, how simple it all is! A cynical, selfish, and malevolent nature is almost always furiously jealous and envious. And this is just Iago's case: he knows his own wickedness, and therefore suspects every one; he does not care theoretically for any woman's purity, but the idea that any one should get an advantage over *him* fills him with rage; he hates so easily that "mere suspicion in this kind" serves for "surety," and with such absurd eagerness that he "fears Cassio with" his "nightcap too." Moreover, in obedience to the great law of life, he detests those whom he sees, in spite of his cynicism, to be of a noble strain.

It is as plain as can be that Iago's hatred of Othello is rooted in a consciousness of the Moor's moral superiority; the two ideas are constantly coupled in the text. Even Cassio he dislikes principally because of the Florentine's fair nature: —

"If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly."
(Act V. Scene 1.)

Desdemona's virtue he rejoices to "turn into pitch," and "out of her goodness" to "make the net that shall enmesh them all." Roderigo, a man of no moral worth, as well as of no force, he does not condescend to hate.

But it is especially in his maliciousness that Iago shows his true spirit. Instead of "having no inclination to harm any one," he plunges into the doing of injury with the intensest relish. It seems almost absurd to verify this statement by quotation, for Iago's speeches and actions are literally saturated with malice. But a few citations will not be amiss. Hear a bit of his dialogue with Roderigo, as he moves that foolish youth to set the story of Othello's elopement afloat: —

"*Iago.* Call up her father;
Rouse him [that is, Othello]: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't
As it may lose some color.
Roderigo. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when (by night and negligence) the fire
Is spied in populous cities."

In the scene with Brabantio, which follows, Iago runs the serious risk of discovery for the purpose merely of torturing the senator, and addresses himself to the business with the keenest gusto, his own intervention being in no way material to his schemes. In his practice upon Othello and Desdemona, with all his hypocritical smoothness, he shows the same passionate maliciousness over and over again; and the badgering of Roderigo he evidently looks upon in the light of a comforting recreation.

If I am right in my view of Iago's character, the impersonation of the part is more difficult than Mr. White admits. For the actor is bound not only to show how Iago appeared to others, but what he actually was. Through the soliloquies and asides the deeper malevolence of Iago's nature is to be displayed, and while the actor follows Mr. White's admirable advice as to his bearing toward the other persons of the drama, he should lose none of the countless chances of speech and action to exhibit Iago's intense, satanic maliciousness. Our performers have erred, no doubt, in dwelling upon one half of the truth, but it will be unfortunate if they run to the opposite extreme, and represent the man as other than the great lover and promoter of evil whom Shakespeare has drawn. Mr. Booth, in my judgment, comes very near the just and desirable mean.

— Among the Russian exiles in the mines of Siberia about the year 1848 was one young man who accepted his lot and its terrible surroundings with an admirable courage. He did the labor, ate the poor fare, and dragged the chain of the galley-slave in the daily companionship of ordinary criminals, assassins, incendiaries, and villains of the worst sort.

Instead of avoiding these miserable beings, he observed them with a powerful penetration, which was yet so tender and so patient that it made its way into the darkest places of their hearts. What he there found confirmed in him the convictions and ideas for whose sake he was in bondage with them; and the thrill of hope for Russia felt in these moral discoveries recompensed him for the physical degradation and suffering of his exile.

Thirty years later came to this convict's widow the sympathetic message of Alexander II., granting to her a life pension and to her children education by the state, in return for the invaluable treasure of her husband's life work; and she read through her tears the reverent greeting of the grand duke, now Alexander III., and from the younger grandsons of the Czar Nicolas this eloquent tribute: —

"We compassionate with our whole hearts the sorrowful loss that has befallen you. We knew your husband personally, and we have always appreciated his grand powers, his heart so filled with love for his country and his neighbor, and the salutary influence he has exercised. We share deeply in the universal mourning, and we comprehend the grandeur of this loss. May God sustain you in your profound affliction.

"Serge.
Paul."

In the year 1845, a young man, hardly more than a boy, sought out an eminent editor of St. Petersburg, M. Nekassoff, to whom he timidly offered for publication a manuscript novel entitled The Poor People.

The celebrated critic Bielinsky, to whom the manuscript was in turn submitted, took it up with the usual coldness of a much-manuscripted man, but was electrified by its power and originality, and pronounced it a masterpiece, the work not of an imitator but of an independent student and lover of the great

Gogol. To the small but gifted literary circle of St. Petersburg then grouped around Bielinsky belonged the brilliant editor Nekassoff and M. Dimitri Grigorovitch, author of Anton Goremika and Ribaki, which graphically picture the life of the Russian lower classes. These young writers sat up all night reading The Poor People together, and were so carried away by the generous enthusiasm it excited that they ran at daybreak to the young author's lodgings and wakened him in his bed to give him instantly their testimony of admiration. Thus delightfully came to Théodore Dostoïevsky the first greetings of a fame and love which, keeping pace with his labors, has been commensurate with his splendid desert.

The day of the publication of The Poor People — written when Dostoïevsky was only twenty-three years old — the author's name flashed through Russia. Everybody was asking who, what, and where this Dostoïevsky was. He was young, surely, for the book was hot with a fervor which belongs only to youth. But its theme, the history of the struggling lives of a group of poor people, such as nineteen years later Victor Hugo classed under the name, henceforth generic, of Les Misérables, was this the theme a young man would choose? And its wonderfully tender and calmly resolute vindication of the rights of the humble and disinherited of earth had the authority and the courage of ripe experience. The emotion excited by this book was the grander because of the benumbing surveillance sitting like the Old Man of the Sea on the shoulders of Russian literature, lest sentiments already suspected of wide germination in Russian minds should get to the surface and develop into organization.

But he who could thus agitate Russia's repressed thought was a marked man.

Three years passed, and in them appeared three more novels from Dostoïevsky's pen; then the young author was arrested on the charge of complicity with Petroschevsky in the revolutionary "plot" of 1848.

It is now well established that this plot was in reality nothing worse than the meeting of a considerable number of young men who dreamed and talked over social reforms which should as a matter of course entirely regenerate Russia by the simple process of eliminating all elements adverse to her moral progress. Petroschevsky, principally by reason of the strong personal attraction felt by all who approached him, was the natural centre of this group; and even if he advocated or would have carried into effect rash and dangerous measures, his adherents stopped at the point of passionately desiring a better order of things, and of innocently experimenting toward the good end. Nevertheless, Dostoïevsky, who was among these guileless enthusiasts, was condemned, with more than thirty others, to death; and only at the last moment, and in sight of the pillars where the condemned were to be bound for execution, was his sentence commuted to hard labor.

During four years of the prime of his early manhood he endured the slavery of the Siberian mines. Then, passing into the category of the simply deported, he was permitted to enter the military service, and was enrolled in the local body of troops then known as the Battalion of the Line, in which he served wearing the uniform of a common foot soldier until the opening of Alexander II.'s reign. He was finally promoted to be an officer, and a little later allowed to retire, with authorization to return to European Russia, but to remain exclusively at Tver. Early in 1860 this last restriction was removed, and he was free, after twelve years of exile, to return to St. Petersburg.

The restriction laid on his literary activity had been lifted in 1856, and his

work entitled One Resuscitated had appeared, followed by The Uncle's Dream, The Manor of Stepantchikovo and its Inmates, and other writings of minor importance. It was known that he had brought from the mines the terrible evil of epilepsy, and it was feared that his rare creative faculty had succumbed to the half paralysis of his physical and mental tortures. Under the shadow of these sympathetic apprehensions the exile arrived in St. Petersburg; and just when the splendid announcement that twenty-two million serfs were set free was kindling every patriotic Russian's heart with the most ardent hope for his country's future, Dostoïevsky felt the silent but powerful rush of new currents in the life channels of his thought. The next year, in connection with his brother Michael, he started a monthly review entitled The Times. At that time the literary impulse of St. Petersburg was imitative, and especially imitative of English characteristics. Michael Katkoff led this movement at the head of his review, The Russian Messenger. Yet Gogol's Dead Souls had shown that wit, humor, satire, and the subtle power which welds these weapons into one keen edge could be genuinely Russian; and Turgenieff's strong, gloomy, but suggestive Fathers and Sons (first published in 1861) is so Russian as to evade English translation.

Another key was struck in the programme of The Times. Dostoïevsky adopted a simple formula. The soil, he said, must first be understood, in order to know how to build anything solid upon it. He resisted the popular current mightily. He affirmed that if Russians, with their marked and diverse characteristics, their distinct and ineradicable peculiarities, were ever to attain the higher individual development which results in national coherence and progress, it must be first through the study of Russia and Russians; and that from this study no time could at this epoch be spared for the imitation of foreign literatures, or for reflection upon evils and reforms which did not touch, and could afford neither inspiration nor relief in the grave questions that concerned Russia's future.

In the midst of hot discussions provoked by this new doctrine appeared, close upon each other, blow upon blow, The Misunderstood and Prison Memories, books which will remain the most perfect and permanent of Dostoïevsky's works.[1]

Russians have not yet forgotten the emotion produced by these two new creations of the author of The Poor People. It was the unexpected and glorious fulfillment of the promise of his youth. These works were a touching and sublime proof that while in the gloomy school of the Siberian mines Dostoïevsky had hardly observed his own sufferings, as they silently took their abiding hold upon his life, so deeply had he been engrossed in studying the sources and causes of human misery; and he had come forth, not to move the public with eloquent repinings, but to show Russians to themselves, in pictures so startling and by an appeal so powerful as to stir the dullest comprehension, and galvanize the slenderest moral purpose. Russia had indeed a great genius and a courageous champion. And still this Great-Heart of the weak and the oppressed did not urge resistance or violent redress. He sought to convince, as an advocate pleading with a jury whom he believes ill-informed and prejudiced, but whose desire for justice he will not doubt.

He held his immense audience with irresistible power while the curtain rose upon the darkest scenes enacted on the stage of Russian history; and while the heart quivered and the imagination

[1] So far as we are aware, only one of Dostoïevsky's novels has appeared in English translation, Buried Alive, or Ten Years of Penal Servitude in Siberia. (New York: Henry Holt & Co.)

shrank, the same curtain rose on the possible transformation for which he labored. In this advocacy, so burning yet so calm, so patient yet so unhesitating, Dostoïevsky differed essentially from all who felt and labored in the same cause with him; by it he gained the mighty moral influence which he exercised during twenty years over a society composed of the most irreconcilable elements; for the social turmoil in Russia, if not well understood, is certainly widely known. His novel Crime and Punishment added yet new lustre to the author's fame.

"This terrible and heart-rending epopee of the intellectual proletariat of Russia," says a leading St. Petersburg journal, "stirred up all hearts from their depths. By a singular coincidence, in studying attentively the moral surroundings of the characters in his new novel, Dostoïevsky foreshadowed the possibility of a crime which some months later was actually committed, under circumstances almost entirely analogous to those he had described. The chapters telling of the murder of a usurer by Raskolnikoff appeared in The Russian Messenger just as the details of the murder of a usurer in Moscow by a student named Danieloff became known to justice. The coincidence was so striking that the publication of the novel was checked for some months, until it had been positively ascertained that the last chapters published were yet in the hands of the editors as manuscript at the time the crime actually occurred."

In the full tide of success, The Times was suppressed for its publication of an article upon the Polish question. Dostoïevsky started The Epoch in its stead, with the same editorial staff, but was obliged to suspend because of the death of his brother Michael, whose affairs were found in a bad condition. The novelist assumed the liquidation of his brother's debts, and from this date published most of his works in the Russian Messenger, which, having abandoned its previous policy, now sought for great names.

The Gamester, The Idiot, and The Demons, somewhat less coherent than his earlier novels, but of unabated power, appeared successively in The Russian Messenger. In The Demons, Dostoïevsky put in action a whole group of young conspirators, and the universal comment was, "Oh, how improbable!" But a few months afterward the legal proceedings in a celebrated case revealed the actual existence of just such a group. For many reasons the author could never have visited this coterie; he had literally divined its existence by the alchemy of his thorough knowledge of the elements at work.

His next book appeared in The National Annals. Then came the events of 1876–77. Sharing in both the agitation and enthusiasm of the time, Dostoïevsky, desiring to speak with entire freedom, founded his unique periodical, The Diary of a Writer, a publication written wholly by himself. Its success, deemed so problematical, surpassed not only the public's but the founder's expectation. These serious, fervid monologues, which had the peculiar charm of appearing to be, as in the deepest sense they were, personally addressed to the individual reader, were eagerly sought for. In them Dostoïevsky said the hardest things with an immovable conviction of having the right to speak them, which held the attention and commanded the reflection of those who liked them least.

He continued to issue this periodical for two years, during the second year occupying himself more particularly in battling with the propaganda of the revolutionary party; and in this struggle he was indeed grand, deliberately risking his moral ascendency over young Russia, which so ardently loved him. Believing in the reforms they desired with an earnestness that transcended theirs,

he could not approve their methods, and there was a quality in the passionate sincerity of his words which made them insusceptible of other than his own interpretation. It seemed that he could not be misunderstood, and instead of being estranged by his unswerving fidelity to conviction, the youth of Russia attached themselves more and more to the man who did not withhold from them the sharpest truths. He relates a little incident, showing the perfectness of this relation, which deeply touched him. In 1879 a pamphlet attacking Russian students of both sexes appeared in Central Russia. It was written with energy and sarcasm, and caused a great sensation, resulting in a furious polemic. A great portion of the press seemed disposed to defend the students. But it was not to the papers that the students looked for their defense; by one impulse they turned to Dostoïevsky. "I cannot defend you," said Dostoïevsky to their appeal. "In this *brochure* there are absurd calumnies, intermixed with incontestable truth. In refuting what is false I should be obliged to admit that the rest was true, and this would do you more harm than the brochure itself."

"That is true, Théodore Michaelovitch!" exclaimed the students.

Some months after, when Dostoïevsky took part in a public reading, he became the object of the warmest ovation from a body of these same students, who crowded around him with every mark of veneration, confidence, and affection.

The Diary of a Writer was temporarily neglected that he might complete The Karamasoff Brothers. Afterward he went to Moscow (in which city he was born, October 30, 1821), to take part in the fêtes to the memory of Pushkine. He delivered a noble oration, and received warm demonstrations of the public love. Yet he had in no wise disarmed his adversaries. His exceptional ascendency over the Russian public did not mean an equally universal acquiescence in his ideas, and it is probable that the reappearance of The Diary of a Writer would have intensified the contest. But only one number of this republication has appeared, and it will have no successor.

There is in St. Petersburg a little narrow street, famous because of one modest dwelling, with the way to whose threshold the feet of all young Russia have long been familiar, and which no Russian, young or old, of whatsoever distinction, party, or opinion, has touched but with venerating thoughts. It is the home of Théodore Dostoïevsky. Here, after the triumphs of last summer, his popularity deepening under tests which had seemed seriously to threaten it, life began for the first time to appear to him in itself sweet and desirable. His championship of truth had risen to a pedestal where none assailed it. His wife and his little son and daughter were with him, his work opened freshly before him, his financial situation was less difficult, and the future seemed to smile on the man whose existence had hitherto been one of constant suffering. But the exile and hard labor in youth, the battle and the poverty in ripe years, epilepsy with its consequent acute physical distresses, — these, no public love, no private peace, no smile of fortune, could undo.

The sudden rupture of an artery in the lungs was followed by copious hæmorrhages. These, alternating with apparent improvements, lasted four days, and then, on the evening of Wednesday, January 28 (February 9), 1881, he died, sinking away softly and without agony.

The news of Dostoïevsky's death electrified the Russian public. It had happened almost without being observed. Early the next morning the room where his body lay — august with the scars of the convict's chain and the enfeebling rig-

ors of slavery — was filled with people. Drawn from the most divergent circles of thought and condition, the throng grew, till not only the house but the whole street was packed, and by evening the press had become so great that the lamps went out for lack of air. Between the hours of seven and nine that night more than six thousand people — among them the highest public functionaries, *littérateurs*, artists, and celebrities of all grades and views — had saluted in common lamentation the mortal remains of this beloved Russian.

— The authorities connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts have set about making a collection of costumes for the use of art students and artists generally. They started with the costumes of the "olden times" in New England, and by a system of diligent inquiry, aided by voluntary contributions, which have begun and are most likely to continue, they expect to make a very valuable and, eventually, nearly complete collection. The idea was suggested by resident artists who desired to paint historical *genre* illustrative of events and home life in old New England, and who had met with the greatest difficulty in procuring trustworthy information upon the details of the costumes worn in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and the first years of the present century. The complaint among figure-painters in America, that historical and legendary motifs are practically inaccessible on account of the extreme difficulty of acquiring a knowledge of the necessary details, is very general, and the fact has undoubtedly deterred capable and ambitious artists from attempting to delineate such subjects. The assistance that can be furnished only by the testimony of accessories — whether original and authentic or accurate reproductions — is precisely what the committee hope to be the means of providing. They intend to collect whatever they can in the way of old costumes, or even the smallest parts of old costumes, beginning as far back as possible, and to select the most desirable for exhibition and use in the life classes. It is proposed to place them at the disposal of artists, under proper restrictions, and to make such a display of the articles as will best interest visitors. In the neighborhood of those localities in Massachusetts which were first settled there are many families who treasure among their heir-looms parts of costumes or bits of embroidery dating back two centuries, and efforts will be made to secure the loan of them, if they cannot be bought.

At the same time the committee are at work in another direction, which from the very beginning has been fertile in valuable results. In connection with the school a course of lectures upon Greek costumes was given in Boston last winter, and the costumes, made according to the most trustworthy data, became the property of the Museum. This plan is to be followed out until a study has been made of the costumes of all nations. The white costume worn by Œdipus, in the Greek play performed at Harvard, in May, was loaned from this collection. In continuing the study of Greek and Roman costumes, attention will not be confined to the costumes of any particular class or sex. The soldiers, gladiators, and slaves, the poorest as well as the most opulent and honored citizens, will be carefully studied, and the costumes prescribed for the different stations and occupations in life will all be reproduced and retained as the property of the Museum. When completed it will be such a collection as does not now exist either in this country or abroad. Any art school, or persons who are sufficiently interested, will be privileged to duplicate what has already been done in part or whole, and every facility will undoubtedly be afforded those who apply.

— I was talking, the other day, with a literary man about novels of the old

school, notably Miss Burney's. Can anybody read them now? Yet look at the popularity they had in their day, the encomiums Dr. Johnson growled over them, the flutter they created in London; and to-day they are crude and dull. Miss Austen's admirers are dying out, too, though I remember the late Mr. Edmund Quincy once saying to me that he measured the mental status of any new acquaintance by asking if he liked Miss Austen's novels; if he did not, he was put out of Mr. Quincy's good graces instantly. To me the strong mannerism of the stories is unpleasant; character is subtly drawn and situations are sharply painted, but there is a repetition of phrase, a sort of verbal monotony, that deprives the narrations of sparkle, vivacity, life-likeness.

— Borrowing the ring of Canace for a little while, the other day, I obtained, through its magic agency, much curious gossip afloat in the feathered world. Among other results of my eavesdropping, I ascertained that every winged creature, from the eagle to the titmouse, has strong convictions on the subject of fire-arms and the posterity of Nimrod. I was not so much surprised at this information, since it completely tallied with all my previous observations and surmises. Had I not frequently noted the hysterical outcry of my old friend, the robin, at the report of some marksman's pistol, not so very close at hand, and certainly not in itself a more ominous sound than many constantly occurring in the neighborhood? The rambler who carries a field-glass with him, and uses it in pursuance of a closer acquaintance with the birds, may have observed that he becomes the object of universal suspicion. They doubtless imagine he is leveling some new destructive patent at their silly heads, — the tradition of the "optic glass" being slow to obtain against the older tradition of the shot-gun. Disarming his eye of the offensive instrument, he is frequently permitted to push his investigations much more familiarly and successfully. It is a well-known fact that sportsmen, when in the vicinity of a covey, keep their guns out of sight until the moment of requisition, a fact which would indicate a precocious intelligence and wariness in the bird's-eye view of the situation.

In this connection, I recently heard of a very ingenious hunting strategy. It was a "wild goose chase," — one, however, that succeeded. A certain farmer saw a splendid specimen of the anserine family in the border of his wheat-field, and resolved to secure the prize. His method of procedure was novel and suggestive: instead of calling up his yeomen, unleashing the pack, or setting the falcon free, the man took his gun, went through the barn-yard, and drove his cattle out into the lane close to the field of enterprise, himself walking among them. The bird was not afraid of the cattle, and did not perceive the man. The artifice was successful, and ultimately the commodore of many autumnal migrations, suspended by his glossy neck at the market door, became the wonder and admiration of the village.

If the birds have not this tradition of fire-arms among them, are not suspicious of sporting proclivities in every member of the human family, why should they not manifest the same distrust and shyness in their associations with the cow and the horse and other large animals? It is plain that the bird of the air is on terms of exceptional confidence with the beast of the field. I can readily believe the somewhat apocryphal story Herodotus tells of the amiable and obliging conduct of the trochilus towards the crocodile; also the modern traveler's story about the little bird in the African jungle that warns his leonine friend of the hunter's approach. Elsewhere I read significant testimony in the account of a traveler who had

penetrated to a portion of the Ethiopian interior which, it was believed, had never before been visited by man. He found the birds and other small animals, usually accredited with a large share of cautionary instinct, absolutely without fear of the new arrival.

I fancy, if bird-shooting were to become a lost sport, that an Orpheus of quite indifferent musical accomplishment would be able to gather the birds about him. When the kingdom of Arcadia comes (as in that virginal, mid-African region), there will be no fear of the fowler or of the trapper.

— It is hard for lovers of domestic animals, dogs and horses especially, to believe that there is no future life for creatures found capable of being made companions of by man in a very real though imperfect way. If their existence end with their short span on earth, there seems something in their lot that does not exactly square with our ideas of just dealing towards them. It is sad to think there is no compensation in store for the trials of their dependent condition. Dogs and horses have too much genuine sensibility for the human superior who pretends to sensibility himself to acquiesce in the notion that they are created solely for his use and pleasure, and have no rights that he is bound to respect. But it may be that with some of us this is the deepest source of our kindliness of feeling to our dogs and horses. If there is to be nothing beyond for them, we say, let us at least do what we can to render their poor brief lives here happy. And it is for this reason that I am often troubled on their account; where there is so much sensibility I wish there were more intelligence, for it is really impossible at times to avoid hurting a good dog's feelings for want of a better mode of communication between us.

Those who have made dogs their intimates must have noted the marked individuality to be found in them, which seems one of the arguments in favor of their possible evolution into higher existences. There is my friend Roderick: he is like a man of whom we say that he will be a boy all his life, if he lives to be eighty. There is an incurable childishness of nature in him: a simple, merry, affectionate, slightly stupid boy he will be to the end of his days. In contrast with him was a dog I once owned. It may seem specially absurd to associate dignity with a small Skye terrier, yet this terrier's chief characteristic was his personal dignity; and to remark upon his intelligence in his presence, as implying that he could be without it, would have seemed almost as much of an insult as to speak thus of any gentleman of my acquaintance. Buck was without exception the most thorough little aristocrat imaginable. He was never known to provide against possible hard times of scanty fare by burying the bones of to-day's dinner; in the absence of his family he refused to console himself with the company of servants; he disdained the fellowship of plebeian canines altogether. There was always in his carriage the unmistakable *air noble;* a tinge of reserve marked his manner with strangers, while with his friends he was affable and cordial; but it was only in the family circle that he ever relaxed into genial joviality of intercourse. It was impossible for Buck to commit a *gaucherie;* his *savoir faire* was perfect. His pride was his only fault; though it kept him from low associates, at the mere sight of whom indeed his tail curled high with contempt, there is no doubt that with him it was a virtue in excess, leading him sometimes to despise the proffered friendship of a worthy animal against whom there was nothing but the lack of a pedigree as clearly traceable as was the little gentleman's own. Another dear dog friend was my lamented Colin, who possessed an individuality as distinct, although less easily describable.

Refined to the tips of his paws, his refinement was less the result of birth and breeding than the flower of native sensibility; he was above all things a dog of sentiment, as one look into his large melancholy brown eyes would reveal to the discriminating observer. He was a beautiful creature, but entirely without pride; of a sensitive, loving nature, devoted to his family, but extremely shy of strangers. Buck, although far too dignified to pick quarrels, was always prompt to maintain his honor against the greatest odds, and when hostilities seemed imminent, head and legs would grow fairly rigid with proud determination; but Colin, though sufficiently courageous, and even a fierce combatant when driven to engage, decidedly preferred peace if possible.

No words could have told more plainly than his conduct the distress and struggle of mind he underwent on one occasion, when another dog of ours with whom Colin had lived from puppyhood was being punished for the crime of chicken-killing. The offender, Fritz, was a handsome, fascinatingly saucy, but unintelligent Spitz, a perfect devil-may-care of a chap. He was being severely castigated, but the scamp was tough in body and mind, and it took a good deal to draw a cry from him. Poor Colin hovered about the scene in an agony, yet compelled to remain a miserable spectator, until at last Fritz uttered a howl of pain, when Colin, unable to endure the sight of his comrade's suffering any longer, made a frenzied dash at the leg of his beloved master and tore his trouser through to the leather of the boot beneath; then, overwhelmed with the sense of what he had been impelled to do, he fled in despair, and did not reappear till nightfall. The incorrigible Fritz meanwhile, reckless of disgrace, and forgetful of his pain the moment he was released, betook himself unconcernedly to his usual sports, wondering a little, it may be, what had become of his mate. They were an incongruous pair to be chums, certainly, but that the gentle Colin was fond of such a ne'er-do-weel as Fritz proves the power of the habit of early friendship among dogs as among men.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. The first volume of L'Art for 1881 (New York: J. W. Bouton) deepens the impression which the perusal of the separate numbers must have produced on the reader: that L'Art is quite without a rival in its own kind. The excellence and variety of its engravings and etchings are admirably supplemented by the letter-press. — Perhaps the next best thing to visiting the Paris Salon of 1881 is the privilege of examining the Illustrated Catalogue, edited by M. Dumas, and obtainable in this country at Mr. J. W. Bouton's, No. 706 Broadway, New York. The Catalogue is a handsomely printed volume of three hundred and fifty pages, and contains about three hundred and eighty reproductions in *fac-simile* after the original drawings of the artists represented. The work is sold at $1.25 per copy, but the American publisher fairly warns the public that the price may be increased after the closing of the Salon. — The ninth part of M. Racinet's Le Costume Historique is especially rich in its colored engravings. Too much praise cannot be given to the plates illustrating the Venetian costumes of the latter half of the sixteenth century and the Japanese costumes of the present period. Among the valuable things in the letter-press is an interesting and careful description of a Pompeian house. (J. W. Bouton.) — The American Art Review for July (Estes & Lauriat) is an admirable number of that magazine. The publication deserves the warmest encouragement of all who are interested in art matters.

Education. Algebra for Schools and Colleges, by Simon Newcomb, Professor of Mathematics in the United States Navy, forms the third volume of Newcomb's Mathematical Series. (Henry Holt & Co.) The line of study marked out by the author does not differ in essential respects from that pursued at our leading preparatory schools and colleges. The student who masters both divisions of

this work, the Elementary Course and the Advanced Course, will find himself well prepared to undertake the most difficult branches of the science under consideration. — Under the general title of School Classics, Clark and Maynard are issuing a carefully edited series of little pamphlets containing selections from the best English poets and prose writers. These books are designed for supplementary reading, and are admirably adapted for the purpose, the text of each author being intelligently annotated, and the derivation of all the most difficult words given. Among the writers represented in the seventeen parts already published are Byron, Milton, Shakespeare, Macaulay, Scott, Coleridge, Burns, Goldsmith, and Campbell. — Charles Scribner's Sons have published a very valuable and exhaustive manual for the use of the navy, merchant service, and yachtsmen. The author, E. F. Qualtrough, master, United States Navy, deserves the thanks of every one who takes to salt water for business or for pleasure. The work has evidently been prepared with the greatest care and knowledge. It will be a very experienced sailor who fails to find fresh information between the sea-blue covers of this compact little volume. The book is generously illustrated with diagrams and colored plates, and comprises nearly six hundred pages. — Clark and Maynard's New Manual of General History, by John J. Anderson, Ph. D., promises to be a valuable series of hand-books for high schools and academies. The initial volume of the course treats of ancient history, is fully, though not very skillfully, illustrated, and contains a sensibly arranged index. — The Young Folks' Astronomy, by John D. Champlin, Jr. (Henry Holt & Co.), is an admirable little text-book for beginners, who ought to find it as entertaining as a fairy tale. The same publishers send us Mr. S. H. Scudder's book on Butterflies, an exhaustive study in a department of natural history where Mr. Scudder is *facile princeps*. — Punctuation and other Typographical Matters, for the use of printers, authors, teachers, and scholars, by Marshall T. Bigelow, is a little work which it would be difficult to overpraise. Mr. Bigelow, for a long time a member of the great printing firm of Welch, Bigelow & Co., is an accomplished proof-corrector. The accuracy and elegance which have always characterized the typography of the University Press were in the first instance due to him. There is no work that requires more careful training or a greater number of rare qualifications than proof-reading. Mr. Bigelow's book is a practical treatment of the subject, and enlarges the reading public's obligation to him.

Fiction. Mr. Howells's new volume is a collection of short tales or sketches. (J. R. Osgood & Co.) In addition to the initial story, which gives the book its title (A Fearful Responsibility), it contains Tonelli's Marriage and At the Sign of the Savage, both of which originally appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, one in 1868 and the other in 1877. — Octave Feuillet reached his high-water mark in Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre and in his two volumes of Proverbes and Comédies. The History of a Parisienne (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) is a sad falling off from those works. The story itself is insignificant, and is poorly told. Feuillet seems to have lost the art which once made his prose delightful. We are speaking of the French text: the translation, as careless as it is, does but little hurt to the original. At the close of his rather reckless narrative the author suddenly takes the attitude of a moralist. Whenever a French novelist claims to have a purpose with a large *P*, it is safe to assume that he intends to be particularly indecent. — In A Romance of the Nineteenth Century (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. W. H. Mallock does a great deal to prove that he is not so clever as we thought him. — Baby Rue, the latest issue of the popular No Name Series (Roberts Bros.) is a novel of frontier life thirty or forty years ago, and will satisfy the reader who has a taste for wild adventure and dramatic situation. — Mr. Cable's Madame Delphini (Charles Scribner's Sons) is one of those stories of early Creole days in New Orleans which Mr. Cable likes to tell, and tells so charmingly. Time and change have lent to this period a quality of romance which Mr. Cable turns to excellent account. Madame Delphini, however, is greatly inferior to The Grandissimes, not only in intent but in execution. The author of Lorimer and Wife (G. W. Harlan) has written several novelettes which have just missed being clever in plot, though the execution has always fallen far short of cleverness. Of Lorimer, who spoiled the gorgeous name of Claire Gascoigne when he married that young lady, there is not much to be said. — The masked author of Patty's Perversities, the fourth issue of the Round Robin Series (J. R. Osgood & Co.), tells a bright, light story of a kind that finds favor with summer readers. It is not so good as A Nameless Nobleman and A Lesson in Love, the first and second novels of this series, which is already a success. — Once a Year, or the Doctor's Puzzle, by E. B. S. (Robert Clarke & Co.), is a pleasantly written little tale. On laying down the book, however, one can scarcely help thinking of the mild mineral waters which enter so largely into the composition of the story. — Mildred's Cadet (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) is a pointless story of West Point.

History. Mr. John Durand's translation of Taine's The French Revolution (Henry Holt & Co.) has reached its second volume. It is too early to speak of the work, though its defects and merits are obvious. It is not necessary to say that the translation is carefully done.

Miscellaneous. There must be persons who consult manuals of dress and millinery, or such elaborate books as Miss Oakey's Beauty in Dress (Harper & Bros.) would have no *raison d'être*. If any one expects to find fine writing in works of this class, Miss Oakey will not disappoint: for example: "The golden blonde with the roseate skin and the golden blonde with the pale luminous skin must choose their colors differently." — The reader will come across some serviceable hints in Mr. Oakey's Home Grounds. (D. Appleton & Co.) The chapters on lawns and grass plots and trees are to be commended to persons who are fortunate enough to have country homes.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

Dr. Mulford's "Republic of God," which one of the leading thinkers of America has pronounced "a colossal work of thought," has attracted remarkable attention. Rev. T. T. Munger, author of "On the Threshold," says of it in *The Christian Union*:—

In its main features and in its treatment of controverted points it is keyed to modern thought; in technical phrase, it is of the Broad Church.

It will be seen by all who read this volume that it will do much to allay the conflict of doubt and denial that wearies and distracts so many minds and hearts. It is the larger view that resolves the contradictions into unity; we may almost say that it is by the very largeness of its comprehension a demonstration of the faith.

The New York *Times* says:—

Nothing like this unique book has yet been written. It is a strong, clear, positive statement of the theology of the Christ, directed to the thought of the age. For the most part it is the statement of the truth of all ages as it concerns the spiritual life of man. The prime thought of the book can no more be shaken than the eternal hills.

Mr. Mead's "Philosophy of Carlyle" deservedly attracts no little attention as a thoughtful, judicious, sympathetic endeavor to set forth the distinguishing characteristics of Carlyle's views of religion, politics, literature, and life. The *American*, of Philadelphia, pronounces it "one of the best and most thoughtful books on Carlyle that readers on either side of the ocean are likely to see, a book which even those who do not share in the author's views will none the less enjoy," and calls attention to the "very interesting section on 'Carlyle and German Thought.'" The *Evangelist*, of New York, remarks:—

With a profound respect and admiration for Carlyle and his work, he has succeeded in producing a book of genuine interest and merit, which every friend of Carlyle will enjoy and be grateful for.

The Boston *Journal* says:—

After the vast amount of material relative to Carlyle — reminiscent, critical, eulogistic, anecdotic, objurgatory — which has found its way into the papers and magazines during the last few months, it is at once a pleasure and a relief to take up a compact and thoughtful essay like that by Mr. Mead, in which a sincere and unusually successful attempt is made to fix Carlyle's true position as an intellectual and moral force. Mr. Mead writes calmly, and his view is broad enough to take in all of Carlyle's work and career.

Miss Phelps's New Novel, "Friends," has already been read by tens of thousands, and the interest in it and discussion about it increase rather than diminish. The Rochester *Herald* says of it:—

This is a charming work and worthy of its accomplished author. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps could write nothing dull or stupid. Every sentence either sparkles with the light of a playful fancy or is weighted and serious with thought. She possesses the power and the art to suggest more than she says, and the appreciative reader constantly finds himself reading between the lines as well as the lines themselves. It is an exquisitely wrought tale, striking the cultivated reader's fancy as a delicate piece of lace would his eye. And, for the sake of those who are anxious on that point, we will say that it ends in the most agreeable and satisfactory manner.

The Portland *Transcript* remarks:—

If there is a slight strain of morbid feeling and sentiment pervading it, it is none the less clever, interesting, and not lacking in pathos, and a certain power. One great charm lies in its originality, for Reliance Strong, the heroine, is not another "Avis," but quite a new creation. That it will be an attractive summer book there is no doubt, and many people will find it much more than that.

Mr. Fawcett's New Story, "A Gentleman of Leisure," is one of the most read and most readable of this summer's novels. The fact that it has a positively patriotic aim renders it all the more acceptable to thoughtful readers. The New York *Evening Post* says:—

The story itself is slight, though it comes to a definite end, as the story in "A Hopeless Case" did not. It would not be difficult to criticise some small details of execution, but the task would be ungracious, and most readers will be too well pleased with the manly tone and tendency of the work to find small fault with a novelist who does a service that greatly needs to be done, a novelist who writes of the life with which he is closely acquainted, and who manfully emphasizes his respect for his native land, and his contempt for the weakness and affectation of those who are ashamed of their country.

Synnöve Solbakken quite charms critics as well as general readers. The Boston *Gazette* says of it:—

"Synnöve Solbakken" is a Norwegian love idyl, simple in plot, but told with such charm of style, the characters are drawn with so much naturalness, and the whole is so healthy and vigorous in tone, that the book forms the most delightful reading. The author's powers of description are so vivid

that his personages and the scenes amid which they move impress themselves upon the mind with all the force of realities. The story is fascinating in its truth to nature, its strength of color, its fine contrasts, and its many exquisitely tender and pretty interviews between the two lovers. The quiet and quaint homeliness of the whole lends it a fresh and welcome attractiveness.

The Portland *Transcript* pronounces it "a story of indescribable fascination." The *New England Journal of Education* says: —

No better romance can be found for summer reading than "Synnöve Solbakken." An exceedingly interesting biographical sketch of Björnson, the great Norse poet, novelist, dramatist, orator, and political leader, precedes the story.

Professor Diman's Important Work on "The Theistic Argument" is received with remarkable favor by the best critics. Its ability, candor, and literary charm are acknowledged to make it one of the most notable and engaging of recent works of its class. The New York *Times* says: —

The spirit of philosophic calmness and absolute toleration have reached a point in these lectures beyond which it is difficult to imagine any further development. His respectful attitude towards his opponents, his careful and candid statement of their arguments, and his extremely courteous replies to their weakest and shallowest cavils, amount oftentimes to absolute irony. His manifestations of deference for atheistic writers far exceed any regard that they are in the habit of displaying for each other. And yet the whole tenor of his able and elaborate treatise indicates that its author has realized the high importance and solemn grandeur of the subject before him. He bears witness to the incontestable fact that the sense of the supernatural has been in all ages the most potent factor in the development of character; that it has supplied the great ideals of human action; that it has furnished the controlling and sustaining motives in the diversified movement of human life.

The *Lutheran Observer* remarks: —

The arguments for Theism are presented with a fairness, fullness, acuteness, and vigor that make them most convincing. The conclusions are placed on the most positive and solid grounds. The argument is so conducted as to touch all the most recent forms of error. The presentation is even with the newest phase of speculative unbelief.

White's "England Without and Within" is heartily welcomed and admired by those competent to judge it. The New York *Tribune* says: —

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Mr. Fields's "Underbrush." — Just before his death Mr. Fields had prepared a new and enlarged edition of this "Little Classic" volume, in which he gathered his very agreeable miscellaneous essays. Of this the *Springfield Republican* says: —

A new edition of the "Underbrush" of Mr. Fields followed almost immediately upon his funeral, and will be read all the more because the author is no more. It contains some things which the first edition did not, namely, the last five chapters, making more than 100 pages, at the end of the volume, and including an "Epistle to Leigh Hunt in Elysium," which is one of the most favorable specimens of Mr. Fields's literary style — a quality that also appears in the earlier chapter, "My Friend's Library." In pieces of this sort, Mr. Fields had a skill of writing and a power of communicating valuable matter which is really enviable, and will enhance the worth of whatever may be hereafter published from among his papers. Other chapters in "Underbrush" are good examples of humor, a trait which he had in a high degree, so that some of his papers are most amusing. Altogether the book is better than it has ever been reckoned, and deserves all the praise it will now receive.

The *Christian at Work* says that "every chapter in it has something pleasant to read and remember."

Dr. Holub's "Seven Years in South Africa" has proved a great success both in England and on the Continent. The London *Academy* states that in Germany it has sold to the number of 12,000 copies. A Czech edition has also been in good demand, and a translation in Russian is now called for. The London *Spectator* says: —

It has the valuable qualities of lucidity, exactness, and simplicity. . . . . We cannot conclude this insufficient sketch of a valuable and entertaining work without a word of hearty praise for the translation, which is simply so excellent that, only for the betrayal of the title page, it would never be suspected.

The London *Athenæum* finds the work full of interest concerning 'native policy,' missionaries, and Boers, and says: "Dr. Holub's volumes must prove a mine of wealth to the sportsman and lover of natural history."

True to Life. — Readers of "Deephaven," and "Old Friends and New," will heartily subscribe to the following paragraph from the Boston *Transcript:* —

We welcome in the July *Atlantic*, from the pen of Miss Jewett, one of her most charming and finished pictures of New England life. This sketch deserves more than a passing notice, for there is in it a quality of tone and workmanship that is both rare and exceptional. Like the lights and shadows of an exquisite etching that are produced on a quiet and simple background, the pen of the artist has drawn on the commonplace background of the life of country people a real and living bit of good nature. There is a delicate coloring and vivid picturesqueness in the work that attract and fascinate by their harmonious blending of character and circumstance. With a subtile touch and penetration resembling Hawthorne, and a perfect style and humor that would do credit to Lamb, Miss Jewett comes close to the heart of human nature and gives us men and women not as they seem, but as they are. The superiority and excellence of her work are marked not by dramatic situations and argumentative conversations, but by faithfulness to nature and a truthful delineation of character.

"My Winter on the Nile." — The *Christian Union*, speaking of this book, says: —

Very many travelers have written on Egypt, but no one has treated it from precisely the same standpoint or enriched it with the same picturesque coloring as this charming author; and those who think that there is nothing new to learn even about the most interesting country in the world will find a store of unexpected information and new sidelights thrown in Mr. Warner's narrative upon most familiar objects.

The Servant Girl Question is still open for remarks, and the *Portland Transcript* judiciously observes: —

Mrs. Spofford's bright and spicy little volume includes fifteen brief papers, each taking up some point of the question which is of so much consequence to every feminine soul in the land. The author thinks that the relation of master and servant is one which has always existed, and must continue to endure, and her aim is to discover the fault of the present system as it exists between mistress and maid, and suggest a remedy. This is not an easy thing to do, and yet Mrs. Spofford seems to us to have accomplished all that is possible with her subject. The book is full of keen, lively criticism, and while it is extremely good-natured, is sure to open the eyes of both masters and mistresses to some of the glaring faults of the domestic ménage from which we are all suffering more or less. By turns amusing, pathetic, eloquent, and overflowing with good sense, no one can read this dainty little book without being entertained, interested, and enlightened.

Thomson's "Central African Lakes," though following Dr. Holub's important record of "Seven Years in South Africa," and Major Pinto's "How I Crossed Africa," is welcomed no less heartily than these notable works. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: —

In intrinsic geographical importance, it is true, Mr. Thomson's book yields to Major Pinto's; but in power of description, in style, and in plain, unvarnished statement of facts, it is far superior to either of its rivals for the public favor. It is a well-written, modest, picturesque, realistic, and perfectly natural account of a genuine exploit. . . . His book has a rare and distinctively tropical flavor; it smells of Africa throughout.

The *St. James' Gazette* calls it "a singularly interesting narrative."

The July Quarterlies. — The July numbers of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, printed from the English plates, are now published in this country by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. These two Reviews contain the ablest statements of Whig and Tory principles and policies, and their historical and literary articles are from the first scholars and writers of the United Kingdom. One can safely omit to read a large part of current periodical literature, but to overlook these quarterlies is a positive loss.

"Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book" inspires this just and graceful paragraph in the *New York Tribune:*—

Mr. T. B. Aldrich has here made a second selection of pieces from the larger collections of his poems, and has published them in the dainty little vellum-covered series which is commending itself so strongly to the lovers of what is choice in literature and in book-making. In its former volume — the charming "Lyrics and Sonnets" — he offered us a group of the most elegant and perfectly finished of his smaller pieces. Here he brings together compositions of a somewhat larger form, though all of them are short, and all are distinguished by the same measure of grace, refinement, and polish which we admired so warmly in their predecessors. Besides the pretty legend from which it borrows a title, the present book embraces "Spring in New-England," "Baby Bell," "The Legend of Ara Cœli," etc., etc.; that is to say, it contains specimens of Mr. Aldrich's very best work — and how good that is the public has no need at this day to be told. He has done wisely to give his gems a setting which so well displays and befits their beauty.

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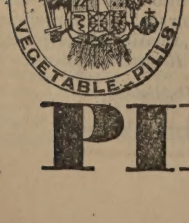

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Vol. XLVIII. — OCTOBER, 1881. — No. CCLXXXVIII.

DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.[1]

VII.

Libby's friends had broken up their camp on the beach, and had gone to a lake in the heart of the woods for the fishing. He had taken a room at the Long Beach House, but he spent most of his time at Jocelyn's, where he kept his mare for use in going upon errands for Mrs. Maynard. Grace saw him constantly, and he was always doing little things for her with a divination of her unexpressed desires which women find too rarely in men. He brought her flowers, which, after refusing them for Mrs. Maynard, the first time, she accepted for herself. He sometimes brought her books, the light sort which form the sentimental currency of young people, and she lent them round among the other ladies, who were insatiable of them. She took a pleasure in these attentions, as if they had been for some one else. In this alien sense she liked to be followed up with a chair to the point where she wished to sit; to have her hat fetched, or her shawl; to drop her work or her handkerchief, secure that it would be picked up for her. It all interested her, and it was a relief from the circumstances that would have forbidden her to recognize it as gallantry, even if her own mind had not been so far from all thought of that. It followed often upon some application of hers for his advice or help, for she had fallen into the habit of going to him with difficulties. He had a prompt common sense that made him very useful in emergencies, and a sympathy or an insight that was quick in suggestions and expedients. Perhaps she overrated other qualities of his in her admiration of the practical readiness which kept his amiability from seeming weak. But the practical had so often been the unattainable with her that it was not strange she should overrate it, and that she should rest upon it in him with a trust that included all he chose to do in her behalf.

"What is the matter, Mr. Libby?" she asked, as he came toward her.

"Is anything the matter?" he demanded in turn.

"Yes; you are looking downcast," she cried reproachfully.

"I did n't know that I must n't look downcast. I did n't suppose it would be very polite, under the circumstances, to go round looking as bobbish as I feel."

"It 's the best thing you could possibly do. But you 're not feeling very bobbish now." A woman respects the word a man uses, not because she would have chosen it, but because she thinks that he has an exact intention in it, which could not be reconveyed in a

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more feminine phrase. In this way slang arises. "Is n't it time for Mr. Maynard to be here?"

"Yes," he answered. Then, "How did you know I was thinking of that?"

"I did n't. I only happened to think it was time. What are you keeping back, Mr. Libby?" she pursued tremulously.

"Nothing, upon my honor. I almost wish there *were* something to keep back. But there is n't anything. There have n't been any accidents reported. And I should n't keep anything back from you."

"Why?"

"Because you would be equal to it, whatever it was."

"I don't see why you say that." She weakly found comfort in the praise which she might once have resented as patronage.

"I don't see why I should n't," he retorted.

"Because I am not fit to be trusted at all."

"Do you mean" —

"Oh, I have n't the strength to *mean* anything," she said. "But I thank you, thank you very much," she added. She turned her head away.

"Confound Maynard!" cried the young man. "I don't see why he does n't come. He must have started four days ago. He ought to have had sense enough to telegraph when he did start. I did n't tell his partner to ask him. You can't think of everything. I've been trying to find out something. I 'm going over to Leyden, now, to try to wake up *somebody* in Cheyenne who knows Maynard." He looked ruefully at Grace, who listened with anxious unintelligence. "You 're getting worn out, Miss Breen," he said. "I wish I could ask you to go with me to Leyden. It would do you good. But my mare 's fallen lame; I've just been to see her. Is there anything I can do for you over there?"

"Why, how are you going?" she asked.

"In my boat," he answered consciously.

"The same boat?"

"Yes. I've had her put to rights. She was n't much damaged."

She was silent a moment, while he stood looking down at her in the chair into which she had sunk. "Does it take you long?"

"Oh, no. It 's shorter than it is by land. I shall have the tide with me both ways. I can make the run there and back in a couple of hours."

"Two hours?"

"Yes."

A sudden impulse, unreasoned and unreasonable, in which there seemed hope of some such atonement, or expiation, as the same ascetic nature would once have found in fasting or the scourge, prevailed with her. She rose. "Mr. Libby," she panted, "if you will let me, I should like to go with you in your boat. Do you think it will be rough?"

"No, it 's a light breeze; just right. You need n't be afraid."

"I 'm not afraid. I should not care if it were rough! I should not care if it stormed! I hope it — I will ask mother to stay with Mrs. Maynard."

Mrs. Breen had not been pleased to have her daughter in charge of Mrs. Maynard's case, but she had not liked her giving it up. She had said more than once that she had no faith in Dr. Mulbridge. She willingly consented to Grace's prayer, and went down into Mrs. Maynard's room, and insinuated misgivings in which the sick woman found so much reason that they began for the first time to recognize each other's good qualities. They decided that the treatment was not sufficiently active, and that she should either have something that would be more loosening to the cough, or some application — like mustard plasters — to her feet, so as to

take away that stuffed feeling about the head.

At that hour of the afternoon, when most of the ladies were lying down in their rooms, Grace met no one on the beach but Miss Gleason and Mrs. Alger, who rose from their beds of sand under the cliff, at her passage with Mr. Libby to his dory.

"Don't you want to go to Leyden?" he asked jocosely over his shoulder.

"You don't mean to say *you're* going?" Miss Gleason demanded of Grace.

"Yes, certainly. Why not?"

"Well, you *are* brave!" She shut her novel upon her thumb, that she might have nothing to do but admire Grace's courage, as the girl walked away.

"It will do her good, poor thing," said the elder woman. "She looks wretchedly."

"I can understand just why she does it," murmured Miss Gleason in adoring rapture.

"I hope she does it for pleasure," said Mrs. Alger.

"It is n't that," returned Miss Gleason mysteriously.

"At any rate Mr. Libby seemed pleased."

"Oh, she would never marry *him!*" said Miss Gleason.

The other laughed, and at that moment Grace also laughed. The strong current of her purpose, the sense of escape from the bitter servitude of the past week, and the wild hope of final expiation through the chances she was tempting gave her a buoyancy long unfelt. She laughed in gayety of heart as she helped the young man draw his dory down the sand, and then took her place at one end while he gave it the last push and then leaped in at the other. He pulled out to where the boat lay tilting at anchor, and held the dory alongside by the gunwale that she might step aboard. But after rising she faltered, looking intently at the boat as if she missed something there.

"I thought you had a man to sail your boat."

"I had. But I let him go last week. Perhaps I ought to have told you," he said, looking up at her aslant. "Are you afraid to trust my seamanship? Adams was a mere form. He behaved like a fool, that day."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," said Grace. She stepped from the dory into the boat, and he flung out the dory's anchor and followed. The sail went up with a pleasant clucking of the tackle, and the light wind filled it; Libby made the sheet fast, and, sitting down in the stern on the other side, took the tiller and headed the boat toward the town that shimmered in the distance. The water hissed at the bow, and seethed and sparkled from the stern; the land breeze that bent their sail blew cool upon her cheek and freshened it with a tinge of color.

"This will do you good," he said, looking into hers with his kind, gay eyes.

The color in her cheeks deepened a little. "Oh, I am better than I look. I did n't come for" —

"For medicinal purposes. Well, I am glad of it. We 've a good hour between us and news or no news from Maynard, and I should like to think we were out for pleasure. You don't object?"

"No. You can even smoke, if that will heighten the illusion."

"It will make it reality. But you don't mean it?"

"Yes, why not?"

"I don't know. But I could n't have dreamt of smoking in your presence. And we take the liberty to dream very strange things."

"Yes," she said, "it 's shocking what things we do dream of people. But am I so forbidding?" she asked, a little sadly.

"Not now," said Libby. He got out a pouch of tobacco and some cigarette papers, and putting the tiller under his

arm, he made himself a cigarette. "You seem interested," he said, as he lifted his eyes from his work, on which he found her intent, and struck his fusee.

"I was admiring your skill," she answered.

"Do you think it was worth a voyage to South America?"

"I should n't have thought the voyage was necessary."

"Oh, perhaps you think you can do it," he said, handing her the tobacco and papers. She took them and made a cigarette. "It took me a whole day to learn to make bad ones, and this is beautiful. But I will never smoke it. I will keep this always."

"You had better smoke it, if you want more," she said.

"Will you make some more? I can't smoke the first one!"

"Then smoke the last," she said, offering him the things back.

"No, go on. I 'll smoke it."

She lent herself to the idle humor of the time, and went on making cigarettes till there were no more papers. From time to time she looked up from this labor, and scanned the beautiful bay, which they had almost wholly to themselves. They passed a collier lagging in the deep channel, and signaling for a pilot to take her up to the town. A yacht, trim and swift, cut across their course; the ladies on board waved a salutation with their handkerchiefs, and Libby responded.

"Do you know them?" asked Grace.

"No!" he laughed. "But ladies like to take these liberties at a safe distance."

"Yes, that's a specimen of woman's daring," she said with a self-scornful curl of the lip, which presently softened into a wistful smile. "How lovely it all is!" she sighed.

"Yes, there 's nothing better in all the world than a sail. It is all the world while it lasts. A boat 's like your own fireside for snugness."

A dreamier light came into her eye, which wandered, with a turn of the head giving him the tender curve of her cheek, over the levels of the bay, roughened everywhere by the breeze, but yellowish green in the channels and dark with the thick growth of eel-grass in the shallows; then she lifted her face to the pale blue heavens in an effort that slanted towards him the soft round of her chin, and showed her full throat.

"This is the kind of afternoon," she said, still looking at the sky, "that you think will never end."

"I wish it would n't," he answered.

She lowered her eyes to his, and asked: "Do you have times when you are sorry that you ever tried to do anything — when it seems foolish to have tried?"

"I have the other kind of times: when I wish that I had tried to do something."

"Oh yes, I have those, too. It 's wholesome to be ashamed of not having tried to do anything; but to be ashamed of having tried — it 's like death. There seems no recovery from that."

He did not take advantage of her confession, or try to tempt her to further confidence; and women like men who have this wisdom, or this instinctive generosity, and trust them further.

"And the worst of it is that you can't go back and be like those that have never tried at all. If you could, that would be some consolation for having failed. There 's nothing left of you but your mistake."

"Well," he said, "some people are not even mistakes. I suppose that almost any sort of success looks a good deal like failure from the inside. It must be a poor creature that comes up to his own mark. The best way is not to have any mark, and then you 're in no danger of not coming up to it." He laughed, but she smiled sadly.

"You don't believe in thinking about yourself," she said.

"Oh, I try a little introspection, now and then. But I soon get through: there is n't much of me to think about."

"No, don't talk in that way," she pleaded, and she was very charming in her earnestness: it was there that her charm lay. "I want you to be serious with me, and tell me — tell me how men feel when" —

A sudden splashing startled her, and looking round she saw a multitude of curious, great-eyed, black heads, something like the heads of boys, and something like the heads of dogs, thrusting from the water, and flashing under it again at sight of them with a swish that sent the spray into the air. She sprang to her feet. "Oh, look at those things! Look at them! Look at them!" She laid vehement hands upon the young man, and pushed him in the direction in which she wished him to look, at some risk of pushing him overboard, while he laughed at her ecstasy.

"They 're seals. The bay 's full of them. Did you never see them on the reef at Jocelyn's?"

"I never saw them before!" she cried. "How wonderful they are! Oh!" she shouted, as one of them glanced sadly at her over its shoulder, and then vanished with a whirl of the head. "The Beatrice Cenci attitude."

"They 're always trying that," said Libby. "Look yonder." He pointed to a bank of mud which the tide had not yet covered, and where a herd of seals lay basking in the sun. They started at his voice, and wriggling and twisting and bumping themselves over the earth to the water's edge, they plunged in. "Their walk is n't so graceful as their swim. Would you like one for a pet, Miss Breen? That 's all they 're good for since kerosene came in. They can't compete with that, and they 're not the kind that wear the cloaks."

She was standing with her hand pressed hard upon his shoulder.

"Did they ever *kill* them?"

"They used to take that precaution."

"With those eyes? It was murder!" She withdrew her hand and sat down.

"Well, they only catch them, now. I tried it myself once. I set out at low tide, about ten o'clock one night, and got between the water and the biggest seal on the bank. We fought it out on that line till daylight."

"And did you get it?" she demanded, absurdly interested.

"No, it got me. The tide came in, and the seal beat."

"I am glad of that."

"Thank you."

"What did you want with it?"

"I don't think I wanted it at all. At any rate, that 's what I always said. I shall have to ask you to sit on this side," he added, loosening the sheet and preparing to shift the sail. "The wind has backed round a little more to the south, and it 's getting lighter."

"If it 's going down we shall be late," she said with an intimation of apprehension.

"We shall be at Leyden on time. If the wind falls then, I can get a horse at the stable and have you driven back."

"Well."

He kept scanning the sky. Then, "Did you ever hear them whistle for a wind?" he asked.

"No. What is it like?"

"When Adams does it, it 's like this." He put on a furtive look, and glanced once or twice at her askance. "Well!" he said with the reproduction of a strong nasal, "of course I don't believe there 's anything in it. Of course it 's all foolishness. Now you must urge me a little," he added, in his own manner.

"Oh, by all means go on, Mr. Adams," she cried, with a laugh.

He rolled his head again to one side, sheepishly. "Well, I don't presume it *doos* have anything to do with the wind — well, I don't *presume* it doos." He was silent long enough to whet an imagined expectation; then he set his face

towards the sky, and began a soft, low, coaxing sibillation between his teeth. "S-s-s-*s*; *s*-s-s-s-s-s! Well, it don't stand to reason it *can* bring the wind — S-s-s-*s*-s-s-s; s-s-s-s. Why, of course it 's all foolishness. *S*-s-s-s." He continued to emit these sibillants, interspersing them with Adams's protests. Suddenly the sail pulled the loose sheet taut and the boat leaped forward over the water.

"Wonderful!" cried the girl.

"That 's what I said to Adams — or words to that effect. But I thought we should get it from the look of the sky, before I proposed to whistle for it. Now, then," he continued, "I will be serious, if you like."

"Serious?"

"Yes. Did n't you ask me to be serious just before those seals interrupted you?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, coloring a little. "I don't think we can go back to that, now." He did not insist, and she said, presently, "I thought the sailors had a superstition about ships that are lucky and unlucky. But you 've kept your boat."

"I kept her for luck: the lightning never strikes twice in the same place. And I never saw a boat that behaved so well."

"Do you call it behaving well to tip over?"

"She behaved well before that. She did n't tip over outside the reef."

"It certainly goes very smoothly," said the girl. She had in vain recurred to the tragic motive of her coming; she could not revive it; there had been nothing like expiation in this eventless voyage; it had been a pleasure and no penance. She abandoned herself with a weak luxury to the respite from suffering and anxiety; she made herself the good comrade of the young man whom perhaps she even tempted to flatter her farther and farther out of the dreariness in which she had dwelt, and if any woeful current of feeling swept beneath, she would not fathom it, but resolutely floated, as one may at such times, on the surface. They laughed together and jested: they talked in the gay idleness of such rare moods. They passed a yacht at anchor, and a young fellow in a white duck cap, leaning over the rail, saluted Libby with the significant gravity which one young man uses towards another whom he sees in a sailboat with a pretty girl.

She laughed at this. "Do you know your friend?" she asked.

"Yes. This time I do."

"He fancies you are taking some young lady a sail. What would he say if you were to stop and introduce me to him as Dr. Breen?"

"Oh, he knows who you are. It 's Johnson."

"The one whose clothes you came over in, that morning?"

"Yes. I suppose you laughed at me."

"I liked your having the courage to do it. But how does he know me."

"I — I described you. He 's rather an old friend."

This also amused her. "I should like to hear how you described me."

"I will tell you sometime. It was an elaborate description. I could n't get through with it now before we landed."

The old town had come out of the haze of the distance, a straggling village of weather-beaten wood and weather-beaten white paint, picturesque, but no longer a vision of gray stone and pale marble. A coal yard and a brick locomotive house and rambling railroad sheds stretched along the water-front. They found their way easily enough through the sparse shipping to the steps at the end of the wooden pier, where Libby dropped the sail and made his boat fast.

A little pleasant giddiness, as if the lightness of her heart had mounted to her head, made her glad of his arm up

these steps, and up the wharf; and she kept it as they climbed the sloping elm-shaded village street to the main thoroughfare, with its brick sidewalks, its shops and awnings, and its cheerful stir and traffic.

The telegraph office fronted the head of the street which they had ascended. "You can sit here in the apothecary's till I come down," he said.

"Do you think that will be professionally appropriate? I am only a nurse, now."

"No, I was n't thinking of that. But I saw a chair in there. And we can make a pretense of wanting some soda. It is the proper thing to treat young ladies to soda when one brings them in from the country."

"It *does* have that appearance," she assented, with a smile. She kept him waiting with what would have looked like coquettish hesitation in another, while she glanced at the windows overhead, pierced by a skein of converging wires. "Suppose I go up with you?"

"I should like that better," he said, and she followed him lightly up the stairs that led to the telegraph office. A young man stood at the machine with a cigar in his mouth, and his eyes intent upon the ribbon of paper unreeling itself before him.

"Just hold on," he said to Libby, without turning his head. "I 've got something here for you." He read: "'Dispatch received yesterday. Coming right through. George Maynard.'"

"Good!" cried Libby.

"Dated Council Bluffs. Want it written out?"

"No. What 's to pay?"

"Paid," said the operator.

The laconically transacted business ended with this, the wire began to cluck again like the anxious hen whose manner the most awful and mysterious of the elements assumes in becoming articulate, and nothing remained for them but to come away.

"That was what I was afraid of," said Libby. "Maynard was at his ranch, and it must have been a good way out. They 're fifty or sixty miles out, sometimes. That would account for the delay. Well, Mrs. Maynard does n't know how long it takes to come from Cheyenne, and we can tell her he 's on the way, and has telegraphed." They were walking rapidly down the street to the wharf where his boat lay. "Oh!" he exclaimed, halting abruptly. "I promised to send you back by land, if you preferred."

"Has the wind fallen?"

"Oh, no. We shall have a good breeze."

"I won't put you to the trouble of getting a horse. I can go back perfectly well in the boat."

"Well, that 's what I think," he said cheerily.

She did not respond, and he could not be aware that any change had come over her mood. But when they were once more seated in the boat, and the sail was pulling in the fresh breeze, she turned to him with a scarcely concealed indignation. "Have you a fancy for experimenting upon people, Mr. Libby?"

"Experimenting? I? I don't know in the least what you mean!"

"Why did you tell me that the operator was a woman?"

"Because the other operator is," he answered.

"Oh!" she said, and fell blankly silent.

"There is a good deal of business there. They have to have two operators," he explained, after a pause.

"Why, of course," she murmured in deep humiliation. If he had suffered her to be silent as long as she would, she might have offered him some reparation; but he spoke.

"Why did you think I had been experimenting on you?" he asked.

"Why?" she repeated. The sense of having put herself in the wrong ex-

asperated her with him. "Oh, I dare say you were curious. Don't you suppose I have noticed that men are puzzled at me? What did you mean by saying that you thought I would be equal to anything?"

"I meant — I thought you would like to be treated frankly."

"And you would n't treat everybody so?"

"I would n't treat Mrs. Maynard so."

"Oh!" she said. "You treat me upon a theory."

"Don't you like that? We treat everybody upon a theory" —

"Yes, I know" —

"And I should tell you the worst of anything at once, because I think you are one of the kind that don't like to have their conclusions made for them."

"And you would really let women make their own conclusions," she said. "You are very peculiar!" She waited a while, and then she asked, "And what is your theory of me?"

"That *you* are very peculiar."

"How?"

"You are proud."

"And is pride so very peculiar?"

"Yes; in women."

"Indeed! You set up for a connoisseur of female character. That 's very common, nowadays. Why don't you tell me something more about yourself? We 're always talking about me."

He might well have been doubtful of her humor. He seemed to decide that she was jesting, for he answered lightly, "Why, you began it."

"I know I did, this time. But now I wish to stop it, too."

He looked down at the tiller in his hands. "Well," he said, "I should like to tell you about myself. I should like to know what you think of the kind of man I am. Will you be honest if I will?"

"That 's a very strange condition," she answered, meeting and then avoiding the gaze he lifted to her face.

"What? Being honest?"

"Well, no — Or, yes!"

"It is n't for you."

"Thank you. But I 'm not under discussion now."

"Well, in the first place," he began, "I was afraid of you when we met."

"Afraid of me?"

"That is n't the word, perhaps. We 'll say ashamed of myself. Mrs. Maynard told me about you, and I thought you would despise me for not doing or being anything in particular. I thought you must."

"Indeed!"

He hesitated, as if still uncertain of her mood from this intonation, and then he went on: "But I had some little hope you would tolerate me, after all. You looked like a friend I used to have. — Do you mind my telling you?"

"Oh, no. Though I can't say that it 's ever very comfortable to be told that you look like some one else."

"I don't suppose any one else would have been struck by the resemblance," said Libby with a laugh of reminiscence. "He was huge. But he had eyes like a girl, — I beg your pardon, — like yours."

"You mean that I have eyes like a man."

He laughed, and said, "No," and then turned grave. "As long as he lived" —

"Oh, is he dead?" she asked more gently than she had yet spoken.

"Yes, he died just before I went abroad. I went out on business for my father, — he 's an importer and jobber, — and bought goods for him. Do you despise business?"

"I don't know anything about it."

"I did it to please my father, and he said I was a very good buyer. He thinks there 's nothing like buying — except selling. He used to sell things himself, over the counter, and not so long ago, either. I fancied it made a difference for me when I was in college,

and that the yardstick came between me and society. I was an ass for thinking anything about it. Though I did n't really care, much. I never liked society, and I did like boats and horses. I thought of a profession, once. But it would n't work. I 've been round the world twice, and I 've done nothing but enjoy myself since I left college, — or try to. When I first saw you I was hesitating about letting my father make me of use. He wants me to become one of the most respectable members of society, — he wants me to be a cotton-spinner. You know there 's nothing so irreproachable as cotton, for a business?"

"No. I don't know about those things."

"Well, there is n't. When I was abroad, buying and selling, I made a little discovery: I found that there were goods we could make and sell in the European market cheaper than the English, and that gave my father the notion of buying a mill to make them. I 'm boring you!"

"No."

"Well, he bought it; and he wants me to take charge of it."

"And shall you?"

"Do you think I 'm fit for it?"

"I? How should I know?"

"You don't know cotton; but you know me a little. Do I strike you as fit for anything?" She made no reply to this, and he laughed. "I assure you I felt small enough when I heard what you had done, and thought what I had done. It gave me a start; and I wrote my father that night that I would go in for it."

"I once thought of going to a factory town," she answered, without willful evasion, "to begin my practice there among the operatives' children. I should have done it if it had not been for coming here with Mrs. Maynard. It would have been better" —

"Come to my factory town, Miss Breen! There ought to be fevers there in the autumn, with all the low lands that I 'm allowed to flood. Mrs. Maynard told me about your plan."

"Pray, what else did Mrs. Maynard tell you about me?"

"About your taking up a profession, in the way you did, when you need n't, and when you did n't particularly like it."

"Oh!" she said. Then she added: "And because I was n't obliged to it, and did n't like it, you tolerated me?"

"Tolerated?" he echoed.

This vexed her. "Yes, tolerate! Everybody, interested or not, has to make up his mind whether to tolerate me, as soon as he hears what I am. What excuse did you make for me?"

"I did n't make any," said Libby.

"But you had your misgiving, your surprise."

"I thought if you could stand it, other people might. I thought it was your affair."

"Just as if I had been a young man?"

"No! That was n't possible."

She was silent. Then, "The conversation has got back into the old quarter," she said. "You are talking about me again. Have you heard from your friends since they went away?"

"What friends?"

"Those you were camping with."

"No."

"What did *they* say when they heard that you had found a young doctress at Jocelyn's? How did you break the fact to them? What jokes did they make? You need n't be afraid to tell me!" she cried. "Give me Mr. Johnson's comments."

He looked at her in surprise that incensed her still more, and rendered her incapable of regarding the pain with which he answered her. "I 'm afraid," he said, "that I have done something to offend you."

"Oh no! What could you have done?"

"Then you really mean to ask me whether I would let any one make a joke of you in my presence?"

"Yes; why not?"

"Because it was impossible," he answered.

"Why was it impossible?" she pursued.

"Because — I love you."

She had been looking him defiantly in the eyes, and she could not withdraw her gaze. For the endless moment that ensued, her breath was taken away. Then she asked, in a low, steady voice, "Did you mean to say that?"

"No."

"I believe you, and I forgive you. No, no!" she cried at a demonstration of protest from him. "Don't speak again!"

He obeyed, instantly, implicitly. With the tiller in his hand he looked past her and guided the boat's course. It became intolerable.

"Have I ever done anything that gave you the right to — to — say that?" she asked, without the self-command which she might have wished to show.

"No," he said, "you were only the most beautiful" —

"I am not beautiful! And if I were" —

"It was n't to be helped! I saw from the first how good and noble you were, and" —

"This is absurd!" she exclaimed. "I am neither good nor noble; and if I were" —

"It would n't make any difference. Whatever you are, you are the one woman in the world to me; and you always will be."

"Mr. Libby!"

"Oh, I must speak, now! You were always thinking, because you had studied a man's profession, that no one would think of you as a woman, as if that could make any difference to a man that had the soul of a man in him!"

"No, no!" she protested. "I did n't think that. I always expected to be considered as a woman."

"But not as a woman to fall in love with. I understood. And that somehow made you all the dearer to me. If you had been a girl like other girls, I should n't have cared for you."

"Oh!"

"I did n't mean to speak to you today. But sometime I did mean to speak; because whatever I was, I loved you; and I thought you did n't dislike me."

"I did like you," she murmured, "very much. And I respected you. But you can't say that I ever gave you any hope, in this — this — way." She almost asked him if she had.

"No, — not purposely. And if you did, it 's over now. You have rejected me. I understand that. There 's no reason why you should n't. And I can hold my tongue." He did not turn, but looked steadily past her at the boat's head.

An emotion stirred in her breast which took the form of a reproach. "Was it fair, then, to say this when neither of us could escape afterwards?"

"I did n't mean to speak," he said, without looking up, "and I never meant to place you where you could n't escape."

It was true that she had proposed to go with him in the boat, and that she had chosen to come back with him, when he had offered to have her driven home from Leyden. "No, you are not to blame," she said, at last. "I asked to come with you. Shall I tell you why?" Her voice began to break. In her pity for him and her shame for herself the tears started to her eyes. She did not press her question, but, "Thank you for reminding me that I invited myself to go with you," she said with feeble bitterness.

He looked up at her in silent wonder, and she broke into a sob. He said gently, "I don't suppose you expect me to deny that. You don't think me such a poor dog as that."

"Why, of course not," she answered with quivering lips, while she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I was only too glad to have you come. I always meant to tell you — what I have told; but not when I should seem to trap you into listening."

"No," she murmured, "I can believe that of you. I do believe it. I take back what I said. Don't let us speak of it any more, now," she continued, struggling for her lost composure, with what success appeared in the fresh outburst with which she recognized his forbearance to hint at any painfulness to himself in the situation.

"I don't mind it so much on my account, but oh! how *could* you for your own sake? *Do* let us get home as fast as we can!"

"I am doing everything I can to release you," he said. "If you will sit here," he added, indicating the place beside him in the stern, "you won't have to change so much, when I want to tack."

She took the other seat, and for the first time she noticed that the wind had grown very light. She watched him with a piteous impatience while he shifted the sail from side to side, keeping the sheet in his hand for convenience in the frequent changes. He scanned the sky, and turned every current of the ebbing tide to account. It was useless; the boat crept, and presently it scarcely moved.

"The wind is down," he said, making the sheet fast, and relaxing his hold on the tiller.

"And the tide is going out!" she exclaimed.

"The tide is going out," he admitted.

"If we should get caught on these flats," she began, with rising indignation.

"We should have to stay till the tide turned."

She looked wildly about for aid. If there were a row-boat anywhere within hail, she could be taken to Jocelyn's in that. But they were quite alone on those lifeless waters.

Libby got out a pair of heavy oars from the bottom of the boat, and setting the rowlocks on either side, tugged silently at them.

The futile effort suggested an idea to her which doubtless she would not have expressed if she had not been lacking, as she once said, in a sense of humor.

"Why don't you whistle for a wind?"

He stared at her in sad astonishment to make sure that she was in earnest, and then, "Whistle!" he echoed forlornly, and broke into a joyless laugh.

"You knew the chances of delay that I took in asking to come with you," she cried, "and you should have warned me. It was ungenerous — it was ungentlemanly!"

"It was whatever you like. I must be to blame. I suppose I was too glad to have you come. If I thought anything I thought you must have some particular errand at Leyden. You seemed anxious to go, even if it stormed."

"If it had stormed," she retorted, "I should not have cared! I *hoped* it would storm. Then at least I should have run the same danger — I hoped it would be dangerous."

"I don't understand what you mean," he said.

"I forced that wretched creature to go with you that day when you said it was going to be rough; and I shall have her blood upon my hands, if she dies" —

"Is it possible," cried Libby, pulling in his useless oars, and leaning forward upon them, "that she has gone on letting you think I believed there was going to be a storm? She knew perfectly well that I did n't mind what Adams said; he was always croaking." She sat looking at him in a daze, but she could not speak, and he continued. "I see: it happened by one chance in a million to turn out as he said; and she has been making you pay for it. Why, I sup-

pose," he added with a melancholy smile of intelligence, "she 's had so much satisfaction in holding you responsible for what 's happened, that she 's almost glad of it!"

"She has tortured me!" cried the girl. "But you — you, when you saw that I did n't believe there was going to be any storm, why did you — why did n't you" —

"I did n't believe it either! It was Mrs. Maynard that proposed the sail, but when I saw that you did n't like it, I was glad of any excuse for putting it off. I could n't help wanting to please you, and I could n't see why you urged us afterwards; but I supposed you had some reason."

She passed her hand over her forehead, as if to clear away the confusion in which all this involved her. "But why — why did *you* let me go on thinking myself to blame" —

"How could I know what you were thinking? Heaven knows I did n't dream of such a thing! Though I remember, now, your saying" —

"Oh, I see!" she cried. "You are a *man!* But I can't forgive it, — no, I can't forgive it! You wished to deceive her if you did n't wish to deceive me. How can you excuse yourself for repeating what you did n't believe?"

"I was willing she should think Adams was right."

"And that was deceit. What can you say to it?"

"There is only one thing I could say," he murmured, looking hopelessly into her eyes, "and that 's of no use."

She turned her head away. Her tragedy had fallen to nothing; or rather it had never been. All her remorse, all her suffering, was mere farce now; but his guilt in the matter was the greater. A fierce resentment burned in her heart; she longed to make him feel something of the anguish she had needlessly undergone.

He sat watching her averted face. "Miss Breen," he said huskily, "will you let me speak to you?"

"Oh, you have me in your power," she answered cruelly. "Say what you like."

He did not speak, nor make any motion to do so. A foolish, idle curiosity to know what, after all that had happened, he could possibly have to say, stirred within her, but she disdainfully stifled it. They were both so still that a company of seals found it safe to put their heads above water, and approach near enough to examine her with their round soft eyes. She turned from the silly things in contempt that they should even have interested her. She felt that from time to time her companion lifted an anxious glance to the dull heavens. At last the limp sail faintly stirred; it flapped; it filled shallowly; the boat moved. The sail seemed to have had a prescience of the wind before it passed over the smooth water like a shadow.

When a woman says she never will forgive a man, she always has a condition of forgiveness in her heart. Now that the wind had risen again, "I have no right to forbid you to speak," she said, as if no silence had elapsed, and she turned round and quietly confronted him; she no longer felt so impatient to escape.

He did not meet her eye at once, and he seemed in no haste to avail himself of the leave granted him. A heavy sadness blotted the gayety of a face whose sunny sympathy had been her only cheer for many days. She fancied a bewilderment in its hopelessness which smote her with still sharper pathos. "Of course," she said, "I appreciate your wish to do what I wanted, about Mrs. Maynard. I remember my telling you that she ought n't to go out, that day. But that was not the way to do it."

"There was no other," he said.

"No," she assented, upon reflection. "Then it ought n't to have been done."

He showed no sign of intending to

continue, and after a moment of restlessness, she began again.

"If I have been rude or hasty in refusing to hear you, Mr. Libby, I am very wrong. I must hear anything you have to say."

"Oh, not unless you wish."

"I wish whatever you wish."

"I 'm not sure that I wish that now. I have thought it over; I should only distress you for nothing. You are letting me say why sentence should n't be passed upon me. Sentence is going to be passed any way. I should only repeat what I have said. You would pity me, but you could n't help me. And that would give you pain for nothing. No, it would be useless."

"It *would* be useless to talk to me about — loving." She took the word on her lips with a certain effect of adopting it for convenience' sake in her vocabulary. "All that was ended for me long ago, — ten years ago. And my whole life since then has been shaped to do without it. I will tell you my story if you like. Perhaps it 's your due. I wish to be just. You may have a right to know."

"No, I have n't. But — perhaps I ought to say that Mrs. Maynard told me something."

"Well, I am glad of that; though she had no right to do it. Then you can understand."

"Oh, yes, I can understand. I don't pretend that I had any *reason* in it."

He forbore again to urge any plea for himself, and once more she was obliged to interfere in his behalf. "Mr. Libby, I have never confessed that I once wronged you in a way that I 'm very sorry for."

"About Mrs. Maynard? Yes, I know. I won't try to whitewash myself, but it did n't occur to me how it would look. I wanted to talk with her about you."

"You ought to have considered her, though," she said gently.

"She ought to have considered herself," he retorted, with his unfailing bitterness for Mrs. Maynard. "But it does n't matter whose fault it was. I 'm sufficiently punished; for I know that it injured me with you."

"It did at first. But now I can see that I was wrong. I wished to tell you that. It is n't creditable to me that I thought you intended to flirt with her. If I had been better myself" —

"You!" He could not say more.

That utter faith in her was very charming. It softened her more and more; it made her wish to reason with him, and try gently to show him how impossible his hope was. "And you know," she said, recurring to something that had gone before, "that even if I had cared for you in the way you wish, it could n't be. You would n't want to have people laughing and saying I had been a doctress."

"I should n't have minded. I know how much people's talk is worth."

"Yes," she said. "I know you would be generous and brave about that — about anything. But what — what if I could n't give up my career — my hopes of being useful in the way I have planned? You would n't have liked me to go on practicing medicine?"

"I thought of that," he answered simply. "I did n't see how it could be done. But if you saw any way, I was willing — No, that was my great trouble! I knew that it was selfish in me, and very conceited, to suppose you would give up your whole life for me; and whenever I thought of that, I determined not to ask you. But I tried not to think of that."

"Well, don't you see? But if I could have answered you as you wish, it would n't have been anything to give up everything for you. A woman is n't something else first, and a woman afterwards. I understand how unselfishly you meant, and indeed, indeed I thank you. But don't let 's talk of it any more. It

could n't have been, and there is nothing but misery in thinking of it. Come," she said, with a struggle for cheerfulness, "let us forget it. Let it be just as if you had n't spoken to me; I know you did n't intend to do it; and let us go on as if nothing had happened."

"Oh, we can't go on," he answered. "I shall get away, as soon as Maynard comes, and rid you of the sight of me."

"Are you going away?" she softly asked. "Why need you? I know that people always seem to think they can't be friends after — such a thing as this. But why should n't we? I respect you, and I like you very much. You have shown me more regard and more kindness than any other friend" —

"But I was n't your friend," he interrupted; "I loved you."

"Well," she sighed in gentle perplexity, "then you can't be my friend?"

"Never. But I shall always love you. If it would do any good, I would stay, as you ask it. I should n't mind myself. But I should be a nuisance to you."

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "I will take the risk of that. I need your advice, your — sympathy, your — You won't trouble me, indeed you won't. Perhaps you have mistaken your — feeling about me. It 's such a very little time since we met," she pleaded.

"That makes no difference, — the time. And I 'm not mistaken."

"Well, stay at least till Mrs. Maynard is well, and we can all go away together. Promise me that!" She instinctively put out her hand toward him in entreaty. He took it, and pressing it to his lips covered it with kisses. "Oh!" she grieved in reproachful surprise.

"There!" he cried. "You see that I must go!"

"Yes," she sighed in assent, "you must go."

They did not look at each other again, but remained in a lamentable silence while the boat pushed swiftly before the freshening breeze, and when they reached the place where the dory lay, he dropped the sail and threw out the anchor without a word.

He was haggard to the glance she stole at him, when they had taken their places in the dory, and he confronted her, pulling hard at the oars. He did not lift his eyes to hers, but from time to time he looked over his shoulder at the boat's prow, and he rowed from one point to another for a good landing. A dreamy pity for him filled her; through the memories of her own suffering, she divined the soreness of his heart.

She started from her reverie as the bottom of the dory struck the sand. The shoal water stretched twenty feet beyond. He pulled in the oars and rose desperately. "It 's of no use: I shall have to carry you ashore."

She sat staring up into his face, and longing to ask him something; to accuse him of having done this purposely. But she had erred in so many doubts, her suspicions of him had all recoiled so pitilessly upon her, that she had no longer the courage to question or reproach him. "Oh, no, thank you," she said weakly. "I won't trouble you. I — I will wait till the tide is out."

"The tide 's out now," he answered with coldness, "and you can't wade."

She rose desperately. "Why, of course!" she cried in self-contempt, glancing at the water, into which he promptly stepped to his boot-tops. "A woman must n't get her feet wet."

VIII.

Grace went to her own room to lay aside her shawl and hat before going to Mrs. Maynard, and found her mother sewing there.

"Why, who is with Mrs. Maynard?" she asked.

"Miss Gleason is reading to her," said Mrs. Breen. "If she had any sort

of active treatment, she could get well at once. I could n't take the responsibility of doing anything for her, and it was such a worry to stay and see everything going wrong that when Miss Gleason came in I was glad to get away. Miss Gleason seems to believe in your Dr. Mulbridge."

"*My* Dr. Mulbridge!" echoed Grace.

"She talked of him as if he were yours. I don't know what you 've been saying to her about him; but you had better be careful. The woman is a fool." She now looked up at her daughter for the first time. "Why, what is the matter with you? What kept you so long? You look perfectly wild."

"I feel wild," said Grace calmly. "The wind went down."

"Was that all? I don't see why that should make you feel wild," said her mother, dropping her spectacles to her sewing again.

"It was n't all," answered the girl, sinking provisionally upon the side of a chair, with her shawl still on her arm, and her hat in her hand. "Mother, have you noticed anything peculiar about Mr. Libby?"

"He 's the only person who seems to be of the slightest use about here; I 've noticed *that*," said Mrs. Breen. "He 's always going and coming for you and Mrs. Maynard. Where is that worthless husband of hers? Has n't he had time to come from Cheyenne yet?"

"He 's on the way. He was out at his ranch when Mr. Libby telegraphed first, and had to be sent for. We found a dispatch from him at Leyden, saying he had started," Grace explained.

"What business had he to be so far away at all?" demanded her mother. It was plain that Mrs. Breen was in her most censorious temper, which had probably acquired a sharper edge towards Maynard from her reconciliation with his wife.

Grace seized her chance to meet the worst. "Do you think that I have done anything to encourage Mr. Libby?" she asked, looking bravely at her mother.

"Encourage him to do what?" asked Mrs. Breen, without lifting her eyes from her work.

"Encourage him to — think I cared for him; to — to be in love with me."

Mrs. Breen lifted her head now, and pushed her spectacles up on her forehead, while she regarded her daughter in silence. "Has he been making love to you?"

"Yes."

Her mother pushed her spectacles down again, and, turning the seam which she had been sewing, flattened it with her thumb-nail. She made this action expressive of having foreseen such a result, and of having struggled against it, neglected and alone. "Very well then. I hope you accepted him?" she asked quietly.

"Mother!"

"Why not? You must like him," she continued in the same tone. "You have been with him every moment the last week that you have n't been with Mrs. Maynard. At least *I 've* seen nothing of you, except when you came to tell me you were going to walk or to drive with him. You seem to have asked him to take you, most of the time."

"How can you say such a thing, mother?" cried the girl.

"Did n't you ask him to let you go with him this afternoon? You told me you did."

"Yes, I did. I did it for a purpose."

"Ah! for a purpose," said Mrs. Breen, taking a survey of the new seam, which she pulled from her knee, where one end of it was pinned, towards her chin. She left the word to her daughter, who was obliged to take it.

"I asked him to let me go with him because Louise had tortured me about making her go out in his boat, till I could n't bear it any longer. It seemed

to me that if I took the same risk myself, it would be something; and I hoped there would be a storm."

"I should think you had taken leave of your senses," Mrs. Breen observed, with her spectacles intent upon her seam. "Did you think it would be any consolation to him if you were drowned, or to her? And if," she added, her conscience rising equal to the vicarious demand upon it, "you hoped there would be danger, had you any right to expose him to it? Even if you chose to risk your own life, you had no right to risk his." She lifted her spectacles again, and turned their austere glitter upon her daughter.

"Yes, it all seems very silly now," said the girl with a hopeless sigh.

"Silly!" cried her mother. "I'm glad you can call it silly."

"And it seemed worse still when he told me that he had never believed it was going to storm that day, when he took Louise out. His man said it was, and he repeated it, because he saw I did n't want her to go."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Breen, "if he was willing to deceive her then, he is willing to deceive you now."

"He did n't deceive her. He said what he had heard. And he said it because he — I wished it."

"I call it deceiving. Truth is truth. That is what I was taught; and that 's what I supposed I had taught you."

"I would trust Mr. Libby in anything," returned the daughter. "He is perfectly frank about himself. He confessed that he had done it to please me. He said that nothing else could excuse it."

"Oh, then, you *have* accepted him!"

"No, mother, I have n't. I have refused him, and he is going away, as soon as Mr. Maynard comes." She sat looking at the window, and the tears stole into her eyes, and blurred the sea and sky together where she saw their meeting at the horizon line.

"Well," said her mother, "then that is the end of it, I presume."

"Yes, that 's the end," said Grace. "But — I felt sorry for him, mother. Once," she went on, "I thought I had everything clear before me; but now I seem only to have made confusion of my life. Yes," she added drearily, "it was foolish and wicked, and it was perfectly useless, too. I can't escape from the consequences of what I did. It makes no difference what he believed or any one believed. I drove them on to risk their lives because I thought myself so much better than they; because I was self-righteous and suspicious and stubborn. Well, I must bear the penalty; and oh, if I could only bear it alone!" With a long sigh she took back the burden which she had been struggling to cast off, and from which for a time she had actually seemed to escape. She put away her hat and shawl, and stood before the glass, smoothing her hair. "When will it ever end?" she moaned to the reflection there, rather than to her mother, who did not interrupt this spiritual ordeal. In another age, such a New England girl would have tortured herself with inquisition as to some neglected duty to God; in ours, when religion is so largely humanified, this Puritan soul could only wreak itself in a sense of irreparable wrong to her fellow-creature.

When she went out, she met Miss Gleason half-way down the corridor to Mrs. Maynard's door. The latter had a book in her hand, and came forward whispering. "She 's *asleep*," she said very sibilantly. "I have read her to sleep, and she 's sleeping beautifully. Have you ever read it?" she asked, with hoarse breaks from her undertone, as she held up one of those cheap-library editions of a novel toward Grace.

"Jane Eyre? Why, of course. Long ago."

"So have I," said Miss Gleason. "But I sent and got it again, to refresh

my impressions of Rochester. We all think Dr. Mulbridge is just like him. Rochester is my ideal character — a perfect conception of a man: so abrupt, so rough, so savage. Oh, I *like* those men! Don't you?" she fluted. "Mrs. Maynard sees the resemblance, as well as the rest of us. But I know! You don't approve of them. I suppose they *can't* be defended on some grounds; but I can see how even in such a case as this the perfect mastery of the man-physician constitutes the highest usefulness of the woman-physician. The advancement of women must be as women. 'Male and female created he them,' and it is only in remembering this that we are helping Gawd, whether as an anthropomorphic conception or a universally pervading instinct of love, don't you think?"

With her novel clapped against her breast, she leaned winningly over toward Grace, and fixed her with her wide eyes, which had rings of white round them.

"Do tell me!" she ran on without waiting an answer. "*Did n't* you go with Mr. Libby because you hoped it might storm, and wished to take the same risk as Mrs. Maynard? I *told* Mrs. Alger you did!"

Grace flushed guiltily, and Miss Gleason cowered a little, perhaps interpreting the color as resentment. "I should consider that a very silly motive," she said, helplessly ashamed that she was leaving the weight of the blow upon Miss Gleason's shoulders instead of her own.

"Of course," said Miss Gleason, enthusiastically, "you can't confess it. But I *know* you are capable of such a thing — of anything heroic! *Do* forgive me," she said, seizing Grace's hand. She held it a moment, gazing with a devouring fondness into her face, which she stooped a little sidewise to peer up into. Then she quickly dropped her hand, and, whirling away, glided slimly out of the corridor.

Grace softly opened Mrs. Maynard's door, and the sick woman opened her eyes. "I was n't asleep," she said hoarsely. "But I had to pretend to be, or that woman would have killed me."

Grace went to her, and felt her hands and her flushed forehead.

"I am worse this evening," said Mrs. Maynard.

"Oh, no," sighed the girl, dropping into a chair at the bedside, with her eyes fixed in a sort of fascination on the lurid face of the sick woman.

"After getting me here," continued Mrs. Maynard, in the same low, hoarse murmur, "you might at least stay with me, a little. What kept you so long?"

"The wind fell. We were becalmed."

"We were not becalmed the day *I* went out with Mr. Libby. But perhaps nobody forced *you* to go."

Having launched this dart, she closed her eyes again with something more like content than she had yet shown; it had an aim of which she could always be sure.

"We have heard from Mr. Maynard," said Grace humbly. "There was a dispatch waiting for Mr. Libby at Leyden. He is on his way."

Mrs. Maynard betrayed no immediate effect of this other than to say, "He had better hurry," and did not open her eyes.

Grace went about the room with a leaden weight in every fibre, putting the place in order, and Mrs. Maynard did not speak again till she had finished. Then she said, "I want you to tell me just how bad Dr. Mulbridge thinks I am."

"He has never expressed any anxiety," Grace began, with her inaptness at evasion.

"Of course he has n't," murmured the sick woman. "He is n't a fool! What does he *say*?"

This passed the sufferance even of remorse. "He says you must n't talk," the girl flashed out. "And if you in-

sist upon doing so, I will leave you, and send some one else to take care of you."

"Very well, then. I know what *that* means. When a doctor tells you not to talk, it 's because he knows he can't do you any good. As soon as George Maynard gets here I will have some one that *can* cure me; or I will know the reason why." The conception of her husband as a champion seemed to commend him to her in novel degree. She shed some tears, and after a little reflection she asked, "How soon will he be here?"

"I don't know," said Grace. "He seems to have started yesterday morning."

"He can be here by day after tomorrow," Mrs. Maynard computed. "There will be some one to look after poor little Bella, then," she added, as if, during her sickness, Bella must have been wholly neglected. "Don't let the child be *all* dirt, when her father comes."

"Mother will look after Bella," Grace replied, too meek again to resent the implication. After a pause, "Oh, Louise," she added, beseechingly, "I 've suffered so much from my own wrong-headedness and obstinacy, that I could n't bear to see you taking the same risk, and I 'm so glad that you are going to meet your husband in the right spirit."

"What right spirit?" croaked Mrs. Maynard.

"The wish to please him, to" —

"I don't choose to have him say that his child disgraces him," replied Mrs. Maynard, in the low, husky, monotonous murmur in which she was obliged to utter everything.

"But, *dear* Louise!" cried the other, "you choose something else, too, don't you? You wish to meet him as if no unkindness had parted you, and as if you were to be always together after this? I *hope* you do! Then I should feel that all this suffering and trouble was a mercy."

"Other people's misery is always a mercy to them," hoarsely suggested Mrs. Maynard.

"Yes, I know that," Grace submitted, with meek conviction. "But, Louise," she pleaded, "you *will* make up with your husband, won't you? Whatever he has done, that will surely be best. I know that you love him, and that he must love you, yet. It 's the only way. If you were finally separated from him, and you and he could be happy apart, what would become of that poor child? Who will take a father's place with her? That 's the worst about it. Oh, Louise, I feel so badly for you — for what you have lost, and may lose. Marriage must change people so that unless they live to each other, their lives will be maimed and useless. It ought to be so much easier to forgive any wrong your husband does you than to punish it; for that perpetuates the wrong, and forgiveness ends it, and it 's the only thing that *can* end a wrong. I am sure that your husband will be ready to do or say anything you wish; but if he should n't, Louise, you *will* receive him forgivingly, and make the first advance? It 's a woman's right to make the advances in forgiving."

Mrs. Maynard lay with her hands stretched at her side under the covering, and only her face visible above it. She now turned her head a little, so as to pierce the earnest speaker with a gleam from her dull eye. "Have you accepted Walter Libby?" she asked.

"Louise!" cried Grace, with a blush that burned like fire.

"That 's the way I used to talk when I was first engaged. Wait till you 're married a while. I want Bella to have on her piqué, and her pink sash, — not the cherry one. I should think you would have studied to be a minister instead of a doctor. But you need n't preach to me; I shall know how to behave to George Maynard when he comes, — if he ever does come. And

now I should think you had made me talk enough."

"Yes, yes," said Grace, recalled to her more immediate duty in alarm.

All her helpfulness was soon to be needed. The disease, which had lingered more than usual in the early stages, suddenly approached a crisis. That night Mrs. Maynard grew so much worse that Grace sent Libby at daybreak for Dr. Mulbridge, and the young man, after leading out his own mare to see if her lameness had abated, ruefully put her back in the stable, and set off to Corbitant with the splay-foot at a rate of speed unparalleled, probably, in the animal's recollection of a long and useful life. In the two anxious days that followed, the doctor and Grace were associated in the freedom of a common interest outside of themselves; she went to him for help and suggestion, and he gave them as if nothing had passed to restrict or embarrass their relations. There was that, in fact, in the awe of the time and an involuntary disoccupation of hers that threw them together even more constantly than before. Dr. Mulbridge remained with his patient well into the forenoon; in the afternoon he came again, and that night he did not go away. He superseded Grace as a nurse no less completely than he had displaced her as a physician. He let her relieve him when he flung himself down for a few minutes' sleep, or when he went out for the huge meals which he devoured, preferring the unwholesome things with a depravity shocking to the tender physical consciences of the ladies who looked on; but when he returned to his charge, he showed himself jealous of all that Grace had dóne involving the exercise of more than a servile discretion. When she asked him once if there were nothing else that she could do, he said, "Yes, keep those women and children quiet," in a tone that classed her with both. She longed to ask him what he thought of Maynard's condition; but she had not the courage to invoke the intelligence that ignored her so completely, and she struggled in silence with such disheartening auguries as her theoretical science enabled her to make.

The next day was a Sunday, and the Sabbath hush which always hung over Jocelyn's was intensified to the sense of those who ached between hope and fear for the life that seemed to waver and flicker in that still air. Dr. Mulbridge watched beside his patient, noting every change with a wary intelligence which no fact escaped and no anxiety clouded; alert, gentle, prompt; suffering no question, and absolutely silent as to all impressions. He allowed Grace to remain with him when she liked, and let her do his bidding in minor matters; but when from time to time she escaped from the intolerable tension in which his reticence and her own fear held her, he did not seem to see whether she went or came.

Toward nightfall, she met him coming out of Mrs. Maynard's room, as she drew near in the narrow corridor.

"Where is your friend — the young man — the one who smokes?" he asked, as if nothing unusual had occupied him. "I want him to give me a cigar."

"Dr. Mulbridge," she said, "I will not bear this any longer. I must know the worst — you have no right to treat me in this way. Tell me now — tell me instantly: will she live?"

He looked at her with an imaginable apprehension of hysterics, but as she continued firm, and placed herself resolutely in his way, he relaxed his scrutiny, and said with a smile, "Oh, I think so. What made you think she would n't?"

She drew herself aside, and made way for him. "Go!" she cried. She would have said more, but her indignation choked her.

He did not pass at once, and he did not seem troubled at her anger. "Dr. Breen," he said, "I saw a good deal of

pneumonia in the army, and I don't remember a single case that was saved by the anxiety of the surgeon."

He went now, as people do when they fancy themselves to have made a good point; and she heard him asking Barlow for Libby, outside, and then walking over the gravel toward the stable. At that moment she doubted and hated him so much that she would have been glad to keep Libby from talking or even smoking with him. But she relented a little toward him afterwards, when he returned and resumed the charge of his patient with the gentle, vigilant cheerfulness which she had admired in him from the first, omitting no care and betraying none. He appeared to take it for granted that Grace saw an improvement, but he recognized it by nothing explicit till he rose and said, "I think I will leave Mrs. Maynard with you to-night, Dr. Breen."

The sick woman's eyes turned to him imploringly from her pillow, and Grace spoke the terror of both when she faltered in return, "Are you — you are not going home?"

"I shall sleep in the house" —

"Oh, thank you!" she cried, fervently.

"And you can call me if you wish. But there won't be any occasion. Mrs. Maynard is very much better." He waited to give, in a sort of absent-minded way, certain directions. Then he went out, and Grace sank back into the chair from which she had started at his rising, and wept long and silently with a hidden face. When she took away her hands and dried her tears, she saw Mrs. Maynard beckoning to her. She went to the bedside.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, tenderly.

"Stoop down," whispered the other; and as Grace bowed her ear Mrs. Maynard touched her cheek with her dry lips. In this kiss doubtless she forgave the wrong which she had hoarded in her heart, and there perverted into a deadly injury. But they both knew upon what terms the pardon was accorded, and that if Mrs. Maynard had died, she would have died holding Grace answerable for her undoing.

W. D. Howells.

ORIGIN OF CRIME IN SOCIETY.

In the study of the causes which regulate the existence of crime, the first influence to be taken into account is that of environment. Examples are necessary to set forth what environment does for crime, and a good illustration is found in Defoe's Journal of the Plague in London. In stating its effect upon the population, he says, "There were a great many robberies committed even in this dreadful time. . . . Particularly in houses where all the families or inhabitants had been dead and carried out, they would break in at all hazards, and, without regard to the danger of infection, take even the clothes off the dead bodies. . . . It is, indeed, to be observed that the women were, in all this calamity, the most rash, fearless, and desperate creatures; and, as there were vast numbers that went about as nurses, to tend those that were sick, they committed a great many petty thieveries in the houses where they were employed; . . . till at length the parish officers were sent to recommend nurses to the sick, and always took an account who it was they sent, so as that they might call them to account if the house had been abused where they were placed.

. . . But these robberies extended chiefly to wearing clothes . . . and what rings and money they could come at, . . . but not to a general plundering of the houses." [1] Describing the robbery of a warehouse in Swan Alley of "high-crowned hats" by women, the journalist continues: "'What business, mistress,' said I, 'have you had there?' 'There are more people there,' said she; 'I have had no more business there than they.' But just as I came to the gate I saw two more coming across the yard to come out, with hats also on their heads, and under their arms; and turning to the women, 'Forsooth,' said I, 'what are you doing here?' . . . One of them, who, I confess, did not look like a thief, 'Indeed,' says she, 'we are all wrong; but we were told they were goods that had no owner. Be pleased to take them again, and look yonder; there are more such customers as we.' . . . They all told me they were neighbors, that they had heard any one might take them, that they were nobody's goods, and the like." [2]

Those who recall the incidents of the yellow-fever epidemic in Memphis during 1879 will remember that thefts were committed in a similar way; that in one instance the health officers found the stolen goods scattered several miles away, and that a committee of safety had to be organized to prevent the plunder of the closed stores and dwellings.

When these incidents are analyzed, they show that the disturbance of social order which leaves property unprotected promotes unlawful appropriation. It was the women in London who were chiefly engaged in pilfering. They had free access to the houses as nurses, and could not resist the temptation which was presented to them within doors. But the rise in crime was not general; in fact, the vigilance of the police was such that property was more carefully guarded during the epidemic than before or after. Nor could those who thus stole be classed with common criminals. They were chiefly persons who, under ordinary circumstances, were held to be honest; but neither the fear of contagion nor the fact that the owner was living served as a restraint when the rumor came that the things coveted were "nobody's goods." Effective temptation becoming enhanced, offenses multiplied responsively, extending the circle of offenders beyond the habitually criminal to those usually honest. But an epidemic is not the only disturbance which diffuses crime. It may spring out of speculation with other people's money. This was the case during our late war. While the currency was in process of inflation, the continuous rise in prices presented such chances to become suddenly rich that numberless clerks, trustees, and directors in public institutions pledged other people's collaterals in order to borrow money for their speculations. With the sure decline of prices the extent of their demoralization was revealed by a numerous crop of embezzlements and defalcations, which led to the statement that defalcation was the crime of the day, just as highway robbery was the terror of travelers in the days of Fielding. These breaches of trust were not committed by the criminal class. They were mainly confined to the greatly tempted among lawyers, bankers, directors of monetary institutions, and members of churches, all of whom knew the ethical wrong of their acts. Every one of their offenses was punishable by a state-prison sentence, and yet men in good standing in the community, men who had the confidence of the people on the very ground of their fidelity to important trusts, did not hesitate, with the prospect of reaping great profits, to risk in unlawful enterprises the funds intrusted to them, and in doing thus entered upon a crim-

[1] A Journal of the Plague in 1665, page 62.

[2] Ibid., page 65. Though Defoe put his Journal in the form of fiction, it is nevertheless substantially historical.

inal career. The so-called fear of the law had no essential part in their calculations.

The memorable "draft riots" of July, 1863, in New York city, developed similar results from the disturbance of the social order. On Tuesday, July 14th, the second day of the riot, the New York Tribune had the following: "Bands of thieves are everywhere, mixed up in every crowd, and carrying off plunder in every direction. To them it was a free day, and they made themselves comfortable as to terms." "A vast horde followed the rioters," says Mr. Headley, "for the sole purpose of plunder, and, loaded down with their spoils, could be seen hastening home in every direction."[1] "The lawlessness that prevailed not only let loose all the thieves and burglars of the city, but attracted those from other places, who practiced their vocation with impunity."[2] The Tribune adds that "highway robberies were perpetrated in every part of the city." On the night of the third day of the riot, Chief Young ordered detectives to raid all the "lushing cribs"[3] frequented by thieves within a short distance of the central police office, and to arrest every person found. The Tribune says, "They belong to Boston, Providence, and Baltimore." Again, "John Fay, Montgomery, Myer, and Marsh, said to be Philadelphia thieves, were set at liberty" by the notorious Judge McCunn, and at the trials of the one hundred and fifty persons arrested on account of the riots several were proved to belong to other cities. It is also significant that in this riot as in the "strike" riots of 1877 no professional thief was reported among the killed. They always worked at a safe distance from the fight. For several weeks after the disturbance of the New York draft-riots was quelled, the police searched for plunder. "In dirty cellars and squalid apartments," says Mr. Headley, "were piled away the richest stuffs, brocaded silks, cashmere shawls, elegant chairs, brasses, bronzes, and articles of *vertu*, huddled promiscuously together;"[4] and the amount paid by the authorities for damages to merchants and private citizens was nearly $2,500,000.

These incidents concur in their essential features with those of Defoe's narrative, but with the addition, in the case of the riot, that the thieves, knowing that their market was ready, were on hand before the police and the soldiers. According to the Tribune, one Colman, arrested for larceny, "was heard to say previous to the riot, that the store of Brooks Brothers was to be forced open and sacked, and that he should be one of the first to do it. It shows conclusively that he knew there was to be a riot, the chief object of which was to rob and plunder." The loss at the sacking of their store was between $80,000 and $100,000. There is to be noticed the temporary flocking of the criminals from other points to the centre of opportunity, so that the crime ratio in New York city rose in proportion to the knowledge, given through the press and the telegraph, that superior inducements were offered during the riot for breaking into houses and engaging in wholesale plunder. Had the riot lasted long enough to exhaust all possibility of plunder, the thieves would have dispersed as spontaneously as they gathered; and the ratio of crime and criminals in New York would then have sunk to a level below the average before the disturbance.

Here we have a new feature: the immigration of criminals from one section of country to another, the outside professional entering into competition with the native cut-purse; showing that the distribution of criminals within the community follows the law of supply and demand which obtains in the commer-

[1] The Great Riots of New York, 1873, page 169.
[2] Ibid., page 189.
[3] Rum-houses where thieves resort.
[4] The Great Riots of New York, page 261.

cial world. But the parallel goes further: it was not the forgers and counterfeiters who gathered, but those who practiced house-breaking and pocket-picking. It is seen, in this case, that the ratio of criminals rises selectively, as the nature of the opportunity corresponds to the character and habits of the criminal or of the person tempted to commit crime.

Thus far our illustrations show that the ratio fluctuates by force of certain external circumstances. But the existence of temptation does not fully account for the suddenness of the rise in the crime ratio of a nation. Some other effective element must coöperate with the opportunity, and this effective something must be latent, ever present, and highly susceptible of excitation. This element is best studied in that aspect of the history of subsistence which relates to the metamorphoses of national character resulting from the changes in the mode of acquiring and distributing property.

If subsistence failed the Teutonic savages, they provided it by rapine and divided it by lot, the strongest wresting an undue share. The vanquished might become the food of the conquerors; the division of the feast might be attended with patricide; the surfeit of the banquet might be succeeded by the stupor of gluttony. The primary instinct was self-preservation, but it was attended by self-indulgence in every extreme of uncultured vice. Its effect was to produce predatory habits, a mind stolid to the torture of others, and a character marked by indolence, fickleness, and treachery. The incursion of an alien tribe on the customary hunting-ground was a threat of famine, and had to be met by war to oust the trespasser. But if the increase of the tribe required a wider area for subsistence, it was obtained by the dispossession of a neighboring enemy or of a feeble ally, by massacre or by slavery. This is the substantial history of the successive Germanic invasions which overthrew the Roman civilization and practically extinguished it in England, where the historical evidence survives that the present title to all land was acquired by the forcible despoiling of the former occupants, who were themselves invaders. At that time the right of private war was unquestioned, and a knight's right arm "gave a better title than any deed of grant or Court of Thanes."[1] The law, recognizing the custom of forcible appropriation, borrowed its vocabulary from the facts, and spoke of the possessor being *seised* of the realty; and if he were ousted, the act was spoken of as *disseisin*. The maxims of law declared that actual entry was necessary to possession, thus ignoring a rightful owner too weak to hold his own, and that "possession is nine points of the law," thus favoring a successful brigand. In this way the law perpetuated acts of spoliation by acknowledging possession as the best evidence of right. Forcible entry was continued in the early civilization of England as a rightful mode of maintaining legal titles. Even down to the fourteenth century it is perplexing to draw the line which separates the acts of criminals from the deeds of nobles and dignitaries. "The knights, or, in other words, the class corresponding to our modern gentry, were commonly engaged in exploits which it is extremely difficult to distinguish from brigandage; and the clergy, from the abbots down to the chaplains, followed the example set them by the knights." The history of the time is crowded with instances of this sort of lawlessness. "The Countess of Lincoln had a free warren and chase at Kingston Lacy. A band, more than fifty in number, entered, killed the game, deliberately cut down the timber to the value of two thousand pounds of ancient currency, and carried it off. Among

[1] Pike, History of Crime in England, vol. i. p. 81.

the accused were the Abbot of Sherborne, the Abbot of Middleton, and the Prior of Horton. Three knights and a force more than sixty strong, with many chaplains in its ranks, broke a close belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, drove off his cattle, cut down his trees, reaped his corn, and marched quietly away with the plunder.[1] . . . The Prior of Bollington was charged with the robbery of horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs." [2] These instances are found in the rolls of a single year, among a hundred more of the same general character. So ineffectual were the statutes to suppress this tendency that we find in a roll for 1701 "no less than eleven cases of violent seizure or detention of land were mentioned." [3] Even when disseisin ceased to be practiced in fact, the laws relating to fines and recoveries, which gave sanction to mediæval fraud and force, were regarded by the conveyancers as necessary legal fictions. "Both fines and recoveries were originally actions at law, in which the opposing parties acted in collusion for the purpose of effecting that which they could not legally effect by straightforward and honorable dealing. In the recovery there was the allegation of a disseisin or forcible entry, which was purely fictitious, a fictitious warranty, and a fictitious default of the warrantor. In later times, of course, no deception was practiced, and the law practically gave its countenance to that which had once been the evasion of law." [4] In this incomplete historical sketch we see that the other essential element of crime to which we have alluded is the character of the people. Underlying national metamorphoses, the deep-seated habits of the savage, ever decreasing as we approach the present time, have reached down through eleven centuries of English history, and the acts of burglary, robbery, larceny, and murder which, five hundred years ago, were the customary life of the nobles are now practiced chiefly by criminal reprobates.

But in tracing the modification of individual and national character there is another point to look at. In the transfer of property by violence, what the victor gains the vanquished loses; but the transfer of property by exchange, which implies gain to both parties by the transaction, gradually supersedes the former, and modifies human character in that way which we call civilization. Labor is the point around which the social metamorphosis primarily revolves. It is one of the chief forces in modern life, the most effective moderator of license, impulse, and intemperance; it provides with certainty for the well-being of the citizen and the commonwealth. The accumulation of wealth from labor involves a vital process which affects society at three points: primarily, by controlling the emotional and magnifying the mental life of the laborer; secondarily, by producing a social organization dependent upon the change of character thus induced in the laborer; and, thirdly, by the product of the labor itself becoming an agent, in the hands of those who have created it, to expand the purposes of civilization. Labor enters mysteriously into the physical basis of morality. It organizes perseverance, foresight, moderation, and the power to forego present pleasure for prospective profit, all of which are attributes of character. It requires and secures peace under liberty, which encourages commercial contracts, strengthens responsibility, and facilitates exchange which involves equity. Labor thus moulds the national metamorphoses into the form of an international brotherhood, and progressively increases the allotment of material, social, and moral rewards which are distributed among

[1] Pike, History of Crime in England, vol. i. p. 247.

[2] Ibid., vol. i. p. 248.

[3] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 259.

[4] Ibid., vol. ii. p. 477

thrifty people. In this arrangement of social forces, arbitrary vindictiveness finds no place. The march of civilization is not by savage conquest or by private war. It is a perpetual persuasion, carried forward to an intensely practical result, and becoming an organic, constructive, and inexorable compulsion, "the simple non-collection of reward performing the office of punishment." [1]

Looking to the effect of these initial causes, we should expect that the free cities established during the Middle Ages, fostering industrial growth by insuring security for life and property, would muster the peaceful citizens of the rural districts, and leave the idle and turbulent elements behind. This was the fact, and the industrial selection favored the survival of savage instincts and customs in the suburban districts, while it effaced them in the cities.

Labor thus displaces the savage system of spoliation, and introduces the new element of coöperation. The two processes act with unequal force on different individuals, one retarding, the other accelerating, in differing degrees and diverse directions; so that various individuals and different localities depart more or less widely from the original savage type. In this way, innumerable grades have arisen, each conforming more or less to the civilization of their time; and the difference in capacity which marks the boor from the skilled mechanic and professional expert, or the criminal outcast from the honest man, grows largely out of the incapacity of the boor and criminal to grasp the nature of exchange, or to fit themselves to become productive laborers.

Modern society has thus become a harp of a thousand strings, many of which are discords waiting to be keyed up to concert pitch. There are striking examples of the active operation of this process of selection in the economic and criminal history of England during the first half of this century. In 1848 Plint observed that the increase of crime in England from 1801 to 1848 had been 200 per cent., but that this increase was in a rapidly diminishing ratio. From 1801 to 1821 it was 112 per cent.; from 1821 to 1831 it was 27 per cent.; while from 1831 to 1845 it was only 7 per cent. This showed "either that some powerful causes [were] in operation, retarding crime, or that crime . . . has its limits, and that in particular localities it is approaching such limits." [2] How well he understood the matter appears by the diminishing increase of the first half of the century becoming an actual decrease of 33 per cent. in indictable offenses between the years 1858 and 1875.

In his observations on the diminishing ratio in the increase of crime, the higher relative augmentation was in the agricultural and mining counties, where it ranged, between the years 1821 and 1845, from 100 to 207 per cent.; while it was but 35 per cent. for all England. In the mixed manufacturing and mining counties there was an intermediate excess, while there was an increase below the average of all England, or an absolute decrease, in 1821, in the counties which contained the centres of manufactures, trade, and wealth. The increase in Middlesex was only 5-3 per cent.; while Lancashire showed a decrease of 5 and Nottingham of 22 per cent. And this is not all. The county constabulary, which makes criminal returns for 56 per cent. of the population of England and Wales, 18 per cent. being in towns, reported that in three years, ending in 1873, 53 per cent. of the attempts to murder, 62 per cent. of the proved murders, which includes the most atrocious cases, and 88 per cent. of the arsons committed took place in the rural districts. Aside from numerous

[1] Jeremy Bentham, Rationale of Punishment, page 9.

[2] Plint, Crime in England, London, 1848, page 24.

secondary causes which contribute to these results, the retardation of hereditable quality is conspicuous. The rustic population suffers a double deprivation. The intelligent and aspiring, flocking to the centres of manufacture, cease to endow with their virtues the posterity of their native neighborhoods, and by their absence subtract the civilizing environment they would otherwise generate. Class *endogamy*[1] ensuing, the lineal descendant and contingent remainder of the savage survives, in the rural district, in the persons of the habitual criminal and pauper, who pour forth in a perpetual stream to swell the criminal ranks of the cities.

The Irish form a conspicuous example of this law on an international scale. For two hundred years England has avoided civil war, and organized those social and political habits which are best described as respect for law. But the people of Ireland, partly by reason of their derivation from a barbarous race, and largely by reason of English misrule, have remained up to very recent times a prey to faction fights, to insecurity of land tenure, to industrial stagnation, and to uncertainty of food products frequently threatening actual famine. Their history has been one of protracted revolt, now smothered, and again breaking out at fitful intervals, so that industry has never been established upon a fixed and certain basis. In correspondence with these historical facts we find that grave crime in Ireland is more frequent than in England. In 1873, the English stood charged with 37 per cent. less offenses in the malicious destruction of property, and with 41 per cent. fewer murders of persons above one year of age, than the Irish; while the offenses against property without violence were 49 per cent. less among the Irish than among the English. Offenses against property without violence are the mark of civilization. When the Irish emigrate to countries which have long since outgrown savage life, their proclivities become still more marked; they actually supplant the native offender. More than 8 per cent. of the graver crimes committed in England are traced to the Irish, who, in 1873, were less than 2.5 per cent. of the whole population. In the northern counties, while the percentage of the Irish population was 6.6 per cent. of the whole, the number of Irish imprisoned was 25 per cent., or four times as great as the native population.

In order to avoid possible error in these figures, arising out of race prejudice in England acting unfavorably to the conviction of the Irish, it is well to note that in the city of New York, where neither the juries nor the judges can be supposed to have a bias against the Irish, the proportion of convicts in Sing Sing prison who are Irish or of Irish parentage is almost 66 per cent., while the Irish population of the city of New York is only 44 per cent., and that of the rural districts which send their convicts to that prison is not one fifth of the number.

This strikingly establishes the force of hereditary tendencies in the formation of the criminal character. We have confined ourselves, in all that precedes, entirely to the influence of hunger upon crime, excluding, for obvious reasons, the illustrations which might be drawn from the sexual appetite, — illustrations which, if duly taken into account, would immensely strengthen the argument.

It is now time to turn to the question of relative temptation as developed under commercial and industrial crises. These tend to restore the chronic conditions of savage life, — war and hunger, — which produce reversions toward barbaric impulse among a race fairly civilized. No country presents a more favorable example for this study than

[1] Intermarriage between relations or persons of the same class.

England. It has been so long at peace internally that the forces of civilization are uppermost; and yet the external wars she has frequently waged have reacted on the social prosperity of the nation, and can be noted like a pulse in its crime ratio. For eight years before the close of the twenty years' war in 1815, a commercial and industrial panic was impending; but when the industries incident to the supply of war materials were checked, and 120,000 soldiers, mostly unskilled laborers or criminals, either pressed into the army, or deliberately committed to its ranks by the magistrate, were turned loose as free laborers, the catastrophe could no longer be averted. The crisis culminated in 1816. Eighty-nine banks failed; the inflated currency fell to half its face value; the price of food went up; and the 120,000 helpless soldiers found no place among artisans as helpless as themselves. They were compelled to fight in a new direction. In two years, from 1815 to 1817, the rise in crime culminated, going up to 72 per cent., which was 173 per cent. more than it was in 1806, notwithstanding the executions in 1817 were double those of 1815, and the death penalty was inflicted for two hundred and thirty-three distinct offenses, including larcenies to the value of five shillings. The same results, only in a less degree, were noticed after the Crimean war. Want always follows in the wake of war. The ability to give employment is curtailed; the purchasing power of workmen is reduced; and a relative famine substantially exists among the poor, even though there may be an abundant harvest. Usually during the period of crises the operatives are selectively dismissed from employment, those turned off being less skillful, less reliable, less honest, less steady, or less industrious than the workmen who are retained. The discharged men thus approximate nearer to the savage type. Famine, an essential condition of savage life, looms up before them, and becomes to those most closely allied to the savage character their most effective temptation. If they fail in the capacity and training which command employment in the handicrafts in which they have been bred, they are still less able to readapt themselves to the new industries which grow out of the changes of modern life; they feel obliged to fall back upon a set of capacities which enables them to enter into a destructive competition with thieves for a portion of the decreased income which may now be secured by theft. This competition forces the habitual criminals to share in the general retrenchment, and the evidence of this very retrenchment may be seen in the reduction of arrests for drunkenness. Thus, one of the results of a commercial crisis is the compulsory temperance of the criminal class. The general result is on the one hand a rise in the number of graver crimes and in the proportionate number of criminals, and on the other hand the curbing of vices which lead to assaults and misdemeanors, and a reduction in the number of commitments for these causes.

Yet, upon the return of commercial prosperity, a fall in the crime ratio and a rise in the misdemeanors will take place. The call now is for additional operatives, and those who took up criminal callings in adversity are the first to reënter the ranks of honest industry. Thus, whenever commercial panics, without war, have occurred, a rise has taken place in the crime-ratio. Whenever abundant harvests and industrial prosperity have concurred, the ratio has fallen. There is no exception to this rule. But while the advent of prosperity reduces the number of criminals and of crimes, it also enlarges the possible income of the persistently dishonest, and tends to keep up the number of hereditary criminals to the point which society itself tolerates. This perpetuation of a criminal stock, however,

need not be a cause of alarm or an occasion of wonder. Speaking in a general way, the survival of these hereditary criminals represents not a destructive but a conservative force. They measure the maximum number of persons whom civilization has so far failed to improve. They point out the enormous power of the slow social growth, by which the vast antecedent army of self-indulgent men has been reduced until it has shrunk to a corporal's guard of professional offenders. The fact that they are hereditary offenders, perpetuated mainly by class intermarriage, restricts their social influence by narrowing down the field of entailment, and makes them more and more a controllable element as to numbers and social influence.

Criminals are not found to be isolated factors in modern life, and the prevalence of crime is no fortuitous accident, but follows a law similar to that of mortality, though illustrated by facts of a somewhat different order.

We can now readily understand that want, as a constant cause, will produce an analogous constant equivalent, modified as to kind by the changes wrought in the national character and by other civilizing agencies, and restricted as to degree by the moderation or severity of the struggle for existence. In other words, whenever, in a savage state of society, famine threatens a tribe, it incites to the massacre and pillage of the adjacent people as the means of procuring food; sometimes it ends in cannibalism. If it stops short of these acts of violence among the civilized, it is because the progressive accumulation and wider distribution of wealth enables the community to submit without resistance to a temporarily increased loss from depredation, and offers to the needy an easier relief from want by means of theft. The existence of a food reserve, which multiplies the opportunities for theft, relieves the thief of the temptation to effect the transfer by the additional crime of the murder of the holder of the supply. Herein you have an illustration of the persuasions of civilization in the extinguishing of the necessity for an absolute reversion to the savage type. There is also an illustration of the inexorableness of civilization in the fact that by checking the impulse to murder the non-exercise provides for the extinction of a characteristic of brutality, which would otherwise be indefinitely continued. Slowly, brutality as an hereditary entailment becomes an ever-weakening force.

So far, the attention has been directed chiefly to the fluctuations of the crime-ratio when the comparison is made at different periods of time. But when particular crimes in countries or localities of homogeneous social, industrial, and political organization are compared with one another at the same time, it is found that the ratios are nearly uniform. The gradual decrease of serious offenses and the change in the character of the crimes themselves are also points to be noted. In Turpin's day travelers carried coin to meet the requirements of their journey, which involved the highwayman in a personal contest with his victim, — a contest fatal or not according to the degree of the victim's resistance. In our own day the universal use of checks and letters of credit, of railroad trains stopping only at regular and frequented stations, instead of stage-coaches with "irregular stoppages," has cut off the forms of opportunity which tempted the Dick Turpin of old. The intensity of crime has thus decreased by losing the characteristics of violence, and embezzlements, pocket-picking, false pretenses, and counterfeiting, which avoid violence, are in the ascendant. In other words, fraud and dexterity are superseding force as the auxiliaries of the criminal, and contrivance is becoming essential to criminal success. But fraud, dexterity, and contrivance imply

intellectual and manual training, sometimes training of the highest order; so that the forms of crime are conforming in certain essential features to the conditions of organized labor. Just so far the training of the expert criminal lays the foundation for his potential drafting into the army of the industrious. Crime, therefore, is itself becoming civilized, and by reason of this infusion of the element of industry is perpetually providing for the extinction of some of its own forms. It is thus seen to be less true that civilization creates new crimes than that it makes old crimes more and more impossible.

The present argument is purposely confined to the consideration of crimes against property with or without violence. Murders committed for gain are included, because they follow the general laws already mentioned; but offenses committed by the insane or idiotic are excluded, because they present certain features which do not obviously follow these laws, and need a separate treatment to show how they conform to and differ from the present subject. Crimes against the person embrace motives which do not enter into the commission of crimes against property (excepting malicious mischief), and require a special examination. They are, for this reason, here left out.

In so short a space it is impossible to give a full exposition of all the laws governing the crime ratio. This would call for an analysis of the emotions which prompt to gratification by acts involving the invasion of the property of others. But as these emotions are to a great extent either resolvable into two master appetites, hunger and sexual passion, or intimately allied to them, it is thought best to suggest that the sum of these emotions be thought of by the reader as the inspiring and prompting element of the criminal career. On the other hand, the illustrations and explanation of the general laws of crime have been confined specifically to hunger, in order to avoid the necessity of discussing the uxorial problem, and the complexities growing out of collateral though highly important issues of less prominent motives.

The general induction seems to be that the more important fluctuations in the crime ratio primarily depend on the entailment of the savage nature. Whenever war and want affect a partly cultured nation, the environment of its less favored people approximates to savage forms, and their latent savage traits break forth into theft and brutality. If the want comes from a commercial crisis, the reversion is toward crimes against property without violence. If peace and plenty reign, and the environment promotes steady industry, the savage features of the character subside, and the moral attributes become fixed and extend civilized habits to a new contingent of hitherto unimproved people. The rewards of labor play an important part at this point. Whenever civilization ceases to dispense rewards, the backward movement toward barbarism again sets in, because the average man cares less for life than for the things for which he lives. But where there is an hereditary criminal class, crime will be proportionate to the degree of effective temptation, and no sort of arbitrary punishment can avail to check it. The temptation depends upon two conditions, — the character, necessities, and caprices of the thief, and the vigilance of his victims. If for a sufficient time the vigilance be relaxed by social disturbance, the crime ratio will rise; if it be increased, the ratio will fall.

The number of criminals who will prey upon property, at any given time, is determined by the degree of competition for the plunder which is within the possibility of capture, the amount of which is gauged by the standard of living habitual to those among whom the plunder is to be divided. Nor is this all.

The competition for plunder excludes many men and women from the criminal class, because the point of successful resistance to depredation has been reached and the point of the possible distribution of the spoil attained, thereby extinguishing the conditions of success in a criminal career.

The absolute reduction of the crime ratio seems largely to be effected by three methods. The first method is the offer of rewards for industry in the form of wages or social and moral consideration, presenting greater inducements than the possible gains by theft. These inducements are offered at first with severe and irksome conditions of contract, expressed or implied, and these conditions give rise to habits which gradually organize into moral sentiments. These sentiments are in accord with the habits, at first unwillingly accepted, but afterwards loyally and cheerfully carried out, and at last are performed as duties, bringing with them the satisfactions of right doing. The second method is the gradual preparation of the criminal class to enter upon legitimate occupation. There is a certain sort of compulsion in this. Civilization makes it necessary for the criminal to fit himself by an appropriate education to cope with the devices created by monetary and property relationships. He must be able to use the instruments and methods of culture, and this knowledge is one of the first steps in moral conduct, and most favorable to its development. The third method is the gradual multiplication of grades of society, one insensibly merging into the other. This prepares a continuous social medium for transitions from one extreme group, the criminal, to the other extreme group, the gentleman, by the law of imitation, admirably expounded by the late Walter Bagehot in his Physics and Politics. This law is found to operate quite freely with that very large class in every community, the unpunished criminals, who, beginning business with a capital obtained by fraud or theft, or by pandering to the vices of their fellows, gradually amass fortunes, and, prompted by social aspiration, endeavor to enter a circle of society from which they would be excluded were their antecedents known or their former practices continued. Nor is this change simply an act of hypocrisy. It is so often the determination to give their posterity a social start which they did not have themselves that the origin is sunk in the aim. Taking in all time, however, the disparagement of the origin is no greater because recent than is that of the analogous ancestry of the pious and upright citizens, whose forefathers are revered because their short-comings are effaced by the remoteness of their misdoings. The time was when the high and mighty claimed to be the children of the gods. Few to-day will dare to deny that they are the posterity of the savage emerging into the light.

Since the crimes here treated are chiefly against property, the aspects of education intimately connected with the rise, conditions, and requirements of property have been chiefly dwelt upon, not because there are no other phases of education bearing upon the crime ratio, but because those adduced are fundamental to the subject. In future papers it is intended to consider the limits of punishment, the efficacy of prevention, the possibilities of education specifically applied to the training of juvenile offenders and the children of habitual criminals and paupers. The chief object of the present paper has been to show that there are inevitable laws regulating crime which are above legislative statutes, and that civilization is in the ascendant, whether people are fervent adorers at its altar, or unwilling but compulsory pilgrims towards its shrine.

Richard L. Dugdale.

CARLYLE'S LAUGH.

None of the many sketches of Carlyle that have been published since his death have brought out quite distinctly enough the thing which struck me more forcibly than all else, when in the actual presence of the man; namely, the peculiar quality and expression of his laugh. It need hardly be said that there is a great deal in a laugh. One of the most telling pieces of oratory that ever reached my ears was Victor Hugo's vindication, at the Voltaire Centenary in Paris, of the smile of Voltaire. Certainly Carlyle's laugh was not like that smile, but it was something as inseparable from his personality, and as essential to the account, when making up one's estimate of him. It was as individually characteristic as his face or his dress, or his way of talking or of writing. It seemed indeed indispensable for the explanation of all of these. I found in looking back upon my first interview with him that all I had known of Carlyle through others, or through his own books, for twenty-five years, had been utterly defective, — had left out, in fact, the key to his whole nature, — inasmuch as nobody had ever described to me his laugh.

It is impossible to follow the matter further without a little bit of personal narration. On visiting England for the first time in 1872, I was offered a letter to Carlyle, and declined it. Like all of this generation, I had been under some personal obligations to him for his early writings, — though in my case this debt was trifling compared with that due to Emerson, — but his Latter Day Pamphlets and his reported utterances on American affairs had taken away all special desire to meet him, besides the ungraciousness said to mark his demeanor toward visitors from the United States. Yet when I was once fairly launched in that fascinating world of London society where the American sees, as Willis used to say, whole shelves of his library walking about in coats and gowns, this disinclination rapidly softened. And when Mr. Froude kindly offered to take me with him on one of his afternoon visits to Carlyle, and further proposed that I should join them in their habitual walk through the parks, it was not in human nature — or at least in American nature — to resist.

We accordingly went after lunch, one day in May, to Carlyle's modest house in Chelsea, and found him in his study, reading — by a chance very appropriate for me — in Weiss's Life of Parker. He received us kindly, but at once began inveighing against the want of arrangement in the book he was reading, the defective grouping of the different parts, and the impossibility of finding anything in it, even by aid of the index. He then went on to speak of Parker himself, and of other Americans whom he had met. I do not recall the details of the conversation, but to my surprise he did not say a single really offensive or ungracious thing. If he did, it related less to my countrymen than to his own, for I remember his saying some rather stern things about Scotchmen. But that which saved these and all his sharpest words from being actually offensive was this, that after the most vehement tirade he would suddenly pause, throw his head back, and give as genuine and kindly a laugh as I ever heard from a human being. It was not the bitter laugh of the cynic, nor yet the big-bodied laugh of the burly joker; least of all was it the thin and rasping cackle of the dyspeptic satirist. But it was a broad, honest, human laugh, which, beginning in the brain, took into its action the whole heart and dia-

phragm, and instantly changed the worn face into something frank and even winning, giving to it an expression that would have won the confidence of any child. Nor did it convey the impression of an exceptional thing that had occurred for the first time that day, and might never happen again. It rather produced the effect of something habitual; of being the channel, well worn for years, by which the overflow of a strong nature was discharged. It cleared the air like thunder, and left the atmosphere sweet. It seemed to say to himself, if not to us, "Do not let us take this too seriously; it is my way of putting things. What refuge is there for a man who looks below the surface in a world like this, except to laugh now and then?" The laugh, in short, revealed the humorist; if I said the genial humorist, wearing a mask of grimness, I should hardly go too far for the impression it left. At any rate it shifted the ground, and transferred the whole matter to that realm of thought where men play with things. The instant Carlyle laughed, he seemed to take the counsel of his old friend Emerson, and to write upon the lintels of his doorway, "Whim."

Whether this interpretation be right or wrong, it is certain that the effect of this new point of view upon one of his visitors was wholly disarming. The bitter and unlovely vision vanished; my armed neutrality went with it, and there I sat talking with Carlyle as fearlessly as if he were an old friend. The talk soon fell on the most dangerous of all ground, our civil war, which was then near enough to inspire curiosity; and he put questions showing that he had, after all, considered the matter in a sane and reasonable way. He was especially interested in the freed slaves and the colored troops; he said but little, yet that was always to the point, and without one ungenerous word. On the contrary, he showed more readiness to comprehend the situation, as it existed after the war, than was to be found in most Englishmen at that time. The need of giving the ballot to the former slaves he readily admitted, when it was explained to him; and he at once volunteered the remark that in a republic they needed this, as the guarantee of their freedom. "You could do no less," he said, "for the men who had stood by you." I could scarcely convince my senses that this manly and reasonable critic was the terrible Carlyle, the hater of "Cuffee" and "Quashee" and of all republican government. If at times a trace of angry exaggeration showed itself, the good, sunny laugh came in and cleared the air.

We walked beneath the lovely trees of Kensington Gardens, then in the glory of an English May; and I had my first sight of the endless procession of riders and equipages in Rotten Row. My two companions received numerous greetings, and as I walked in safe obscurity by their side, I could cast sly glances of keen enjoyment at the odd combination visible in their looks. Froude's fine face and bearing have since then grown familiar to Americans, and he was irreproachably dressed; while probably no salutation was ever bestowed from an elegant carriage on an odder figure than Carlyle. Tall, very thin, and slightly stooping; with unkempt, grizzly whiskers pushed up by a high collar, and kept down by an ancient felt hat; wearing an old faded frock coat, checked waistcoat, coarse gray trowsers, and russet shoes; holding a stout stick, with his hands encased in very large gray woolen gloves, — this was Carlyle. I noticed that when we first left his house, his aspect attracted no notice in the streets, being doubtless familiar in his own neighborhood; but as we went farther and farther on, many eyes were turned upon him, and men sometimes stopped to gaze at him. Little he noticed it, however, as he plodded along with his eyes cast down or looking straight before him, while his lips

poured forth an endless stream of talk. Once and once only he was accosted, and forced to answer; and I recall it with delight as showing how the unerring instinct of childhood coincided with mine, and pronounced him not a man to be feared.

We passed a spot where some nobleman's grounds were being appropriated for a public park; it was only lately that people had been allowed to cross them, and all was in the rough, preparations for the change having been begun. Part of the turf had been torn up for a roadway, but there was a little emerald strip where three or four ragged children, the oldest not over ten, were turning somersaults in great delight. As we approached, they paused and looked shyly at us, as if uncertain of their right on these premises; and I could see the oldest, a sharp-eyed little London boy, reviewing us with one keen glance, as if selecting him in whom confidence might best be placed. Now I am myself a child-loving person; and I had seen with pleasure Mr. Froude's kindly ways with his own youthful household: yet the little *gamin* dismissed us with a glance and fastened on Carlyle. Pausing on one foot, as if ready to take to his heels on the least discouragement, he called out the daring question, "I say, mister, may we roll on this here grass?" The philosopher faced round, leaning on his staff, and replied in a homelier Scotch accent than I had yet heard him use, "Yes, my little fellow, r-r-roll at discraytion!" Instantly the children resumed their antics, while one little girl repeated meditatively, "He says we may roll at discraytion!" — as if it were some new kind of ninepin-ball.

Six years later I went with my friend Conway to call on Mr. Carlyle once more, and found the kindly laugh still there, though changed, like all else in him, by the advance of years and the solitude of existence. It could not be said of him that he grew old happily, but he did not grow old unkindly, I should say; it was painful to see him, but it was because one pitied him, not by reason of resentment suggested by anything he said. He announced himself to be, and he visibly was, a man left behind by time and waiting for death. He seemed in a manner sunk within himself; but I remember well the affectionate way in which he spoke of Emerson, who had just sent him the address entitled The Future of the Republic. Carlyle said, "I 've just noo been reading it; the dear Emerson, he thinks the whole warrld's like himself; and if he can just get a million people together and let them all vote, they 'll be sure to vote right and all will go vara well;" and then came in the brave laugh of old, but briefer and less hearty by reason of years and sorrows.

One may well hesitate before obtruding upon the public any such private impressions of an eminent man. They will always seem either too personal or too trivial. But I have waited in vain to see some justice done to that side of Carlyle here portrayed; and since it has been very commonly asserted that the effect he produced on strangers was that of a rude and offensive person, it seems almost a duty to testify to the very different way in which one American visitor saw him. An impression produced at two interviews, six years apart, may be worth recording, especially if it proved strong enough to outweigh all previous prejudice and antagonism.

In fine, I should be inclined to appeal from all Carlyle's apparent bitterness and injustice to the mere quality of his laugh, as giving sufficient proof that the gift of humor underlay all else in him. All his critics, as it seems to me, treat him a little too seriously. No matter what his labors or his purposes, the attitude of the humorist was always behind. As I write, there lies before me a scrap from the original manuscript of

his French Revolution, — the page being written, after the custom of English authors of half a century ago, on both sides of the paper, — and as I study it, every curl and twist of the handwriting, every backstroke of the pen, every substitution of a more piquant word for a plainer one, bespeaks the man of whim. Perhaps this quality came by nature through a Scotch ancestry; perhaps it was strengthened by the accidental course of his early reading. It may be that it was Richter who moulded him, after all, rather than Goethe; and we know that Richter was defined by Carlyle, in his very first literary essay, as "a humorist and a philosopher," putting the humorist first. The German author's favorite type of character — seen to best advantage in his Siebenkäs of the Blumen, Frucht und Dornenstücke — came nearer to the actual Carlyle than most of the grave portraitures yet executed. He, as is said of Siebenkäs, disguised his heart beneath a grotesque mask, partly for greater freedom, and partly because he preferred to whimsically exaggerate human folly rather than to share it (*dass er die menschliche Thorheit mehr travestiere als nachahme*). Both characters might be well summed up in the brief sentence which follows: "A humorist in action is but a satirical improvisatore" (*Ein handelnder Humorist ist blos ein satirischer Improvisatore*). This last phrase, "a satirical improvisatore," seems to me better than any other to describe Carlyle.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

MARTHA.

Yea, Lord! — Yet some must serve!
Not all with tranquil heart,
Even at thy dear feet,
Wrapped in devotion sweet,
May sit apart!

Yea, Lord! — Yet some must bear
The burden of the day,
Its labor and its heat,
While others at thy feet
May muse and pray!

Yea, Lord! — Yet some must do
Life's daily task-work; some
Who fain would sing must toil
Amid earth's dust and moil,
While lips are dumb!

Yea, Lord! — Yet man must earn,
And woman bake, the bread;
And some must watch and wake
Early, for others' sake,
Who pray instead!

Yea, Lord! — Yet even Thou
Hast need of earthly care.
I bring the bread and wine
To Thee, a guest divine, —
Be this my prayer!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE TWO HAMLETS.

By the two Hamlets I do not mean the Hamlets father and son, as to whom I have said quite all that need be said by me in The Case of Hamlet the Younger.[1] The two Hamlets that will presently engage our attention are two editions of the great tragedy which were published respectively in the years 1603 and 1604, and in regard to which some notions have been adopted and painfully advocated which seem to me little more than fanciful conjecture, without any foundation in fact and reason. The examination of such a subject must from its nature be an exercise in textual criticism; and those who have not an appetite for such entertainment would do well to act upon this warning. It is also proper to say that I shall necessarily go over ground upon which I have appeared previously;[2] but to those who would in any case be interested in my subject this, I believe, will not be objectionable.

The tragedy of Hamlet is founded upon a story told by Saxo Grammaticus in his Historia Danica. Written about 1180–90, printed in 1514, retold in Belleforest's Histoires Tragiques in 1570, it found its way to England, and was there made the groundwork of a play before the year 1589. These points I shall assume as settled (they are undisputed), without troubling my present readers with regard to the evidence upon which they rest. Of the English play performed in the sixteenth century no copy is known to exist. Should one be discovered, it would readily sell for twenty times its weight in gold to any one of a dozen buyers, among which would be the British Museum. But as in the walls and aisles of some of the beautiful old English churches there are found the scattered and broken remnants of ruder predecessors, which necessity, or choice, or chance caused to be adopted into their structure, so in the first known Hamlet, which bears the name of William Shakespeare, there are fragmentary remains of this ancient and vanished drama, which furnished our great dramatic architect not only with the occasion, but with the plan and even with some of the substance, of his marvelous work. He indeed was hindered from such adoption by no sense of intellectual importance and dignity, nor by ambition for the elevation of his art, as to which he showed himself supremely indifferent. He did not disdain or hesitate to use any material within his reach, if he could make it useful and fit it into the work that he had in hand. But in the present instance the remnants of the old play, upon whose outlines and foundation and with whose ruins he built, have been preserved to us by accident, through the greed — or, to use a more fashionable phrase, the enterprise — of a London bookseller of his day, and by the treachery of an actor in his company. The

[1] The Galaxy, April, 1870.

[2] Introductory Essay to Hamlet. Works of Shakespeare, 1862, vol. xi. p. 5.

latter undertook to furnish the former surreptitiously with Shakespeare's version of the tragedy; but not being able to get a copy of the whole, he attempted to give some parts of it from memory, and in other passages which he could not recollect at all he used the old play, which had been made worthless by the success of Shakespeare's, if indeed he did not find this patching done to his hand in the stage copy.

This view of the first existing version of Shakespeare's Hamlet was first presented nineteen years ago, in the introductory essay to my edition of the tragedy before referred to; but although it has received respectful, and I suppose I ought to say highly favorable, consideration from my fellow editors and critics, it has, to my surprise, not been adopted without question.[1] But I am sure that the hesitation in adopting it is the result merely of my previous inability to treat the subject more thoroughly than it could be treated in the introduction to the tragedy in an edition of all of Shakespeare's works, which, intended for the general public of intelligent readers, was necessarily confined within moderate limits.[2] The conclusion seems to me, even after these nineteen years, and after reading, I believe, all that has since been written on the question, so clearly unavoidable as not to admit a doubt.

Two other views of this important subject have been taken. One supposes the copy of the first Hamlet to have been obtained merely by means of a short-hand reporter, who was able to furnish his employer with only a mangled and imperfect version of the play, a view first briefly, and without reason assigned, set forth by Mr. Collier; the other, the difference of which from mine is much the more important, is that in the 1603 Hamlet we have the tragedy as Shakespeare first wrote it, and that in the second edition, published the next year, but within a few months, we have it recast, rewritten, and much enlarged by the author. This view has a great fascination for those who cannot be easy without pulling their Shakespeare to pieces, to see how he goes. For they think that by comparing the two Hamlets, first and second, they can trace the growth of his mind and the development of his thought; although they might as well undertake to trace the development of lightning from a thunder cloud. Wherefore this notion — it is the merest notion — has been, and perhaps may yet hereafter be, earnestly and ingeniously defended, either simply of itself, or in some modified form or other. The fact, however, as to which I am so sure is that, on the contrary, the first Hamlet represents, in a mutilated form and with interpolations, the only Hamlet that Shakespeare ever wrote, and that about the year 1600 his tragedy existed in its first and last, its full and perfect form.

The first edition of Hamlet was entered on the Stationers' Register in London — a mode of securing copyright — in 1602, and was published in 1603 with this title: "The Tragicall Historie of HAMLET *Prince of Denmarke*, by Will-

[1] Except, I should perhaps say, by the Rev. Mr. Fleay, the skillful and laborious developer, if not discoverer, of the rhythm and rhyme and syllable-ending test of dramatic authorship. He has abandoned the theory of the periods of the writing of Hamlet which he presented in his Shakespeare Manual, and has, moreover, come to the same conclusion with me in regard to the making up of the first version of the play. This I find by his valuable and interesting tables published in Dr. Ingleby's Occasional Papers on Shakespeare. It has been pointed out in England that I have also the benefit of the support of his conclusions by rhyme and syllable test in my view of the mixed authorship of the Taming of the Shrew, set forth seventeen years before.

[2] I may also here not inappropriately remark that a certain inconsistency which the distinguished German critic, Professor Leo (Shakespeare Jahrbuch, vol. i.), has detected and commented upon, between the system of editing advocated in Shakespeare's Scholar and that adopted in my edition, is due to the same consideration of my public, — to reasons partly commercial. I gave my readers, to a certain degree, what I thought *they* wanted. More than once in the course of my work I remarked that I was not editing Shakespeare as if I were doing it for myself.

iam Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London : and also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where." This title is evidence of the public favor which the tragedy quickly attained, and it also bears upon the date of its composition and production. Written for Shakespeare's company in London, in the year 1603, and probably in 1602, it had had the honor of being selected for performance at the two great universities, and had made its way elsewhere. The time in which it had risen to this popularity and distinction was short. For we know by its absence from a list of Shakespeare's tragedies published by Francis Meres in 1598 that he had not then written his Hamlet; and allowing only a year or two for its success in London, in Oxford and Cambridge, and elsewhere, we are led to 1599 or 1600 as the time of its composition and production. Internal evidence, with the details of which it is not necessary to trouble the readers of this article, points to the latter year as that in which a certain scene of it was written. The question between 1599 and 1600 is on any account a trifling one ; and in comparison with the others which remain to be settled in regard to it dwindles into absolute insignificance.

A glance at the Hamlet of 1603 discovers to the most unobservant reader, first, that it is only about half as long as the tragedy now known as Shakespeare's ; next, that it could not have been written by Shakespeare in the form in which it is presented in that edition. Much of it, indeed, varies little from the tragedy as it appears in later editions ; but no inconsiderable part of it is not only unlike that text in very many important particulars, but is such a jumble of confused, heterogeneous dullness and nonsense that it cannot be accepted as the work of any playwright of repute, not to say of Shakespeare. Moreover, in addition to these passages, and in addition to the others, already mentioned, which are unquestionably Shakespeare's, and which bear the impress of his powers in their most transcendent development, there are some which, although coherent and clear, cannot be accepted as having been written by him at any period of his career. The course of our inquiry will lead us to the examination of examples of all these varieties of text in this singular and supremely interesting version of the most peculiar, impressive, and thoughtful, if not the greatest, of the works of the world's greatest poet and dramatist.

It is first remarkable that the texts of the two versions (for the text of the second edition, that of 1604, may be properly assumed, for our present purpose, as being the same with that of the folio of 1623 and of subsequent editions) are in the earlier scenes identical, to all intents and purposes, with notable exceptions in two or three passages. But this conformity diminishes as the play advances. The long first act comfortably completed, confusion begins to reign, — confusion in arrangement, confusion in thought, confusion in language. Thenceforward there are hardly half a dozen consecutive speeches which can be accepted even as badly copied or badly printed versions of Shakespeare's work. This is admitted even by those who insist that the edition of 1603 represents, although imperfectly, the tragedy which Shakespeare first wrote, and which he afterwards developed into the version represented by the texts of the edition of 1604 and the folio of 1623. It is assumed by these critics that the text of the edition of 1603 is a mutilated version of a first sketch of an afterwards enlarged, elaborated, and highly finished drama. For our present purpose it is not here necessary to show that the text of 1603 is so grossly mangled and corrupted in the main that it cannot be accepted as a fair, or even as a tolerable,

representation of *any* drama. That is admitted on all hands. The question is what drama it *mis*represents, — the Hamlet that we know, or an earlier, shorter, and less admirable one? It misrepresents the former. There was but one Hamlet written by William Shakespeare.

The title of the second edition, that of 1604, which contains the play as we know it, has a peculiarity which has done much to mislead those critics — many of them justly distinguished, and having at their head the venerable and enthusiastic editor, Charles Knight — who have adopted and ingeniously advocated the alluring theory of a revision, an enlargement, and an elaboration by Shakespeare of his first work. That title, in regard to the name of the play, is the same as the title of the edition of 1603; but to this there is made the very important addition that it is "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie." That the play is newly imprinted in this edition, and enlarged to almost as much again as it was in its predecessor, is plain enough. The question is as to the manner of the enlargement. The advocates of the development theory assume that this enlargement was the result of a rewriting by the author. But for this assumption, notwithstanding all the ingenious and painful arguments with which it has been supported, there is in my judgment no sufficient ground. And this the last phrase of the title in question seems to show very clearly. The enlargement was due to the printing of the play "according to the true and perfect copy." There was very good reason that this announcement should be made. Heminge and Condell, the sponsors, if not the editors, of the first collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, the folio of 1623, tell his readers that they had been theretofore "abused with divers stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds of injurious impostors;" and among these stolen and surreptitious copies none was so maimed and deformed as the Hamlet of 1603. Only those who have examined this edition carefully can imagine the horror and the indignation of Shakespeare and his friends and fellow theatrical proprietors at the publication of that book as his tragedy. It is the most monstrous caricature in the history of literature, and a caricature entirely devoid of humor; for it was put forth in the grim sobriety of bookselling piracy. The publisher meant to make money out of the reputation of William Shakespeare and his great tragedy. The matter was very serious. But it was also serious in another sense to the said William Shakespeare and his theatrical partners, and therefore (not very willingly, we may be sure, but of necessity, — they had no remedy) they consented that he should furnish this same publisher with the real play; and he, as his former edition was evidently to all readers false and imperfect, announced this one as being printed "according to the true and perfect copy." The enlargement was due to the fact that it was true and perfect.

If the edition of 1603 had represented an early form of the tragedy which Shakespeare had, after some years, rewritten and enlarged, we should have surely found in the enlarged and perfected work some traces of his improving hand. There would in that case have been new scenes, a suppression of parts of the earlier version, a higher development, or at least a subtler modification, of character, an enrichment of the dialogue; in fine, a recasting and an elaboration of the work first produced. But nothing of this kind appears. The Hamlet of 1603, cruelly maimed and ridiculously perverted as it is, not only presents the Hamlet of 1604 and 1623 complete as to design in all essential points, but contains evidence which, considered in con-

nection with that furnished by those later editions, shows that it was the result of a surreptitious and very imperfectly successful attempt to obtain the text of those very editions.

If Shakespeare revised, rewrote, and enlarged Hamlet, and thus made the version which is more or less imperfectly represented in the edition of 1603 into that which is (for the time) well printed in the editions of 1604 and 1623, in looking for the evidence of the work of his polishing and perfecting hand and of his maturer mind we should without hesitation turn to those lofty, strong-built passages of the tragedy which present what may be called the Hamletian world philosophy. Of these the grandest and the subtlest, the most important in every way, are Hamlet's soliloquies. Now it is remarkable that these soliloquies are found in the first version, 1603, in a form which shows at once that they then existed in the finished completeness in which we now know them, and that they were obtained by underhand means by some blundering, dull-brained knave. All the soliloquies are given with two exceptions; and evidence is left both of the existence of these and of the reason for their omission. A somewhat detailed examination of Hamlet's first soliloquy (Act I. Scene 2) as it appears in the edition of 1603, and a comparison of it with that of the editions of 1604 and 1623, shall illustrate and support this position. But I suggest that the reader who has not that soliloquy well in mind should refer to it before reading the following lines, which Hamlet speaks, according to the first version. I shall give them the benefit of a relief from all the grotesqueness of mere antiquated spelling.

"O that this too much griev'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the universal
Globe of heaven would turn all to a chaos!
O God, within two months; no, not two; married
Mine uncle: O let me not think of it,
My father's brother: but no more like
My father than I to Hercules.
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Unrighteous tears had left their flushing
In her galled eyes, she married: O God, a beast
Devoid of reason would not have made
Such speed: Frailty, thy name is woman.
Why, she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had grown by what it looked on.
O wicked, wicked speed, to make such
Dexterity to incestuous sheets;
Ere yet the shoes were old
The which she followed my dead father's corse,
Like Niobe, all tears: married; well it is not
Nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue."

This speech is in twenty-one lines; that of the editions of 1604 and 1623, which the reader will find in his Shakespeare, has thirty-one, and so is longer by one half; but the difference in the length of the two speeches is the least remarkable unlikeness between them; and their unlikeness is not so remarkable, I may say so surprising, as their resemblance, which, indeed, is of an amazing and ridiculous sort. Criticism must give reasons; but in this case may not the critic and his readers enjoy for a mutual moment the flash of intuitive conviction that — inapprehensive, or quickly all-apprehensive, of details — decides at once that this speech is not one that Shakespeare wrote at any time, and afterwards worked up into the soliloquy as we know it. The 1603 soliloquy is a travesty of the real one. It is like the resemblance of himself that a solemn prig sees in a spoon, dwarfed, distorted, and all the gravity of the original made monstrous. Remark the first three lines, ending "turn all to a chaos." That Shakespeare wrote them, with their "grieved flesh," is a question not to be discussed. It is not even a question. And yet there is in them, from "O" to "chaos," a constant suggestion of the real soliloquy; and we feel that the wish that Hamlet is made to express as to "the universal globe of heaven," that it "would turn all to a chaos," is the result of the feeble-minded writer's inability to receive a stronger impression than he thus reveals of the clear, sharp utterances of Hamlet's despair in

the last half of the first nine lines of the complete soliloquy. After this the speech goes, in the words of him who makes this abortive attempt to report it, "all to a chaos." To apprehend the extent and the nature of the corruption and confusion which has taken place, we must compare the two forms of the soliloquy in detail. I have found it impossible to do so with such particularity and deliberation as would enable the general reader to see all their likeness and their unlikeness, and the causes of both, except by printing them side by side, and by numbering the various passages in the two in such a manner that the transpositions of the reporter (who here and elsewhere manifestly worked from memory, aided by notes hastily made at the theatre) may be traced with ease, and his confused memory of the whole speech be made apparent.

1604.

1. O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
   Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
   Or that the everlasting had not fixed
   His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
2. How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
   Seem to me all the uses of this world!
   Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden
   That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
   Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
3. But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two!
4. So excellent a king, that was to this
   Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother
   That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
   Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
5. Must I remember?
6. Why, she would hang on him
   As if increase of appetite had grown
   By what it fed on;
7. and yet within a month —
   Let me not think on 't.
8. — Frailty, thy name is woman.
   A little month,
9. or ere those shoes were old
   With which she followed my poor father's body
   Like Niobe, all tears, why, she, even she —
10. O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
    Would have mourned longer —
11. married with mine uncle,
12. My father's brother, but no more like my father
    Than I to Hercules:
13. within a month;
    Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
    Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
    She married.
14. O, most wicked speed, to post
    With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
15. It is not nor it cannot come to good:
    But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

1603.

1 i. O that this too much griev'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the universal
Globe of heaven would turn all to a chaos!

2 ii. [*wanting.*]

3 iii. O God! within two months, no, not two,

4 iv. [*wanting.*]

11 v. Married
Mine uncle!

5,7 vi. O let me not think of it,

12 vii. My father's brother, but no more like
My father than I to Hercules.

13 viii. Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Unrighteous tears had left the flushing
In her galled eyes, she married.

10 ix. O God, a beast
Devoid of reason would not have made
Such speed.

8 x. Frailty, thy name is woman.

6 xi. Why, she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had grown by what it looked on.

14 xii. O, wicked, wicked speed, to make such
Dexterity to incestuous sheets!

9 xiii. Ere yet the shoes were old
The which she followed my dead father's corse,
Like Niobe, all tears: married.

15 xiv. Well, 't is not
Nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

The first in order of these texts, that of 1604, gives the soliloquy as it is known to the general reader of Shakespeare. The breaks in the lines, as, for example,

"Must I remember?
Why, she would hang on him,"

do not occur in the original, but are, for the convenience of a division into sections, or rather into fragments, to ex-

hibit the manner in which the speech is broken up in the version of 1603, which is in the opposite column. The fragments in the text of 1604 are numbered with Arabic numerals, those in the text of 1603 with small Roman numerals. Beside these, however, are placed the Arabic numerals of the corresponding passages in the version of 1604.

On comparing the two texts by the aid of this arrangement, we find that the text of 1603 corresponds to that of 1604 exactly in its first words, and generally in thought in its first phrase, and that the last lines of the two texts, although not at all striking in thought or in form, are identical. Between the extremities, however, there is the confusion of an intellectual earthquake; and yet, as after an earthquake, we see that, although some parts of what has gone to ruin have been lost in the catastrophe, we have around us the scattered fragments of the whole. The chaotic verse and a half — chaotic both in rhythm and in sense, as well as in phrase — about the universal globe of heaven turning to chaos represents the vague, confused impression which the writer or thieving reporter received of the first and second sections of the soliloquy, which express apostrophically Hamlet's feeling that the world is out of joint. Then we find the exclamation "O God!" displaced, and connected with the expression of his resentment at the speed of his mother's new nuptials, in the third section. The fourth section or fragment is wanting in the text of 1603; and it is so, we may be sure, merely because it was not remembered. Indeed, it is surprising that a man undertaking to get the text in such a way did not forget more of a soliloquy so disconnected and so exclamatory. Continuing our comparison, we find that section eleven of 1604 becomes section three of 1603; that the fifth and seventh of the former are represented by the sixth of the latter; that Hamlet's comparison of his uncle with his father, and of himself with Hercules, is shifted from near the end of the soliloquy to the middle, the twelfth paragraph in the complete speech being his seventh in the incomplete; that the comparison of Hamlet's mother to Niobe drops down from being ninth in order to the thirteenth place; and that the passage about the beast that would have mourned longer not only changes place, but is despoiled of its characteristic phraseology, — "that wants discourse of reason" becoming "devoid of reason;" the reporter, we may be sure, not being able to apprehend the finer thought of the former phrase, which is the more remarkable as the phrase is not Shakespeare's, but one which had been used before. Other confusion I leave to detection by the reader's own observation: it is manifest enough. But it is equally manifest that the whole of the perfect soliloquy is confused in the text of 1603, in which are to be found all the thoughts, with most of the language, and fragments and suggestions of all the language, of the speech in its perfection. To suppose that the text of 1603 represents what was *developed* into the text of 1604 is quite preposterous. Remark also that the passage about the "wicked speed" of Hamlet's mother, although it is out of place (it being blunderingly put before the comparison to Niobe), yet contains in perfection the very Shakespearean phrase, "dexterity to incestuous sheets," in which, in a way peculiar to himself, and in his most matured manner, he strains the sense of the word "dexterity" to the extreme of its capacity of endurance, — "to *post* with such dexterity;" and that the reporter, unable quite to apprehend this connection of thoughts apparently remote, preserved the striking part of the phrase, but changed *post* to *make*. And now observe again that, after all this confusion and mutilation, the last two lines, although, as I before remarked, they contain no impressive thought, or

word, are identical in the two versions. The reason of this is that they are a cue; they are the sign for the entrance of Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, and those last words of Hamlet's speech were written out on the parts of the actors who played those three personages. They were therefore easily accessible, while the body of the speech, being only in Burbadge's hands (he played Hamlet) or in the prompter's book, was not easily accessible to a person who would make a surreptitious copy for piratical publication.

Two points are now to be remarked upon: First, that the confusion and mutilation of this soliloquy is characteristic of the confusion and mutilation throughout the play; in which displacement and proper arrangement, ruin and perfect preservation, compel attention side by side. Second, that throughout the play the cues which would be written out on the parts of minor actors are identical in both the texts. There could hardly be better circumstantial evidence of the identity of the originals of the two texts, or of the manner in which the text of 1603 was obtained. It is to be remarked also that rhyming couplets and tags at the ends of scenes are generally identical in both versions.

Let us now consider another very "philosophical" passage of the tragedy, and one strongly characteristic of the perfected and completed Hamlet,— the great soliloquy of the first scene of the third act. This appears in the first, 1603, edition of the play in another place, distorted, mutilated, and patched, and in the following amazing fashion:[1]

"To be or not to be. Aye, there 's the point,
To die, to sleep; is that all? aye, all:
No, to sleep, to dream: aye, marry, there it goes;
For in that dream of death, when we awake,
And borne before an everlasting Judge
From whence no passenger ever return'd,
The undiscovered country at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
But for this, the joyful hope of this,
Who 'd bear the scorns and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curs'd of the poor?
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tyrant's reign,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweat under this weary life,
When that he may his full quietus make
With a base bodkin? Who would thus endure
But for a hope of something after death,
Which puzzles the brain, and doth confound the sense,
Which makes us rather bear those evils we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Aye that. O this conscience makes cowards of us all.
Lady in thy orisons, be all my sins remembered."

There are some things that are past caricature, because they themselves reach the limit of the ridiculous: as, for example, Mr. Barnum's calling his tight-rope woman Queen of the Lofty Wire. The absurdity of incongruity can no further go. And so this misrepresentation of Hamlet's solemn self-communing unites resemblance and distortion with an effect which surpasses that of intentional burlesque. The worthy reader of Shakespeare needs no help to the perception of its preposterousness, and I shall leave him to the enjoyment of a dissection of the monstrosity himself.[2] But it should be remarked that the confusion and the mutilation are of the same sort as those in the previously cited soliloquy, and that every thought and almost every phrase of the perfect speech have their representatives in the version of 1603, which it would yet be beyond even Shakespeare's mastery of thought and language to "develop" into the "To be or not to be" soliloquy as we know it. Observe that the last words of the speech, also, are identical in both versions. These words were Ophelia's cue to speak, and were written on

[1] For the full enjoyment of this astounding travesty I again suggest that the reader who has not the soliloquy well in mind should refresh his memory by reading it.

[2] I will, however, direct attention to the misapprehension of *bourne*, in "the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," which was understood as *borne*; and hence the astonishing passage about being borne before an everlasting judge, from whence no passenger ever returned.

the part of the young actor who played Polonius's daughter. Actors often ask and give each other their cues.

Confusion of this sort pervades the 1603 Hamlet to such a degree that it need not be further remarked upon with particularity. It is the characteristic trait of that version. One passage may well be cited as showing that brevity may be not only the soul of wit, but of derangement and absurdity. It is again in Hamlet's part, at the end of his reminiscence of the old play, Act II. Scene 2. The lines,

"Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murther. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks,"

are thus represented in the first version:

"Bak'd and imparched in calagulate gore
Rifted in earth and fire, old grandsire Priam seeks."

It will be seen that the whole of the former passage is represented in this ridiculous misrepresentation of it. Here again the cue, "old grandsire Priam seeks," is identical in both versions; this remarkable similarity between which need not be further particularly remarked upon.

Hamlet's great "To be or not to be" soliloquy is also misplaced in the 1603 version. In the 1604, or perfect, version it is the prince's self-communing just before he meets Ophelia, as she is thrown in his way by her father, in pursuance of the arrangement made between him and the king: —

"*King.* How may we try it further?
Pol. You know he sometimes walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does indeed.
Pol. At such a time I 'll loose my daughter to him."

This passage, which is in both versions, refers to a future uncertain time, one of the sometimes when Hamlet walks the lobby; and in the version of 1604 and 1623 the arrangement is carried into effect in the next act and at a time which may be a day or two afterwards, or longer, as it would naturally be. But in the edition of 1603 the poor girl is let loose upon her lover immediately. That this is wrong, there is first the evidence of unfitness and the sense of rudeness of contrivance, which, however, will be admitted only by those who can feel it. Next there is the disagreement with the forward looking and uncertain time of Polonius's proposal. Finally, there is Ophelia's greeting to Hamlet on this occasion in the 1604 version: "How does your honor for *this many a day?*" — which corresponds to the indication in both versions at the arrangement for the interview. The reason of this misplacement is not far to seek. In both versions a book happens to furnish the incident of the scene which gives it what may be called its memorable local feature. Just after the future meeting between Hamlet and Ophelia is arranged the prince enters, in both versions, reading a book; and in the version of 1604 Polonius gives Ophelia a book to color her behavior just before the "To be" soliloquy. Now there was a Hamlet in one scene and a Hamlet in the other, and a book in both, and therefore this Fluellen of pirates transferred Ophelia and her book to the scene of Hamlet's book, and with them his great soliloquy. Moreover, he was thus led to confuse and mix together the two scenes in question. For in his version, 1603, we find a brief and mutilated representation of the fine scene between Hamlet and Polonius (Act II. Scene 2), in which the prince pretends to take the old courtier for a fishmonger; and in this, as in the perfect version, Polonius asks, "What do you read, my lord?" to receive the answer "Words, words," when, according to this version, Hamlet is not reading at all, but is just at the end of his long furious "Go to a nunnery" interview with Ophelia. Nevertheless, the one scene of the 1603 version and the two

of that of 1604 are full of unmistakable marks of identity and intermingling. How this furtive person could remember and yet misplace what he remembered in this manner is forcibly illustrated by the fate of a remarkable passage in one of the Ghost's speeches in the first act (Scene 5) : —

"O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage."

This passage, which has upon it the stamp of Shakespeare's finest coinage, is transferred to the speech, toward the end of the play, in which (Act III. Scene 4) Hamlet reproaches his mother by a comparison of her present husband with her former ; where the reporter's confused recollection and his miserable attempt to patch up and eke out his memories with his own language make this passage gleam like cloth of gold on raiment of rags and patches. Let the reader turn to the passage in the play, that he may read what follows with the genuine thing in his memory : —

"Why, this I mean. See here, behold this picture.
It is the portraiture of your deceased husband.
See here a face to outface man's himself,
An eye at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherein all virtues are set down
For to adorn a king and gild his crown.
Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow
He made to you in marriage ; and he 's dead.
Murder'd, — damnably murder'd! This was your husband.
Look you now, here is your husband ;
With a face like Vulcan.
A look fit for a murder and a rape;
A dull, dead hanging look, and a hell-bred eye
To affright children and amaze the world."

I need not quote more. The world, I am sure, is sufficiently amazed at this barefaced attempt to pass such stuff off as of Shakespeare's making, at any time of his life or in any state of imperfection.

Other evidence of a like sort that the first, 1603, version is the fruit of a piratical enterprise, made when the second and complete, 1604, version existed, appears in allusions in the former to incidents mention of which is to be found only in the latter. Thus, in the first version, in the first scene, just as the Ghost disappears : —

"Stay and speak. Stop it, Marcellus.
'T is here.
'T is here. [*Exit Ghost.*
'T is gone. O we do it wrong, being so majestical, to offer it the shew of violence."

But here no violence has been offered to the Ghost. There is no reason for this repentant exclamation. We find the reason of it, however, in the version of 1604, where, after "Stop it, Marcellus," these two brief speeches come before "'T is here."

"*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not stand."

Plainly, the former version is a mere imperfect representation of the same text which furnished the latter.

The same sort of evidence appears not only in this part of the play, where the two versions are so alike as to be almost identical, but in the very last, in which the confusion and the mutilation are flagrant. The point here is very noteworthy and of peculiar significance. In this scene (Act V. Scene 2), the king says in the perfect play : —

"The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn."

Upon the word *union* the editors of the Clarendon Press edition of this tragedy remark : —

"So the folios. The quarto of 1604 has 'unice,' which the later editions corrupted into 'onyx' variously spelt. Florio (Italian Dict.) gives, 'Union, . . . a great faire Orient pearl.'" This note is not quite so complete in its correctness as the editors of the Clarendon editions of the plays and of the Cambridge Shakespeare are wont to be. I remark here, however, no inaccuracy on their part, and even an incompleteness which is of the lightest and most trivial sort. My purpose is quite of another bearing. The fact is, however, that *unice*

becomes *onyx* before the later editions. In the subsequent speech of Hamlet in this very scene, when he forces the king to drink the poison, —

"Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother," —

the quarto of 1604 (perfect text) has neither *union* nor *unice*, but *onixe*. Now *unice* (manifestly, and also from evidence soon to be set forth) is merely a misreading of *union*. But it would be pronounced with the first syllable like *un*, *fun*, and with the *c* hard, — *un-ik*.[1] Hence by a misprint of the ear (the compositor setting up the sound he had in mind, and not the letters before his eye), *unice* (*un-ik*) became a few lines below *onyx*; and the latter, a word that needed no definition, was preserved by the later editions, until the appearance of the folio of 1623, with its authentic text printed from a stage copy, where we find, in place of *unice* and *onyx*, *union*. Now, however, is to be considered the very significant fact that in the mutilated version of 1603, *although the king's speech about drinking to Hamlet and throwing a pearl into the cup is, with others here, entirely omitted, Hamlet's speech when he administers the poison refers to the king's promise, and spells "union" correctly, just as it is spelled in the authentic folio.* The passage is as follows in the 1603 version, which begins by dragging down "Then venom to thy work" a speech or two, and mutilating it: —

"Then venom to thy venom. Die, damn'd villain.
Come! drink! Here lies *thy union*; here."

The pronoun in "*thy* union" shows Hamlet's reference to the king's promise; and the correct form of the word, exactly that of the folio, unites with this reference to show that the text of the folio and that of the mutilated quarto had an identical origin. Better evidence of this fact than is furnished by this passage, it seems to me, could not be looked for.

There is more evidence of the same class as that just brought forward, but of converse character, to show that the version of 1603 and that of 1604 represent the same manuscript. Of this I shall mention but two of several instances. In the first line of Hamlet's first soliloquy there is not only mutilation, but a very remarkable misrepresentation of one word. The line stands there literally thus: —

"O that this too much griev'd and *sallied* flesh."

Now *sallied* here, we may be sure, is not a misprint for *solid*. It could hardly be that; but it might be, and not improbably is, a misprint or a miscopy of *sullied*, — a word which is in keeping with the pirate's misapprehension and perversion of the line. But there is, moreover, the very noteworthy fact that in the "newly imprinted" edition of 1604, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect copy," the line, although it is very different from that of the 1603 edition in other respects, is identical as to this strange word: —

"O that this too-too *sallied* flesh would melt!"

When Shakespeare did all that wonderful enlarging, and developing, and finishing of his original sketch of 1603, it is very remarkable — is it not? — that he carefully preserved the expression and the spelling, "sallied flesh."

The other example which I shall mention is furnished by a word in Polonius's advice to Laertes. In the folio we have the well-known lines, —

"But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd unfledged comrade."

The version of 1603 gives, —

"But do not dull the palme with entertain
Of every new unfledg'd *courage*."

Again, *courage* is no mere misprint; for in the text of 1604, manifestly printed anew, and differing much from its predecessor, we have, —

[1] See Memorandums of English Pronunciation in the Elizabethan Era, in Appendix to my edition of Shakespeare, vol. xii.

Manifestly the copy for this passage was got for both these editions from the same text, in which *comrade* was so written that it looked like *courage*.

But I must bring this examination of my subject quickly to a close. I can merely mention here that the evidence of stage directions, of rhyming couplets, of words misapprehended in sound, of others miscopied, and other like circumstances all goes to support that furnished by the higher considerations to which we first gave our attention: that the texts of both the Hamlets, that of 1603 and that of 1604, represent, — the former in a mutilated, garbled, interpolated form, the latter more completely than that of any other version known to us, — the text of Shakespeare's great philosophical tragedy in its perfected form, — in the only form in which it ever was known as his. Upon these points last mentioned, and upon the interpolation of passages from the old play which preceded Shakespeare's, I must refer the reader to the introductory essay to this tragedy in my edition, published eighteen years ago, but printed and copyrighted twenty-one years ago.[1] Rather, looking forward a little, let me refer him to an edition of the two texts of this play which I intend soon to present, in a form which I hope will settle this important question by common consent forever.

Meantime, in conclusion I will say that in my comparison of the two texts I found evidence which justifies the fixing of the charge of piracy upon a single unknown man, — the actor of the very small part of Voltimand. My reason for this conclusion is this, very briefly: The two texts show such an exact correspondence of the two or three speeches of this unimportant personage, and of his cues, and of all that is uttered while he is on the stage, as cannot be accounted for, under the circumstances, except on the assumption that they came from the man who had made himself letter perfect in the speeches, and had heard what immediately preceded and followed them again and again.

This, then, is the story of the two Hamlets. Shakespeare in 1599–1600 wrote his great tragedy, founding it upon the plot of an old play known as The Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, which itself was founded on an old story told by Saxo Grammaticus. Shakespeare's play, produced in 1600, made such an impression upon gentle and simple, upon the highly educated classes as well as upon the public in general, that it was acted not only at London, but at Oxford and Cambridge, and elsewhere. There was an eager desire to read it; but, according to the custom of the day, the text was jealously guarded by its theatrical proprietors. Under these circumstances a piratical printer named James Roberts set himself to get for publication a copy of this wonderful play, which all the world was going to and talking of; and naturally applying to the minor actors in Shakespeare's company, he succeeded in corrupting the man who played Voltimand, and induced him to undertake to get a copy. He, however, was able to get only fragments, great and small. Some parts of the play he gave from memory; some he got by surreptitious examination of the stage copy and of actors' parts; and all this being still not enough, James Roberts had some of the play taken down in short-hand during the performance, which was very lamely done. Some passages were taken from the old play, which had the same plot. This mass of heterogeneous stuff, some of it just what the author wrote, but the greater part of it what no dramatist ever wrote, was pieced and patched together, and hurriedly published, to the

[1] The publication of vols. vi., vii., and viii. was delayed by the outbreak of the civil war.

horror of William Shakespeare, and so much to the injury of the tragedy, as it was thought, that a "true and perfect copy," containing much that never at any time was heard on Shakespeare's stage, was immediately sent to the publisher, who soon issued it cured and perfect of its limbs and absolute in its members, as it had been conceived by its great creator.

Richard Grant White.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

XLVII.

Miss Stackpole's other topic was very different; she gave Isabel the latest news about Mr. Bantling. He had been out in the United States the year before, and she was happy to say she had been able to show him considerable attention. She did n't know how much he had enjoyed it, but she would undertake to say it had done him good; he was n't the same man when he left that he was when he came. It had opened his eyes and shown him that England was not everything. He was very much liked over there, and thought extremely simple, — more simple than the English were commonly supposed to be. There were some people who thought him affected; she did n't know whether they meant that his simplicity was an affectation. Some of his questions were too discouraging; he thought all the chambermaids were farmers' daughters, or all the farmers' daughters were chambermaids, she could n't exactly remember which. He had n't seemed able to grasp the school system; it seemed really too much for him. On the whole he had appeared as if there were too much — as if he could only take a small part. The part he had chosen was the hotel system, and the river navigation. He seemed really fascinated with the hotels; he had a photograph of every one he had visited. But the river steamers were his principal interest; he wanted to do nothing but sail on the big boats. They had traveled together from New York to Milwaukee, stopping at the most interesting cities on the route; and whenever they started afresh he had wanted to know if they could go by the steamer. He seemed to have no idea of geography — had an impression that Baltimore was a western city, and was perpetually expecting to arrive at the Mississippi. He appeared never to have heard of any river in America but the Mississippi, and was unprepared to recognize the existence of the Hudson, though he was obliged to confess at last that it was fully equal to the Rhine. They had spent some pleasant hours in the palace-cars; he was always ordering ice-cream from the colored man. He could never get used to that idea — that you could get ice-cream in the cars. Of course you could n't, nor fans, nor candy, nor anything, in the English cars! He found the heat quite overwhelming, and she had told him that she expected it was the greatest he had ever experienced. He was now in England, hunting; "hunting round," Henrietta called it. These amusements were those of the American Indians; we had left that behind long ago, the pleasures of the chase. It seemed to be generally believed in England that we wore tomahawks and feathers; but such a costume was more in keeping with English habits. Mr. Bantling would not have time to join her in Italy, but when she should go up to Paris again he expected to come over. He wanted very much to

see Versailles again; he was very fond of the ancient *régime*. They did n't agree about that, but that was what she liked Versailles for, that you could see the ancient régime had been swept away. There were no dukes and marquises there now; on the contrary, she remembered one day when there were five American families, all walking round. Mr. Bantling was very anxious that she should take up the subject of England again, and he thought she might get on better with it now; England had changed a good deal within two or three years. He was determined that if she went there she should go to see his sister, Lady Pensil, and that this time the invitation should come to her straight. The mystery of that other one had never been explained.

Caspar Goodwood came at last to the Palazzo Roccanera; he had written Isabel a note beforehand, to ask leave. This was promptly granted; she should be at home at six o'clock that afternoon. She spent the day wondering what he was coming for — what good he expected to get of it. He had presented himself hitherto as a person destitute of the faculty of compromise, who would take what he had asked for, or nothing. Isabel's hospitality, however, asked no questions, and she found no great difficulty in appearing happy enough to deceive him. It was her conviction, at least, that she deceived him, and made him say to himself that he had been misinformed. But she also saw, so she believed, that he was not disappointed, as some other men, she was sure, would have been; he had not come to Rome to look for an opportunity. She never found out what he had come for; he offered her no explanation; there could be none but the very simple one that he wanted to see her. In other words, he had come for his amusement. Isabel followed up this induction with a good deal of eagerness, and was delighted to have found a formula that would lay the ghost of this gentleman's ancient grievance. If he had come to Rome for his amusement, this was exactly what she wanted; for if he cared for amusement he had got over his heart-ache. If he had got over his heart-ache everything was as it should be, and her responsibilities were at an end. It was true that he took his recreation a little stiffly, but he had never been demonstrative, and Isabel had every reason to believe that he was satisfied with what he saw. Henrietta was not in his confidence, though he was in hers, and Isabel consequently received no side-light upon his state of mind. He had little conversation upon general topics; it came back to her that she had said of him once, years before, "Mr. Goodwood speaks a good deal, but he does n't talk." He spoke a good deal in Rome, but he talked, perhaps, as little as ever; considering, that is, how much there was to talk about. His arrival was not calculated to simplify her relations with her husband, for if Osmond did n't like her friends, Mr. Goodwood had no claim upon his attention save having been one of the first of them. There was nothing for her to say of him but that he was an old friend; this rather meagre synthesis exhausted the facts. She had been obliged to introduce him to Osmond; it was impossible she should not ask him to dinner, to her Thursday evenings, of which she had grown very weary, but to which her husband still held for the sake not so much of inviting people as of not inviting them. To the Thursdays Mr. Goodwood came regularly, solemnly, rather early; he appeared to regard them with a good deal of gravity. Isabel every now and then had a moment of anger; there was something so literal about him; she thought he might know that she did n't know what to do with him. But she could n't call him stupid; he was not that in the least; he was only extraordinarily honest. To be as honest as that made a man very dif-

ferent from most people; one had to be almost equally honest with him. Isabel made this latter reflection at the very time she was flattering herself that she had persuaded him that she was the most light-hearted of women. He never threw any doubt on this point, never asked her any personal questions. He got on much better with Osmond than had seemed probable. Osmond had a great dislike to being counted upon; in such a case he had an irresistible need of disappointing you. It was in virtue of this principle that he gave himself the entertainment of taking a fancy to a perpendicular Bostonian whom he had been depended upon to treat with coldness. He asked Isabel if Mr. Goodwood also had wanted to marry her, and expressed surprise at her not having accepted him. It would have been an excellent thing, like living under a tall belfry, which would strike all the hours and make a queer vibration in the upper air. He declared he liked to talk with the great Goodwood; it was n't easy at first; you had to climb by an interminable steep staircase to the top of the tower; but when you got there you had a big view and felt a little fresh breeze. Osmond, as we know, had delightful qualities, and he gave Caspar Goodwood the benefit of them all. Isabel could see that Mr. Goodwood thought better of her husband than he had ever wished to; he had given her the impression that morning in Florence of being inaccessible to a good impression. Osmond asked him repeatedly to dinner, and Goodwood smoked a cigar with him afterwards, and even desired to be shown his collections. Osmond said to Isabel that he was very original; he was as strong as an English portmanteau. Caspar Goodwood took to riding on the Campagna, and devoted much time to this exercise; it was therefore mainly in the evening that Isabel saw him.

She bethought herself of saying to him one day that if he were willing he could render her a service. And then she added, smiling, —

"I don't know, however, what right I have to ask a service of you."

"You are the person in the world who has most right," he answered. "I have given you assurances that I have never given any one else."

The service was that he should go and see her cousin Ralph, who was ill at the Hôtel de Paris, alone, and be as kind to him as possible. Mr. Goodwood had never seen him, but he would know who the poor fellow was; if she was not mistaken, Ralph had once invited him to Gardencourt. Caspar remembered the invitation perfectly, and, though he was not supposed to be a man of imagination, had enough to put himself in the place of a poor gentleman who lay dying at a Roman inn. He called at the Hôtel de Paris, and, on being shown into the presence of the master of Gardencourt, found Miss Stackpole sitting beside his sofa. A singular change had, in fact, occurred in this lady's relations with Ralph Touchett. She had not been asked by Isabel to go and see him, but on hearing that he was too ill to come out had immediately gone of her own motion. After this she had paid him a daily visit — always under the conviction that they were great enemies. "Oh, yes, we are intimate enemies," Ralph used to say; and he accused her freely — as freely as the humor of it would allow — of coming to worry him to death. In reality they became excellent friends, and Henrietta wondered that she should never have liked him before. Ralph liked her exactly as much as he had always done; he had never doubted for a moment that she was an excellent fellow. They talked about everything, and always differed; about everything, that is, but Isabel — a topic as to which Ralph always had a thin forefinger on his lips. On the other hand, Mr. Bantling was a great resource; Ralph was

capable of discussing Mr. Bantling with Henrietta for hours. Discussion was stimulated, of course, by their inevitable difference of view, Ralph having amused himself with taking the ground that the genial ex-guardsman was a regular Machiavelli. Caspar Goodwood could contribute nothing to such a debate; but after he had been left alone with Touchett, he found there were various other matters they could talk about. It must be admitted that the lady who had just gone out was not one of these; Caspar granted all Miss Stackpole's merits in advance, but had no further remark to make about her. Neither, after the first allusions, did the two men expatiate upon Mrs. Osmond, a theme in which Goodwood perceived as many dangers as his host. He felt very sorry for Ralph; he could n't bear to see a pleasant man so helpless. There was help in Goodwood, when once the fountain had been tapped; and he repeated several times his visit to the Hôtel de Paris. It seemed to Isabel that she had been very clever; she had disposed of the superfluous Caspar. She had given him an occupation; she had converted him into a care-taker of Ralph. She had a plan of making him travel northward with her cousin as soon as the first mild weather should allow it. Lord Warburton had brought Ralph to Rome, and Mr. Goodwood should take him away. There seemed a happy symmetry in this, and she was now intensely eager that Ralph should leave Rome. She had a constant fear that he would die there, and a horror of this event occurring at an inn, at her door, which he had so rarely entered. Ralph must sink to his last rest in his own dear house, in one of those deep, dim chambers of Gardencourt, where the dark ivy would cluster round the edges of the glimmering window. There seemed to Isabel in these days something sacred about Gardencourt; no chapter of the past was more perfectly irrecoverable. When she thought of the months she had spent there, the tears rose to her eyes. She flattered herself, as I say, upon her ingenuity, but she had need of all she could muster; for several events occurred which seemed to confront and defy her. The Countess Gemini arrived from Florence — arrived with her trunks, her dresses, her chatter, her little fibs, her frivolity, the strange memory of her lovers. Edward Rosier, who had been away somewhere, — no one, not even Pansy, knew where, — reappeared in Rome and began to write her long letters, which she never answered. Madame Merle returned from Naples and said to her with a strange smile, "What on earth did you do with Lord Warburton?" As if it were any business of hers!

XLVIII.

One day, toward the end of February, Ralph Touchett made up his mind to return to England. He had his own reasons for this decision, which he was not bound to communicate; but Henrietta Stackpole, to whom he mentioned his intention, flattered herself that she guessed them. She forbore to express them, however; she only said, after a moment, as she sat by his sofa, —

"I suppose you know that you can't go alone."

"I have no idea of doing that," Ralph answered. "I shall have people with me."

"What do you mean by 'people'? Servants, whom you pay?"

"Ah," said Ralph, jocosely, "after all, they are human beings."

"Are there any women among them?" Miss Stackpole inquired calmly.

"You speak as if I had a dozen! No, I confess I have n't a soubrette in my employment."

"Well," said Henrietta, tranquilly, "you can't go to England that way. You must have a woman's care."

"I have had so much of yours for the past fortnight that it will last me a good while."

"You have not had enough of it yet. I guess I will go with you," said Henrietta.

"Go with me?" Ralph slowly raised himself from his sofa.

"Yes; I know you don't like me, but I will go with you all the same. It would be better for your health to lie down again."

Ralph looked at her a little; then he slowly resumed his former posture.

"I like you very much," he said in a moment.

Miss Stackpole gave one of her infrequent laughs.

"You need n't to think that by saying that you can buy me off. I will go with you, and what is more I will take care of you."

"You are a very good woman," said Ralph.

"Wait till I get you safely home before you say that. It won't be easy. But you had better go, all the same."

Before she left him, Ralph said to her, —

"Do you really mean to take care of me?"

"Well, I mean to try."

"I notify you, then, that I submit. Oh, I submit!" And it was perhaps a sign of submission that a few minutes after she had left him alone he burst into a loud fit of laughter. It seemed to him so inconsequent, such a conclusive proof of his having abdicated all functions and renounced all exercise, that he should start on a journey across Europe under the supervision of Miss Stackpole. And the great oddity was that the prospect pleased him; he was gratefully, luxuriously passive. He felt even impatient to start; and indeed he had an immense longing to see his own house again. The end of everything was at hand; it seemed to him that he could stretch out his arm and touch the goal. But he wished to die at home; it was the only wish he had left — to extend himself in the large quiet room where he had last seen his father lie, and close his eyes upon the summer dawn.

That same day Caspar Goodwood came to see him, and he informed his visitor that Miss Stackpole had taken him up and was to conduct him back to England.

"Ah then," said Caspar, "I am afraid I shall be a fifth wheel to the coach. Mrs. Osmond has made *me* promise to go with you."

"Good heavens — it 's the golden age! You are all too kind."

"The kindness on my part is to her; it 's hardly to you."

"Granting that, *she* is kind," said Ralph, smiling.

"To get people to go with you? Yes, that 's a sort of kindness," Goodwood answered, without lending himself to the joke. "For myself, however," he added, "I will go so far as to say that I would much rather travel with you and Miss Stackpole than with Miss Stackpole alone."

"And you would rather stay here than do either," said Ralph. "There is really no need of your coming. Henrietta is extraordinarily efficient."

"I am sure of that. But I have promised Mrs. Osmond."

"You can easily get her to let you off."

"She would n't let me off for the world. She wants me to look after you, but that is n't the principal thing. The principal thing is that she wants me to leave Rome."

"Ah, you see too much in it," Ralph suggested.

"I bore her," Goodwood went on; "she has nothing to say to me, so she invented that."

"Oh, then, if it 's a convenience to her, I certainly will take you with me. Though I don't see why it should be a

convenience," Ralph added in a moment.

"Well," said Caspar Goodwood, simply, "she thinks I am watching her."

"Watching her?"

"Trying to see whether she's happy."

"That's easy to see," said Ralph. "She's the most visibly happy woman I know."

"Exactly so; I am satisfied," Goodwood answered, dryly. For all his dryness, however, he had more to say. "I have been watching her; I was an old friend, and it seemed to me I had the right. She pretends to be happy; that was what she undertook to be; and I thought I should like to see for myself what it amounts to. I have seen," he continued, in a strange voice, "and I don't want to see any more. I am now quite ready to go."

"Do you know it strikes me as about time you should?" Ralph rejoined. And this was the only conversation these gentlemen ever had about Isabel Osmond.

Henrietta made her preparations for departure, and among them she found it proper to say a few words to the Countess Gemini, who returned at Miss Stackpole's *pension* the visit which this lady had paid her in Florence.

"You were very wrong about Lord Warburton," she remarked, to the countess. "I think it is right you should know that."

"About his making love to Isabel? My poor lady, he was at her house three times a day. He has left traces of his passage!" the countess cried.

"He wished to marry your niece; that's why he came to the house."

The countess stared, and then gave an inconsiderate laugh.

"Is that the story that Isabel tells? It is n't bad, as such things go. If he wishes to marry my niece, pray why does n't he do it? Perhaps he has gone to buy the wedding ring, and will come back with it next month, after I am gone."

"No, he will not come back. Miss Osmond does n't wish to marry him."

"She is very accommodating! I knew she was fond of Isabel, but I did n't know she carried it so far."

"I don't understand you," said Henrietta, coldly, and reflecting that the countess was unpleasantly perverse. "I really must stick to my point — that Isabel never encouraged the attentions of Lord Warburton."

"My dear friend, what do you and I know about it? All we know is that my brother is capable of everything."

"I don't know what he is capable of," said Henrietta, with dignity.

"It's not her encouraging Lord Warburton that I complain of; it's her sending him away. I want particularly to see him. Do you suppose she thought I would make him faithless?" the countess continued, with audacious insistence. "However, she is only keeping him, one can feel that. The house is full of him there; he is quite in the air. Oh yes, he has left traces; I am sure I shall see him yet."

"Well," said Henrietta, after a little, with one of those inspirations which had made the fortune of her letters to the Interviewer, "perhaps he will be more successful with you than with Isabel!"

When she told her friend of the offer she had made to Ralph, Isabel replied that she could have done nothing that would have pleased her more. It had always been her faith that, at bottom, Ralph and Henrietta were made to understand each other.

"I don't care whether he understands me or not," said Henrietta. "The great thing is that he should n't die in the cars."

"He won't do that," Isabel said, shaking her head, with an extension of faith.

"He won't if I can help it. I see you want us all to go. I don't know what you want to do."

"I want to be alone," said Isabel.

"You won't be that so long as you have got so much company at home."

"Ah, they are part of the comedy. You others are spectators."

"Do you call it a comedy, Isabel Archer?" Henrietta inquired, severely.

"The tragedy, then, if you like. You are all looking at me; it makes me uncomfortable."

Henrietta contemplated her a while.

"You are like the stricken deer, seeking the innermost shade. Oh, you do give me such a sense of helplessness!" she broke out.

"I am not at all helpless. There are many things I mean to do."

"It's not you I am speaking of; it's myself. It's too much, having come on purpose, to leave you just as I find you."

"You don't do that; you leave me much refreshed," Isabel said.

"Very mild refreshment — sour lemonade! I want you to promise me something."

"I can't do that. I shall never make another promise. I made such a solemn one four years ago, and I have succeeded so ill in keeping it."

"You have had no encouragement. In this case I should give you the greatest. Leave your husband before the worst comes; that's what I want you to promise."

"The worst? What do you call the worst?"

"Before your character gets spoiled."

"Do you mean my disposition? It won't get spoiled," Isabel answered, smiling. "I am taking very good care of it. I am extremely struck," she added, turning away, "with the off-hand way in which you speak of a woman leaving her husband. It's easy to see you have never had one!"

"Well," said Henrietta, as if she were beginning an argument, "nothing is more common in our western cities, and it is to them, after all, that we must look in the future." Her argument, however, does not concern this history, which has too many other threads to unwind. She announced to Ralph Touchett that she was ready to leave Rome by any train that he might designate, and Ralph immediately pulled himself together for departure. Isabel went to see him at the last, and he made the same remark that Henrietta had made. It struck him that Isabel was uncommonly glad to get rid of them all.

For all answer to this she gently laid her hand on his, and said in a low tone, with a quick smile, —

"My dear Ralph!"

It was answer enough, and he was quite contented. But he went on, in the same way, jocosely, ingeniously, "I've seen less of you than I might, but it's better than nothing. And then, I have heard a great deal about you."

"I don't know from whom, leading the life you have done."

"From the voices of the air! Oh, from no one else; I never let other people speak of you. They always say you are 'charming,' and that's so flat."

"I might have seen more of you, certainly," Isabel said. "But when one is married one has so much occupation."

"Fortunately, I am not married. When you come to see me in England, I shall be able to entertain you with all the freedom of a bachelor." He continued to talk as if they should certainly meet again, and succeeded in making the assumption appear almost just. He made no allusion to his term being near, to the probability that he should not outlast the summer. If he preferred it so, Isabel was willing enough; the reality was sufficiently distinct, without their erecting finger-posts in conversation. That had been well enough for the earlier time, though about this, as about his other affairs, Ralph had never been egotistic. Isabel spoke of his journey, of the stages into which he should divide it, of the precautions he should take.

"Henrietta is my greatest precaution," Ralph said. "The conscience of that woman is sublime."

"Certainly, she will be very conscientious."

"Will be? She has been! It's only because she thinks it 's her duty that she goes with me. There 's a conception of duty for you."

"Yes, it 's a generous one," said Isabel, "and it makes me deeply ashamed. I ought to go with you, you know."

"Your husband would n't like that."

"No, he would n't like it. But I might go, all the same."

"I am startled by the boldness of your imagination. Fancy my being a cause of disagreement between a lady and her husband!"

"That 's why I don't go," said Isabel simply, but not very lucidly.

Ralph understood well enough, however. "I should think so, with all those occupations you speak of."

"It is n't that. I am afraid," said Isabel. After a pause she repeated, as if to make herself, rather than him, hear the words, "I am afraid."

Ralph could hardly tell what her tone meant; it was so strangely deliberate, apparently so void of emotion. Did she wish to do public penance for a fault of which she had not been convicted? or were her words simply an attempt at enlightened self-analysis? However this might be, Ralph could not resist so easy an opportunity. "Afraid of your husband?" he said, jocosely.

"Afraid of myself!" said Isabel, getting up. She stood there a moment, and then she added, "If I were afraid of my husband, that would be simply my duty. That is what women are expected to be."

"Ah, yes," said Ralph, laughing; "but to make up for it there is always some man awfully afraid of some woman!"

She gave no heed to this jest, but suddenly took a different turn. "With Henrietta at the head of your little band," she exclaimed abruptly, "there will be nothing left for Mr. Goodwood!"

"Ah, my dear Isabel," Ralph answered, "he 's used to that. There *is* nothing left for Mr. Goodwood!"

Isabel colored, and then she declared, quickly, that she must leave him. They stood together a moment; both her hands were in both of his. "You have been my best friend," she said.

"It was for you that I wanted — that I wanted to live. But I am of no use to you."

Then it came over her more poignantly that she should not see him again. She could not accept that; she could not part with him that way. "If you should send for me I would come," she said at last.

"Your husband won't consent to that."

"Oh yes, I can arrange it."

"I shall keep that for my last pleasure!" said Ralph.

In answer to which she simply kissed him.

It was a Thursday, and that evening Caspar Goodwood came to the Palazzo Roccanera. He was among the first to arrive, and he spent some time in conversation with Gilbert Osmond, who almost always was present when his wife received. They sat down together, and Osmond, talkative, communicative, expansive, seemed possessed with a kind of intellectual gayety. He leaned back with his legs crossed, lounging and chatting, while Goodwood, more restless, but not at all lively, shifted his position, played with his hat, made the little sofa creak beneath him. Osmond's face wore a sharp, aggressive smile; he was like a man whose perceptions had been quickened by good news. He remarked to Goodwood that he was very sorry they were to lose him; he himself should particularly miss him. He saw so few intelligent men — they were surprisingly scarce in Rome. He must be sure to

come back; there was something very refreshing, to an inveterate Italian like himself, in talking with a genuine outsider.

"I am very fond of Rome, you know," Osmond said; "but there is nothing I like better than to meet people who have n't that superstition. The modern world is after all very fine. Now you are thoroughly modern, and yet you are not at all flimsy. So many of the moderns we see are such very poor stuff. If they are the children of the future, we are willing to die young. Of course the ancients too are often very tiresome. My wife and I like everything that is really new — not the mere pretense of it. There is nothing new, unfortunately, in ignorance and stupidity. We see plenty of that in forms that offer themselves as a revelation of progress, of light. A revelation of vulgarity! There is a certain kind of vulgarity which I believe is really new; I don't think there ever was anything like it before. Indeed, I don't find vulgarity, at all, before the present century. You see a faint menace of it here and there in the last, but to-day the air has grown so dense that delicate things are literally not recognized. Now, we have liked you" — And Osmond hesitated a moment, laying his hand gently on Goodwood's knee and smiling with a mixture of assurance and embarrassment. "I am going to say something extremely offensive and patronizing, but you must let me have the satisfaction of it. We have liked you because — because you have reconciled us a little to the future. If there are to be a certain number of people like you — *à la bonne heure!* I am talking for my wife as well as for myself, you see. She speaks for me; why should n't I speak for her? We are as united, you know, as the candlestick and the snuffers. Am I assuming too much when I say that I think I have understood from you that your occupations have been — a — commercial? There is a danger in that, you know; but it 's the way you have escaped that strikes us. Excuse me if my little compliment seems in execrable taste; fortunately my wife does n't hear me. What I mean is that you *might have been* — a — what I was mentioning just now. The whole American world was in a conspiracy to make you so. But you resisted, you have something that saved you. And yet you are so modern, so modern; the most modern man we know! We shall always be delighted to see you again."

I have said that Osmond was in good-humor, and these remarks will give ample evidence of the fact. They were infinitely more personal than he usually cared to be, and if Caspar Goodwood had attended to them more closely he might have thought that the defense of delicacy was in rather odd hands. We may believe, however, that Osmond knew very well what he was about, and that if he chose for once to be a little vulgar, he had an excellent reason for the escapade. Goodwood had only a vague sense that he was laying it on somehow; he scarcely knew where the mixture was applied. Indeed, he scarcely knew what Osmond was talking about; he wanted to be alone with Isabel, and that idea spoke louder to him than her husband's perfectly modulated voice. He watched her talking with other people, and wondered when she would be at liberty, and whether he might ask her to go into one of the other rooms. His humor was not, like Osmond's, of the best; there was an element of dull rage in his consciousness of things. Up to this time he had not disliked Osmond personally; he had only thought him very well informed and obliging, and more than he had supposed like the person whom Isabel Archer would naturally marry. Osmond had won in the open field a great advantage over him, and Goodwood had

too strong a sense of fair play to have been moved to underrate him on that account. He had not tried positively to like him; this was a flight of sentimental benevolence of which, even in the days when he came nearest to reconciling himself to what had happened, Goodwood was quite incapable. He accepted him as a rather brilliant personage of the amateurish kind, afflicted with a redundancy of leisure which it amused him to work off in little refinements of conversation. But he only half trusted him; he could never make out why the deuce Osmond should lavish refinements of any sort upon *him*. It made him suspect that he found some private entertainment in it, and it ministered to a general impression that his successful rival had a fantastical streak in his composition. He knew indeed that Osmond could have no reason to wish him evil; he had nothing to fear from him. He had carried off a supreme advantage, and he could afford to be kind to a man who had lost everything. It was true that Goodwood at times had wished Osmond were dead, and would have liked to kill him; but Osmond had no means of knowing this, for practice had made Goodwood quite perfect in the art of appearing inaccessible to-day to any violent emotion. He cultivated this art in order to deceive himself, but it was others that he deceived first. He cultivated it, moreover, with very limited success; of which there could be no better proof than the deep, dumb irritation that reigned in his soul when he heard Osmond speak of his wife's feelings as if he were commissioned to answer for them. That was all he had an ear for in what his host said to him this evening; he was conscious that Osmond made more of a point even than usual of referring to the conjugal harmony which prevailed at the Palazzo Roccanera. He was more careful than ever to speak as if he and his wife had all things in sweet community, and it were as natural to each of them to say "we" as to say "I." In all this there was an air of intention which puzzled and angered our poor Bostonian, who could only reflect for his comfort that Mrs. Osmond's relations with her husband were none of his business. He had no proof whatever that her husband misrepresented her, and if he judged her by the surface of things was bound to believe that she liked her life. She had never given him the faintest sign of discontent. Miss Stackpole had told him that she had lost her illusions, but writing for the papers had made Miss Stackpole sensational. She was too fond of early news. Moreover, since her arrival in Rome she had been much on her guard; she had ceased to flash her lantern at him. This, indeed, it may be said for her, would have been quite against her conscience. She had now seen the reality of Isabel's situation, and it had inspired her with a just reserve. Whatever could be done to improve it, the most useful form of assistance would not be to inflame her former lovers with a sense of her wrongs. Miss Stackpole continued to take a deep interest in the state of Mr. Goodwood's feelings, but she showed it at present only by sending him choice extracts, humorous and other, from the American journals, of which she received several by every post, and which she always perused with a pair of scissors in her hand. The articles she cut out she placed in an envelope addressed to Mr. Goodwood, which she left with her own hand at his hotel. He never asked her a question about Isabel; had n't he come five thousand miles to see for himself? He was thus not in the least authorized to think Mrs. Osmond unhappy; but the very absence of authorization operated as an irritant, ministered to the angry pain with which, in spite of his theory that he had ceased to care, he now recognized that, as far as she was concerned, the future had nothing more for him. He had not even the satisfaction of knowing the

truth; apparently, he could not even be trusted to respect her if she *were* unhappy. He was hopeless, he was helpless, he was superfluous. To this last fact she had called his attention by her ingenious plan for making him leave Rome. He had no objection whatever to doing what he could for her cousin, but it made him grind his teeth to think that of all the services she might have asked of him, this was the one she had been eager to select. There had been no danger of her choosing one that would have kept him in Rome!

To-night, what he was chiefly thinking of was that he was to leave her to-morrow, and that he had gained nothing by coming but the knowledge that he was as superfluous as ever. About herself he had gained no knowledge; she was imperturbable, impenetrable. He felt the old bitterness, which he had tried so hard to swallow, rise again in his throat, and he knew that there are disappointments which last as long as life. Osmond went on talking; Goodwood was vaguely aware that he was touching again upon his perfect intimacy with his wife. It seemed to him for a moment that Osmond had a kind of demonic imagination; it was impossible that without malice he should have selected so unusual a topic. But what did it matter, after all, whether he were demonic or not, and whether she loved him or hated him? She might hate him to the death without Goodwood's gaining by it.

"You travel, by the bye, with Touchett," Osmond said. "I suppose that means that you will move slowly."

"I don't know; I shall do just as he likes."

"You are very accommodating. We are immensely obliged to you; you must really let me say it. My wife has probably expressed to you what we feel. Touchett has been on our minds all winter; it has looked more than once as if he would never leave Rome. He ought never to have come; it's worse than an imprudence for people in that state to travel; it's a kind of indelicacy. I would n't for the world be under such an obligation to Touchett as he has been to — to my wife and me. Other people inevitably have to look after him, and every one is n't so generous as you."

"I have nothing else to do," said Caspar, dryly.

Osmond looked at him a moment, askance. "You ought to marry, and then you would have plenty to do! It is true that in that case you would n't be quite so available for deeds of mercy."

"Do you find that as a married man you are so much occupied?"

"Ah, you see, being married is in itself an occupation. It is n't always active; it's often passive; but that takes even more attention. Then my wife and I do so many things together. We read, we study, we make music, we walk, we drive, — we talk even, as when we first knew each other. I delight, to this hour, in my wife's conversation. If you are ever bored, get married. Your wife indeed may bore you, in that case; but you will never bore yourself. You will always have something to say to yourself — always have a subject of reflection."

"I am not bored," said Goodwood. "I have plenty to think about and to say to myself."

"More than to say to others!" Osmond exclaimed, with a light laugh. "Where shall you go next? I mean after you have consigned Touchett to his natural care-takers; I believe his mother is at last coming back to look after him. That little lady is superb; she neglects her duties with a finish! Perhaps you will spend the summer in England."

"I don't know; I have no plans."

"Happy man! That's a little nude, but it's very free."

"Oh yes, I'm very free."

"Free to come back to Rome, I hope," said Osmond, as he saw a group of new visitors enter the room. "Remember that when you do come, we count upon you!"

Goodwood had meant to go away early, but the evening elapsed without his having a chance to speak to Isabel otherwise than as one of several associated interlocutors. There was something perverse in the inveteracy with which she avoided him; Goodwood's unquenchable rancor discovered an intention where there was certainly no appearance of one. There was absolutely no appearance of one. She met his eye with her sweet, hospitable smile, which seemed almost to ask that he would come and help her to entertain some of her visitors. To such suggestions, however, he only opposed a stiff impatience. He wandered about and waited; he talked to the few people he knew, who found him for the first time rather self-contradictory. This was indeed rare with Caspar Goodwood, though he often contradicted others. There was often music at the Palazzo Roccanera, and it was usually very good. Under cover of the music he managed to contain himself; but toward the end, when he saw the people beginning to go, he drew near to Isabel and asked her in a low tone if he might not speak to her in one of the other rooms, which he had just assured himself was empty.

She smiled as if she wished to oblige him, but found herself absolutely prevented. "I'm afraid it's impossible. People are saying good-night, and I must be where they can see me."

"I shall wait till they are all gone, then!"

She hesitated a moment. "Ah, that will be delightful!" she exclaimed.

And he waited, though it took a long time yet. There were several people, at the end, who seemed tethered to the carpet. The Countess Gemini, who was never herself till midnight, as she said, displayed no consciousness that the entertainment was over; she had still a little circle of gentlemen in front of the fire, who every now and then broke into an united laugh. Osmond had disappeared — he never bade good-by to people; and as the countess was extending her range, according to her custom at this period of the evening, Isabel had sent Pansy to bed. Isabel sat a little apart; she too appeared to wish that her sister-in-law would sound a lower note and let the last loiterers depart in peace.

"May I not say a word to you now?" Goodwood presently asked her.

She got up, immediately, smiling. "Certainly, we will go somewhere else, if you like."

They went together, leaving the countess with her little circle, and for a moment after they had crossed the threshold neither of them spoke. Isabel would not sit down; she stood in the middle of the room slowly fanning herself, with the same familiar grace. She seemed to be waiting for him to speak. Now that he was alone with her, all the passion that he had never stifled surged into his senses; it hummed in his eyes and made things swim around him. The bright, empty room grew dim and blurred, and through the rustling tissue he saw Isabel hover before him with gleaming eyes and parted lips. If he had seen more distinctly he would have perceived that her smile was fixed and a trifle forced, — that she was frightened at what she saw in his own face.

"I suppose you wish to bid me good-by?" she said.

"Yes — but I don't like it. I don't want to leave Rome," he answered, with almost plaintive honesty.

"I can well imagine. It is wonderfully good of you. I can't tell you how kind I think you."

For a moment more he said nothing. "With a few words like that you make me go."

"You must come back some day," Isabel rejoined, brightly.

"Some day? You mean as long a time hence as possible."

"Oh no; I don't mean all that."

"What *do* you mean? I don't understand! But I said I would go, and I will go," Goodwood added.

"Come back whenever you like," said Isabel, with attempted lightness.

"I don't care a straw for your cousin!" Caspar broke out.

"Is that what you wished to tell me?"

"No, no; I did n't want to tell you anything; I wanted to ask you" — he paused a moment, and then — "what have you really made of your life?" he said, in a low, quick tone. He paused again, as if for an answer; but she said nothing, and he went on: "I can't understand, I can't penetrate you! What am I to believe — what do you want me to think?" Still she said nothing; she only stood looking at him, now quite without pretending to smile. "I am told you are unhappy, and if you are I should like to know it. That would be something for me. But you yourself say you are happy, and you are somehow so still, so smooth. You are completely changed. You conceal everything; I have n't really come near you."

"You come very near," Isabel said, gently, but in a tone of warning.

"And yet I don't touch you! I want to know the truth. Have you done well?"

"You ask a great deal."

"Yes — I have always asked a great deal. Of course you won't tell me. I shall never know, if you can help it. And then, it 's none of my business." He had spoken with a visible effort to control himself, to give a considerate form to an inconsiderate state of mind. But the sense that it was his last chance, that he loved her and had lost her, that she would think him a fool whatever he should say, suddenly gave him a lash and added a deep vibration to his low voice. "You are perfectly inscrutable, and that 's what makes me think you have something to hide. I say that I don't care a straw for your cousin, but I don't mean that I don't like him. I mean that it is n't because I like him that I go away with him. I would go if he were an idiot, and you should have asked me. If you should ask me, I would go to Patagonia to-morrow. Why do you want me to leave the place? You must have some reason for that; if you were as contented as you pretend you are, you would n't care. I would rather know the truth about you, even if it 's damnable, than have come here for nothing. That is n't what I came for. I thought I should n't care. I came because I wanted to assure myself that I need n't think of you any more. I have n't thought of anything else, and you are quite right to wish me to go away. But if I must go, there is no harm in my letting myself out for a single moment, is there? If you are really hurt — if *he* hurts you — nothing *I* say will hurt you. When I tell you I love you, it 's simply what I came for. I thought it was for something else; but it was for that. I should n't say it if I did n't believe I should never see you again. It 's the last time — let me pluck a single flower! I have no right to say that, I know; and you have no right to listen. But you don't listen; you never listen, you are always thinking of something else. After this I must go, of course; so I shall at least have a reason. Your asking me is no reason, not a real one. I can't judge by your husband," he went on, irrelevantly, almost incoherently, "I don't understand him; he tells me you adore each other. Why does he tell me that? What business is it of mine? When I say that to you, you look strange. But you always look strange. Yes, you have something to hide. It 's none of my business — very true. But I love you," said Caspar Goodwood.

As he said, she looked strange. She turned her eyes to the door by which they had entered, and raised her fan as if in warning.

"You have behaved so well; don't spoil it," she said, softly.

"No one hears me. It 's wonderful what you try to put me off with. I love you as I have never loved you."

"I know it. I knew it as soon as you consented to go."

"You can't help it — of course not. You would if you could, but you can't, unfortunately. Unfortunately for me, I mean. I ask nothing — nothing, that is, that I should n't. But I do ask one sole satisfaction — that you tell me — that you tell me" —

"That I tell you what?"

"Whether I may pity you."

"Should you like that?" Isabel asked, trying to smile again.

"To pity you? Most assuredly! That at least would be doing something. I would give my life to it."

She raised her fan to her face, which it covered, all except her eyes. They rested a moment on his.

"Don't give your life to it; but give a thought to it every now and then."

And with that Isabel went back to the Countess Gemini.

XLIX.

Madame Merle had not made her appearance at the Palazzo Roccanera, on the evening of that Thursday of which I have narrated some of the incidents, and Isabel, though she observed her absence, was not surprised by it. Things had passed between them which added no stimulus to sociability, and to appreciate which we must glance a little backward. It has been mentioned that Madame Merle returned from Naples shortly after Lord Warburton had left Rome, and that on her first meeting with Isabel (whom, to do her justice, she came immediately to see) her first utterance was an inquiry as to the whereabouts of this nobleman, for whom she appeared to hold her dear friend accountable.

"Please don't talk of him," said Isabel, for answer; "we have heard so much of him of late."

Madame Merle bent her head on one side a little, protestingly, and smiled in the left corner of her mouth.

"You have heard, yes. But you must remember that I have not, in Naples. I hoped to find him here, and to be able to congratulate Pansy."

"You may congratulate Pansy still; but not on marrying Lord Warburton."

"How you say that! Don't you know I had set my heart on it?" Madame Merle asked, with a great deal of spirit, but still with the intonation of good-humor.

Isabel was discomposed, but she was determined to be good-humored, too.

"You should n't have gone to Naples, then. You should have stayed here to watch the affair."

"I had too much confidence in you. But do you think it is too late?"

"You had better ask Pansy," said Isabel.

"I shall ask her what you have said to her."

These words seemed to justify the impulse of self-defense aroused on Isabel's part by her perceiving that her visitor's attitude was a critical one. Madame Merle, as we know, had been very discreet hitherto; she had never criticised; she had been excessively afraid of intermeddling. But apparently she had only reserved herself for this occasion; for she had a dangerous quickness in her eye, and an air of irritation which even her admirable smile was not able to transmute. She had suffered a disappointment which excited Isabel's surprise — our heroine having no knowledge of her zealous interest in Pansy's marriage; and she betrayed it in a manner which quickened Mrs. Osmond's

alarm. More clearly than ever before, Isabel heard a cold, mocking voice proceed from she knew not where, in the dim void that surrounded her, and declare that this bright, strong, definite, worldly woman, this incarnation of the practical, the personal, the immediate, was a powerful agent in her destiny. She was nearer to her than Isabel had yet discovered, and her nearness was not the charming accident that she had so long thought. The sense of accident indeed had died within her that day when she happened to be struck with the manner in which Madame Merle and her own husband sat together in private. No definite suspicion had as yet taken its place; but it was enough to make her look at this lady with a different eye to have been led to reflect that there was more intention in her past behavior than she had allowed for at the time. Ah, yes, there had been intention, there had been intention, Isabel said to herself; and she seemed to wake from a long, pernicious dream. What was it that brought it home to her that Madame Merle's intention had not been good? Nothing but the mistrust which had lately taken body, and which married itself now to the fruitful wonder produced by her visitor's challenge on behalf of poor Pansy. There was something in this challenge which at the very outset excited an answering defiance; a nameless vitality which Isabel now saw to have been absent from her friend's professions of delicacy and caution. Madame Merle had been unwilling to interfere, certainly, but only so long as there was nothing to interfere with. It will perhaps seem to the reader that Isabel went fast in casting doubt, on mere suspicion, on a sincerity proved by several years of good offices. She moved quickly, indeed, and with reason, for a strange truth was filtering into her soul. Madame Merle's interest was identical with Osmond's; that was enough.

"I think Pansy will tell you nothing that will feed your resentment," she said, in answer to her companion's last remark.

"I have no resentment. I have only a great desire to retrieve the situation. Do you think his lordship has left us forever?"

"I can't tell you; I don't understand you. It 's all over; please let it rest. Osmond has talked to me a great deal about it, and I have nothing more to say or to hear. I have no doubt," Isabel added, "that he will be very happy to discuss the subject with you."

"I know what he thinks; he came to see me last evening."

"As soon as you had arrived? Then you know all about it, and you need n't apply to me for information."

"It is n't information I want. At bottom, it 's sympathy. I had set my heart on that marriage; the idea did what so few things do — it satisfied the imagination."

"Your imagination, yes. But not that of the persons concerned."

"You mean by that, of course, that I am not concerned. Of course not directly. But when one is such an old friend, one can't help having something at stake. You forget how long I have known Pansy. You mean, of course," Madame Merle added, "that *you* are one of the persons concerned."

"No; that 's the last thing I mean. I am very weary of it all."

Madame Merle hesitated a little. "Ah yes, your work 's done."

"Take care what you say," said Isabel, very gravely.

"Oh, I take care; never perhaps more than when it appears least. Your husband judges you severely."

Isabel made for a moment no answer to this; she felt choked with bitterness. It was not the insolence of Madame Merle's informing her that Osmond had been taking her into his confidence as against his wife that struck her most; for she was not quick to believe that

this was meant for insolence. Madame Merle was very rarely insolent, and only when it was exactly right. It was not right now, or at least it was not right yet. What touched Isabel like a drop of corrosive acid upon an open wound was the knowledge that Osmond dishonored her in his words as well as in his thoughts.

"Should you like to know how I judge him?" she asked at last.

"No, because you would never tell me. And it would be painful for me to know."

There was a pause, and for the first time since she had known her, Isabel thought Madame Merle disagreeable. She wished she would leave her.

"Remember how attractive Pansy is, and don't despair," she said abruptly, with a desire that this should close their interview.

But Madame Merle's expansive presence underwent no contraction. She only gathered her mantle about her, and with the movement scattered upon the air a faint, agreeable fragrance.

"I don't despair," she answered; "I feel encouraged. And I did n't come to scold you; I came, if possible, to learn the truth. I know you will tell it if I ask you. It 's an immense blessing with you, that one can count upon that. No, you won't believe what a comfort I take in it."

"What truth do you speak of?" Isabel asked, wondering.

"Just this: whether Lord Warburton changed his mind quite of his own movement, or because you recommended it. To please himself, I mean, or to please you. Think of the confidence I must still have in you, in spite of having lost a little of it," Madame Merle continued with a smile, "to ask such a question as that!" She sat looking at Isabel a moment, to judge of the effect of her words, and then she went on: "Now don't be heroic, don't be unreasonable, don't take offense. It seems to me I do you an honor in speaking so. I don't know another woman to whom I would do it. I have n't the least idea that any other woman would tell me the truth. And don't you see how well it is that your husband should know it? It is true that he does n't appear to have had any tact whatever in trying to extract it; he has indulged in gratuitous suppositions. But that does n't alter the fact that it would make a difference in his view of his daughter's prospects to know distinctly what really occurred. If Lord Warburton simply got tired of the poor child, that 's one thing; it 's a pity. If he gave her up to please you, it 's another. That 's a pity, too; but in a different way. Then, in the latter case, you would perhaps make an attempt to find your pleasure in a new appeal to your friend."

Madame Merle had proceeded very deliberately, watching her companion and apparently thinking she could proceed safely. As she went on, Isabel grew pale; she clasped her hands more tightly in her lap. It was not that Madame Merle had at last thought it the right time to be insolent; for this was not what was most apparent. It was a worse horror than that. "Who are you — what are you?" Isabel murmured. "What have you to do with my husband?" It was strange that, for the moment, she drew as near to him as if she had loved him.

"Ah, then, you take it heroically! I am very sorry. Don't think, however, that I shall do so."

"What have you to do with me?" Isabel went on.

Madame Merle slowly got up, stroking her muff, but not removing her eyes from Isabel's face.

"Everything!" she answered.

Isabel sat there looking up at her without rising; her face was almost a prayer to be enlightened. But the light of her visitor's eyes seemed only a darkness.

"Oh, misery!" she murmured at last; and she fell back, covering her face with her hands. It had come over her like a high-surging wave that Mrs. Touchett was right. Madame Merle had married her! Before she uncovered her face again, this lady had left the room.

Isabel took a drive alone, that afternoon; she wished to be far away, under the sky, where she could descend from her carriage and tread upon the daisies. She had long before this taken old Rome into her confidence, for in a world of ruins the ruin of her happiness seemed a less unnatural catastrophe. She rested her weariness upon things that had crumbled for centuries and yet still were upright; she dropped her secret sadness into the silence of lonely places, where its very modern quality detached itself and grew objective, so that as she sat in a sun-warmed angle on a winter's day, or stood in a mouldy church to which no one came, she could almost smile at it and think of its smallness. Small it was, in the large Roman record, and her haunting sense of the continuity of the human lot easily carried her from the less to the greater. She had become deeply, tenderly acquainted with Rome; it interfused and moderated her passion. But she had grown to think of it chiefly as the place where people had suffered. This was what came to her in the starved churches, where the marble columns, transferred from pagan ruins, seemed to offer her a companionship in endurance, and the musty incense to be a compound of long-unanswered prayers. There was no gentler nor less consistent heretic than Isabel; the firmest of worshipers, gazing at dark altar-pictures or clustered candles, could not have felt more intimately the suggestiveness of these objects, nor have been more liable at such moments to a spiritual visitation. Pansy, as we know, was almost always her companion, and of late the Countess Gemini, balancing a pink parasol, had lent brilliancy to their equipage; but she still occasionally found herself alone when it suited her mood, and where it suited the place. On such occasions she had several resorts; the most accessible of which, perhaps, was a seat on the low parapet which edges the wide, grassy space lying before the high, cold front of St. John Lateran; where you look across the Campagna at the far-trailing outline of the Alban Mount, and at that mighty plain, between, which is still so full of all that has vanished from it. After the departure of her cousin and his companions she wandered about more than usual; she carried her sombre spirit from one familiar shrine to the other. Even when Pansy and the countess were with her, she felt the touch of a vanished world. The carriage, passing out of the walls of Rome, rolled through narrow lanes, where the wild honeysuckle had begun to tangle itself in the hedges, or waited for her in quiet places where the fields lay near, while she strolled further and further over the flower-freckled turf, or sat on a stone that had once had a use, and gazed through the veil of her personal sadness at the splendid sadness of the scene, at the dense, warm light, the far gradations and soft confusions of color, the motionless shepherds in lonely attitudes, the hills where the cloud-shadows had the lightness of a blush.

On the afternoon I began with speaking of, she had taken a resolution not to think of Madame Merle; but the resolution proved vain, and this lady's image hovered constantly before her. She asked herself, with an almost childlike horror of the supposition, whether to this intimate friend of several years the great historical epithet of *wicked* was to be applied. She knew the idea only by the Bible and other literary works; to the best of her belief she had no personal acquaintance with wickedness. She had desired a large acquaintance with human life, and in spite of her having flattered herself that she culti-

vated it with some success, this elementary privilege had been denied her. Perhaps it was not wicked — in the historic sense — to be false; for that was what Madame Merle had been. Isabel's Aunt Lydia had made this discovery long before, and had mentioned it to her niece; but Isabel had flattered herself at this time that she had a much richer view of things, especially of the spontaneity of her own career and the nobleness of her own interpretations, than poor, stiffly-reasoning Mrs. Touchett. Madame Merle had done what she wanted; she had brought about the union of her two friends; a reflection which could not fail to make it a matter of wonder that she should have desired such an event. There were people who had the match-making passion, like the votaries of art for art; but Madame Merle, great artist as she was, was scarcely one of these. She thought too ill of marriage, too ill even of life; she had desired that marriage, but she had not desired others. She therefore had had an idea of gain, and Isabel asked herself where she had found her profit. It took her, naturally, a long time to discover, and even then her discovery was very incomplete. It came back to her that Madame Merle, though she had seemed to like her from the first of their meeting at Gardencourt, had been doubly affectionate after Mr. Touchett's death, and after learning that her young friend was a victim of the good old man's benevolence. She had found her profit not in the gross device of borrowing money from Isabel, but in the more refined idea of introducing one of her intimates to the young girl's fortune. She had naturally chosen her closest intimate, and it was already vivid enough to Isabel that Gilbert Osmond occupied this position. She found herself confronted in this manner with the conviction that the man in the world whom she had supposed to be the least sordid had married her for her money. Strange to say, it had never before occurred to her; if she had thought a good deal of harm of Osmond, she had not done him this particular injury. This was the worst she could think of, and she had been saying to herself that the worst was still to come. A man might marry a woman for her money, very well; the thing was often done. But at least he should let her know! She wondered whether, if he wanted her money, her money to-day would satisfy him. Would he take her money and let her go? Ah, if Mr. Touchett's great charity would help her to-day, it would be blessed indeed! It was not slow to occur to her that if Madame Merle had wished to do Osmond a service, his recognition of the fact must have lost its warmth. What must be his feelings to-day in regard to his too zealous benefactress, and what expression must they have found on the part of such a master of irony? It is a singular, but a characteristic, fact that before Isabel returned from her silent drive she had broken its silence by the soft exclamation, —

"Poor Madame Merle!"

Her exclamation would perhaps have been justified if on this same afternoon she had been concealed behind one of the valuable curtains of time-softened damask which dressed the interesting little salon of the lady to whom it referred; the carefully-arranged apartment to which we once paid a visit in company with the discreet Mr. Rosier. In that apartment, towards six o'clock, Gilbert Osmond was seated, and his hostess stood before him as Isabel had seen her stand on an occasion commemorated in this history with an emphasis appropriate not so much to its apparent as to its real importance.

"I don't believe you are unhappy; I believe you like it," said Madame Merle.

"Did I say I was unhappy?" Osmond asked, with a face grave enough to suggest that he might have been so.

"No, but you don't say the contrary, as you ought in common gratitude."

"Don't talk about gratitude," Osmond returned, dryly. "And don't aggravate me," he added, in a moment.

Madame Merle slowly seated herself, with her arms folded and her white hands arranged as a support to one of them, and an ornament, as it were, to the other. She looked exquisitely calm, but impressively sad.

"On your side, don't try to frighten me," she said. "I wonder whether you know some of my thoughts."

"No more than I can help. I have quite enough of my own."

"That 's because they are so delightful."

Osmond rested his head against the back of his chair and looked at his companion for a long time, with a kind of cynical directness which seemed also partly an expression of fatigue.

"You do aggravate me," he remarked in a moment. "I am very tired."

"*Et moi, donc!*" cried Madame Merle.

"With you, it 's because you fatigue yourself. With me, it 's not my own fault."

"When I fatigue myself it 's for you. I have given you an interest; that 's a great gift."

"Do you call it an interest?" Osmond inquired, languidly.

"Certainly, since it helps you to pass your time."

"The time has never seemed longer to me than this winter."

"You have never looked better; you have never been so agreeable, so brilliant."

"Damn my brilliancy!" Osmond murmured, thoughtfully. "How little, after all, you know me!"

"If I don't know you, I know nothing," said Madame Merle, smiling. "You have the feeling of complete success."

"No, I shall not have that till I have made you stop judging me."

"I did that long ago. I speak from old knowledge. But you express yourself more, too."

Osmond hesitated a moment. "I wish you would express yourself less!"

"You wish to condemn me to silence? Remember that I have never been a chatterbox. At any rate, there are three or four things that I should like to say to you first. Your wife does n't know what to do with herself," she went on, with a change of tone.

"Excuse me; she knows perfectly. She has a line sharply marked out. She means to carry out her ideas."

"Her ideas, to-day, must be remarkable."

"Certainly they are. She has more of them than ever."

"She was unable to show me any this morning," said Madame Merle. "She seemed in a very simple, almost in a stupid, state of mind. She was completely bewildered."

"You had better say at once that she was pathetic."

"Ah no, I don't want to encourage you too much."

Osmond still had his head against the cushion behind him; the ankle of one foot rested on the other knee. So he sat for a while. "I should like to know what is the matter with you," he said, at last.

"The matter — the matter" — And here Madame Merle stopped. Then she went on, with a sudden outbreak of passion, a burst of summer thunder in a clear sky, "The matter is that I would give my right hand to be able to weep, and that I can't!"

"What good would it do you to weep?"

"It would make me feel as I felt before I knew you."

"If I have dried your tears, that 's something. But I have seen you shed them."

"Oh, I believe you will make me cry still. I have a great hope of that. I was vile, this morning; I was horrid," said Madame Merle.

"If Isabel was in the stupid state of mind you mention, she probably did n't perceive it," Osmond answered.

"It was precisely my deviltry that stupefied her. I could n't help it; I was full of something bad. Perhaps it was something good; I don't know. You have not only dried up my tears; you have dried up my soul."

"It is not I, then, that am responsible for my wife's condition," Osmond said. "It is pleasant to think that I shall get the benefit of your influence upon her. Don't you know the soul is an immortal principle? How can it suffer alteration?"

"I don't believe at all that it 's an immortal principle. I believe it can perfectly be destroyed. That 's what has happened to mine, which was a very good one to start with; and it 's you I have to thank for it. You are very bad," Madame Merle added, gravely.

"Is this the way we are to end?" Osmond asked, with the same studied coldness.

"I don't know how we are to end. I wish I did! How do bad people end? You have made me bad."

"I don't understand you. You seem to me quite good enough," said Osmond, his conscious indifference giving an extreme effect to the words.

Madame Merle's self-possession tended on the contrary to diminish, and she was nearer losing it than on any occasion on which we have had the pleasure of meeting her. Her eye brightened, even flashed; her smile betrayed a painful effort.

"Good enough for anything that I have done with myself? I suppose that 's what you mean."

"Good enough to be always charming!" Osmond exclaimed, smiling too.

"Oh God!" his companion murmured; and, sitting there in her ripe freshness, she had recourse to the same gesture that she had provoked on Isabel's part in the morning; she bent her face and covered it with her hands.

"Are you going to weep, after all?" Osmond asked; and on her remaining motionless he went on: "Have I ever complained to you?"

She dropped her hands quickly. "No, you have taken your revenge otherwise — you have taken it on *her*."

Osmond threw back his head further; he looked awhile at the ceiling, and might have been supposed to be appealing in an informal way to the heavenly powers. "Oh, the imagination of women! It 's always vulgar at bottom. You talk of revenge like a third-rate novelist."

"Of course you have n't complained. You have enjoyed your triumph too much."

"I am rather curious to know what you call my triumph."

"You have made your wife afraid of you."

Osmond changed his position; he leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees and looking awhile at a beautiful old Persian rug at his feet. He had an air of refusing to accept any one's valuation of anything, even of time, and of preferring to abide by his own; a peculiarity which made him at moments an irritating person to converse with. "Isabel is not afraid of me, and it 's not what I wish," he said at last. "To what do you wish to provoke me when you say such things as that?"

"I have thought over all the harm you can do me," Madame Merle answered. "Your wife was afraid of me this morning, but in me it was really you she feared."

"You may have said things that were in very bad taste; I am not responsible for that. I did n't see the use of your going to see her, at all; you are capable of acting without her. I have not made

you afraid of me, that I can see," Osmond went on; "how then should I have made her? You are at least as brave. I can't think where you have picked up such rubbish; one might suppose you knew me by this time." He got up, as he spoke, and walked to the chimney, where he stood a moment bending his eye, as if he had seen them for the first time, on the delicate specimens of rare porcelain with which it was covered. He took up a small cup and held it in his hand; then, still holding it, and leaning his arm on the mantel, he continued: "You always see too much in everything; you overdo it; you lose sight of the real. I am much simpler than you think."

"I think you are very simple." And Madame Merle kept her eye upon her cup. "I have come to that with time. I judged you, as I say, of old; but it is only since your marriage that I have understood you. I have seen better what you have been to your wife than I ever saw what you were for me. Please be very careful of that precious object."

"It already has a small crack," said Osmond, dryly, as he put it down. "If you did n't understand me before I married, it was cruelly rash of you to put me into such a box. However, I took a fancy to my box myself; I thought it would be a comfortable fit. I asked very little; I only asked that she should like me."

"That she should like you so much!"

"So much, of course; in such a case one asks the maximum. That she should adore me, if you will. Oh yes, I wanted that."

"I never adored you," said Madame Merle.

"Ah, but you pretended to!"

"It is true that you never accused me of being a comfortable fit," Madame Merle went on.

"My wife has declined — declined to do anything of the sort," said Osmond. "If you are determined to make a tragedy of that, the tragedy is hardly for her."

"The tragedy is for me!" Madame Merle exclaimed, rising, with a long, low sigh, but giving a glance at the same time at the contents of her mantel-shelf. "It appears that I am to be severely taught the disadvantages of a false position."

"You express yourself like a sentence in a copy-book. We must look for our comfort where we can find it. If my wife does n't like me, at least my child does. I shall look for compensations in Pansy. Fortunately I have n't a fault to find with her."

"Ah," said Madame Merle, softly, "if I had a child" —

Osmond hesitated a moment; and then, with a little formal air, "The children of others may be a great interest!" he announced.

"You are more like a copy-book than I. There is something, after all, that holds us together."

"Is it the idea of the harm I may do you?" Osmond asked.

"No; it 's the idea of the good I may do for you. It is that," said Madame Merle, "that made me so jealous of Isabel. I want it to be *my* work," she added, with her face, which had grown hard and bitter, relaxing into its usual social expression.

Osmond took up his hat and his umbrella, and after giving the former article two or three strokes with his coat-cuff, "On the whole, I think," he said, "you had better leave it to me."

After he had left her, Madame Merle went and lifted from the mantel-shelf the attenuated coffee-cup in which he had mentioned the existence of a crack; but she looked at it rather abstractedly. "Have I been so vile all for nothing?" she murmured to herself.

Henry James, Jr.

RIVER DRIFTWOOD.

At the head of tide-water on the river there is a dam, and above it is a large mill-pond, where most of the people who row and sail keep their boats all summer long. I like, perhaps once a year, to cruise around the shores of this pretty sheet of water; but I am always conscious of the dam above it and the dam below it, and of being confined between certain limits. I rarely go beyond a certain point on the lower or tide river, as people call it, but I always have the feeling that I can go to Europe, if I like, or anywhere on the high seas; and when I unfasten the boat there is no dam or harbor bar, or any barrier whatever between this and all foreign ports. Far up among the hills the ocean comes, and its tide ebbs and flows.

When the tide goes out, the narrow reaches of the river become rapids, where a rushing stream fights with the ledges and loose rocks, and where one needs a good deal of skill to guide a boat down safely. Where the river is wide, at low tide one can only see the mud flats and broad stretches of green marsh grass. But when the tide is in, it is a noble and dignified stream. There are no rapids and only a slow current, where the river from among the inland mountains flows along, finding its way to the sea, which has come part way to welcome the company of springs and brooks that have answered to its call. A thousand men band themselves together, and they are one regiment; a thousand little streams flow together, and are one river; but one fancies that they do not lose themselves altogether; while the individuality of a river must come mainly from the different characters of its tributaries. The shape of its shores and the quality of the soil it passes over determine certain things about it, but the life of it is something by itself, as the life of a man is separate from the circumstances in which he is placed. There must be the first spring which overflows steadily and makes a brook, which some second spring joins, and the third, and the fourth; and at last there is a great stream, in which the later brooks seem to make little difference. I should like to find the very beginning and head-water of my river. I should be sorry if it were a pond, though somewhere in the ground underneath there would be a spring that kept the secret and was in command and under marching orders to the sea, commissioned to recruit as it went along. Here at the head of tide-water it first meets the sea, and then when the tide is in there is the presence of royalty, or at least its deputies. The river is a grand thing when it is river and sea together; but how one misses the ocean when the tide is out, for in the great place it filled the stream from the hills, after all, looks of little consequence.

The river is no longer the public highway it used to be years ago, when the few roads were rough, and railroads were not even dreamed of. The earliest chapter of its history that I know is that it was full of salmon and other fish, and was a famous fishing-ground with the Indians, who were masters of its neighboring country. To tell its whole story one would have to follow the fashion of the old Spanish writers whom Garcilasso de la Vega says he will not imitate, in the first chapter of his Commentaries of the Yncas, — that delightful composition of unconscious pathos and majestic lies. When his predecessors in the field of literature wished to write on any subject whatever, he solemnly tells us, they always began with a history of the globe. One cannot help wishing that he had not disdained to

follow their example, and had given his theories, which would have been wildly ahead of even the fancies of his time, in general, and full of most amusing little departures from the truth when he came down to details. But the earliest history of the river can well be ignored; it is but seldom, as yet, that people really care much for anything for its own sake, until it is proved to have some connection with human-kind. We are slow to take an interest in the personality of our neighbors who are not men, or dogs, or horses, or at least some creature who can be made to understand a little of our own spoken language. Who is going to be the linguist who learns the first word of an old crow's warning to his mate, or how a little dog expresses himself when he asks a big one to come and rout his troublesome enemy? How much we shall know when the pimpernel teaches us how she makes her prophecies of the weather, and how long we shall have to go to school when people are expected to talk to the trees, and birds, and beasts, in their own language! What tune could it have been that Orpheus and Amphion played, to which the beasts listened, and even the trees and stones followed them to hear? Is it science that will give us back the gift, or shall we owe it to the successors of those friendly old saints who talked with the birds and fishes? We could have schools for them, if we once could understand them, and could educate them into being more useful to us. There would be intelligent swordfish for submarine divers, and we could send swallows to carry messages, and all the creatures that know how to burrow in the earth would bring us the treasures out of it. I should have a larger calling acquaintance than ever out-of-doors, and my neighbors down river would present me to congenial friends whom as yet I have not discovered. The gods are always drawing like toward like, and making them acquainted, if Homer may be believed, but we are apt to forget that this is true of any creatures but ourselves. It is not necessary to tame them before they can be familiar and responsive; we can meet them on their own ground, and be surprised to find how much we may have in common. Taming is only forcing them to learn some of our customs; we should be wise if we let them tame us to make use of some of theirs. They share other instincts and emotions with us beside surprise, or suspicion, or fear. They are curiously thoughtful; they act no more from unconscious instinct than we do; at least, they are called upon to decide as many questions of action or direction, and there are many emergencies of life when we are far more helpless and foolish than they. It is easy to say that other orders of living creatures exist on a much lower plane than ourselves; we know very little about it, after all. They are often gifted in some way that we are not; they may even carry some virtue of ours to a greater height than we do. But the day will come for a more truly universal suffrage than we dream of now, when the meaning of every living thing is understood, and it is given its rights and accorded its true value: for its life is from God's life, and its limits were fixed by him; its material shape is the manifestation of a thought, and to each body there is given a spirit.

The great gulls watch me float along the river, curiously, and sail in the air overhead. Who knows what they say of me when they talk together; and what are they thinking about when they fly quickly out of sight? Perhaps they know something about me that I do not know of myself yet; and so may the musk-rat, as he hurries through the water with a little green branch in his mouth which will make a salad for his supper. He watches me with his sharp eyes, and whisks into his hole in the sunny side of the island. I have a re-

spect for him; he is a busy creature, and he lives well. You might be hospitable and ask me to supper, musk-rat! I don't know whether I should care much for you if I were another musk-rat, or you were a human being, but I shall know you again when I see you by an odd mark in the fur on the top of your head, and that is something. I suppose the captive mussels in your den are quaking now at hearing you come in. I have lost sight of you, but I shall remember where your house is. I do not think people are thankful enough who live out of the reach of beasts that would eat them. When one thinks of whole races of small creatures like the mussels which are the natural and proper food of others, it seems an awful fact and necessity of nature; perhaps, however, no more awful than our natural death appears to us. But there is something distressing about being eaten, and having one's substance minister to a superior existence! It hurts one's pride. A death that preserves and elevates our identity is much more consoling and satisfactory; but what can reconcile a bird to its future as part of the tissues of a cat, going stealthily afoot, and by nature treacherous? Who can say, however, that our death is not only a link in the chain? One thing is made the prey of another. In some way our present state ministers to the higher condition to which we are coming. The grass is made somehow from the ground, and presently that is turned into beef, and that goes to make part of a human being. We are not certain what an angel may be; but the life in us now will be necessary to the making of one by and by.

There is a wise arrangement in this merging and combining. It makes more room in the world. We must eat our fellows and be eaten to keep things within a proper limit. If all the orders of life were self-existing, and if all the springs that make up the river flowed down to the sea separately and independently, there would oe an awful confusion and chaos still; but this leads one to think of the transmigration of souls and other puzzling subjects! I shall have to end with an ignorant discourse about the globe instead of having begun with it. My river, as I said at first, leads to the sea, and from any port one can push off toward another sea of boundless speculation and curious wonderings about this world, familiar, and yet so great a mystery.

There are a thousand things to remember and to say about the river, which seems to be of little use in the half dozen miles I know best, after it has made itself of great consequence by serving to carry perhaps a dozen or twenty mills, of one kind and another. Between its dams it has a civilized and subjected look, but below the last falls, at the landing, it apparently feels itself to be its own master, and serves in no public capacity except to carry a boat now and then, and give the chance for building some weirs, as it offers some good fishing when the alewives and bass come up, with bony and muddy shad, that are about as good to eat as a rain-soaked paper of pins. I think its chief use is its beauty, and that has never been as widely appreciated as it ought to be. It is the eastern branch of the Piscataqua, which separates the States of Maine and New Hampshire; and I, being a lawless borderer, beg you to follow for a raid on the shores, not for pillaging the farms and cattle-lifting, but to see the trees and their shadows in the water: the high, steep banks where the great pines of Maine thrive, on one hand, and the gently sloping Southern New Hampshire fields fringed with willows and oaks on the other. When you catch sight of a tall lateen sail and a strange, clumsy craft that looks heavy and low in the water, you will like to know that its ancestor was copied from a Nile boat, from which a sensible old sea-captain took a lesson

in ship-building many years ago. The sail is capitally fitted to catch the uncertain wind, which is apt to come in flaws and gusts between the high, irregular banks of the river; and the boat is called a gundalow, but sometimes spelled gondola. One sees them often on the Merrimac and on the Piscataqua and its branches, and the sight of them brings a curiously foreign element into the New England scenery; for I never see the great peaked sail coming round a point without a quick association with the East, with the Mediterranean ports or the Nile itself, with its ruins and its desert and the bright blue sky overhead; with mummies and scarabei and the shepherd kings; with the pyramids and Sphinx — that strange group, so old one shudders at the thought of it — standing clear against the horizon.

A hundred years ago the northern country was covered for the most part with heavy timber, and the chief business at Berwick was receiving this from the lumbermen, and sending it to Portsmouth to be reshipped, or direct to the West Indies, to be bartered for rum and tobacco and molasses, which might be either brought home at once, or sent to Russia, to be exchanged again for iron and sail-cloth and cordage. Not forty years ago there were still twenty gundalows sailing from the Landing wharves, while now there are but two, and long after that the packet boat went regularly every other day to Portsmouth. Until the days of the railroads, most of the freight came by water, and the packet skippers were important men. I have always wished to know something more of the history of the quaint little packet storehouse, which until within a year or two stood in the mill-yard, just below the falls. It was built of heavy timbers, as if it might some day be called upon to resist a battering-ram. The stories were very low, and the upper one projected over the water, with a beam to which was fastened a tackle and fall to hoist and lower the goods. It was a little building, but there was a great air of consequence about it. It was painted a dark red, which the weather had dulled a good deal, and it leaned to one side. Nobody knew how old it was; it was like a little old woman who belonged to a good family, now dead, save herself; and who could remember a great many valuable people and events which everybody else had forgotten. It was the last of the warehouses that used to stand on the river-banks, and I was sorry when it was pulled down. The old wharves have almost disappeared, too, though their timbers can still be seen here and there.

It sometimes takes me a whole afternoon to go two miles down river. There are many reasons why I should stop every now and then under one bank or another; to look up through the trees at the sky, or at their pictures in the water; or to let the boat lie still, until one can watch the little fish come back to their playground on the yellow sand and gravel; or to see the frogs, that splashed into the water at my approach, poke their heads out a little way to croak indignantly, or raise a loud note such as Scotch bagpipers drive out of the pipes before they start a tune. The swallows dart like bats along the surface of the water after insects, and I see a drowned white butterfly float by, and reach out for it; it looks so frail and little in the river. When the cardinal flowers are in bloom I go from place to place until I have gathered a deckload; and as I push off the boat it leaves the grass bent down, and the water-mint that was crushed sends a delicious fragrance after me, and I catch at a piece and put a leaf in my mouth, and row away lazily to get a branch of oak or maple leaves to keep the sun off my flowers. Cardinals are quick to wilt, and hang their proud heads wearily. They keep royal state in the shade, and one imagines that the other flowers and all the weeds at the water's edge take

care to bow to them as often as the wind comes by, and pay them honor. They are like fine court ladies in their best gowns, standing on the shore. Perhaps they are sending messages down the river and across the seas, or waiting to hear some news. They make one think of Whittier's high-born Amy Wentworth and her sailor lover, for they seem like flowers from a palace garden, that are away from home masquerading and waiving ceremony, and taking the country air. They wear a color that is the sign of high ecclesiastical rank, and the temper of their minds would make them furies if they fought for church and state. They are no radicals; they are tories and aristocrats; they belong to the old nobility among flowers. It would be a pity if the rank marsh grass overran them, or if the pickerel weed should wade ashore to invade them and humble their pride. They are flowers that, after all, one should not try to put into vases together. They have, like many other flowers, too marked an individuality, and there is more pleasure to be taken from one tall and slender spire of blossoms by itself, just as it is pleasanter to be alone with a person one admires and enjoys. To crowd some flowers together you lose all delight in their shape and beauty; you only have the pleasure of the mass of color or of their perfume; and there are enough bright flowers and fragrant flowers that are only beautiful in masses. To look at some flowers huddled together and losing all their grace and charm is like trying to find companionship and sympathy by looking for a minute at a crowd of people. But there is a low trait of acquisitiveness in human nature. I pick cardinal flowers by the armful, and nothing less than a blue-and-white ginger pot full of daisies is much satisfaction.

But to most people one tree, or flower, or river is as good as another, and trees and flowers and rivers are to be found without trouble, while there are some who would never know who has lived beside my river unless it were told here. That says at once that their fame at best is provincial, except for peppery little Captain John Paul Jones, who gathered the ship's company of the Ranger from these neighboring farms. Old people, who died not many years ago, remembered him as he walked on the wharves at Portsmouth, with his sword point scratching the ground; a little wasp of a fellow, with a temper like a blaze of the gunpowder whose smoke he loved. One can imagine him scrambling up the shore here to one of the old farmhouses, as short as a boy, but as tall as a grenadier, in his pride and dignity, and marching into the best room, in all the vainglory and persuasiveness of his uniform, to make sure of a good fellow whose looks he liked, and whom he promised to send home a gallant hero, with his sea-chest full of prize-money. And afterward he would land again at one of the stately old colonial mansions that used to stand beside the river, at the Wallingford house, by Madam's Cove, or at the Hamilton house, and be received with befitting ceremony.

There were many fine houses in this region in old times, but only one still lingers, — this same Hamilton house, — which seems to me unrivaled for the beauty of its situation, and for a certain grand air which I have found it hard to match in any house I have ever seen. It is square and gray, with four great chimneys, and many dormer windows in its high-peaked roof; it stands on a point below which the river is at its widest. The rows of poplars and its terraced garden have fallen and been spoiled by time, but a company of great elms stand guard over it, and the sunset reddens its windows, and the days of the past seem to have come back, when one is near it, its whole aspect is so remote from the spirit of the present. Inside there are great halls and square rooms with carved

wood-work, arched windows and mahogany window-seats, and fire-places that are wide enough almost for a seat in the chimney-corner. In the country about I have heard many a tradition of the way this house was kept; of the fine ladies and gentlemen, and the great dinner-parties, and the guests who used to come up the river from Portsmouth, and go home late in the moonlight evening at the turn of the tide. In those days the wharves that are fast being washed away were strong enough, and there were warehouses and storehouses and piles of timber all along the river. The builder of the house was a successful man, who made a great fortune in the lucky West India trade of his time; he was poor to begin with, but everything prospered steadily with his business interests, and one owes him a debt of gratitude for leaving so fine a house to delight our eyes.

A little way up the shore there was formerly a shipyard, and I know of four ships that were built there much less than fifty years ago. My grandfather was part owner of them, and their names, with those of other ships, have been familiar to me from my babyhood. It is amusing that the ships of a family concerned in navigation seem to belong to it and to be part of it, as if they were children who had grown up and gone wandering about the world. Long after some familiar craft has changed owners even, its fortunes are affectionately watched, and to know that a ship has been spoken at sea gives a good deal of pleasure beside the assurance that the cargo is so far on its way to market at Canton or Bombay. I remember wondering why the smooth green bank, where the dandelions were so thick in spring, should be called the shipyard by my family, and even why any one should call that corner of the town the Lower Landing, since nothing ever seemed to land, unless it were the fleets that children built from chips and shingles. It is a lovely, quiet place, and I often think of an early summer morning when I was going down river in a row-boat. The dandelions were sprinkled all over the short green grass, and high on the shore, under a great elm, were two wandering young musicians. They had evidently taken the wrong road, and discovered that this was a long lane that led only to the great house on the point and to the water's edge. They must have been entertained, for they seemed very cheerful; one played a violin, and the other danced. It was like a glimpse of sunshiny, idle Italy: the sparkling river and the blue sky, the wide green shores and the trees, and the great gray house with its two hall doors standing wide open, the lilacs in bloom, and no noise or hurry, — a quiet place, that the destroying left hand of progress had failed to touch.

One day I was in one of the upper rooms of the Hamilton house in a dormer window, and I was amused at reading the nonsense some young girl had written on the wall. The view was beautiful, and I thought she must have sat there with her work, or have watched the road or the river for some one whom she wished to see coming. There were sentimental verses, written at different times. She seemed to have made a sort of scrapbook of the bit of wall, and she had left me the date, which was very kind of her; so I knew that it was 1802, and in the summer, that she used to sit there in her favorite perch. This is one of her verses that I remember: —

"May you be blest with all that Heaven may send,
Long life, good health, much pleasure in a friend;
May you in every clime most happy be,
And when far distant often think of me."

It was very pleasant to catch this glimpse of girlhood in the old house. I wondered how she liked life as she grew older, and if the lover — if that were a lover — did think often enough of her, and come back to her at last from the distant climes. She could have

wished him nothing better than much pleasure in a friend. I do not know the history of many members of the family; Colonel Hamilton and his consort are buried under a heavy monument in the Old Fields burying-ground, and at the end of the long epitaph is the solemn announcement that Hamilton is no more. It would be a strange sight if one of his heavily laden little ships came up the river now; but I like to think about those days, and how there might have happened to be some lumbermen from far inland, who were delighted to gossip with the sailors and carry back up into the country the stories of their voyage. When the French prisoners of war came into Portsmouth, I have heard old people say that there was a great excitement, and as the ships came in they looked like gardens, for the Frenchmen had lettuces for salads, and flowers growing in boxes that were fastened on the decks; and it was amusing to hear of these prisoners being let out on parole about the country towns, in Eliot and Newington and Kittery, and all up and down the river. Perhaps more than one of them found their way to the hospitable families in Berwick, and were entertained as became their rank and fortunes. In an old house in Eliot there is a little drawing made by one of these men, and I have an exquisite little water-color painting of a carnation, with the quaintly written request that charming Sally will sometimes think of the poor Ribère, who will never forget her. It is all that is left of what must have been a tender friendship between this gallant young Frenchman and my grandmother. I found it once among her copy-books, and letters from her girl friends, and love-letters from my grandfather which he sent home to her from sea. She was very young when the poor Ribère was so sorry to part from her, for she married at eighteen (and died at twenty-five). I knew very little about her until I found in the garret the little brass-nailed trunk that had kept her secrets for me. I am sure she often made one of the company that used to come up the river to take tea and go home by moonlight. She was a beautiful girl, and everybody was fond of her. The poor Ribère sat beside her in the boat, I have no doubt; and perhaps it was in the terraced garden with the rows of poplars round it that she picked the flower he painted, and no doubt he carried it away with him when he was set free again, and was not a prisoner of war any longer.

There was formerly a bright array of clerical gentlemen in the river towns, and it would be most amusing to collect the anecdotes which the old people of the last generation delighted to tell of them. Not to speak of the well-known Portsmouth divines, and of Dr. Stevens, of Kittery Point, there was the Reverend Mr. Litchfield, of Kittery, who was called the fisher parson, and his neighbor, Parson Chandler, who might have been called the farmer parson, for he was a celebrated tiller of the soil, and his example was a great blessing to the members of his Eliot parish. The fields there slope to the south and west, and the grass grows green sooner than anywhere else in the region, and the fruits of the earth grow and ripen quickly. He taught his neighbors to improve upon the old fashions of agriculture. An old friend of mine told me that once he was driving from Portsmouth to Berwick, in his early manhood, with Daniel Webster for company, and when they passed this clergyman's house Mr. Webster said that he should be perfectly satisfied if he could be as great a man as Parson Chandler; and judging from the stories of his wisdom and eloquence, the young lawyer's was no mean ambition. Mr. Litchfield, of Kittery, spent much of his time on week days in the apostolic business of catching fish; and he was a man of rare wit and drollery, with a sailor-like serenity and confidence in everything's coming out right at last,

and a true mariner's readiness and intentness when there was work to be done. Once, at a conference in Portsmouth, the preacher failed to come, and some one had to furnish a sermon in his place. It fell to Mr. Litchfield's share; and old Dr. Buckminster said, when the discourse was ended, — it being extemporaneous and very eloquent, — "My friends, the fisher parson beats us all!" It is interesting to find that many of the clergymen of that day seem to have been uncommonly practical men. One fancies that they all preached the better because much of their time was spent in a way that brought them in close contact with people's every-day lives. It was no ideal human nature, studied from sermons and theological works, and classified and doomed at the recommendation of the old divines. One can believe that it was not abstract generalities of a state of sinfulness so much as particular weaknesses and short-comings that they condemned from their pulpits. Parson Litchfield could preach gallantly at some offender who stole from and lied about his lobster-pots when he took his text from Ananias and Sapphira, and Parson Chandler could be most impressive and ready with illustration when he chose the parable of the sower for the subject of his discourse. In Berwick there was a grave and solemn little man, whom all his great parish long remembered admiringly. The church where the whole town centred was at the Old Fields, and it ought to be standing yet, but I do not know that anything is left of it but a bit of paper I found one day, on which is written the names of the men who built it, and the sums of money and bundles of shingles or pieces of timber that each contributed.

I do not know why this should have been so superstitious a neighborhood, but there seems to have been a great deal of trouble from ghosts, and it was the duty of the ministers to drive them away, or to "lay" them, as they called it then. An old man told me once that the parsons made a great secret of it. They met together in a room, which nobody was allowed to enter; so whether it was a service with mysterious rites, or they only joked together, and thought it well to keep up the reverence in the rustic mind for the power of the priesthood, nobody knows to this day. There is still standing at the Landing a house that has always been said to be haunted. Its ghost was laid properly, but she seems to have risen again defiantly. It formerly stood very near the shore of the little harbor, if one may give that name to what was simply the head of navigation on the river. The family who built and owned it first all died long ago, but I never go by the house without thinking of its early history in those days, when the court end of the little town was next the river, and the old elms shaded the men who were busy with their trading and shipping, and the women who kept up a stately fashion of living in-doors, and walked proudly to and fro in the streets dressed in strange stuffs that had been brought home to them from across the seas. There was a fine set of people in the little town, and Berwick held its head very high, and thought some of the neighboring towns of little consequence that have long since outgrown it and looked down upon it in their turn. It even has given up its place as the head of the family of villages into which the original township has been divided. It is only South Berwick now; but I like to call it Berwick here, as it has a right to be called, for it was the oldest settlement, and the points of the compass should have been given to the newer centres of civilization which were its offshoots.

The oldest houses are, with one or two exceptions, by far the finest ones, and the one of which I have spoken still keeps up as well as it can the pride as well as the name of its first owner. One cannot help being interested in this man,

who was one of the earlier physicians of the town, and also had a hand in the business that was connected with the river. I have heard that he came from Plymouth in Massachusetts, and was a minister's son; but if ever a man's heart gloried in the good things of this life it was his, and there was not a trace of Puritan asceticism in his character. His first house was the finest in town, and stood at the head of some terraces that still remain, bordered with rows of elms, and overlooked the river; but that was burnt, and afterward replaced by another, which was for some mysterious reason built at the foot of the terraces near the water. The doctor was said to be a very handsome man, and he dressed uncommonly well, delighting himself with fine broadcloth cloaks with red linings and silk facings; and his visits to his admiring patients were paid on horseback, as was the custom then, but he always rode an excellent horse, and dashed about the country in great splendor. He made an elaborate will, entailing his property in English fashion. He waited to see how much General Lord or the other rich men of the town would pay toward any subscription, and then exceeded the most generous. He even asked how much the richest man in the town was taxed, and paid of his own accord a larger sum than he; and he somehow contrived to keep up year after year this appearance of great wealth, and expected and received great deference. Though those who knew him best were sure he must be poor, the pride that went with it forbade familiarity and sympathy alike. There has always been a tradition that his first wife came to her death by foul means, and there is a dislike to the house, which seems never to be occupied for any length of time, even after all these years. The people in the neighborhood believe, as I have said, that it is haunted, and I have often heard stories of the strange cries, and the footsteps that sometimes follow you if you go up the hall stairs in the dark. The doctor himself died suddenly, though he has often been seen since in a grand brocade dressing-gown and close velvet cap. His business affairs had naturally become a good deal tangled, but no one knew how much so until after his death. For several years he had been in the habit of carrying back and forth a little padlocked box when he went to Portsmouth, which was supposed to hold money and valuable papers; but when this was brought home from the bank, and broken open, it was found to contain only blank bits of paper.

His wife, whom the old people in town still remember, must have had a hard time of it in the house on the wharf after she was left a widow; but she was still the *grande dame*, and when she went into society her old laces and silks and her fine manners made her the queen of her company. She gave no sigh of disappointment at her altered fortunes, and as long as the doctor lived, and after he died, she was as serenely magnificent and untroubled as he. The Guard could die, but it never surrendered, and the old prestige was kept up bravely. She lived alone, and might sometimes have needed many of the good things of life, for all one knows; but she was always well dressed, and kept up all possible forms of state, and was rigorous in observing all rules of etiquette. By way of doing a great favor to one of her neighbors, she allowed a stranger the use of one of her rooms for a short time, and this person used to hear a bell ring in the morning, after which Madam Hovey would move about in her room; then she would go down-stairs, breakfast being apparently announced; and so on, through the day. There was often a bell heard tinkling in the parlor; she would apologize for opening the outer door herself, and when the lodger called, the mistress of the house was always quite at liberty, and seemed to have been awaiting guests in her parlor, with a bit

of lace to mend in her fingers, or some silk knitting, as if she occupied her leisure with such dainty trifles. It was some time before the lodger discovered, to her amazement, that there was not a servant under the roof to do my lady's bidding, but that she still kept up the old customs of the house. Poor soul! it was not all silly pretense. If I were to spend a night (which the saints forbid!) in that beloved mansion where she lived in solitary majesty for so many years, I should not expect to be the guest of the proud doctor's first companion, whose death is shrouded in mystery, who cries dismally and walks to and fro in the night, to beg for pity and help. I should look over my shoulder for the lady in the high turban, with a red India shawl around her shoulders, who stood so straight, and who used to walk up the aisle to her seat in church on Sunday as if she were a duchess. The cries and the steps behind me would be most annoying, but Madam Hovey, if she also haunts her house, would receive me elegantly. One can imagine her alone in her house at night, with the jar of the river falls and the wind rattling her windows, fearful of her future, and of the poverty and misery old age held in its shaking hands for her. But she carried a brave face in the daylight, however troubled she may have been under the stars, and she gave to the towns-people the best of lessons in behavior; for she was always gracious, and courteous, and fine in her own manners, a high-bred lady, who had been in her day a most apt scholar of the old school.

My cruises down the river rarely reach beyond High Point, or Pine Point, or the toll-bridge; but one is tempted to linger there late for the sake of the beautiful view. The salt grass is a dazzling green, if the time is early summer and the tide is partly out, and from the bridge to the Hamilton house the river is very wide. The fine old house faces you, and at its right there is a mountain, which is a marked feature in the landscape on a clear day, when it looks far away and blue in the distance. The great tops of the Hamilton elms look round and heavy against the sky, and the shores of the river are somewhat irregular, running out in points which are for the most part heavily wooded, and form backgrounds of foliage for each other. Being at different angles, the light and shade of each are distinct, and make a much finer coloring and outline than could be if the line of the shore were unbroken by so many bays and inlets. It is very pleasant to push the boat ashore in one of these coves, for in the little ravines that lead down to them there are crowds of ferns and wild flowers, and there will be just the place for a little feast at supper time. I know many a small harbor on the eastern shore, where a willow or a birch stands out in front of the dark evergreens, and at one place an oak reaches its long boughs far out over the water; and when you are once under its shade, and watch the sunset grow bright and then fade away again, or see the boats go round the point from the wide bay into the narrow reach of the river above it, and listen to the bells ringing in the village, you hate to think you must take the oars again, and go out into the twilight or the bright sunshine of the summer afternoon.

I miss very much some poplars which stood on the western shore, opposite the great house, and which were not long since cut down. They were not flourishing, but they were like a little procession of a father and mother and three or four children out for an afternoon walk, coming down through the field to the river. As you rowed up or down they stood up in bold relief against the sky, for they were on high land. I was deeply attached to them, and in the spring, when I went down river for the first time, they always were covered with the first faint green mist of their leaves, and it seemed as if they had been

watching for me, and thinking that perhaps I might go by that afternoon.

On a spring day how the bobolinks sing, and the busy birds that live along the shores go flitting and chirping and whistling about the world! A great fish-hawk drops through the air, and you can see the glitter of the unlucky fish he has seized as he goes off again. The fields and trees have a tinge of green that they will keep only for a few days, until the leaves and grass-blades are larger and stronger; and where the land has been plowed its color is as beautiful as any color that can be found the world over, and the long shining brown furrows grow warm lying in the sun. The farmers call to each other and to their horses as they work; the fresh breeze blows from the southwest, and the frogs are cheerful, and the bobolinks grow more and more pleased with themselves every minute, and sing their tunes, which are meant to be sung slower and last longer, as if the sweet notes all came hurrying out together.

And in the summer, when the days are hot and long, there is nothing better than the glory of the moonlighted nights, when the shrill cries of the insects fill all the air, and the fireflies are everywhere, and a whiff of saltness comes up with the tide. In October the river is bright steel color and blue. The ducks rise and fly away from the coves in the early morning, and the oaks and maples dress themselves as they please, as if they were tired of wearing plain green, like everybody else, and were going to be gay and set a new fashion in the cooler weather. You no longer drift lazily with the current, but pull your boat as fast as you can, and are quick and strong with the oars. And in the winter the river looks cold and dead, the wind blows up and down between the hills, and the black pines and hemlocks stare at each other across the ice, which cracks and creaks loudly when the tide comes up and lifts it.

How many men have lived and died on its banks, but the river is always young. How many sailors have gone down to the sea along its channel, and from what strange countries have the ships come in and brought them home again up this crooked highway! A harbor, even if it is a little harbor, is a good thing, since adventurers come into it as well as go out, and the life in it grows strong, because it takes something from the world and has something to give in return. Not the sheltering shores of England, but the inhospitable low coasts of Africa and the dangerous islands of the southern seas, are left unvisited. One sees the likeness between a harborless heart and a harborless country, where no ships go and come; and since no treasure is carried away no treasure is brought in. From this inland town of mine there is no sea-faring any more, and the shipwrights' hammers are never heard now. It is only a station on the railway, and it has, after all these years, grown so little that it is hardly worth while for all the trains to stop. It is busy, and it earns its living and enjoys itself, but it seems to me that its old days were its better days. It builds cheaper houses, and is more like other places than it used to be. The people of fifty years ago had some things that were better than ours, even if they did not hear from England by telegraph, or make journeys in a day or two that used to take a week. The old elms and pines look strong yet, though once in a while one blows over or is relentlessly cut down. The willows by the river are cropped and cropped again. The river itself never grows old; though it rushes and rises high in the spring, it never dries up in the autumn; the little white sails flit over it in pleasant weather, like fluttering moths round the track of sunlight on the water; one troop of children after another steals eagerly down to its forbidden shores to play.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

A TROPICAL SEQUENCE.

We were at "high tea," on the broad veranda, munching thin, crisp slices of toast. Where one dines at two P. M., tea and toast naturally come in with the twilight, — weak tea and well-browned, butterless toast; likewise that surprising delicacy, peculiar to the tropics, preserved carrots, for even the carrot is not without honor when it is out of its element.

We were at the water's edge: the ripples warily climbed the coral terrace below us; the sea fell bravely upon the reef with a low and soothing moan; a passion vine that half veiled the tranquil marinorama bathed its splendid blossoms in the afterglow. Thus agreeably environed, I supped with my old friend the venerable pastor of a much-vaunted mission at the antipodes.

He was rosy with the passionless flush of a temperate second youth; his thin gray locks brushed briskly upward were streaked over a shining pate. He had fervently blessed the toast, the tea, and the preserved carrots, and had recommended us singly and in groups to the tender mercies of the All Merciful, — by us, I mean the withered partner of his joys and sorrows, the three daughters in starched gingham gowns, and myself.

How restful this pastoral life, so to speak, after the tribulations of travel! Now we could talk complacently of the old days when I had found shelter under that hospitable roof, and of the changes — how few for them, how many for me! — that had occurred since my former visit; yet our table talk was as frugal as the repast, for we were never quite able to get rid of the impression that gathering about the board was a kind of solemnity, and to be observed as such. Hence the collision of cup and saucer seemed irreverent; the guilty one turned with a startled look; and as for the light laughter of the natives in the groves of the village, was it not worldly? Could I not see with half an eye that eternal vigilance was the price of the pastorate?

The white waxen bells of the floribunda swung to and fro, pouring their deadly odor upon the air; the dusk deepened rapidly; the night breeze grew moist and cool. After an embarrassing silence, we gratefully withdrew to the sitting-room, where a tall astral lamp with a depressed globe stood in solitary state upon the centre-table, and the four bare walls were suffused with a soft glow-worm light.

We conversed shyly, as if none of us felt quite at home. In my mind, I ran about in search of a topic to touch upon and fill the imminent deadly breach; I looked about me, trying to nurse my interest in this reserved circle. I saw that in years change had not visited it; nothing was added, nothing was taken away. Yes, Elizabeth was absent. "Where is Elizabeth?" I asked, trying to appear unconcerned, for I had liked her.

"Elizabeth is married," said the pastor's wife, with an apologetic inflection as if it were an unmaidenly thing for the girl to follow the example of her foster-mother.

It seemed to me wise to leave Elizabeth to her fate, especially as at that moment the youngest of the slim daughters of the house rose, at a signal from the pastor, and brought from a side table several copies of the New Testament, in large type, bound in sheep, — one for each of us.

We drew near the lofty lamp, six of us, in a solemn circle. The books were opened at a mark; my place was found for me by the eldest daughter. The pas-

tor read a verse in a full round voice; the wife followed in her piping treble; then the daughters three took up the strain. With some embarrassment, I read in turn; my finger had been sealed to my allotted lines from the moment the reading began and I saw which way the tide set. I was careful not to repeat the error which distinguished me on my former visit: on that occasion we were reading a Psalm, and I cried *Selah!* when it came my turn. I was innocent, I was ignorant, but I was not conscious of the fact until I saw that silence, a brief silence, followed each unutterable Selah during the rest of that memorable evening.

Having finished our devotions, we sat in spasmodic converse. Sometimes, in the intervals, there was the refreshing *frou-frou* of starched gingham; sometimes a large moth, with brilliant ruby eyes and blood spots on its wings, dashed through the open window, became delirious at the white sheen of the astral globe, darted in and out in a fine frenzy, and then soared to the ceiling and fluttered noisily; all through that solemn evening the mosquito sounded his horn.

By nine P. M. I was lighted to my room, a large apartment opening on the lawn. It was quite as I had known it of yore: the huge four-posted bed with profuse folds of netting, the broad toilet-stand, the cumbersome bureau; a few books of a serious character lay on the table.

Presently I heard the gentle people ascend to the chambers above without fastening a door or window; it reminded me that I was once again in a semi-civilized community, where bolts and bars are unknown.

In a few moments all was silent. I threw open the door upon the lawn: a soft air stirred among the towering trees; the young moon was not yet set. The beauty of the night distracted me; I was unable to sleep. Slipping on my dressing-gown, I repaired to the veranda over the sea, and lighted a cigarette.

So Elizabeth was married! How often we had sat as I was sitting, and looked off upon the sea. The reef sang to my ears as of old, pluming itself with spray that looked like diamond dust in the moonlight; the oppressive perfume of the floribunda freighted the soft, cool air; the moon sank behind the sharp, black rim of the horizon; the fireflies slid to and fro among the shadows, like tiny shooting stars; "Hokoolélé," the natives call them — shooting stars! And that reminded me, Hokoolélé was the star of her tribe. When but a child her precocity awakened the sympathy of the pastor's household; she was grafted upon the family tree; reared as a daughter among the daughters of the house; clothed, fed, bred, like them. While she was still too young to realize the loss, her parents died. Then she was kept aloof from her own people, and weaned from all their ways. When I saw her, at fifteen, she was a woman, and not all the ginghams of Connecticut could spoil her sensuous beauty. Soft-eyed, low-voiced, supple, graceful, this Hokoolélé, who doffed her name when she became a Christian and was christened Elizabeth, — this wondrous girl in gingham, with her demure ways, her prim speeches, her obtrusive code of morals, — was an enigma that had charmed and puzzled me. Is it any wonder that she should have been the first flower plucked from that garden of girls?

My last cigarette was cold in my fingers; I was a little chilled, for at midnight the air blew fresh from the hills. So Elizabeth was married!

I stole back to my room and put out the candle, which was still burning.

The next day was the Sabbath. How the spirit of the Lord's day broods over the regenerated tribes of the Antipodes! The solemnity of our matutinal meal was undisturbed save by the subdued murmur of the sea. In the

door-yard the domestic fowls stretched lazily as is their custom of a Sunday; occasionally some hen, filled with wisdom and experience, broke the monotony with the sharp *staccato* of her recitative. The villagers spoke in hushed voices as they passed the house, walking with that undulating motion which seems to quicken the air, and sweeten it with the fragrance of their inevitable floral accompaniment.

Family prayers were more impressive than common, as befitted the day; and we were clothed in white raiment when we marched in grave and dignified procession down the long walk to the front gate, and thence by the road around the corner to the square white meeting-house; this we invariably did, instead of stepping quietly through the side gate, a short cut, and allowable on a week day when there was no service.

We filled the pastoral pew, facing the aisles, and watched the natives as they quietly glided in. They were resplendent after their kind, in purple and fine linen. Those who had shoes for the most part bore them in their hands as far as the threshold, where they were put on with some effort; but they were put off again almost as soon as the worshipers were seated. They imagine a vain thing who think that the dispensable shoe is a luxury.

Through all of that long, long sermon the hornets buzzed in and out of the window; sometimes a fitful gust from the sea fluttered the broad leaves in the banana hedge, and the breeze in the dense branches of the trees without was as the sound of a sudden shower.

In the high, old-fashioned choir-loft the natives sang lustily to the accompaniment of a wheezing melodeon. How I missed the voice of Elizabeth, that superb contralto voice which used to lead the dusky choristers. Perhaps she was even then piping like the nightingales that thrill the bowers in the villas of Frascati.

I grew restless in the heat of the afternoon; I began to think that the parsonage without Elizabeth was a bore. There were old haunts to be revisited about the island, and new spots to be discovered. I would fly into the wilderness, and set up my tabernacle in the mountain solitudes, where I could at least escape the frequent reminders that depreciated the frank hospitality of the pastor and his house.

It is no very difficult task to prepare for a tramp in the tropics: your food falls like manna from the boughs above you; your drink flows at your feet; you have a veritable bed of roses; and as for shelter, it is an impertinence to dream of such a thing.

Plan I had none; a bee or a bird was pilot enough for me.

There was a formal adieu at the hospitable gate, — a ponderous and patriarchal farewell. There was a hope expressed that we might be reunited, if not in the serene but suffocating atmosphere of the mission house, then in that bright world whose mysterious geography seemed as plain as day to the old pastor.

I passed out of the village saluted by the populace; all extremes meet at the antipodes. Why should they not? I saluted them again, as cordially as if I had been able to distinguish one from another, and strode onward down the wide, white road that girdles the island close upon the sea.

My heart grew light in my bosom. I sang a song of liberty, albeit I am no singer, and am never asked to sing; but somehow I bubbled over, and made the woods ring with thanksgiving and praise. I was passing southward toward Point Venus, on the Tahitian shore. On my right, the clouds were pierced by the sharp needles of Fatahua. I had heard of the picturesque retreat of the warriors who years ago, nested like young eagles among those mighty peaks, held the vultures of France at bay; why not

spy out this wild haunt? At the very thought my fancy turned lightly from romance to historical research.

With the single exception of the tamarind-tree planted by Captain Cook at Point Venus, there is nothing in that part of the world of more interest to the antiquarian than Fatahua. It is a toy fort hidden away up in the mountains, by a stream that makes a clear leap of a thousand feet from under the shadow of cloud-crowned cliffs, and feeds a slender river that winds through dust and heat down a fine valley to the sea.

When Pomare, the queen, was a power, instead of a puppet, this eyrie might have been an altar to some deity; then came the French siege, and the dismayed natives fled from the shore to the mountains. Once within the battlements of Fatahua, they could defy the elements; and they did, rejoicing like the immortals. Close at hand grew fruits in inexhaustible profusion; the wood was filled with game; a stream flowed within their gates; and there was shade and sunshine without limit in that little world above the clouds.

The one possible hope for the French in the siege of Tahiti was to gain by strategy that fort of Fatahua; with the enemy in the heart of this stronghold the submission of the Tahitians would naturally follow. Two natives, treacherous dogs from a neighboring island, were bribed, and at night, by sinuous paths, ascending the mountain on the unpeopled slope of it, the French infantry was led to a cliff commanding the little fort. At daybreak, while the young eagles were pluming their wings, a volley of hot shot was poured into their nest, and it was speedily deserted.

There is a blow which paralyzes the heart, and they received it then. The ill-fated Tahitians came down to the sea again, and cast their nets as of yore, but they have never regained their pride or power, and never will.

I resolved to take Fatahua alone and single-handed; this seemed to me a dramatic justice. I laid in rations for a twelve-hour siege, footed it along a road that threads Fatahua valley, passed a sugar-mill loading the air with saccharine steams, crossed acres of thriving cane, fought shy of some native huts scattered among the bread-fruit trees, and was always within sound of the little river that dashed onward to the sea in the jolliest mood imaginable.

Having wedged myself in among the hills that are locked at the foot of the mountain, I began ascending. At this point three streams ran together, as if they were in a hurry to keep an appointment at the trails turning hither, and very soon lost themselves in the dense guava jungle.

I paused, perplexed. A wandering native took me upon his shoulders and kindly bore me across the second of the three streams, and I resumed my stealthy march.

The middle stream and the middle path, beginning at the big pardonas, is the only key to Fatahua. It was a long pull, and a weary one; the native had disappeared, and with him the last hope of human aid. Again my trail led me knee-deep into the riotous torrent; with shoes and stockings in hand, I forded it, only to find that it was next to impossible to replace them, for they were moist already. My kingdom for a shoehorn!

It is but two miles to the fort from the outer edge of the jungle, — two almost perpendicular and rather spongy miles; a combination of green shadows and gushing springs with an opaque background of guava growth.

At last I climbed into the open, and paused upon the edge of a frightful chasm; on the opposite brink, sixty yards away, the little fort hung like a swallow's nest under the eaves of the cliff. The gate had fallen from its hinges, and lay rotting in the moss; the parapets were marked with vines; the

bastion was a bed of roses; the mango and the wild lime marked the ruin of turret and tower; the green banners of the plantain crackled in the gale; and the sentinel lizards, watchful at their posts, surrendered and slipped out of view at the approach of the invader. Without bloodshed the fort was mine!

Leaning from the dismantled ramparts, I heard the hiss of the water as it plunged into the darksome pool a thousand feet below; I saw the birds' backs as they sped through space; I dropped a great golden lime into the pit, and saw it go out in the profound shadow, like a globe of fire.

What a sanctuary for a recluse! Why not roll a stone against the narrow threshold, and forswear the world?

The deserted magazine, overrun with roses, was shelter enough from the brief showers that fall almost hourly through the night and day, and even from the gales that sometimes visit that island of tranquil delights.

Meat and drink were there, and music and sleep. What rapture to be voluntarily cast forth and forgotten of men! A place wherein to nurse one's fancies, and to brood on the great work one is always going to do, but never does.

While I mused thus the heavens darkened; down came the javelins of the rain in a sharp and sudden shower. I ignominiously retreated to the magazine, and threw myself upon a mat left by some earlier hermit. It was dark and chilly within that windowless habitation; there was a suggestion of mildew and of unmistakable discomfort, despite the picturesque element which ever predominates in the tropics.

On second thought, did I care to end my days in Fatahua? Suddenly the doorway was darkened by a stalwart brave, whose noiseless step had given no warning of his approach.

On his shoulder he balanced a bamboo laden with clusters of *feü*, the wild plantain, that grows abundantly on the heights, and which, when cooked, is indispensable to the Tahitian palate.

He paused at the threshold until his friendly greeting had been returned; then he entered with some diffidence, deposited his fruits in a corner, squatted upon the mat near me, and breathed audibly, for his burden was heavy, and the trail no primrose path. Except for the *paren* that girded his loins, my visitor was quite naked.

Long we gazed at each other with an earnest, honest gaze that ended in a smile of recognition; we had never met before, but the uncivilized and the overcivilized are brothers. He placed his hand on my shoulder and stroked me fondly. From the back of his ear he drew his tobacco pouch, and rolled a cigarette, of which we took alternate puffs in token of perpetual peace.

Presently he made a fruit offering, guavas, mangoes, limes; then a drink offering, water in a cup formed of a folded leaf; and then — we had been silent until now — he said, in hesitating English with a childish accent, "I know you; you like me; you come my house."

I nodded assent. The savage shouldered his burden, and stepped lightly down the trail, turning now and again to give me a look or a word of encouragement; at every stream he put down his load and bore me dry-shod to the other shore; when it showered, as it now did at intervals, we halted under some broad-leaved tree.

Once we sat in the moss and renewed our vow in tobacco; and thus tranquilly we came at last to a log smouldering by a stream, and our tramp was ended.

It was a large log, partially decayed; it had been fired long before, and was slowly and imperceptibly burning, like a gigantic piece of punk. At meal time it could be blown into a flame; a few dry twigs and leaves heaped against it served to warm the frugal meal. This is the national Tahitian hearth, — a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night; it puts

the blue spurt of the lucifer match to the blush; showers cannot quench it; the gale gives it new life; it was the one luxury in the household of my host.

I was attracted by a rude shelter, close at hand, and went thither to inspect it. Imagine a screen of leaves, about six feet wide and eight feet high, slanting against the trade-wind, and supported by a couple of unbarked saplings; the gale rushed over it, the rain slid down it. The sides and front were as open as the day. Three logs hedged in a bed of fine grass-mats, which, like a carpet, filled the space from the low eaves in the trusses to the sapling supports in front; plump clean pillows were stowed in corners; an uncovered calabash contained articles of feminine apparel; a silver thimble and a bit of unfinished embroidery with a needle thrust through it lay on the mat; a hand-mirror was lodged among the beams of the roof. Evidently the bower was not unvisited of women. From the peak of the roof hung a cluster of ripe bananas; I filled my hands, and returned to the blazing log.

For the most part, my companion and I communed in silence. You may sit for hours by a savage without uttering a syllable, yet he will turn to you at intervals with an intelligent glance and an appreciative smile, as if he comprehended everything you left unsaid.

While we were thus growing in grace we were startled by a sharp cry. In a moment we discovered the cause of the alarm: a goat, standing on its hind legs, with one hoof directly pressing the support of the bower, was playing havoc with the bananas.

With the cry a woman sprang from the thicket, a babe at her breast, and seizing the destroyer by the horns she lustily dragged him away. For a few moments there was a struggle, while the child screamed with fright, but with the aid of my comrade the beast was beaten into the bush, and the woman, breathless with exertion and laughter, returned to the bower, where she nestled her babe in her arms.

I was presented in an ingenuous fashion, and seating myself on the threshold with unfeigned interest I regarded the hostess. She was scantily clad; her single garment, sleeveless, and with the fastening over the breast broken in the struggle, slipped from her well-turned shoulder; her rich locks fallen from the comb partially veiled her. Her beauty was heightened by her confusion, and she hastily sought to swathe the naked babe in the folds of her robe.

To my surprise, she addressed me in English, admirable English, which flowed from her lips as freely as if it were her native tongue. This was her husband, she said, and this her home. There was something in her voice that startled me; it seemed the echo of a forgotten song.

The babe was laid to sleep upon a pillow; the mother busied herself with cookery; the father meanwhile looking on idly.

We grew communicative; dinner *al fresco* is ever a jovial meal, — fish from the sea, feü from the mountain, bread-fruit, oranges, bananas, from the wild plantations of the valley. We broke the bread of ease, and solaced ourselves with such trivial scraps of gossip as were flung about the island from lip to lip.

The woman's conversational abilities astounded me; while the man sat in statuesque indifference, she spoke of nature and her life in nature with unaffected enthusiasm. As we grew more familiar I ventured to intrude upon her confidences, and not without startling results.

This was Hokoolélé; this was the Elizabeth whom I had known some years before, when she was in gingham and abeyance at the mission house. She had not recognized me, but this was scarcely surprising: I was fagged out; I had achieved a beard; I was weather-worn, and by no means so mirthful as when she knew me in my adolescence

Moreover, at the pastor's house, almost the only guest house in the village, she saw many strangers, and was probably interested in but few of them; but finding that we were indeed old friends, she told me her story, which ran something like this: —

Her fate, the bronzed fellow who piloted me to her fireside, first saw her at the church, whither he had wandered out of idle curiosity, for he was not of the elect. The love of a savage is instantaneous and overwhelming. He loved; he watched her afar off for a little time, fearful of stepping into the charmed circle that surrounded her. Their eyes had met; what the lip dares not utter in secret the eyes publish to the world. He piped to her in the twilight. He wooed her with both flute and harp, — a harp strung with horsehair: it is possible with this harp to say even unutterable things.

Night after night the bronzed one came out of his lair in the hills, and woke his lady from her Christian slumbers to listen to the loves of her race.

He pictured the life she had been so early weaned from; the divine passion inflamed him; in his heart he caressed her. His beseeching songs grew more fervent, until they rose into threnes and lamentations, and then she yielded; but flute and harp were not resigned until they had sounded the last strain of the epithalamium.

The pastor wedded them, because he saw that this marriage was the least of the two evils that threatened Elizabeth.

At long intervals she revisited her early home, but she seemed to have let fall from her, like a mantle, all the influences of domestic Puritan life. She was no longer Elizabeth, but Hokoolélé, the shooting star.

"And you prefer this life," I asked, "to any other?"

"Infinitely," she replied, in a tone of earnest conviction.

A little way down the stream stood a thatched hut; thither I was conducted by the husband of Elizabeth, and for his sake and hers was most cordially welcomed by the master and his household.

The bronzed one bade me farewell, and vanished into the night; I was to resume my pilgrimage to nowhere in particular on the following morning.

I had left Elizabeth standing in the fire-light, bare-headed, bare-footed, bare armed, and with a bare shift to cover her, as gentle a savage as ever drew breath or blood; but I wondered if her wakeful eyes ever turned again to the luxury of shelter and plenty, and if the shadow of repentance plunged its airy dagger to her heart, and made horrible the long silences of the night.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

MY NEIGHBOR'S RING.

I NEVER envied his fair, fruitful lands,
His stately house, his slaves, nor anything,
In the old days; for on his too white hands
I saw and knew the Ring.

To-night there is strange news abroad, I'm told.
The Ring, the Ring! — It is the same, ah me,
That to their lord the fishermen of old
Brought back from the deep sea!

Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.

THE KATRINA SAGA.

IN TWO PARTS. PART II.

MURRAY'S Guide-Book, that paradoxical union of the false and the true, says of Christiania, "There is not much of interest in the town, and it may be seen in from four to five hours." The person who made that statement did not have Katrina with him, and perhaps ought therefore to be forgiven. He had not strolled with her through the market square of a morning, and among the old women, squatted low, with half a dozen flat, open baskets of fruit before them: blueberries, currants, raspberries, plums, pears, and all shades, sizes, and flavors of cherries, from the pale and tasteless yellow up to those wine-red and juicy as a grape; the very cherry, it must have been, which made Lucullus think it worth while to carry the tree in triumphal procession into Rome. Queer little wooden boxes set on four low wheels, with a short pole, by which a strong man or woman can draw them, are the distinctive feature of out-door trade in the Christiania market-places. A compacter, cheaper device for combining storage, transportation, and exhibition was never hit on. The boxes hold a great deal. They make a good counter; and when there are twenty or thirty of them together, with poles set up at the four corners, a clothes-line fastened from pole to pole and swung full of cheap stuffs of one sort and another, ready-made garments, hats, caps, bonnets, shoes, clothes-pins, wooden spoons, baskets, and boxes, — the venders sitting behind or among their wares, on firkins bottom side up, — it is a spectacle not to be despised; and when a market-place, filled with such many-colored fluttering merchandise as this, is also flanked by old clothes stalls which are like nothing except the Ghetto, or Rag Fair in London, it is indeed worth looking at. To have at one's side an alert native, of frugal mind and unsparing tongue, belonging to that class of women who can never see a low-priced article offered for sale without, for the moment, contemplating it as a possible purchase, adds incalculably to the interest of a saunter through such a market. The thrifty Katrina never lost sight of the possibility of lighting upon some bargain of value to her home housekeeping; and our rooms filled up from day to day with her acquisitions. She was absolutely without false pride in the matter of carrying odd burdens. One day she came lugging a big twisted door-mat, with, "You see dat? For de door. In Bergen I give exact double." The climax of her purchases was a fine washboard, which she brought in in her arms, and exclaimed, laughing, "What you tink the porter say to me? He ask if I am going to take in washing up here. I only give two crowns for dat," she said, eying it with the fondest exultation, and setting it in a conspicuous place, leaning against the side of the room; "it is better as I get for four in Bergen." Good little Katrina! her hands were too white and pretty to be spoiled by hard rubbing on a washboard. They were her one vanity, and it was pardonable.

"Did you ever see hand like mine?" she said one day, spreading her right hand out on the table. "Dere was two English ladies, dey say it ought to be made in warx, and send to see in Crystal Palace. See dem?" she continued, sticking her left forefinger into the four dimples which marked the spots where knuckles are in ordinary hands; "dem

is nice." It was true. The hand was not small, but it was a model: plump, solid, dimples for knuckles, all the fingers straight and shapely; done in "warx," it would have been a beautiful thing, and her pleasure in it was just as guileless as her delight in her washboard.

As she delved deeper in her Frithiof's Saga, she discovered that she had been greatly wrong in her childish impressions of the story: "It was not as I tought," she said; "King Ring did get Ingeborg after; but he had to die, and leaved her."

When we went out to Oscar's Hall, which is a pretty country seat of the king's, on the beautiful peninsula of Ladegaardsöen, she was far more interested in the sculptured cornice which told the story of Frithiof and Ingeborg, than in any of the more splendid things, or those more suggestive of the life of the king. The rooms are showily decorated: ceilings in white with gold stars, walls paneled with velvet; gay-colored frescoes, and throne-like chairs in which "many kings and queens have sat," the old woman who kept the keys said. Everywhere were the royal shields with the crown and the lion; at the corners of the doors, at the crossings of ceiling beams, above brackets, looking-glasses, and on chair-backs.

"I tink the king get tired looking at his crown all de time," remarked Katrina, composedly. "I wonder vere dey could put in one more."

The bronze statues of some of the old kings pleased her better. She studied them carefully: Olaf and Harald Haarfager, Sverre Sigurdson and Olaf Tryggvesson; they stand leaning upon their spears, as if on guard. The face of Harald looks true to the record of him: a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, who stopped at nothing when he wanted his way, and was just as ready to fall in love with six successive women after he had labored hard twelve years for Gyda, and won her, as before.

"He is de nicest," said Katrina, lingering before his statue, and reaching up and fingering the bronze curiously. "Ain't it wonderful how dey can make such tings!" she added with a deep-drawn sigh. But when I pointed to the cornice, and said, "Katrina, I think that must be the story of the Frithiof's Saga," she bounded, and threw her head back, like a deer snuffing the wind. "Ja, ja," cried the old woman, evidently pleased that I recognized it, and then she began to pour out the tale. Is there a peasant in all Norway that does not know it, I wonder? The first medallion was of the children, Frithiof and Ingeborg, playing together. "Dere," said Katrina, "dat is vat I told you. Two trees growed in one place, nicely in the garden; one growed with de strongth of de oak, dat was Frithiof; and de rose in the green walley, dat was Ingeborg de beauty."

Very closely she scanned the medallions one after the other, criticising their fidelity to the record. When she came to the one where Frithiof is supporting King Ring on his knee, fainting, or sleeping, she exclaimed, "Dere, if he had been dat bad, he could have killed King Ring den, ven he was sleeping; but see, he have thrown his sword away;" and at last, when the sculpture represented King Ring dying, and bequeathing his beautiful queen and her children to Frithiof, she exclaimed, "Dere, dem two boys belongs to King Ring; but now Frithiof gets her. Dat is good, after all dat dem two had gone through with."

King Oscar makes very little use of this pretty country house. He comes there sometimes once or twice in the course of a summer, for a day, or part of a day, but never to sleep, the old woman said. All the rest of the time it is empty and desolate, with only this one poor old woman to keep it tidy; a good berth for her, but a pity that nobody should be taking comfort all sum-

mer in the superb outlooks and offlooks from its windows and porch, and in the shady walks along the banks of the fjord. One of the old Norway kings, Hakon, thought the peninsula beautiful enough for a wedding morning gift to his queen, but it seems not to have been held so dear by her as it ought, for she gave it away to the monks who lived on the neighboring island of Hovedöen. Then, in the time of the Reformation, when monks had to scatter and go begging, and monastic properties were lying about loose everywhere, the Norwegian kings picked up Ladegaardsöen again, and it has been a crown property ever since.

One of the most charming of the short drives in what Katrina called "the nearance" of Christiania is to the "Grefsens Bad," a water-cure establishment only two miles away, by road, to the north, but lying so much higher up than the town that it seems to lie in another world, — as in fact it does, for, climbing there, one rises to another and so different air that he becomes another man, being born again through his lungs. It is a good pull up a stony and ill-kept road, to reach the place, but it is more than worth while, for sake of the clear look out to sea, over a delicious foreground of vivid green fields and woods.

"This is the place where all the sick peoples in Norway do come when de doctors cannot do nottings more for dem," said Katrina; "den dey comes here. Here came our last king, King Oscar, and den he did die on the dock ven he vas coming away. He had all de climb dis hill vor notting. Ven it is the time, one has to go, no matter how much money dey will pay; dere is One" . . . Here she stopped hesitating for a word . . . "You know all vat I mean: dere is One what has it all his own way, not de way we wish it shall be." This she said devoutly, and was silent for an unwonted length of time afterwards.

As we were driving down the steepest part of the hill, a man came running after us, calling so loudly to us to stop that we were alarmed, thinking something must be wrong with our carriage, or in the road. Not at all. He was a roadside merchant; not precisely a peddler, since he never went out of his own town, but a kind of aristocratic vender in a small circuit, it seemed; we saw him afterwards in other suburbs, bearing with him the same mysterious basket, and I very much fear, poor fellow, the same still more mysterious articles in it. Not even on Norwegian country roads, I think, could there be found many souls so dead to all sense of beauty as to buy the hideous and costly combinations which he insisted upon laying in my lap: a sofa-cushion, square, thick, and hard, of wine-colored velvet, with a sprawling tree and bird laid upon it in an appliqué pattern cut out of black and white velvet; a long and narrow strip of the same velvet, with the same black and white velvet foliage and poultry, was trimmed at the ends with heavy fringe, and intended for a sideboard or a bureau; a large square tablecloth to match completed the list of his extraordinary wares. It was so odd a wayside incident that it seemed to loom quite out of its normal proportions as a mere effort at traffic. He insisted on spreading the articles in my lap. He could not be persuaded to take them away. The driver turning round on his seat, and Katrina leaning over from hers, both rapt in admiration of the monstrosities, were stolidly oblivious of my indifference. The things seemed to grow bigger and bigger each moment, and more and more hideous, and it was at last only by a sudden effort of sternness, as if shaking off a spell, that I succeeded in compelling the man to lift them from my knees and fold them away in his basket. As soon as he had gone, I was seized with misgivings that I had been ungracious, and these misgivings were much

heightened by Katrina's soliloquizing as follows: —

"He! I tink he never take dem tings away. His wife are sick; dat is de reason he is on de road instead of her. He was sure you would buy dem."

I hope they are sold. I wish I could know.

The suburbs of Christiania which lie along the road to the Grefsens Bad are ugly, dusty, and unpleasing. "I tink we go some oder way dan way we came," said Katrina. "Dere must be better way." So saying, she stopped the driver abruptly, and after some vigorous conversation he took another road.

"He ask more money to go by St. John's Hill, but I tell him you not pay any more. I can see it is not farther; I ask him if he tink I got eyes in de head," she said scornfully, waving her fat fingers towards the city which lay close at hand.

"Ah, dat is great day," she continued, "St. John's Day. Keep you dat in America? Here it is fires all round, from one hill to one hill. Dat is from de old time. I tink it is from Catolics. Dey did do so much for dem old saints, you see. I tink dat is it; but I tink dey do not just know in Norway to-day what for dey do it. It has been old custom from parents to parents."

Then I told her about Balder, and his death, and asked her if she had never seen the country people put a boat on the top of their bonfire on St. John's Eve.

"Yes, I did see dat, once, in Stavanger," she replied, "but it was old boat; no use any more. I tink dat be to save wood. It are cheapest wood dey have, old boat. Dat were not to give to any god."

"No, you are mistaken, Katrina," I said. "They have done that for hundreds of years in Norway. It is to remind them of Balder's great ship, the Hringhorn, and to commemorate his death."

"May be," she said curtly, "but I don't tink. I only see dat once; and all my life I see de fires, all round Bergen, and everywhere, and dere was no boat on dem. I don't tink."

We drove into the city through one of the smaller fruit markets, where, late as it was, the old women still lingered with their baskets of cherries, pears, and currants; they were not losing time, for they were all knitting, fast as their fingers could fly; such a thing as a Norwegian wasting time is not to be seen, I verily believe, from the North Cape to the Skager Rack, and one would think that they knit stockings enough for the whole continent of Europe; old men, old women, little girls, and even little boys, all knitting, knitting, morning, noon, and night, by roadsides, on doorsills, in market places; wherever they sit down, or stand, to rest, they knit. As our carriage stopped, down went the stockings, balls rolling, yarn tangling, on the sidewalk, and up jumped the old women, all crowding round me, smiling, each holding out a specimen of her fruit for me to taste. "Eat, lady, eat. It is good." "Eat and you will buy." "No such cherries as these in Christiania." "Taste of my plums." A chorus of imploring voices and rattling hail of *sks*. Hurried and confused talk in the Norwegian tongue as spoken by uneducated people is a bewildering racket; it hardly sounds like human voices. If the smiles did not redeem it, it would be something insupportable; but the smiles do redeem it, transfigure it, lift it up to the level of superior harmonies. Such graciousness of eye and of smiling lips triumphs over all possible discord of sound; even over the Norwegian battery of consonants.

Katrina fired back to them all; I fear she reproved them; for they subsided suddenly into silence, and left the outstretched withered palms holding the fruit to speak for themselves.

"I only tell dem you cannot buy all

de market out. You can say vat you like," she said.

Pears and cherries, and plums too, because the old plum-woman looked poorer than the rest, I bought, and as we drove away the chorus followed us again with good wishes. "Dey are like crazy old vomans," remarked Katrina; "I never heard such noise of old vomans to once time before." A few minutes after we reached the house she disappeared suddenly, and presently returned with a little cantelope melon in her hands. Standing before me, with a curious and hesitating look on her face, she said, "Is dis vat you like?"

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed, grateful for the sight. "I was longing for one yesterday. Where did you get it?"

"I not get it. I borrow it for you to see. I tell the man I bring it back," she replied, still with the same curious expressions of doubt flitting over her queer little face.

"Why, whose melon is it?" I exclaimed. "What did you bring it for if it were not for sale?"

"Oh, it is for selled, if you like to buy," she said; still with the hesitant expression.

"Of course I like to buy it," I said impatiently. "How much does it cost?"

"Dat is it," replied Katrina sententiously. "It is too dear to buy, I tell the man; but he said I should bring it to you, to see. I tink you vill not buy it;" still with the quizzical look on her face.

Quite out of patience, I cried, "But why don't you tell me the price of it? I should like it very much. It can't be so very dear."

"Dat it can," answered Katrina chuckling, at last letting out her suppressed laugh. "He ask six kroner for dat ting; and I tink you not buy it at such price, so I bring to make you laugh."

One dollar and sixty-two cents for a tiny cantelope! Katrina had her reward. "Oh, but I am dat glad ven I make you laugh," she said roguishly, picking up her melon, as I cried out with surprise and amusement, "I should think not. I never heard of such a price for a melon."

"So I tink," said Katrina. "I ask de man who buy dem melons, and he say plenty peoples; but I tink it is all shtories." And she ran down stairs laughing so that I heard her, all the way, two flights down to the door.

High up on the dark wooded mountain wall which lies to the north and northwest of Christiania is a spot of light color. In the early morning it is vivid green; sometimes at sunset it catches a tint of gold; but neither at morn nor at night can it ever be overlooked. It is a perpetual lure to the eye, and stimulus to the imagination. What eyrie is it that has cleared for itself this loop-hole in the solid mountain forest? Is it a clearing, or only a bit of varied wooding of a contrasting color to the rest? For several days I looked at it before I asked, and I had grown so impressed by its mystery and charm, that when I found it was a house, the summer home of a rich Christiania family, and one of the places always shown to travelers, I felt more than half-way minded not to go near it; to keep it still nothing more than a far away, changing, luring oasis of sunny gold or wistful green on the mountain side. Had it been called by any other name, my instinct to leave it unknown might have triumphed; but the words "Frogner Sæter" were almost as great a lure to the imagination as the green oasis itself. The sæter, high up on some mountain side, is the fulfilling of the Norwegian out-door life, the key-note of the Norwegian summer. The gentle kine know it as well as their mistresses who go thither with them. Three months in the upper air, in the spicy and fragrant woods — no matter if it be solitary and if the work be hard, the

sæter life must be the best the Norwegians know — must elevate and develop them, and strengthen them for their long, sunless winters. I had looked up from the Vossevangen Valley, from Ringeriket, and from the Hardanger country to many such gleaming points of lighter green, tossed up as it were on the billowy forests. They were beyond the reach of any methods of ascent at my command; unwillingly I had accepted again and again the wisdom of the farm people, who said "the road up to the sæter was too hard for those who were not used to it." Reluctantly I had put the sæter out of my hopes, as a thing to be known only by imagination and other people's descriptions. Therefore the name of the Frogner Sæter was a lure not to be resisted; a sæter to which one might drive in a comfortable carriage over a good road could not be the ideal sæter of the wild country life, but still, it was called "sæter;" we would go; and we would take a day for the going and coming.

"Dat will be bestest," said Katrina. "I tink you like dat high place better as Christiania."

On the way we called at the office of a homœopathic physician, whose name had been given to me by a Bergen friend. He spoke no English, and for the first time Katrina's failed. I saw at once that she did not convey my meanings to him, nor his to me, with accuracy. She was out of her depth. Her mortification was droll; it reached the climax when it came to the word "dynamic." Poor little child! How should she have known that!

"I vill understand! I vill!" she exclaimed; and the good-natured doctor took pains to explain to her at some length; at the end of his explanation she turned to me triumphantly, with a nod: "Now I know very well; it is another kind of strongth from the strongth of a machine. It is not such strongth that you can see, or you can make with your hands; but it is strongth all the same," — a definition which might be commended to the careful attention of all persons in the habit or need of using the word dynamic.

It is five miles from Christiania out and up to the Frogner Sæter: first through pretty suburban streets which are more roads than streets, with picturesque wooden houses, painted in wonderful colors, — lilac, apple-green, white with orange-colored settings to doors and windows, yellow pine left its own color, oiled, and decorated with white or with maroon red; they look like the gay toy houses sold in boxes for children to play with; there is no one of them, perhaps, which one would not grow very weary of, if he had to see it every day, but the effect of the succession of them along the roadside is surprisingly gay and picturesque. Their variety of shape and the pretty little balconies of carved lattice work add much to this picturesqueness. They are all surrounded by flower gardens of a simple kind; old-fashioned flowers growing in clumps and straight borders, and every window-sill full of plants in bloom; windows all opening outward like doors; so that in a warm day, when every window-sash is thrown open, the houses have a strange look of being a-flutter. There is no expression of elegance or of the habits or standards of great wealth about these suburban houses of Christiania; but there is a very rare and charming expression of comfort and good cheer, and a childlike simplicity which dotes on flowers and has not outgrown the love of bright colors. I do not know anywhere a region where houses are so instantly and good-naturedly attractive, with a suggestion of good fellowship, and sensible, easy-going good times inside and out.

The last three miles of the road to the sæter are steadily up, and all the way through dense woods of fir and spruce, — that grand Norway spruce,

which spreads its boughs out generously as palms, and loads down each twig so full that by their own weight of shining green the lower branches trail out along the ground, and the upper ones fold a little and slant downwards from the middle, as if avalanches of snow had just slid off on each side and bent them. Here were great beds of ferns, clusters of bluebells, and territories of linnea. In June, the mountain side must be fragrant with its flowers.

Katrina glowed with pleasure. In her colder, barrener home she had seen no such lavishness as this.

"Oh, but ven one tinks, how nature is wonderful!" she cried. "Here all dese tings grow up, demselves! noting to be done. Are dey not wort more dan in gardens? In gardens always must be put in a corn before anyting come up; and all dese nice tings come up alone, demselves."

"Oh, but see vat God has done; how much better than all vat people can; no matter vat dey make!"

Half-way up the mountain we came to a tiny house, set in a clearing barely big enough to hold the house and let a little sun in on it from above.

"Oh I wish-shed I had dat little house!" she exclaimed. "Dat house could stand in Bergen. I like to carry dat home and dem trees to it; but my husband, he would not like it. He likes Bergen house bestest."

As we drew near the top, we met carriages coming down. Evidently it was the custom to drive to the Frogner Sæter.

"I tink in dat first carriage were Chews," said Katrina, scornfully. "I do hate dem Chews. I can't bear dat kind of people."

"Why not, Katrina?" I asked. "It is not fair to hate people because of their religion."

"Oh, dat I don't know about deir religion," she replied carelessly. "I don't tink dey got much religion any how. I tink dey are kind of thieves. I saw it in New York. Ven I went into Chew shop, he say a ting are tree dollar; and I say, 'No, dat are too dear.' Den he say, 'You can have for two dollar;' and I say, 'No I cannot take;' and den he say, 'Oh, have it for one dollar and half;' and I tink all such tings are not real. I hate dem Chews. Dey are all de same in all places. Dey are chust like dat, if dey come in Norway. Very few Chews comes in Norway. Dat is one good ting."

In a small open, part clearing, part natural rocky crest of the hill, stood the sæter: great spaces of pink heather to right and left of it, a fir wood walling it on two sides; to the south and the east, a clear off look over the two bays of the Christiania Fjord, past all their islands, out to sea, and the farthest horizon; Christiania lay like an insignificant huddle of buildings in the nearer foreground; its only beauty now being in its rich surrounding of farm lands, which seemed to hold it like a rough brown pebble in an emerald setting.

The house itself fronted south. Its piazza and front windows commanded this grand view. It was of pine logs, smoothed and morticed into each other at the corners. Behind it was a hollow square of the farm buildings: sheds, barns, and the pretty white cottage of the overseer. The overseer's wife came running to meet us, and with cordial good-will took us into the house, and showed us every room. She had the pride of a retainer in the place, and when she found that none of its beauty was lost on me, she warmed and grew communicative. It will not be easy to describe the charm of this log-house; only logs inside as well as out; but the logs are Norway pine, yellow and hard and shining, taking a polish for floors and ceiling as fine as ash or maple, and making for the walls belts and stripes of gold color better than paper; all cross beams and partitions are morticed

at the joinings, instead of crossing and lapping. This alone gives to these Norwegian houses an expression quite unlike that of ordinary log-houses. A little carved work of a simple pattern, at the cornices of the rooms and on the ceiling beams, was the only ornamentation of the house; and a great glass door, of a single pane, opening on the piazza, was the only luxurious thing about it. Everything else was simply and beautifully picturesque. Old Norwegian tapestries hung here and there on the walls, their vivid reds and blues coming out superbly on the yellow pine; curious antique corner cupboards, painted in chaotic colors of fantastic brightness; old fireplaces built out into the room, in the style of the most ancient Norwegian farm-houses; old brasses, sconces, plaques, and candlesticks; and a long dining-table, with wooden benches of hollowed planks for seats, such as are to be seen to-day in some of the old ruined baronial castles in England.

In the second-story rooms were old-fashioned bedsteads; one of carved pine, so high that it needed a step-ladder to mount it; the other built like a cupboard against the wall, and shut by two sliding doors, which on being pushed back disclosed two narrow bunks. This is the style of bed in many of the Norwegian farm-houses still. On the sliding door of the upper bunk was a small photograph of the prince imperial, and the woman told us with great pride that he had slept one night in that bed.

Up-stairs again, by narrow winding stairs, and there we found the whole floor left undivided save by the big chimney stack which came up in the middle; the gable ends of the garret opened out in two great doors like barn doors; under the eaves, the whole length of each side, was a row of bunk beds, five on each side, separated only by a board partition. This was a great common bedroom, "used for gentlemen at Christmas time," the woman said. "There had as many as fifteen or twenty gentlemen slept in that room."

At Christmas, it seems, it is the habit of the family owning this unique and charming country house to come up into the woods for a two weeks' festivity. The snow is deep. The mercury is well down near zero or below; but the road up the mountain is swept level smooth: sledges can go easier in winter than carriages can in summer; and the vast outlook over the glittering white land and shining blue sea full of ice islands must be grander than when the islands and the land are green. Pine logs in huge fireplaces can warm any room; and persons of the sort that would think of spending Christmas in a fir wood on a mountain top could make a house warm even better than pine logs could do it. Christmas at the Frogner Sæter must be a Christmas worth having.

"The house is as full as ever it can hold," said the woman, "and fifty sit down to dinner sometimes; they think nothing of driving up from Christiania and down again at midnight."

What a place for sleigh-bells to ring on a frosty night; that rocky hill crest swung out as it were in clear space of upper air, with the great Christiania Fjord stretching away beneath, an ice-bound, ice-flaked sea, white and steel black under the winter moon! I fancied the house blazing like a many-sided beacon out of the darkness of the mountain front at midnight; the bells clanging; the voices of lovers and loved chiming; and laughter and mirth ringing; I think for years to come the picture will be so vivid in my mind, that I shall find myself on many a Christmas night mentally listening to the swift bells chiming down the mountain from the Frogner Sæter.

The eastern end of the piazza is closed in by a great window, one single pane of glass like the door; so that in this corner, sheltered from the wind, but los-

ing nothing of the view, one can sit in even cold weather. Katrina cuddled herself down like a kitten, in the sun, on the piazza steps, and looking up at me, as I sat in this sheltered corner, said approvingly, —

"Dis you like. I ask de voman if we could stay here; but she got no room: else she would like to keep us. I tink I stay here all my life: only for my husband, I go back."

Then she pulled out the Saga and read some pages of Ingeborg's Lament, convulsing me in the beginning by saying that it was "Ingeborg's Whale." It was long before I grasped that she meant "Wail."

"What you say ven it is like as if you cry, but you do not cry?" she said. "Dat is it. It stands in my dictionary, whale!" and she reiterated it with some impatience at my stupidity in not better understanding my own language. When I explained to her the vast difference between "whale" and "wail" she was convulsed in her turn. "Oh, dere are so many words in English which do have same sound and mean so different ting," she said, "I tink I never learn to speak English in dis world."

While we were sitting there, a great speckled woodpecker flew out from the depths of the wood, lighted on a fir near the house, and began racing up and down the tree, tapping the bark with his strong bill, like the strokes of a hammer.

"There is your Gertrude bird, Katrina," said I. She looked bewildered. "The woman that Christ punished," I said, "and turned her into the Gertrude bird; do you not know the old story?" No, she had never heard it. She listened with wide-open eyes while I told her the old Norwegian legend, which it was strange that I knew and she did not, how Christ and Peter, stopping one day at the door of a woman who was kneading her bread, asked her for a piece. She broke a piece for them, but as she was rolling it out, it grew under her roller till it filled her table. She laid it aside, saying it was too large, broke off another piece, rolled it out with the same result; it grew larger every moment. She laid that aside, and took a third bit, the smallest she could possibly break off; the same result; that too grew under her roller till it covered the table. Then her heart was entirely hardened, and she laid this third piece on one side, saying, "Go your ways, I cannot spare you any bread to-day." Then Christ was angry, and opened her eyes to see who he was. She fell on her knees, and implored his forgiveness, but he said, "No. You shall henceforth seek your bread from day to day, between the wood and the bark;" and he changed her into a bird, the Gertrude bird, or woodpecker. The legend runs, however, that relenting, the Lord said that when the plumage of the bird should become entirely black, her punishment should be at an end. The Gertrude bird grows darker and darker every year, and, when it is old, has no white to be seen in its plumage. When the white has all disappeared, then the Lord Christ takes it for his own, so the legend says; and no Norwegian will ever injure a Gertrude bird, because he believes it to be under God's protection, doing this penance.

"Is dat true?" asked Katrina seriously. "Dat must have been when de Lord was going about on dis earth; ven he was ghost. I never hear dat."

I tried to explain to her the idea of a fable.

"Fable," she said, "fable, — dat is to teach people to be giving ven dey got, and not send peoples away vidout notings. Dat 's what I see, many times I see. But I do not see dat de peoples dat is all for saving all dey got, gets any richer. I tink if you give all the time to dem dat is poorer, dat is de way to be richer. Dere is always some vat is poorer."

In the cozy little sitting-room of her white cottage, the farmer's wife gave us a lunch which would not have been any shame to any lady's table, — scrambled eggs, bread, rusks, milk, and a queer sort of election cake, with raisins but no sugar. This Katrina eyed with the greed of a child; watched to see if I liked it, and exclaimed, "We only get dat once a year, at Christmas time." Seeing that I left a large piece on my plate, she finally said, "Do you tink it would be shame if I take dat home? It is too good to be leaved." With great glee, on my first word of permission, she crammed it into her omnivorous pocket, which already held a dozen or more green apples that she had persisted in picking up by the roadside, as we came.

As we drove down the mountain, the glimpses here and there, between the trees, of the fjord and islands were even more beautiful than the great panorama seen from the top. Little children ran out to open gates for us, and made their pretty Norwegian curtsies, with smiles of gratitude for a penny; we met scores of peasant women going out to their homes, bearing all sorts of burdens swung from a yoke laid across their shoulders. The thing that a Norwegian cannot contrive to swing from one side or the other of his shoulder-yoke must be very big indeed. The yokes seem equally adapted to everything, from a butter firkin to a silk handkerchief full of cabbages. Weights which would be far too heavy to carry in any other way the peasants take in this, and trot along between their swinging loads at as round a pace as if they had nothing to carry. We drove a roundabout way to our hotel, to enable Katrina to see an old teacher of hers; through street after street of monotonous stucco-walled houses, each with a big open door, a covered way leading into a court behind, and glimpses of clothes-lines, or other walls and doorways, or green yards, beyond; two thirds of the houses in Christiania are on this plan; the families live in flats, or parts of flats. Sometimes there are eight or ten brass bell-handles, one above another, on the side of one of these big doorways, each door-bell marking a family. The teacher lived in a respectable but plain house of this kind, — she and her sister; they had taught Katrina in Bergen when she was a child, and she retained a warm and grateful memory of them; one had been married, and her husband was in America, where they were both going to join him soon. Everywhere in Norway one meets people whose hearts are in America: sons, husbands, daughters, lovers. Everybody would go if it were possible; once fourteen thousand went in one year, I was told. These poor women had been working hard to support themselves by teaching and by embroidering. Katrina brought down, to exhibit to me, a dog's head embroidered in the finest possible silks, silks that made a hair stroke like a fine pen; it was a marvelously ingenious thing, but no more interesting than the "Lord's Prayer written in the circumference of two inches," or any of that class of marvels.

"Dey take dese to America," Katrina said. "Did you ever see anyting like dem dere? Dey get thirty kroner for one of dem dogs. It is chust like live dog."

After we returned, Katrina disappeared again on one of her mysterious expeditions, whose returns were usually of great interest to me. This time they brought to both of us disappointment. Coming in with a radiant face, and the usual little newspaper bundle in her hand, she cried out, "Now I got you de bestest ting yet," and held out her treasures: a pint of small berries, a little larger than whortleberries, and as black and shining as jet. "Dis is de bestest berry in all Norway," she exclaimed, whipping one into her own mouth; "see if you like."

I incautiously took three or four at once. Not since the days of old-fashioned Dover's and James's powders have I ever tasted a more nauseous combination of flavors, than resided in those glittering black berries.

"You not like dem berries?" cried poor Katrina, in dismay at my disgust, raising her voice and its inflections at every syllable. "You not like dem berries? I never hear of nobody not liking dem berries. Dey is bestest we got! Any way, I eat dem myself," she added philosophically, and retreated crestfallen to her room, where I heard her smacking her lips over them for half an hour. I believe she ate the whole at a sitting. They must have been a variety of black currant, and exclusively intended by nature for medicinal purposes, but Katrina came out hearty and well as ever the next day, after having swallowed some twelve or sixteen ounces of them.

By way of atoning for her mishap with the berries, she ran out early the next morning and bought a little packet of odds and ends of strong-scented leaves, and dust of several kinds, and, coming up behind my chair, held it close under my nose, with —

"Ain't dat nice smell? Ain't dat better as dem berries? Oh, I tink I never stop laughing ven I am at home ven I tink how you eat dem berries. Dey are de bestest berries we got."

On my approving the scent, she seemed much pleased, and laid the little packet on my table, remarking that I could "chust smell it ven I liked." She added that in the winter time they kept it in all Norwegian houses and strewed it on the stoves when they were hot, and it "smelled beautiful." They called it "king's smoke," she said, and nobody would be without it.

It is easy to see why the Norwegians, from the king down, must need some such device as this to make tolerable the air in their stove-heated rooms in winter. It was appalling to look at their four and five storied stoves, and think how scorched the air must be by such a mass of heated iron. The average Norwegian stove is as high as the door of the room, or even higher. It is built up of sections of square-cornered hollow iron pipe, somewhat as we build card houses; back and forth, forward and back, up and across, through these hollow blocks of cast iron, goes the heated air. It takes hours to get the tower heated from bottom to top, but once it is heated there is a radiating mass of burnt iron, with which it must be terrible to be shut up. The open spaces between the cross sections must be very convenient for many purposes: to keep all sorts of things hot; and a man given to the habit of tipping back in his chair, and liking to sit with his feet higher than his head, could keep his favorite attitude and warm his feet at the same time, a thing that could n't be done with any other sort of stove.

One of my last days in Christiania was spent on the island of Hovedöen, a short half hour's row from the town. Here are the ruins of an old monastery, dating back to the first half of the twelfth century, and of priceless interest to antiquarians, who tell inch by inch, among the old grass-grown stones, just where the abbot sat, and the monks prayed, and through which arch they walked at vespers. Bits of the old carved cornices are standing everywhere, leaning up against the moss-grown walls, which look much less old for being hoary with moss. One thing they had in the monastery of Hovedöen, a well of ice-cold, sparkling water, which might have consoled them for much lack of wine; and if the limes and poplars and birches were half as beautiful in 1147 as they are now, the monks were to be envied, when a whole nunneryful of nuns took refuge on their island in the time of the first onslaught on convents. What strolls under those trees! There are

several species of flowers growing there now which grow nowhere else in all the region about, and tradition says that these nuns planted them. The paths are edged with heather and thyme and bluebells, and that daintiest of little vetches, the golden yellow, whose blossoms were well named by the devout sisters "Mary's golden shoes." As we rowed home at sunset over the amber and silver water, Katrina sang Norwegian songs: her voice, though untrained and shrill, had sweet notes in it, and she sang with the same childlike heartiness and innocent exultation that she showed in everything else. "Old Norway" was the refrain of the song she liked most and sang best, and more than one manly Norwegian voice joined in with hers with good-will and fervor.

At the botanical gardens a Victoria regia was on the point of blooming. Day after day I had driven out there, to see it; each day confident, each day disappointed. The professor, a quaint and learned old man, simple in speech and behavior, as all great scientific men are, glided about in a linen coat, his shears hanging in a big sheath on one side his belt, his pruning knife on the other, and a big note-book in his breast pocket. His life seemed to me one of the few ideal ones I had ever seen. His house stands on a high terrace in the garden, looking southward, over the city to the fjord. It is a long, low cottage, with dormer windows sunk deep in the red-tiled roof, shaded by two great horse-chestnut trees, which are so old that clumps of grass have grown in their gnarled knots. Here he plants, and watches, and studies; triumphs over the utmost rigors of the Norway climate, and points with pride to a dozen varieties of Indian corn thriving in his grounds. Tropical plants of all climes he has cajoled or coerced into living out-of-doors all winter in Norway. One large house full of begonias was his special pride; tier after tier of the splendid velvet leaves, all shades of color in the blossoms; one could not have dreamed that the world held so many varieties of begonia. He was annoyed by his Victoria regia's tardiness. There it lay, lolling in its huge lake, — in a sultry heated air which it was almost dangerous for human lungs to breathe. Its seven huge leaves spread out in round disks on which a child could stand safe. In the middle, just out of the water, rose the mysterious red bud. It was a plant he had himself raised in one year from seed; and he felt towards it as to a child.

"I cannot promise. I did think it should have opened this morning. It has lifted itself one inch since last night," he said. "It is not my fault," he added apologetically, like a parent who cannot make a child obey. Then he showed me, by his clasped hands, how it opened; in a series of spasmodic unclosings, as if by throes, at intervals of five or six minutes; each unclosing revealing more and more of the petals, till at last, at the end of a half hour, the whole snowy blossom is unfolded: one day open, then towards night, by a similar series of throe-like movements, it closes, and the next morning, between nine and eleven, opens again in the same way, but no longer white. In the night it has changed its color. One look, one taste, one day, of life has flushed it rose-red. As the old professor told me this tale, not new, but always wonderful and solemn, his face kindled with delight and awe. No astronomer reckoning the times and colors of a recurring planet could have had a vivider sense of the beauty and grandeur of its law. The last thing I did in Christiania was to drive for the third time to see if this flower had unfolded. It had apparently made no movement for twenty-four hours.

"I tought you not see dat flower," said Katrina, who had looked with some impatience on the repeated bootless

journeys. "I tink it is hoombug. I tink it is all shtories."

To me there was a half omen in the flower's delay. Norway also had shown me only half its beauty; I was going away wistful and unsatisfied. "You must have another Victoria next summer," I said to the quaint old professor, when I bade him good-by; and as Katrina ran swiftly off the deck of the steamer, that I might not see any tears in her eyes, bidding me farewell, I said also to her, "Next summer, Katrina. Study the Frithiof's Saga, and read me the rest of it, next summer."

I hope she will not study it so well as to improve too much in her renderings. Could any good English be so good as this?

FRITHIOF AND INGEBORG.

Two trees growed bold and silent; never before the north never seen such beauties; they growed nicely in the garden.

The one growed up with the strength of the oak: and the stem was as the handle of the spear: but the crown shaked in the wind like the top on the helmet.

But the other one growed like a rose: like a rose when the winter just is going away: but the spring what stands in its buds still in dreams childly is smiling.

The storm shall go round the world. In fight with the storm, the oak will stand: the sun in the spring will glow on the heaven. Then the rose opens its ripe lips.

So they growed in joy and play: and Frithiof was the young oak: but the rose in the green walley was named Ingeborg the Beauty.

If you seen dem two in the daylight, you would think of Freya's dwelling: where many a little pair is swinging with yellow hair, and vings like roses.

But if you saw dem in the moonlight, dancing easy around, you would tink to see an erl king pair dancing among the wreaths of the walley. How he was glad—

"Dem's the nicest vairses, I tink."

—how he was glad, how it was dear to him, when he got to write the first letter of her name, and afterwards to learn his Ingeborg, that was to Frithiof more than the king's honor.

How nicely when with the little sail, ven they vent over the surface of the water, how happy with her little white hands she is clapping ven he turns the rudder.

How far up it was hanging in the top of the tree, to the bird's nest, he found up; sure was not either the eagle's nest, when she stand pointing down below.

You could n't find a river, no matter how hard it was, without he could carry her over. It is so beautiful when the waves are roaring to be keeped fast in little white arms.

The first flower brought up in the spring, the first strawberry that gets red, the first stem that golden bended down, he happy brought his Ingeborg.

But the days of childhood goes quickly away: there stands a youth: and in a while the hope, the brave, and the fire is standing in his face. There stands a maiden, with the bosom swelling.

Very often Frithiof went out a hunting. Such a hunting would frighten many: without spear and sword the brave would fetch the bear: they were fighting breast to breast: and after the glory in an awful state, the hunter went home with what he got.

What girl would n't like to take that?

"Ven he had been fighting that way, you see, without any sword or anyting."

Then dear to the women is the fierce of a man. The strength is wort the beauty, and they will fit well for another, as well as the helm fits the brain of an hero.

But if he in the winter evening, with his soul fierce, by the fire's beam was reading of bright Walhalla, a song, a song of the gods—

"Vell, dat's the mans; vat's the vomens?"

"Goddesses?"

"Vell, dat 's it."

—a song of the gods and goddesses' joy, he was tinking, Yellow is the hair of Freya. My Ingeborg—

"Vat 's a big field called when it is all over ripe?"

"Yellow?"

"No," a shake of the head.

—is like the fields when easy waves the summer wind a golden net round all the flower bundles.

Iduna's bosom is rich, and beautiful it waves under the green satin. I know a twin satin wave in where light Alfs hid themself.

And the eyes of Frigga are blue as the heavenly whole; still often I looked at two eyes under the vault of heaven: against dem are a spring day dark to look at.

How can it be they praise Gerda's white cheeks, and the new-come snow in the north light beam?

I looked at cheeks, the snow mountain's beam ain't so beautiful in the red of the morning.

I know a heart as soft as Nanna's, if not so much spoken of.

Well praised of the skalds you, Nanna's happy Balder!

Oh, that I as you could die missed of the soft and honest maiden, your Nanna like. I should glad go down to Hell's the dark kingdom.

But the king's daughter sat and sung a hero song, and weaved glad into the stuff all things the hero have done, the blue sea, the green walley, and rock-rifts.

There growed out in snow-white vool the shining shields of —

"Ain't there a word you say spinned?"

— spinned gold; red as the lightning flew the lances of the war, and stiff of silver was every armor.

But as she quickly is weaving and nicely, she gets the heroes Frithiof's shape, and as she comes farther into the weave, she gets red, but still she sees them with joy.

But Frithiof did cut in walley and field many an I and F in the bark of —

"He cut all round. Wherever he come, he cut them two."

— the trees. These Runes is healed with happy and joy, just like the young hearts together.

When the daylight stands in its emerald —

Here we had a long halt, Katrina insisting on saying "smaragd," and declaring that that was an English word; she had seen it often, and "it could not be pronounced in any other way;" she had seen it in Lady Montaig in Turkey: "she had loads of smaragds and all such things." Her contrition when she discovered her mistake was inimitable.

She had read this account of Lady Montagu in Turkey, in her Hundred Lessons, at school so many times, she knew it by heart, which she proceeded to prove by long quotations.

— and the king of the light with the golden hair, and the mens, is busy wandering, then they did only think one on each other.

When the night is standing in its emerald, and the mother of the sleep with dark hair and all are silent, and the stars are wandering, den they only is dreaming of each other.

Thou Earth dat fix thee [or gets new] every spring, and is braiding the flowers into your hair, the beautifullest of them, give me friendly, for a wreath to reward Frithiof.

Thou Ocean, dat in thy dark room has pearls in thousands, give me the best, the beautifullest, and the beautifullest neck I will bind them to.

Thou button on Odin's King-chair, Thou World's Eye Golden Sun, if you were mine, your shining round I would give Frithiof as shield.

Thou lantern in the All Father's Home, the moon with the pale torch, if you were mine, I would give it as an emerald for my beautiful hand-maiden.

Then Hilding said, 'Foster son,
Your love would n't be any good to you.
Different lots Norna gives out.
That maiden is daughter to King Bele.
To Odin hisself in the Star-place
Mounts her family.
You, de son of Thorstein peasant
Must give way, because like thrives best with like.'

"He have to leave because he vas poor, you see."

But Frithiof smiled. 'Very easy
My arm will win me king's race.
The king of the wood fall,
The king of the forest fall in spite of claw and howl:
His race I inherit with the Skin.'

The freeborn man would n't move,
Because the world belongs to the free.
Easy, courage can reconcile fortune,
And de Hope carries a king's crown.

Most noble is all Strength. Because Thor

"He was fader of all dem oder gods, you see."

The ancestor lives in Thrudvang,
He weighs not de burden, but de wort;

"Look now, all dese be strange words."

A mighty wooer is also the Sword.

I will fight for my young bride,
If it so were, vid de God of de Tunder;
Grow safe, grow happy, my white lily,
Our covenant are fast as the Norna's will.

This is her translation of the last stanzas of the account of Ingeborg's marriage to Frithiof: —

In come Ingeborg in hermine sack, and bright jewels, followed of a crowd of maids like de stars wid de moon. Wid de tears in de beautiful eyes she fall to her brother's heart; but he lead the dear sister up to Frithiof's noble breast; and over the God's altar she reach-ched her hand to de childhood's friend, to her heart's beloved.

A few days before I left Christiania, Katrina had come shyly up to my table, one evening, and tossed down on it a paper, saying, —

"Dere is anoder. Dis one is for you."

On looking at it, I found it contained four stanzas of Norwegian verse, in which my name occurred often. No persuasions I could bring to bear on her would induce her to translate it. She only laughed, said she could not, and that some of my Norwegian friends must read it to me. She read it aloud

in the Norwegian, and to my ignorant ear the lines had a rhythmical and musical sound. She herself was pleased with it. "It is nice song, dat song," she said; but turn it into English for me she would not. Each day, however, she asked if I had had it translated, and finding on the last day that I had not, she darted into her room, shut the door, and in the course of two hours came out, saying, "I got it part done; but dey tell you better as I tell you."

The truth was, the tribute was so flattering, she preferred it should come to me second hand. She shrank from saying directly, in open speech, all that it had pleased her affectionate heart to say in the verses. Three of the stanzas I give exactly as she wrote them. The rest is a secret between Katrina and me.

THANKS.

THE duty command me to honor
You, who with me
Were that kind I set her beside
My parents. Like a sunbeamed picture
For my look, you painted stands.

My wishes here translated
With you to Colorado go.

Happy days! oh, happy memories
Be with me on the life's way.
Let me still after a while find or meet
You energisk. I would n't forget.
God, be thou a true guide
For her over the big ocean;
Keep away from her all torments
That she happy may reach her home.

Take my thanks and my farewell
As remembrance along with you home,
Though a stranger I am placed
And as servant for you,
The heaven's best reward I pray down
For all you did to me.
Good luck and honor
Be with you till you die.

The last verse seems to me to sound far better in Norwegian than in English, and is it not more fitting to end the Katrina Saga in a few of her words, in her own tongue?

"Modtag Takken og Farvellet
Som Erindring med dem hjem,
Sjönt som Fremmed jeg er stillet
Og som Tjener kun for dem.
Himlen's rige Lön nedbeder
Jeg for Lidet og for Stort,
Mrs. Jackson, Held og Hæder
Følge dem til Döden's Port."

H. H.

IS GOD GOOD?

A TENDENCY to ask irreverent questions is no sign of strength. It is wholesome for us, in this day of facile defiance and hard acceptance, to remember this. In an age which fails in deference, it is a healthful thing to do, to summon our spiritual instincts to order. The bust of young Augustus in the shop window wears a lung protector; Clytie serves to advertise the "Boston battery;" and positivist writers go out of their way to address Jehovah by the familiar pronoun "you." We have not passed the period when skepticism is more apt than not to be regarded as a proof of superior intelligence, but we have reached the stage at which no intelligent mind can thus regard it, without severe and honest study of its own motives. It is a lesson as old as Aristotle that philosophy is not the art of doubting, but the art of doubting well.

While the inclination to irreverence, let us repeat, is no indication of mental robustness, the courage to question accepted doctrine may be not only a proof of devoutness, but the condition of the profoundest submission to truth.

This recognition of the inherent right of every man to have the reasons for what he believes, and to shake his destiny by the shoulders till he gets such reasons, is postulated to-day, in educated thought.

It is hardly necessary to say that it will not be the presumptuous object of this paper to try to settle in half a dozen magazine pages that problem which is now the acknowledged centre of philosophical divergence: Given the universe, to find a Creator. "It takes me forty lectures," said a professional metaphysician, "to prove the personality of God." Such things must be. God is none the worse for it, or man, either, perhaps. The pulse will go throbbing; the blood will have its bound, through the cut flesh its escape. But even for the terrible protest of the wound there is the reply of the ligature; and behind the beat and heat and fever the magnificent action of the hidden heart goes on to save the mutilated life. We do not make a gloomy prognosis of the case, but, meanwhile, prefer to surrender ourselves to the profound and sublime argument of hope. We desire to be understood as intelligently contented to observe that design does not exist without a designer; that moral nature implies moral government; that moral government means a moral governor; that human conscience bespeaks a greater than human regulator; that aspiration involves an ideal, purity a model, the child a father, man God. We desire to be ranked among those simple souls who believe that this world never got where it is without somebody to put it here. In short, we find it, of the two difficulties, so much harder to explain the nature of things without God than with him that we decline at present to perceive that he is no longer needed in our affairs. Just before the American civil war, a new religion, it is said, arose among the negro slaves, founded upon the theory that God was dead. Much of our haste to dispense with him can boast no sounder premises. "I am a priest," said Victor Hugo's Cimourdain; "no matter, I believe in God." "God has gone out of date," said Danton. "I believe in God," said Cimourdain, unmoved.

So much being understood, we may proceed to remind ourselves that the mere fact of having a God is of slight value to us unless we know what kind of a God he is.

The benevolence of the Creator, it is safe to assert, was never so thoughtfully questioned by such numbers of human beings as it is to-day. Openly or tacitly, this is done on every side of us. Falsely or fairly, many types of mind spring easily to this attitude. In hope or in despair, the awful query works out its fixed reply, and life freezes or melts to the mould of it. We should remember that this is so. The piercing cry of the people in Richter's Dream reëchoes about us: "*O Christ! Are we all orphans?*" Spiritual tragedies are enacting among us, to which none but an unimaginative, unobservant, or untender eye can be blind. Spiritual forms and forces which our fathers knew not, pursue us like unlaid ghosts. They start in the glamour of the drawing-room; they skulk behind the study chair; they hold the Prayer Book with trembling fingers; they kneel with the worshiper; they cry in the hymn; they stare above our bridals; they look at us in the eyes of our children; they regard us in the last recognition of our dying; they huddle over our graves. To ignore them gives them a fatal fertility; to foster them is death; to feel out a true course among them is a "strait and narrow way." He who does this with intelligence and candor has to the respect of the unbeliever a right as clear as the right of the chemist to be followed in the results of his experiment. He who does this with humility and prayer has to the confidence of untroubled believers a right as clear as the ecstasy of an aged saint at the communion table.

There is no reason, in the nature of things, why a man should not question the benevolence of God. This may be done as honestly (I do not say as intelligently), and it may be done as honor-

ably, as to question the good-nature of the Czar, or the poetic rank of Milton, or the disposition of any other being superior to the questioner.

God is an unknown force. He is expressed to us through facts. It is our right to interpret the nature of that force through these facts. It is our duty to exercise this right in a manner worthy of a right so solemn, of facts so grave, of a force so vast.

Human impressions are of a singularly limited reliability, but if there is one which can be said to be trustworthy, it is that people know when they suffer. In the infinitely complicated system of pain and pleasure that governs this world we find, I premise, the emphatic predominance of pain. Did we not remember that there have been great teachers who deny (as there are those who admit) this, and that they have found important and noble disciples, we might presume that none but a shallow or selfish nature could fail to be aware of this predominance.

There are two ways of viewing such a system. It is natural to be chiefly struck with the sadness of it. It is possible to be chiefly moved by the error in it. It is thought by many people — the world contains no better — that the latter is the natural, as it should be the habitual, avenue by which an upright intelligence ought to approach the facts of life. This I profoundly doubt. It seems to me rather that it is mainly by its perception of pain that a limited or created nature can constitute itself the appraiser of blame; and that precisely in proportion to the purity of a soul must the misery of a sight appeal in advance of the guilt of it. "I want," said the villain, in a thoughtful story, to the unsuccessful clergyman, who was opening his Testament upon him, — "I want to talk with a man whose first impulses are always warm towards the worst of men. Your best thoughts seem to be your second thoughts." "Do you know what keeps the gin palaces open?" cried the pure and consecrated Robertson, "Misery! The miserable go there to forget."

I should wish, however, to add that I believe so thoroughly in the reality of what we call sin, that I shall have nothing to say of it here as a disconnected fact in the human economy, but, in speaking of the miseries of life, shall class it, first and finally, as the greatest human misery that I know anything about.

There will be readers of a paper like this to whom it will seem that the uncandidness of unnecessary gloom pervades it, and that the distresses of life, upon which it is always possible to look from at least two sides, are presented with unfair emphasis. Be it said, once for all, that the writer is not unaware of the absence from this discussion of certain genial aspects of the world's mystery, nor of the slightness with which others are brought forward. It is my intention, at this time, to leave the task of urging these aspects to other hands. We are perhaps all of us more familiar with their force than with that of argument wrested from the reluctance of fate. Let it be ours, just now, to see what can be said for human life upon its darkest side. Let us look, for once, at the divine, as we often do at the human problem, and, taking things at their worst, see what our chances are. We do this, in the one case, for good cheer's sake. For good cheer's sake I ask to be trusted in saying we may do it in the other, too.

Further, I urge, especially, that we owe it to our faith to make it less easy than it is for shrewd atheists to say, "*Those who believe in a God of love must close their eyes to the phenomena of life, or garble the universe to suit their theory.*"

It not being the object of this article to furnish a full index, or even a concordance, to the miseries of mankind, I have selected only three avenues, from which, with merciful brevity, to approach our problem.

Let us review for a moment our impressions of the Creator, as received through the manifestations of natural law.

Nature is orderly, wise, beautiful, mysterious, terrible, remorseless, cruel. Surrender yourself to her awful moods. Test her at her tenderest. Try her at her strongest. Shall we bask in her midsummer sun? It is a fire from which we must guard ourselves as if from the very glory of an offended God. Would we have the iron of her snows in our blood? It is at our peril that they do not pierce our hearts. If the eternal resurrection of her spring does not pour freshets on our homes and mildew on our seeds, we kneel to thank her. If the red flags of her autumn wave no signals of disease or death about our firesides, we draw our held breath for another cycle of her seasons, and trust her still. She bestows the harvest at the chances of the famine. She gives her shine on condition of her storm. She blazons with beauty the heavens in which the bolt lurks to strike us down. She stimulates our courage by her seas. She forms our fortitude by her deserts. She creates our nations by her mountains. The avalanche, the shipwreck, and the sirocco are the cost. Behind every blessing she hides its penalty. Beneath every faculty of mind and body she secures its denial. Every bestowal is a danger. Acceptance measures bereavement. Possession is the gauge of loss.

"Life," says a "scientific" historian, "is one long tragedy; creation is one great crime."

The holder of happier faiths must at least confess that the mass of evidence, in the great trial of Nature before the bar of man, is voluminous and stern. Forever the temperament and the type will select for itself, and certain points in the case will intensify the *præjudicia* with which each of us comes to the hearing. There are some minds for which the gentlest caprice of the accused can never blot the memory of sternly isolated facts in her history. There are nicely poised perceptions to which the dark corners of her past are always unveiled. There are tenderly balanced sympathies for which no personal immunity from infliction can muffle the wail of recorded anguish. It is probably through a small, finely varied, and strictly characteristic collection of illustrations that each of us practically views a subject like this. Is Nature merciful? It may be natural for you to give the historic answer, — to turn to ages when the world existed only for the propagation of monstrous animal growths, that breed, attack, rend each other, die, and give place to the next phase of apparently purposeless suffering. You recall primitive man, who dwelt in caves, like cubs; who was without intelligible speech or human sympathy, or the decency of any wild beast known to the observation of science. Or you think of the highly developed savage, whose language resembled the hissing of serpents; or of him, still ascending in the type, who fed upon the quivering flesh of live elephants, cultivated what is known as tribal marriage, and buried his dead with awful laughter; or of him whose war-phrase, being interpreted, signifies, "Let us go and eat that nation." Or you point to cities that confide in a crater, and in an hour are seething into lava, like the inorganic rock; or to those waste places where famine has preceded the traveler, and where the starved corpses of entirely vanished communities offer him their gaunt hospitality.

Is Nature merciful? It may be that your impulse gives the poetic answer. You turn the query over to the tiger in the jungles, the death within the fruit, the venom in the thicket, the poison in the flower, the wreck beneath the sea, the plague upon the air. To many readers and lovers of Frederick Robertson his awful illustration of the ichneumon fly will stand apart in their minds, and

reply for them with the convincing vividness by which single images fasten themselves upon a sensitive absorption of truth too painful to be endured in full.

The celebrated arraignment of the "great mother" by Stuart Mill will be well remembered: —

"Nature impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel, casts them to be devoured by wild beasts, burns them to death, crushes them with stones like the first Christian martyrs, starves them with hunger, freezes them with cold, poisons them by the quick or slow venom of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabis or a Domitian never surpassed. All this Nature does with the most supercilious disregard both of mercy and of justice, emptying her shafts upon the best and noblest indifferently with the meanest and the worst; . . . often as the direct consequences of the noblest acts, and it might almost be imagined as a punishment for them."

Is Nature merciful? It may be easy for you to proffer the judicial reply. You remember her immense and kindly recuperative force: that the grass grows over her extinct volcano, that the harvest follows the furrow of her freshet, that the agitation of her oceans creates her temperature, that gorgeous beauty crowns the terrors of her tropics, that the snow protects the seed, that time restores the ruin of her cyclones, that flowers seek her graves, that death itself preserves her from the disintegration of her superfluous life. You recall the exquisite system of development by which she is manifested to human knowledge; you observe that ages of animal pleasure and pain went to the preparation of the globe for the habitation of rudimentary races, that in their turn peopled the earth and perished from it to make way for men who could master it, who also yielded to others who had the mastery of them, who have themselves vanished before our blossoming civilization, as ours shall vanish before the symmetry of the future form. You have been taught by faith, as you are taught over again today by science, that the world is steadily becoming a better place to live in; that the sum of its happiness absolutely increases; and that the "sacrifice consumed," the cost at which the glory of the future shall be reached, has been what we are accustomed to call "worth while."

Nevertheless, is Nature merciful? Let us be just to her; but for myself, whenever I hear those three words, three things present themselves to my imagination, — the pant of a hunted hare, the look in the eye of a lost dog, and the heart of a woman towards a man who would betray her.

Is Nature merciful? The intellect of a child can accuse her. Goethe at an infant age did as much. The subtlety of a seer cannot defend her. Wordsworth would have done it, if any man could. The abyss of her harshness is deeper than Rydal Lake.

Take, again, — it is not an abrupt transition, — our views of the Great Designer as affected by the relation of the sexes. This is a subject upon which words must be few, but impressions deep. It is a commonplace to say that nothing contributes so far to either the happiness or the misery of the race as this sole incident in its development.

From the Abyssinian bride sold by her husband for a weapon, an ornament, a dinner, to the last victim of a *mariage de convenance* in civilized life, what a sealed and awful book! From the heart of Dante, of Abelard, of Vittoria Colonna, to the blush of the little lass betrothed in a country lane last week, what a range of capacity for what is called joy! I scarcely hesitate before saying that the attraction between man and woman cannot be presumed to have added to the delight, in proportion as it has intensified the denial, of existence.

We may be quite willing to intrust this assertion to the happiest lover in the world, provided his happiness be of that sensitive sort which does not shut out the apprehension of other people's deprivation. Since, were he not the most sensitive, he could not be the happiest; and were he the most sensitive, he would be the most sympathetic. It would be almost enough, in this connection, to suggest the inherent vagrancy of the affectional instinct in man, and the historic constancy of woman. What ingenuity could surpass that involved in this one exquisite invention of actual or possible anguish?

It would be almost enough to take one absolute look at the heart of an honorable man who, in an hour of beautiful delusion, has wedded an insincere woman.

It would be almost enough to shut the eyes before the conflicts of a pure heart, to which the supreme attraction occurs, when every law of God or man has welded it to the claim of the less.

It would be almost enough to look into the face of a drunkard's wife.

It would be more than enough to hear the cry of the deserted girl, who leaped to a death more merciful at its worst than life at its best to her.

It would be unjust not to recall the heavy pressure of happiness against the scale of the question, involved in pure betrothals, bridal hours, assured domestic content, the experience of tried and calm affections, the bliss of young parents, the rejuvenation of age in its offspring, and the repose of those for whom the prayer of Tobit has been answered: "Mercifully grant that we may grow aged together."

But it would be illogical not to observe the intricate *insecurity* of the happiest hour that history could be shown to have given to the most fortunate affections of the race. It would be almost enough to watch the countenance of the radiant young mother, who, her children leaning about her, at her fireside, hears suddenly grating upon their laughter the discordant sound of a croupy cough.

It would be almost enough to stand with the father of motherless babes by the first gash life has ever cut in the church-yard turf for him.

It would be almost enough to avert the face from a meeting between pure parents and a ruined son.

It would be almost enough to remember the mystery of womanhood, so "heavily weighted, in the race of life," as a great scientist of our day expresses it, by maternity.

It would be almost enough to follow the red feet of war to the obscure life of one widowed girl.

It would be enough to watch the process of descent by which a betrothal ever reaches a divorce.

Look once more at our impressions of their First Cause as received from the sufferings of the lower classes of society. These are "facts" before which the wisest, the tenderest, the healthiest, the most joyous, and the most devout among us may well wish for the wings of the seraphim in the sacred story; of whom it is said that "with twain they covered their faces, and with twain they covered their feet, and with twain they did fly."

A miniature bust of Michael Angelo's Slave stands as a paper-weight upon the MS. which this pen is tracing. The pose of the mutilated head, the droop of the swollen eyelids, the quiver of the pitiful mouth, the protest of the thoughtful brow, present themselves, so many mute arguments, appealing to be used. The bit of plaster is an unanswered accusation. It bewails the mystery of human captivity, of which the enslaving of man by man was the rudest form, as the ministrations of one portion of the race to-day to the leisure of the other is the most lenient. From the first captive mother condemned to murder her own child, to the last poor wretch who sold

her soul to buy bread for her family; from the slave at the galley-oar, in the seraglio, under the lash, facing the blood-hound, on the auction-block; to the factory-girl with the "cotton-cough," the miner in the fire-damp, the poisoned "hand" in the lead-works, or the child of four years rolling cigars for a passionate or drunken overseer, — there is a range of sheer human *fear*, which it is not easy to contemplate either with or without an explanation of its existence.

From the filthy shiverers who shared the straw of the feudal hovel with their donkey or their goat, to the Irish laborer evicted at midwinter from the home of his life-time; from the temperate and diligent American family found to have lived for three months on bread and water, to the all too real "little Joe" of Dickens, or the "abused child" in any of our Christian cities, habituated to sufferings which it would blot this page to repeat; from the poor woman who told Octavia Hill that she chose her deadly cellar because "it lay between ninepence and the sun" to the six hundred and twenty-three descendants of an ignorant girl, now famous and infamous to social science as "Pauper Margaret;" from the great causes of the English corn-law resistance, or the Reign of Terror, to the Nihilist passion fermenting beneath the Winter Palace, or the New York tenement house (sinister forerunner of revolution!), where four families occupy one room, and wherein, by mathematical estimate, there belongs to each living being under the roof a space on the floor's surface measuring eight feet by four, — there is a margin for simple human *endurance*, upon which it is not agreeable, either with or without its obverse relief, to dwell.

On this obverse, it were uncandid not to remember, are pale and pleasant compensations to benignant thought. Beyond a certain point, deprivation unquestionably dulls susceptibility, denial teaches endurance, obscurity preserves from responsibility, the transient pleasure is more emphatic, the finer foreboding perhaps less acute, aspiration cools into acceptance, and ignorance stratifies into repose.

It is not a grateful task to remind people how unfortunate they are. One who seems to undertake it must expect to be accused of pessimism (chiefly by those persons who do not accurately know what a pessimist is), and of "morbidness," — a word which apparently has been made to cover whatever form of viewing fact differs from one's own. "Of course," said a great writer of his own sad, honest look at life, — "of course it is exaggerated to those who feel feebly." "Let no man counsel me," said Sophocles, "but who has felt sorrow like mine." Nevertheless, it must be repeated that no consistent philosophy, no trained imagination, no instructed memory, no sensitive sympathy, and no intelligent religious trust can deny this to be a state of manifold, mysterious, and unmeasured suffering. It is a doctrine no newer than Plato that all our pleasure consists in an escape from pain.

The very failure of the pen in a space so small, before a subject so enormous, writes deeper and darker than its fluency could mark. The very sinking of the heart before a strain so tense upon its nerve; the very impulse which leads two kinds of people, the dull and the fortunate, — or, we might add a third, the cold, — into their clamor about the beauty and happiness of the world, itself accentuates the great onrolling sound of the truth, like the voices of children on the shore, which increase while they defy the roar of the breaker.

It will be remembered that we have touched with a reticent and sparing finger upon what might be called three key-notes in the great discords of life: the cruelty of nature, the mystery of sex, and the misery of the poor. It will be seen that these present but a portion of the lost harmonies around

which the chords of human suffering clash. It will be observed that of the great facts of heredity we have said nothing at all; that to the immense influence of physical disease on happiness we have scarcely alluded; that we have passed by all those finer phases of our question which have led metaphysicians to maintain that life is a continual vacillation between displeasure and *ennui*; that we have omitted the acute historical illustrations of human woe; that we have avoided the whole train of thought suggested by institutions of charity, penalty, and mental healing; that we have not dwelt upon the obstinate argument of suicide; that we have not considered the terrible phenomena of remorse; that we have not brooded upon the pitiless and inexorable sentence of death which has gone out against every breathing creature on the earth. It will be acknowledged that we have spared ourselves in the task of "looking the worst in the face."

The most irrecoverable "blue" in philosophy could not venture to overlook the sum of the world's enjoyment, if only for the mathematical reason that a given amount of it represents so much less weight than the same amount of misery. The color of Italian lakes, the scents of blush roses, — who could forget? — are ever with us. The radiance of lovers' eyes and the laughter of children we may not miss. The comforts of ease and the vagaries of wealth are present to us, and though the invalid poor die for lack of beef tea, it is a fixed fact that a velvet suit for a doll can be purchased to-day for fifteen dollars. But it should not be forgotten that, so far as we are able judicially to estimate questions affecting our emotions, pain "goes farther," as our idiom has it, in this world than pleasure. This the great inductive philosopher, experience, teaches, at least to the more sensitive of the species, early in life.

Up to a certain degree, pain passes over the suffering cells of the brain without disintegrating them; but there comes a limit, as clear to the individual consciousness as it is difficult to make over to that of another, beyond which the best that fate could offer could not atone for the worst she has inflicted. Wise men may dispute this nice point to the world's end. It would be possible to select one bereaved mother, who might call them all as scholars to her feet. A great sufferer *knows* that he can set single hours of his life against the accumulated happiness of its years. He *knows* that the one, considered in its cold, intellectual character as a fact of consciousness, outweighs the other, sinking as far below it as the sod is from the stars. This knowledge is no more to be taken from him than his soul. He would go to the bar of God with it.

There is yet another thing, which the gayest optimist of us all would do well, in a discussion like this, to bear in mind. The charm of nature, the glory of love, and the pride of life are facts of which a Creator, presumably not kindly inclined towards his creatures, would be presumptively sure to avail himself. He would not be a very shrewd Deity who, with malevolent intentions, should create a world of ugliness, hate, and unmitigated deprivation.

Such a God would be too wise to construct a system of unrelieved woe. He would exultantly deepen pain by a background of pleasure. He would fiendishly emphasize loss by experience of possession. He would create hope as a foil against despair. The color of the lily, the kiss of a child, the delirium of love, it might be his horrible ingenuity to hold as what artists call "values" against the tornado, and the tooth of famine and the grave.

Conceptions like these, almost enough to congest imagination, *might* be true, though not in the same measure, of the moral nature of man. It is conceivable that up to a certain extent, at least,

good impulses might have been created for evil ends. There is a large border-land of moral conflict, wherein our worst assaults seem to come on the wings of angels of light. It is conceivable that a maleficent God would bestow upon us aspiration to create in us remorse, and allow us to strive for purity that he might the more exquisitely gloat over our surrender to guilt.

It is not easy for a reverent mind to glance into this pit, even to heighten by contrast the dazzle of the ether up to which the devout heart looks.

But it seems to me that if there is any being of whom we need to know the worst that *could* be said, our Creator is that Being. A faith that will not bear for once firmly to regard the blackest possibilities of our destiny, does not deserve their brightest.

For the reasons given, as well as for those which must be omitted from a fragment of this kind, the reader will follow me in saying that the miseries and mysteries of human life being what they are, and our conceptions of the Creator being, as they must be, drawn to so large an extent through misery and mystery, the simple *fact* of the faith of mankind in his fair intentions is in and of itself as powerful a proof of his goodwill as we are likely to obtain, — a far more powerful one than all the limp religious impulse that could be wrung out of a system in which ease and pleasure predominated. It does not seem to me that we are in the habit of giving to this aspect of the question anything like the dignity or the force which, as an argument, it deserves.

I do not refer to what is known as the intuitive argument for God, which lies quite behind us in the discussion. Let us call this rather the argument of acquired trust. It would seem to be the consequence of experience rather than its prelude. The child, in the first blow from a father's hand, perceives nothing but an evidence of cruelty. Youth, hot-headed and high-hearted, upon the first important occasion when its wishes are crossed, flashes out its protest against Providence. Maturity only builds up confidence, and old age alone knows peace.

We find it to be the law of divine denial that it not only does not obliterate, it creates, the phenomenon of human belief. The final test of love is trust under apparent desertion. This absolute trial it has been God's mysterious purpose to impose upon man. Man has stood the test. Deep as he wades in the tide of error, wide as he gropes in the gloom of doubt, low as he sinks in the mud of sin, nevertheless, man has stood the test.

There are lives of which we say, in the unconscious bitterness of common speech, that they are "pursued by Providence." The religious resignation of such lives partakes of the nature of miracle. Our wildest outcry against fate goes down before the patience of the deaf-mute or the cheerfulness of the blind, or the trust of an invalid, buried alive for forty years in a "mattress grave," in the tenderness of the Power that fixed him there.

When life selects a sensitive and silent and untaught woman, whose whole being beyond its affectional side is rudimentary, of whom we should say that it were a severity to expect her to breast a snow-storm alone, — when fate selects such a woman, and bruises her stroke by stroke, leaving her widowed, leaving her childless, dragging her through the extremes of poverty, adding sickness, inventing friendlessness, threatening insanity, and denying death, and we find her peacefully and affectionately on her knees before a Being whom she never saw, whom she never heard, whom she never touched, but to whom alone she can attribute the inquisition of her life, — let us get upon our own, beside her; there is no higher place that our nicest logic is fit for, before the *argument* of such a fact as she.

Life presents too many illustrations of this miracle of human trust for us to be able to set them aside as exceptions. They form a serried rank, advancing upon our doubts like the armed angels whom the prophet saw in the golden air. It is not to our purpose now to dwell upon the extent to which Christianity has cultivated this trust.[1] It is enough at present that, from whatever origin and by whatever support, it exists. The fact that *one* sane mind, under the extremity of fate, developed the *habit* of joyous confidence known to the higher forms of religious culture were something before which a doubter with a fine eye must ponder long.

It would seem that the fact that life abounds, has always abounded, with this confidence, rises, as I have said, to the region of the supernatural. It is less human than divine. It assures us of the divine in our Maker by the divine in ourselves. It is the fire of heaven — Prometheus never knew it — given at last to man.

What merely human friendship (I ask it reverently) could stand the strain which God has seen fit to put upon our friendship for himself?

What human affection *increases* under the infliction by its object of unexplained and lifelong pain?

True, we know instances in which our little loves for one another seem to have survived every attack upon them, — that of the wife for a brutal husband, that of a mother for a heartless child; but such is not the law of our natures.

Faith requires faith. Tenderness demands the tender. Truth claims the true; and ought to claim it, and will. Even in the rarest forms of self-abnegation known to human fondness, repeated signs of coldness or unkindness wear out *trust*. Trust is the last and highest manifestation of the divine. Even our conceivable malignant Deity would pause before the creation of a state of character in which *trust* — trust in purity, trust in beauty, trust in love, trust in himself as the essence of these holy things — had become the all-pervading and the all-powerful element; immediate as the light, and strong as the wind, and tender as tears, and firm as the eternal rock. He would have created a character mightier than himself. He would have created his own God. The hells, whether of time or eternity, could work no death upon such a character. It would pass out of them like the three men in the old story from the furnace of living fire.

The ultimate religious tenderness of man towards God is a thing too high, too pure, too reasonable, to have sprung from any source less than himself. It must not be forgotten that this trust involves a state of feeling in man which puts the fact that he has hurt God to the front of his consciousness that God has hurt him. Even supposing it to be true that mere human longing for happiness, in itself considered, should not philosophically offer the promise of satisfaction, it is not rational that the panting human thirst for *holiness*, implied in the whole scheme by which the confidence of mankind in the mercy of its Creator has been developed, should be the offshoot of anything other than a God who deserved it.

Is it not conceivable that the creation of precisely such a type of character as this exact kind of trust signifies were worth the cost at which it has been built up?

Is it not altogether possible that the rounded development of such a character demands a far more straightforward look at the painful facts of life than we are taught to give them by that pseudo-philosophy which substitutes superficial cheerfulness for searching truthfulness? We are not asked to writhe ourselves into the belief that this is a happy world.

[1] It will be remembered that this discussion has nothing to do with the bearings of what is called revealed truth upon our case.

We are asked peacefully to admit that it was not meant to be a happy one. We are not lured, like girls, to love our Creator because he treats us indulgently. We are expected, like soldiers, to love him, although he treats us sternly. We are required to discover the characteristics of a loving and faithful parent in the appearance of a severe and mysterious ruler.

> It is the human task
> To find the father's smile
> Behind the monarch's mask.

Regarded carefully, this is a fine tribute of respect to the race.

It must not be forgotten that the entire scientific basis of human trust in the Creator is one of belief in a life to succeed this.

This is as much as to say that pain is more formative than pleasure of spiritual character, and of faith which is the distinct resultant of such character.

On the whole, for most of us this is practically true. They are rare people who can bear great good-fortune. Sustained happiness, as our phrase goes, spoils us; only the select natures sweeten, strengthen, and mature under it. There seems to be a law, not unlike certain analogies in nature, by which the human plant requires a winter.

Philosophically, too, it is easy to see that pain rather than joy leads to that *desire* for another life which might underlie the capacity for one. "A soul sodden with pleasures" does not soar. A continuance of limited happiness is no spur towards the attainment of the unlimited. All social history proves this. Man unstung by deprivation saunters through his little possibility. The ascetic conqueror succumbs to the luxurious vices of the conquered. He who lives under a bread-fruit tree invents no grain-elevators. Very near the surface lies at least one sound reason why the race finds itself in what Kant called a "never-ceasing pain." This opens close upon all the ancient and great discussions clustering about the value of force and activity. It is enough for our purposes to say that it is natural to accept pleasure; it is natural to escape pain. If this world had been made for the many what it is for the few, given to the deprived as it is to the fortunate; if life for any of us had been what its ideals are, what but a miracle could have given us a compelling interest in a world beyond? In short, if we had been provided with the materials of content, where should we have found the materials of aspiration?

Modern science has itself unwittingly invented one of the best of testimonies to the benevolence, if not the beneficence, of the Creator, in acknowledging the compulsion which it has found laid upon itself of evolving human happiness out of human suffering. *Somewhere*, keen eyes have perceived, a keen intellect must meet this demand. *Somehow*, it must be done. Whatever this globe was put here for, it was not for failure. Whatever the unit was made for, the race was not made for hopelessness. However black the past, however blind the present, a bright future is a philosophical necessity.

The individual, we are told, withers and dies. The type roots and renews. The blood-red pages of history, closed, sealed, and forgotten, give way to the fair hieroglyphs of prophecy, cold, golden, and calm. Let us be content to suffer, that our posterity may enjoy. Let us be satisfied with our dulled capacity, our imperfect faculty, our little knowledge, our lost ideal, our pitiful hope, our puny achievement, since they who come after us shall grow like grass from our decay. Let us endure, enjoy, strive, sing, bleed, smile, and go to our graves gratefully. Over our dumb and witless ashes a select and proud race, with the beauty of pagan gods, shall walk haughtily, and with the scorn of the gods shall remember us as we remember the savage, whose war-shouts

assisted in developing the fine, human larynx, to contribute to the modulations in the voice of Malibran.

It is significant that temperaments easily appeased by the best that unbelieving science has to offer, have been compelled to devise what, for want of a better term, we may call a humane purpose in the creation of this world. Clumsily as they have succeeded, it is not we who should overlook the fact that they have tried. It is memorable that they have been forced to tender even this pitiful substitute for personal immortality; nay, they have added the "invention of immortality," whatever that may mean, to the list of attractions held out to the disciples of their meagre faith. It is important that even so awkward a contrivance is presented to us in place of the perfect mechanism of eternal hope. Natural selection has not yet eliminated the quiver from the human lip, which makes it hard to frame the imaginary answer that Strauss makes to Frederick the Great: "Pardon, sire, but I have no desire to go to heaven at all."

A God, indeed, as Hamilton has finely said, is to us only of practical importance inasmuch as he is the condition of our immortality.

Human trust, we observed, in divine mercy is postulated on belief in a life to come. This is also to say that the disadvantages of this life are so many arguments for the evolution from it of another; properly presented, an unassailable position, which this is no place to elaborate.

The mourner smiles, because she looks forward to comfort. The sufferer endures, because he expects relief. The imperfectly happy yearns for the maturity of joy. The guilty hopes, because he anticipates purity. Each confides in a Being who is both able and willing to bestow these sequels on pleasure, pain, and sin.

It is the aim of the believer to cultivate this confidence as the most important fact of his life. It is more real to him than his sorrow; it is more near to him than his remorse. Familiarity cannot wrest it from him. Unlooked-for anguish cannot shock it out of him. The hurling of temptation upon temptation cannot weaken it in him. Death cannot bury it with him. Eternity shall justify it for him.

Is God good? If this sublime trust, itself a marvel only less than himself, be the fond and fatal delusion of a pitiful ignorance, a phantasm of the emotions, a movement of the blood, a secretion of the brain, *no*. *No*, if the bravest delights this earth can muster are all that men can confidently call their own. *No*, if the sum of our misery is the sum of our days. *No*, if the tale of earth's error is "the end of the song."

If joy has no permanence, if anguish no comfort, if sin no cure, no, and a thousand times no!

If aspiration has no perfect blossom, if power no mellow fruit, if hope no sound justification; if denial never becomes delight; if despair never turns to ecstasy; if love knows no resurrection, and purity no assured vitality, and faith no throne, no, — to the last breath, *no!*

Is there Love at the heart of the world? Is there law in this Love? Is there joy in this law? *Yes*, if the blighted seed of our experience be sown to the blessed harvest of another. Yes, if time be a cipher to which eternity gives the key. Yes, if the virile hope of a life without an end be the measure of the mystery of the splendor of the truth. Yes, if he who permitted this world has promised the other. Yes, at the strain of extremity, in the blackness of darkness, to the last outcry of endurance and the last throb of belief, — *yes!*

O you who have given us a counterfeit of human hope, who have stuffed an effigy of human happiness, who have composed a parody on human dignity, we suffer you, without fear, to set these

against the gold, the heart-beat, and the song! What is the best your first can offer, beside the least our lowest can command? What has the king, the priest, or the prophet of your dreary creed to look to, compared with the promise open to the obscurest human soul that knows itself a deathless thing? "A cripple in the right way," Bacon has reminded us, "may beat a racer in the wrong." A believing pauper would be insane to change places with him who may be your "advanced" Herbert Spencer of two thousand years to come, though that highly-developed being were to be all that you expect, if he is to cease where you anticipate. A slave with a heaven were happier than Shakespeare without.

We suffer you, without disturbance, to explain to us how the physiology of the future is to extend the realm of matter, till it is coextensive with knowledge, with feeling, and with action; to tell us of the prospect of that heavenly commune, "in which men will reserve for themselves not even a hope, not even the shadow of a joy," — in which "all is at an end for the speck of flesh and blood with the little spark of instinct which it calls mind;" to call our attention to the growth of the "great unit," man, the sacrifice of generation for generation, of the species for the type, of the fraction for the whole.

One hour's hope of the believer's Paradise is worth it all.

It is a well-mannered comfort that you offer us, like the smile of a woman in evening dress on a man who has an appointment with the surgeon. We recognize your courtesy, but we choose the warm clasp of a living human hand.

Your cold voices have a hollow echo. They sound afar off, to us, and thin. Their clamor faints about our imperious human need. Who would exchange even the *delusion* of eternal life for the apotheosis of death?

If to expectance we add assurance, how can we pause for your bleak interruption?

Hope is not proof, but it is argument. Conviction is not demonstration, but it is enlightenment. "He had learned," it is said of Goethe, "that faith goes farther than knowledge."

How naturally the compass swings on its pivot to the pole! How joyously the heart which has cultivated the spiritual faculty of faith turns, from the obstacles thrust between the love of God and the love of man, to the region where these two elemental facts of the universe become one mighty current!

Astronomy tells us of systems lighted by colored suns, — green, sapphire, and ruby. From the lurid airs of such a crimson world we seem to ourselves to return to the peace and the power of absolute and homelike light.

"The love of God," said Ecclesiasticus, in a profound moment, "passeth all things for illumination." We recall, with a stir at the heart which transforms the severe philosophical language, what a great thinker has told us of "the absurdity of the passions and the littleness of all that is not God." We can understand Spinoza, of whom it is said that he was "intoxicated with God." The whole being bounds like the cripple at the Gate Beautiful, whom the apostle healed. Our eternal liberty draws its value from the prospect of acquaintance with him who is behind our mutilated life. Here is the secret of the high reticence of knowledge, never to be conquered, always to be sought. Here is the essence of all the solemn ideals of love, never overtaken, never possessed, forever to be won. Here is the source of the white waters of purity, an eternal thirst for which demands, deserves, and shall receive an eternal supply.

If everlasting hope be the possibility and the promise to the race, *anything* that the maker of an ephemeral system chooses to insert in it cannot philosoph-

ically be made a ground of complaint. "There can no evil befall a good man either in life or death," said Socrates, going to the root of the matter. "If I believed as you do," cried a doubter, looking at me with the uncomforted eyes of her class, "*nothing* would daunt me!"

She was right, if only as a matter of pure algebra. "Omit eternity in your estimate of area," urged a mathematician, "and your conclusion is wrong." No equation can be constructed out of this and the eternal life. Limited pain cannot be set against illimitable happiness, nor transient stain against permanent purity. If heaven follows earth, man is dumb before God.

How gentle thought grows in the climate of hope! Seen in the atmosphere of trust, the countenance of life is changed. Re-read in the light of love, the story of the world flashes into an illuminated text.

The imagination learns to stir reticently about the details of the dreariest fate. The sympathy yearns more and more peacefully towards the woe which it cannot forget or relieve. The heart surrenders to mystery, and cultivates content. We wrest the habit of cheer from the teeth of denial. We educate the impulse of happiness, and fling challenges to grief. We dwell upon the little joys of life. We count the forgotten ease. We seek the "hid treasure." We remember the temperaments that grief passes by upon the other side, the lives which acute temptation shuns, memories that naturally do not absorb the unpleasant, hearts that are easily light. We recall the grave delights of a consciously forming character, the strength and fineness of the military quality that conflict only cultivates, the stern beauty of endurance, the high glow of self-sacrifice, the peace and power of prayer, the grandeur of hardly acquired holiness. We find ourselves unable to think of these things apart from their embryonic character. We remember that they develop deathless forces. We remember that they go to constitute undying spirits. Pain viewed in the loftiness of its purpose does not seem to be the worst thing in the world. Idealized by heaven, earth stands transfigured. Life becomes a privilege, glorious in proportion as it is a test of trust-capacity and enduring-power. That mysterious quality which in its physical form physicians call *vitality*, and for which they cherish an almost religious respect, has a spiritual counterpart, which we learn to recognize as the proudest possession that a man can own. All that he hath though he give for it, he will not count the cost. It is like one of those Chinese crystals, rounded by attrition with grains of sand, of which we are told that it takes the life-time of one workman to make a perfect specimen.

An eye-witness of a peculiarly heart-rending shipwreck once stood depicting to a circle of friends, with vitriolic vividness, the struggles of men who clung, in an icy sea, on a midwinter day, five hours and a half to a glazed rock, at which the surf was tearing like the teeth of hate. A listener, lifting the half-melancholy, half-scornful look of one who has weighed life and found it wanting, interrupted, "Fools to cling! Fools to cling!" "No!" flashed another, turning upon him with a movement which I know not how to describe as other than radiant; it was like the sweep of light on darkness. "No; while there was hope of life, PHILOSOPHERS *to cling!*"

Fools, then, or philosophers, — we are content to leave the choice of terms to the great heart and sound sense of humanity, — we cling to the sane, strong, *reasonable* hope of everlasting life.

The wave will have its roar. The breaker will overwhelm the sinking face. The hands may slip, bleed, freeze; *but they will cling.*

It is human to cling; it is divine to

cling; it is instinct; it is reason; it is the blind brute motion of nature; it is the last fine finish of knowledge.

If there *is* a rock, though all but sunk beneath the surf, a drowning hand will find it. Before the argument of life the negation of death sweeps on and seethes away, like a thwarted wave.

Upon this rock, at the ebb of the tide, in the calm of the day, we leave the exigencies of fate. To it we bring the worst of dread, the dreariest of doubt, the climax of pain, the fever of sin. To it we take the promise of our imperfect joys, the blight of our unripe content, the recoil of our rebuffed aspiration, the disturbance of our broken repose. From it we regard the unknown Author of mystery with the high beat of trustful hearts. Earth is a student in what the great Frenchwoman called "the science of God." Life is like the Tamil grammar, which reached the ideal of scholarship in its solemn preface: "To God, the eternal, almighty Jehovah and author of speech, be glory forever and ever."

It is hardly possible to close a paper like this without reminding ourselves once again, quite clearly, that with the remarkable conformations of the Christian Scriptures towards our subject, it has not been our purpose to deal. But it can scarcely be overlooked that to believers in revealed truth it is difficult to perfect the separation of thought which we have selected.

There is a powerful protest of the heart, which in asking, "Does my friend love me?" insensibly slides into "What will he do for me?" or even into "What *has* he done for me?" Man, in his extremity, exerts his solemn right to carry this appeal of his nature reverently up. What will God do for him? Everlasting life leans down to answer. What *has* God done for him? A Carpenter from Nazareth can reply.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

PLACE DE LA BASTILLE, PARIS.

How dear the sky has been above this place!
Small treasures of this sky that we see here
Seen weak through prison-bars from year to year;
Eyed with a painful prayer upon God's grace
To save, and tears that stayed along the face
Lifted at sunset. Yea, how passing dear,
Those nights when through the bars a wind left clear
The heaven, and moonlight soothed the limpid space!

So was it, till one night the secret kept
Safe in low vault and stealthy corridor
Was blown abroad on gospel-tongues of flame.
O ways of God, mysterious evermore!
How many on this spot have cursed and wept
That all might stand here now and own thy Name.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

DEAN STANLEY.

When Dean Stanley, on the 18th of July, was drawing near his death, he asked that his brother-in-law and life-long friend, Dr. Vaughan, might preach his funeral sermon in Westminster Abbey, "because," said he, "he has known me longest." He chose the friend who had known him all his life to speak of him. There was nothing in all that life which he would have concealed; and he knew that it was only as that life was treated as a whole, and its continual characteristics surveyed in their development from boyhood to the mature age in which he then lay dying, that he could be fitly understood.

This which is true of all men was specially true of Dean Stanley. When he came to America, in 1878, he was wholly taken by surprise by the welcome with which he was received. His friends themselves were unprepared for any such enthusiastic interest in one who was known only as a writer of books and as an ecclesiastic of a foreign establishment. Men and women of all classes seemed to greet him as if he were their friend. It must have meant that in his books there was that power, which not many books possess, of making those who read them know their author as a man, — of making his personal life and character real and vivid to them. Therefore, they thronged the churches where he preached, and even the streets in which he walked, not merely to hear his words, but to see him.

And there can be no doubt as to what was the personal impression which men had of him. Ten years ago a wise writer in the Contemporary Review said, "If we were to attempt a description of Dean Stanley's characteristics, we should name first, and chief of all, his intense love for the light." That word describes the passion of his life. The insatiable curiosity, the eagerness to acquire and to impart intelligent conceptions, accompanied by an absolute moral clearness, a wonderful single-mindedness, and a sympathy and fairness which never failed, — these, which are the elements in which light lives and grows, were what we all delighted to discover in him while he lived, and what we delight to remember now that he is gone. His living and learning and working was like the shining of a star. "It is no task for stars to shine," and so with him all that he did seemed easy, as if it were but the natural and spontaneous utterance of what he was, the effortless radiance of a nature which was made to gather and to utter light. Intelligence shone in the refined alertness of his face, — which, by the way, has never found such good representation as in some of the photographs that were taken in America. His style had a crystal clearness, which showed his thought distinctly. His very walk was quick and eager, as if he must find what he sought. It is no wonder that many men have instantly applied to him Matthew Arnold's famous phrase, "sweetness and light." And the Spectator could use of him an expression which would be ridiculous if it were used of almost any other public man, and declare that his death "leaves the public with the sense of having lost something rare and sweet."

In due time there must come a Life of Stanley, which, if it be worthily written, will be one of the richest records of the best life of our century, and one of the most attractive pictures of a human life in any time. His large associations and continual activity and ceaseless correspondence must have left most precious materials for such a book. If there were only another Stanley left to write it! Let us here recall its simplest outline.

He was born, as he used to love to recall, in 1815, the year of Waterloo, and received his name of Arthur from the great duke of whose renown all England then was full. His father was the brave and clear-sighted Bishop of Norwich, who stood with Whately in the House of Lords when one of the first petitions was presented on the subject of subscription, who was the friend of Arnold and asked him to preach his consecration sermon, and whose life his son has written with a son's affection and the admiration of a kindred soul. To his mother Arthur Stanley dedicated his Jewish Church, in recollection of "her firm faith, calm wisdom, and tender sympathy;" and of her too he has written delightfully in the same volume that portrays his father's life. When he was fourteen years old, in 1829, he went to Rugby, and was one of the first pupils of his father's friend. His Life of Dr. Arnold, which is perhaps the best biography of our time, is the truest record of what Rugby was to him. There is one passage in it which, as we read it, still lets us see the boy sitting beneath that pulpit in the Rugby chapel, with his eyes fixed upon the teacher, and gathering into his open heart "an image of high principle and feeling," which found in him a true mirror and was never blotted out. In 1834, when he was nineteen years old, Stanley went to Oxford, and there spent four years in the midst of the intense religious excitement of those days. He went forth from his student life laden with the honors and prizes of the university. Then he became a Fellow and tutor. Later he was made the secretary of the Oxford University Commission. In 1845 he was chosen to be select preacher to the university. Five years later he became a canon of Canterbury Cathedral, and in 1852 he made the journey to the East, the record of which is in the glowing pages of his Sinai and Palestine. In 1853 he was appointed Regius professor of ecclesiastical history at Oxford, and to his labors in that chair we owe the Lectures on the Jewish Church and the Lectures on the Eastern Church, which have opened the doors of the Old Testament and of the early church to hosts of readers. In 1862 he went to Palestine again with the Prince of Wales, and the Sermons in the East recount the lessons of that journey. In 1863 he was made Dean of Westminster, and began to wear that title by which he will always be best known, — the title which he loved above all others.

It was a bright and happy life. And it was constantly productive. Besides the books already named, there were published in 1847 the Sermons and Essays on the Apostolic Age; in 1855, the Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians; in the same year the Historical Memorials of Canterbury; in 1867 the Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey; in 1870, the Essays on Church and State, which has been well described as "the epic of the Thirty Years' War in the Church of England;" and, in 1877, Lectures on the Church of Scotland, which, as Bishop Ewing wrote, "show a marvelous acquaintance with Scotch facts and their bearings." And last of all there was his most interesting volume on Christian Institutions, which was hardly issued when he died. These marked the great current of his life and study. And around them, no less characteristic and full of his character and spirit, like spray flung up by the impetuous and eager stream, there gathered a cloud of lectures, sermons, reviews, and articles of every kind, bearing perpetual witness to the activity of his mind, the wide range of his learning, and the quickness of his sympathy with life.

And now, what were his characteristics as they were indicated in this life and work? First of all, as we have said, there was the love of light. No man ever loved more to look facts in the face, and to know the exact and certain

truth. "Let us be firmly persuaded," he wrote, "that error is most easily eradicated by establishing truth, and darkness most permanently displaced by diffusing light." There is no clearer illustration of this love of light than in his eager and impassioned insistence that the revision of the translation of the Bible should have the help of all the best scholarship of England, in whatever creed or church it might be found. His speech in Convocation, when it was proposed to reject the help of a Unitarian which had already been invited, is a fine utterance at once of intelligent judgment and of chivalrous courtesy and justice. And it is interesting to see always who are the men whom he loves most, the men of whom he speaks with the most spontaneous affection. Always they are the men of light. It is "the clear-headed and intrepid Zwingli" who, he says, "anticipated the necessary conclusion of the whole matter" of the efficacy of the eucharistic rite. It is the liberal theologians of the seventeenth century to whom he always turns back for the best patterns of religious thought in England. We of America may well love to remember how he treasured the friendship of one of our own men of light, whose loss we are still freshly mourning. "Dear Dr. Washburn!" he wrote this spring, "How well I remember preaching in that great Calvary, and my visit to him in the latter days of my stay in New York! He was of 'that small transfigured band whom the world cannot tame,' — the band of Falkland, Leighton, Whichcote, Arnold, Maurice. Peace be with him!"

Again, there is the specialness of the method of all Dean Stanley's work, the way in which he approached all truth through history. It has often been said of him that he was no metaphysician, and that he had no turn for abstract thought. Nobody saw this, and nobody has said it, more clearly than himself. When he was asked to write an introduction to Bunsen's God in History, he replied, "I hesitated, among other reasons, because it relates so largely to philosophical and abstract questions, on which I do not feel myself competent to enter." Truth has many doors, and he would enter it through that to which his feet most naturally turned. This recognition of the specialness, or, if we please, the limitation, of his power had much to do with the effectiveness, and also with the perennial freshness, of his life. On the steamer at New York, when he was leaving America, he was asked whether he was not weary with his most laborious journey. But he answered, "No! I have declined to see anything in which I was not interested. Kind friends have asked me to go to see factories, and many other interesting things for which I did not care; but I have confined myself to things which I did care for, and so I am not tired." So it was all his life. He worked as he was made to work and as he loved to work, and so the last page that he wrote was as fresh and unwearied as the first. He is everywhere and always the historian. If he wants to define a doctrine, he traces its history. If he makes a page glow like a picture with some description of natural scenery, it is always as the theatre of human action, or as a metaphor of human life, that he describes it. Of pure love for nature for its own sake he shows but little. In his volume of Addresses in America there are three beautiful pictures from nature, but it is noticeable that in each case the picture is drawn with reference to human life. He described Niagara; but it was because he saw in its mist and majesty an image of the future of American destiny. He told of a maple and an oak which he saw growing together from the same stem on the beautiful shores of Lake George; but it was because there seemed to him to be in them a likeness of the unbroken union of the brilliant, fiery maple of America and the gnarled and twisted

oak of England. He pictured the effects of sunrise on the Alps; but it was the rise of true and rational religion among men that he wanted his hearers to see in his majestic words. Everywhere his eye is upon man. He is always the historian, because in the simplest and most literal sense he is always the philanthropist, the lover of man.

And it is not only men, but man, that he loves; nay, it is mainly man. He loves men for the sake of man, for their contribution to and their share in humanity. Therefore it was that he could care most earnestly for men in whose special arts and occupations he personally had no share or interest. To him they were all part of the great human drama, full of divine meanings. He could preach in the Abbey of the greatness of a great naturalist, although he was no student of natural science; or of a great musician, though he had no taste for music; or of a great novelist, although he could not read his novels. Sometimes his eulogies have seemed to some men to be indiscriminately lavished, but we must have the sight, which he never lost, of the endless human procession, ever moving on; each faithful human being, famous or insignificant, bearing his gift, great or small, intelligible or unintelligible to his brethren, yet all accepted, and laid up in the vast temple of the divine purpose, to which they move, in which they slowly disappear. We must have this sight, before we can understand or judge his judgments of his fellowmen.

One rejoices to think how full of poetry the world must have been to him. A walk in London or Jerusalem must have been crowded with memory, and fear, and hope, and love. The unexpressed, half-conscious joy of life to one who carries such a mind and eye must be something of which the multitude of us know nothing.

And while we grant its specialness, while we see the need of other methods for the entire mastery of truth, let us acknowledge the greatness and beauty of the historic method, of which Dean Stanley gave such a noteworthy example. In the turmoil of *a priori* reasoning, in the hurly-burly of men's speculations about what ought to be, let us welcome the enthusiastic student of what is and of what has been. The gospel in the ages must always be part of the same revelation with the gospel in the Bible and the gospel in the heart. We cannot afford to lose the softening and richening of opinions by the historic sense. The ecclesiastical historian and the systematic theologian must go hand in hand. "The word of the Lord which was given in the Council of Nicæa," says Athanasius, "abideth forever," but the personal History of the Council, which Dean Stanley has so wonderfully told, is part of the word of God which comes from that memorable assemblage to all the generations.

The catholicity and charity for which Dean Stanley's name has become almost a synonym is worthy of being carefully studied, in order that its full greatness may be known. Some men's toleration of those who differ from them is mere good-nature and indifference. Other men's toleration is the mere application of a theory, and is quite consistent with strong personal dislikes. In the Dean of Westminster the catholicity which so impressed the world and drew the hearts of all good men to him was the issue of a lofty conception of the church of Christ, combined with that instinctive love for man of which we have been speaking; and heart and mind were perfectly united in it. Therefore the public and the private life were in completest harmony. It is well known with what a generous hospitality the doors of the deanery stood wide open. Older men tell how, in older days, the Stanley rooms at Oxford were eagerly thronged with all who had any desire to seek the light which filled them; but what we

know best, and what will always be remembered by multitudes as they pass in sight of the little dark door, hidden away where yet so many pilgrims found it, under the cloister arch as you pass through to the Jerusalem Chamber, is the open welcome which at the deanery in Stanley's time was always waiting for whoever brought anything of love for truth or interest in noble things.

"I love all who love truth, if poor or rich,
In what they have won of truth possessively!"

That was the spirit of the place, and evidently before such a spirit no enmity could stand. Dean Stanley was a strange instance of a man who was dreaded and disliked in hundreds of rectories and homes in England, for the ideas which he held, or was supposed to hold, but who had not a personal enemy in all the world. When he was made Dean of Westminster Christopher Wordsworth, who was one of the canons of the Abbey, publicly protested against the appointment. When he died, the same Christopher Wordsworth, now Bishop of Lincoln, bating nothing of his disapproval of the Dean's opinions, bore most affectionate testimony in Convocation to the richness and nobleness of Stanley's character.

All this means something. It means that Stanley had the power of going himself, and of compelling the men who dealt with him to go, down to those deeper regions of life and thought where men of different opinions may find themselves in a true sympathy. Therefore his catholicity was real. Men did not meet at the deanery in an armed truce, but in a deeper brotherhood. When Stanley went and lectured to the Scotch Presbyterians, or to the American Methodists or Baptists, it was a real thing. He carried to all of them the truth on which their truths rested. He taught the Scotch out of Chalmers, and the Methodists out of Wesley, and the Congregationalists out of Dr. Robinson. "As certain also of your own poets have said," he seemed to be always repeating, as if in the highest and truest and most poetic utterance of each man's faith he rejoiced to find the essence of the common faith of all. In one of the last articles which he wrote there is an estimate of Newman, Pusey, and Keble which, without in the least losing the clear discrimination of their opinions, is wonderfully full of appreciative honor for the men; and hardly any page in all his writings glows with more generous enthusiasm than that, in the same article, in which he records the opposition of the Liberal party in the Church of England against the attempt to put down the Tractarians in 1844. The volume of Essays on Church and State is a book which every religious student ought to read, for it contains his threefold plea for liberty, — liberty for the Evangelical, the Rationalist, and the Ritualist; a liberty for which he pleads in the name of that large conception of the church of Christ which would be mangled if any one of these representatives of the three great perpetual types of religious life were persecuted or expelled.

It is evident that a catholicity as positive as this could not rest in mere sentiment. There was always an enthusiastic chivalry waiting, sleeping on its arms, and ready to spring up at the slightest cry of oppression or unfairness, and utter itself in word and deed. How we shall miss his voice! Whenever meanness or bigotry lifted its head we knew that we should hear from Stanley. When the atmosphere grew heavy we looked for the lightning of his speech. In 1866, Convocation undertook to denounce Bishop Colenso for his theological writings, and to confirm his deposition. As one reads the speech of Stanley, one can see him on his feet in the midst of the bishop's enemies. The small figure, great with indignation, seems to dilate before us. He takes possession of our sympathies, as his words

took possession then of the real heart of England. He says in the plainest language how absolutely his method of studying the Bible differs from Colenso's. He emphasizes his plea by a disclaimer of personal association. But he pleads for free speech and for light. "The Bishop of Natal gives us more than he can ever take from us by the testimony which is thus rendered to all the world that the power of thought and speech is still left to us, even in the highest ranks of our hierarchy. This is worth a hundred mistakes that he may have made about the author of the Pentateuch." He tells Convocation that among living prelates and clergymen of the Church of England there are hundreds and thousands who hold the same principles as Bishop Colenso, "against whom you have not proposed and dare not propose to institute proceedings." Among these he describes himself. Then he cries out, "At least, deal out the same measure to me that you deal to him; at least judge for all a righteous judgment. Deal out the same measure to those who are well befriended and who are present as to those who are unbefriended and absent."

It would be hard to find a truer chivalry than that. It would be hard to say what nobler use could possibly be made of privilege and power and prosperity than thus to hold them like a shield over the oppressed and helpless. Something of the same chivalry appears in his continual assertion of the worth of goodness outside the visible church and the formal associations of religion. He, living deep in those associations, and loving them with all his heart, is watchful and jealous lest any wrong should be done to that larger working of the Spirit of God which no organization can express. So he pleads for the sacredness of secular life. So he even becomes the champion of a depreciated age of history, and in the article which I have already quoted chivalrously stands up for the despised and dishonored eighteenth century.

There is a chivalry in prayer. There is a kind of prayer in which the man who prays seems to value the privilege of his spiritual life mostly because of the hope which it gives him for the darkest and most hopeless of God's children. Such a prayer as this is one which the Dean of Westminster wrote very lately for one of the days of the church year for which the Liturgy provides no collect: —

"O Eternal Spirit, through whom in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted before Him, enlighten our hearts, that we may know and perceive in all nations and kindreds of people whatsoever there is in any of them of true and honest, just and pure, lovely and of good report, through the Word which lighteth every man, Jesus Christ our Lord."

It is certain that the religious life and teaching of Dean Stanley have given immense support to Christian faith in England. In Convocation, just after he died, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of him thus: "There are, in a great community like ours, a vast number of persons who are not members of our own or of any other church, and there are persons whose temptations are altogether in the direction of skepticism; and my own impression is that the works of the late Dean of Westminster have confirmed in the Christian faith a vast number of such persons." That is a noble record in such days as these. To discriminate the essence of Christianity from its accidents; to show the world that many of the attacks on Christian faith are aimed at what men may well be in doubt about, and yet be Christians; to lead the soul behind the disputes whose battle-ground is the letter, into the sanctuary of the spirit; to bid the personal loyalty to a divine Master stand forth from the tumult of doctrinal discussion as the one vital power of the Christian life, —

this is a work for the defender of the faith which is full of inspiration, and makes multitudes of men his debtors. Stanley's last volume, his Christian Institutions, does this with wonderful clearness and power. What Christian faith and worship really are stand forth in that book in most calm and majestic simplicity. As we read it, it is as if we heard the quiet word spoken which breaks the spell of ecclesiasticism, and the imprisoned truth or principle wakes and stands upon its feet and looks us in the eye. The flush of life comes back into the hard face of dead ceremonies, and their soul reveals itself. Bubbles of venerable superstition seem to burst before our eyes; and we feel sure anew, with fresh delight and hope, that not fantastical complexity, but the simplicity of naturalness, is the real temple in which we are to look for truth. The great Christian faith of the future will honor the life-long teacher of such rational Christianity as that high among the servants and saviours of the religion of Christ in England in these days of doubt, high among the faithful souls who, in the midst of perplexity and disbelief, refused to despair of the church of Christ.

Nor was it for mere concession that the religion of the Dean was noteworthy. His whole work was constructive. He was the most conservative of radicals. In 1863, when he bade farewell to Oxford that he might go to Westminster, these were his last words to the young men of the university: "Be as free, be as liberal, be as courageous, as you will, but be religious, *because* you are liberal; be devout, *because* you are free; be pure, *because* you are bold; cast away the works of darkness, *because* you are the children of light; be humble and considerate and forbearing, *because* you are charged with hopes as grand as were ever committed to the rising generation of any church or of any country." Any man who talks about him as if the essence of his life and work were destructive has yet to learn what destruction and construction mean, — has yet to master that great truth which Stanley himself thus nobly states: "We sometimes think that it is the transitory alone which changes; the eternal stands still. Rather, the transitory stands still, fades, and falls to pieces; the eternal continues by changing its form in accordance with the movement of advancing ages."

It would be hard to name any man in these days who has given clearer proof of a true love for the Bible than Dean Stanley. On a quiet summer Sunday evening, as you sat in the thronged Abbey, in that mingling of the daylight from without and the church's lamps within which seemed to fill the venerable place with a sacred and yet most familiar beauty, and saw by and by, as the service advanced, that small live figure move, during the music of the chant, to the old lectern, and read the chapter from the Old Testament; as you heard the eager voice lose all its consciousness of time and place as it passed on into the pathos of the story; as, at last, there rang through the great arches the wail of the great Hebrew monarch, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!" — as thus, for the instant, the Dean thrilled himself and filled the trembling souls of those who heard him with the passion of the king, you felt yourself in the presence of a love and reverence for the Book of God which was deep and true just in proportion as it was free from superstition and full of intelligence. "And oh, to think," says Canon Farrar, "that we shall never hear him read again, with such ringing exultation, the Song of Deborah!" And when we hear the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol tell how, in the Revision Committee, the Dean would often plead for the preservation of an "innocent archaism" in

the English text, we catch a glimpse of his love for the familiar words of the old New Testament which appeals to the hearts of multitudes of English Christians.

The first and indispensable condition of the Bible's power is that the Bible should be alive. A dead book, like a dead man, slays no dragons. And to how many readers Dean Stanley's works have made the Bible live! How many eyes, fastened upon his pages, have seen gradually issuing through the thin substance of the half-mythical Moses or David, in whom they once tried to believe, a real Moses or David, — as real to them as Moses was to Miriam, or David was to Joab, — and have found, perhaps to their surprise, that it was in those real human lives, in men and women troubled, tormented, loving, hating, sinning, repenting, yet all doing something to make possible the days of the Son of man which were to come, — that it was in such human lives as these that the true revelation of God to man in the Old Testament was contained. How many a reader of Stanley has felt the truth of these words of the Dean himself: "Can any one doubt that the characters of David and Paul are better appreciated, more truly loved, by a man like Ewald, who appreciates them with a profound insight into their language, their thoughts, their customs, their history, than by a scholastic divine from whom the atmosphere in which the king and the apostle moved was almost entirely shut out?" It would be little if the work of Stanley had simply clothed the Bible for many readers with a fascinating interest. It is surely a debt for which the Christian world is grateful that he has called forth for multitudes its sacredness and power, and made it for them the Book of Life.

Nor can there be any doubt that, in this vividness and sacredness which filled the life of the Bible and all human life for him, there lay the true secret of that prevailing silence in his writings with regard to the things on which theologians ordinarily dwell most, which has so frequently been observed and questioned. The miracle of life to him was everywhere. So truly was the hand of God apparent in the building of the nations, in the guiding of the stream of history, and especially in the education of character and in the moral progress of the world, that in these great phenomena he found the truest signs of his religion; and the extraordinary manifestations of divine power, while they always wakened in him an awe peculiar to their own mysteriousness, while they were dwelt upon in the silence which often marks the deepest reverence, were never made the chief objects of his study, nor the supports on which his faith relied. "Let us recognize," he said, "that the preternatural is not the supernatural, and that, whether the preternatural is present or absent, the true supernatural may and will remain unshaken." "Not by outward acts, or institutions, or signs of power, but by being what He was, has the history of Jesus Christ retained its hold on mankind." The life of Christ was a life "sacred and divine, because it was supremely, superhumanly, and transcendently *good*." When he went to Patmos, and wrote that account of the island which will always make the vision of the Apocalypse more vivid and intelligible to any one who reads it, it was still the vision-seer more than the vision on which his mind was dwelling, and he closes his account by saying, "We understand the Apocalypse better for having been at Patmos. But we can understand the Gospel and Epistles of St. John as well in England as in Patmos, or in Ephesus, or even in his own native Palestine." Surely a faith like this, to which all ground is holy and all days are the days of Christ, and man lifted to moral nobleness and purity by God is the great miracle, is better than a faith which only looks afar off, and

finds the world of men around it and the present day in which it lives barren and destitute of God.

It is hard for us Americans to enter fully into an understanding of that idea of the national church, of religion as a true function of the Christian state, which Stanley learned from his great teacher Dr. Arnold, and which pervaded all his thinking all his life. But when he comes himself to state the spiritual meaning of his idea, he takes us into his sympathy at once. "The connection of the church with the state is," he says, "merely another form of that great Christian principle, — that cardinal doctrine of the Reformation, which is at the same time truly catholic and truly apostolical, — that Christian life and Christian theology thrive the most vigorously not by separation and isolation and secrecy, but by intercommunion with the domestic and social relations of man, — in the world, though not of it." There is no low Erastianism in that high interpretation. And we always must remember that Arnold, deeply as Stanley honored him, was not the only influence that had shaped his thought. The profounder and more spiritual philosophy of Frederick Maurice was freely felt and owned. It is really the church-and-state theory of Arnold, inspired and glorified by Maurice's doctrine of the Kingdom of Heaven, and the ongoing of the redemptive life of man in Christ, and both of them made clear and familiar by his own historic sympathy and never failing love for man, that one feels at the heart of Stanley's hope for his country and for the world.

No one who heard it will ever forget the benediction which Dean Stanley uttered at the close of the service at which he preached in Trinity Church in Boston, on the 22d of September, 1878. He had been but a few days in America. It was the first time that he had looked an American congregation in the face. The church was crowded with men and women, of whom he only knew that to him they represented the New World. He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity. And as he spoke the solemn words, it was not a clergyman dismissing a congregation: it was the Old World blessing the New; it was England blessing America. The voice trembled, while it grew rich and deep, and took every man's heart into the great conception of the act that filled itself. The next morning he met a gathering of clergymen at breakfast, and as they separated, the room for an instant growing quiet and sacred, he said, "I will bid you farewell with the benediction which I pronounced yesterday in Trinity Church, and which it is my habit to pronounce on all the more important occasions in the Abbey." And then again came the same words, with the same calm solemnity. When he stood where now he himself lies buried, and had watched the dear remains of his wife — to lose whom from his sight was agony to him — committed to the ground, he lifted up himself at the close of the service, and with a clear voice uttered this same benediction. And once again, for the last time, when he lay waiting for the end in the deanery, Canon Farrar tells us how, after he had received the communion, the voice of the dying Dean was heard feebly blessing his friends, and blessing the world that he was leaving, with the same benediction, which meant so much to him. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he carried a benediction with him.

The personal charm of Dean Stanley, in public and in private, was something which everybody felt who came into the slightest association with him. Indeed, it seems, as we have intimated, to have been felt even by those who never saw him, and who knew him only through his books and by the public record of his life. It was the charm of simple truthfulness, of perfect manliness, of a true sympathy with all forms of

healthy human action, and of a perpetual picturesqueness, which was enhanced by the interesting positions which he held, but was independent of them, and had its real being in his personality itself. If he had been the humblest country parson instead of being Dean of Westminster, he would have carried about the same charm in his smaller world. It was associated with his physical frame, his small stature, his keen eye, his rapid movement, his expressive voice. The very absence of bodily vigor made the spiritual presence more distinct. And the perfect unity of the outer and the inner, the public and the private life, at once precluded any chance of disappointment in those who, having been attracted by his work, came by and by to know him personally, and at the same time gave to those whose only knowledge of him was from his writings and his public services the right to feel that they did really know him as he was.

His preaching was the natural expression of his nature and his mind. It was full of sympathy and of historical imagination. Apart from the beautiful simplicity of his style, and the richness of illustrative allusion, the charm of his sermons was very apt to lie in a certain way which he had of treating the events of the day as parts of the history of the world, and making his hearers feel that they and what they were doing belonged as truly to the history of their race, and shared as truly in the care and government of God, as David and his wars, or Socrates and his teachings. As his lectures made all times live with the familiarity of our own day, so his sermons made our own day, with its petty interests, grow sacred and inspired by its identification with the great principles of all the ages. With the procession of heroism, and faith, and bravery, and holiness, always marching before his eyes, he summoned his congregation in the Abbey or in the village church to join the host. And it was his power of historical imagination that made them for an instant see the procession which he saw, and long to join it at his summons.

Such a life as we have tried to describe, a life so full of faith and hope and charity, could not but be a very happy life. All his friends know — indeed, all the world which has watched him knows — how that life has been changed since his wife died in 1876. Lady Augusta Stanley — of whom her husband wrote upon her grave that she was "for thirty years the devoted servant of Queen Victoria and the Queen's mother and children, for twelve years the unwearied friend of the people of Westminster and the inseparable partner of her husband's toils and hopes, uniting many hearts from many lands, and drawing all to things above" — left the home to which her life had given such brilliancy and sweetness very desolate and empty when she died. And yet, with all his most pathetic sorrow, there was a richness in his memory and thought of her after her death that was not destitute of happiness. "I shall be there when he takes people round the Abbey. I shall be associated with all his works." So she had said when speaking of her grave. And some fulfillment of her hope, some constant sense of spiritual company, gave a peculiar beauty to the last years of the servant of God, as he still lingered till his work was done.

The feeling of Dean Stanley towards Westminster Abbey and his treatment of the duties and privileges which belonged to him as the head of that venerable sanctuary have been full of poetry and beauty. They have made the last seventeen years of his life a poem by themselves. Westminster Abbey represented to him the religious life of England; and in its abundant suggestiveness he found illustrations of all his best hopes and ideas of humanity and of the church. More and more his whole

life centred there. In 1865, before the Society of Antiquaries, pleading for the restoration of certain neglected parts of the great building, he said, imitating the line of Terence, "Decanus Westmonasteriensis sum; nihil Westmonasteriense a ne alienum puto."

To walk through the Abbey with the Dean was like walking through antiquity with Plutarch; only it was a Christian Plutarch, and a Plutarch full of the ideas and aspirations of the nineteenth century, as well as the memory of all other centuries, with whom you walked. Now he stopped by the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in the centre of the Abbey, and told of "his innocent faith and sympathy with the people," which give the childish and eccentric monarch such a lasting charm. Now he paused before the often-mutilated monument of André, and had a kind word both for the ill-fated victim and the great captain who reluctantly condemned him. Now, in the centre of the nave, he would let no one pass the grave of Livingstone without reverence. Now, in the poets' corner, he stood beneath the quaint memorial of "rare Ben Jonson," and told the fantastic stories of his burial and of the strange inscription. Then, in Henry VII.'s chapel, he would point to the Duke of Buckinghamshire's monument, and recount how a too scrupulous dean had made the famous inscription heathen, because he could not have it made Christian in just the words he wished, and so, "rather than tolerate suspected heresy, admitted the absolute negation of Christianity." A moment he would linger by the spot where Cromwell's body lay for three years, till the silly rage of the Restoration dragged it away. And just beyond that grave, in the chapel where the Duke of Montpensier, the younger brother of Louis Philippe, king of the French, lies buried, there is the stone beneath which he now sleeps himself, and which for years he never approached without a change in the step which any one walking by his side could feel at once.

The anxiety of the Dean of Westminster that all the people of England, as far as possible, should know the Abbey; the intense interest with which he led companies of workingmen and workingwomen through its aisles and chapels; the responsibility which he felt for the execution of his office as the guardian of its dignity and the judge of who should be admitted to its courts for worship or for burial, — all these show in how lofty a way he loved it. It was no toy for him to play with. It was no museum of bricabrac antiquity. Nor was it a pedestal for him to stand on, nor a frame to set off the picture of his life. It was the image of the sacredness of history and of God's ways in England, which he was set to keep, as the high priests of the Jews were set to keep the Books of the Kings and of the Chronicles. When he was willing that the monument of the French Imperial Prince should be received into the great assembly, it was not a certificate of the prince's greatness nor an indorsement of imperialist ideas which was intended. It was simply that the death of one who might be called the last of the Bonapartes in the service of England seemed to the Dean a picturesque event, worthy to be written on the stone tablet of history which was in his keeping. When he refused the use of the Abbey for an official meeting of the Lambeth Conference in 1867, it was because he could not see in that assemblage a fair, impartial utterance of English Christianity. When he invited Max Müller to lecture in the Abbey upon Christian missions, it was his testimony to the truth that the laity really are the English church, and that by lay intelligence and thoughtfulness, as well as by the special methods of knowledge which are open to the clergy, the questions of religion must be approached and answered. "So long as Westminster Abbey maintains its hold

on the affections or respect of the English church and nation, so long will it remain a standing proof that there is in the truest feelings of human nature and in the highest aspirations of religion something deeper and wider than the partial judgments of the day and the technical distinctions of sects, — even than the just, though it may for the moment be misplaced, indignation against the errors and sins of our brethren." In words like these we have the true key to his treatment of the great national trust, which he never mentioned without a most impressive seriousness.

It is interesting to see, in his delightful work upon the Abbey, what are some of the incidents in the history of the great church which seem to give him peculiar pleasure. He commemorates the fact that "William Caxton, who first introduced into Great Britain the art of printing, exercised that art, A. D. 1477 or earlier, in the Abbey of Westminster." Again, he recollects with pleasure that the injunction under Edward VI., which commanded the sale of the brass lecterns and copper gilt candlesticks and angels "as monuments of idolatry," was coupled with a direction that the proceeds should be devoted "to the library and the buying of books." Both of these satisfactions are characteristic of the light-lover. While he records the execrations which the gigantic and obtrusive monument of James Watt has provoked from architectural enthusiasts, yet he himself is reconciled to it by remembering "what this vast figure represents, — what class of interests before unknown, what revolutions in the whole frame-work of society, equal to any that the Abbey walls have yet commemorated." When he was installed as Dean, the passage in the service which most startled his ear as the oracle and augury of his new work was that in which it is prayed that the new-comer may be enabled to do his best "for the *enlargement* of God's church." On December 21, 1869, the consecration to the see of Exeter of "the worthy successor of Arnold at Rugby, Dr. Temple, who, after an opposition similar to that which no doubt would have met his predecessor's elevation, entered on his episcopal duties with a burst of popular enthusiasm such as has hardly fallen to the lot of any English prelate since the Reformation," is joyously recorded by his sympathizing friend. Everywhere there was that same broad satisfaction in the highest uses to which his great charge could be put which was uttered in almost the last articulate words which were taken down unaltered from his failing speech, — words in which he passed most naturally from the thought of his own personal life to the thought of the Abbey in which he had lived. "The end has come," he said, "in the way in which I most desired it should come. I could not have controlled it better. After preaching one of my sermons on the Beatitudes, I had a most violent fit of sickness, took to my bed, and said immediately that I wished to die at Westminster. I am perfectly happy, perfectly satisfied; I have no misgivings." And again, a little later on, "So far as I knew what the duties of this office are supposed to be, in spite of every incompetence, I yet humbly trust that I have sustained before the mind of the nation the extraordinary value of the Abbey as a religious, liberal, and national institution."

However men have questioned other burials in the Abbey, there is no doubt about his right to be buried there. He has given the venerable structure a deeper meaning, and therefore a deeper sacredness, to countless minds. His use of the building of many centuries for the best purposes of this latest century in which he lived is a true picture of how he tried to make the unchanging church of Christ a real and living servant of this modern time, with its changed needs and thoughts.

The short and hurried visit of Dean Stanley to the United States in 1878 will be long remembered here. It is not too much to say that more than any Englishman of distinction who has visited this country he entered into sympathetic understanding of its life. He came as an historian and as an Englishman. When he stood upon the hill at Plymouth, and took in with wonderful distinctness the whole scene of the landing of the Pilgrims; when he made his pilgrimage to Channing's grave; when he stood upon the spot of André's execution, and conceived the beautiful inscription which he afterwards wrote out for the monument to be erected there, always he was the historian and the Englishman, loving to trace in the first settlement of the country, and in the struggle for independence, and in the growth of liberal and humane Christian thought the tokens in the New World of that same trusty human character which he at once shared and honored in the mother country. But always, besides being the historian and the Englishman, he was also the prophet and the man; ready and glad to recognize that, for the state and for the church and for the race, God had appointed a work here in America which could be done only here, and so honoring our country not simply as the issue of great histories in the past, not simply as the echo on new shores of a life which he respected and loved at home, but as the minister of unknown works for God and man in the great future, as containing the promise and potency of sorts of life in the days to come which she alone could furnish. The sketch of America which he wrote in a magazine article on his return was very remarkable for its observation and thoughtful insight. More than ever, since that visit, the deanery and the Abbey have been open to Americans. And in all the last services in which he took part there, from the day of the murderous assault upon President Garfield, prayers were offered in the Abbey, by the Dean's direction, that the life of the American President might be spared to his nation and the world.

As we close this rapid survey of Dean Stanley's life, can there be any doubt what are the lessons which he would wish to have it teach? Must not the first certainly be this: that Christ is the Lord of human history, and that in his gospel and his church, ever more broadly and spiritually conceived, lies the true hope of human progress and the true field of human work? And is not the second this: that human existence is full of crowded interest, and that simplicity, integrity, the love of truth, and high, unselfish aims must make for any man in whom they meet a rich and happy life?

These lessons will be taught by many lives in many languages before the end shall come; but for many years yet to come there will be men who will find not the least persuasive and impressive teachings of them in Dean Stanley's life. The heavens will still be bright with stars, and younger men will never miss the radiance which they never saw. But for those who once watched for his light there will always be a spot of special darkness in the heavens, where a star of special beauty went out when he died.

Phillips Brooks.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

RALPH VERNON,[1] after breaking his engagement because his prospective father-in-law refuses to consent to the children of the marriage being brought up Roman Catholics, retires to a very earthly paradise, in convenient nearness to Monte Carlo, to search for his "lost self." A reckless abandonment to the distinctly sensuous charms of Southern scenery and climate, together with the solicitations of Burgundy *al fresco* in quaint old goblets, much distracts him from the pursuit; still, the reader suspects that his failure to get on the track of his evanished personality is mainly due to its having no existence outside of his own rather heated fancy. At Monte Carlo, one afternoon, in company with some friends who are engaged in the pursuit of the pleasures there offered, he further relaxes his anxious mind by attentions to a Venus with a red fan, a charmer of the description abundant at these resorts. Her he soon deserts, however, for a goddess of a different style, the beautiful and high-bred Miss Walters, who appears to him a very Diana. She turns out to be the occupant of a delightful residence next his own, and in the course of a homeward drive with her their sympathetic and confidential discourse on the subjects of love and friendship results in a rapid ripening of acquaintance. That evening he resumes the search for his lost self by praying or confessing himself on paper, in a rather hysteric fashion and at great length, to a God in whom he seems to find extreme difficulty in believing. At the end of a day or two his relations with Miss Cynthia Walters have assumed a decidedly intimate character, after a morning meeting at the foot of her garden, whither she has strayed in an elegant dishabille of a blue satin dressing gown and a fur-lined mantle. She carries a small Bible, in which she has been reading about "my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled," which names Vernon is not slow in applying to his beautiful friend; the interview ends with a kiss less platonic than Vernon, on second thoughts, would have had it. The romance proceeds according to this beginning, with alternations of sentimental love-making which is but a spurious imitation of real love, and of "religious" speculation and conversation which are only the indulgence of a "dreamy spiritual voluptuousness," — to use words of the author's own, which quite accurately describe the substance of these pages. Miss Walters speedily makes it known to Vernon that she bears a gnawing sorrow at her heart, which at length she confesses to be remorse. She reveals herself a sinner, fallen as low as woman can fall, but one who is willing to be drawn out of the mire, provided Vernon will undertake her salvation by giving her the entire devotion of his heart. He thinks of doing so, but finds two souls, his own and hers, too much to look after at a time. An ascetic Catholic, with whom Vernon occasionally communes, tells him that the "denials of his intellect have gone far to paralyze the affirmations of the affections;" but the reason of his failure to accomplish his own or Miss Walters's regeneration appears to be rather that he is a poor creature whose affections have nothing particular to affirm. A short season of religious love-making is usually followed by a period of repentance and self-contempt, during which he revolves all sides of the question, and contemplates the expediency of "having her for him-

[1] *A Romance of the Nineteenth Century.* By W. H. MALLOCK. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

self," if he cannot "win her for God." Miss Walters herself is decidedly hopeless over her case. To Vernon's protestations of his belief in her innate purity she replies that, though she thinks she was naturally white-souled, she is, unfortunately, at present as depraved as a woman can well be; his exhortations to belief in God she answers by posing him with questions as to his own creed, remarking by the way, however, that she occasionally supplicates that mythical saint, St. Mary Magdalene; and she declines the attempt to live decently without the support of Vernon's devotion. But Vernon plays priest and lover with equal incapacity. He relieves his wretched mind in spasmodic soliloquies, but manages to sustain nature during this trying time by *recherché* repasts, — pâtés, champertin, etc., — to which he invites those friends of his who but for a trifle less of coarseness might have stepped out of one of the worst of Ouida's novels. We say a trifle less of coarseness, but, indeed, there occurs on page 57 a bit of dialogue that must needs make Ouida tremble for her laurels. Clearly, Mr. Mallock has dipped his pen in that lady's inkstand, and shown her that she no longer monopolizes her peculiar kind of vulgarity. The book ends with the death of Vernon, shot by the man he madly assails as the original tempter of Miss Walters's virtue. He is buried with the leaves of his "confessions" placed upon his breast, and Miss Walters, dying of heart disease, is interred near him, with the inscription on her tombstone, *Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God*, — an application which, considering that this erring woman has given no sign whatever of genuine penitence, is to the sense of the average non-sentimental person shocking.

Mr. Mallock's book is an extraordinary one, as this brief account of the story as it runs sufficiently indicates. Those readers whom it does not demoralize will find it simply and literally disgusting. It is hard to conceive why it was written. If the author had wished to play into the hands of his adversaries, the scientific atheists whom he has heretofore fought with so much ability, he could not have served them more effectually than by sending forth this volume. After such miserable stuff, it would, by contrast, be positively refreshing to read Frederic Harrison or Kingdon Clifford: the life-thoughts of the free-thinkers, however hard and cold and blank, would appear as at least a wholesome and manly alternative to this sickly, lamp-lit, perfumed, sentimental, sensual emotionalism. Those who read the Dialogue on Human Happiness are not wholly unprepared for the appearance of this Romance: the latter is but an expansion of the former, but what might have seemed to possess small significance if it had remained a mere hint or sketch cannot so well be overlooked now that it calls attention to itself as a finished work. Yet if the book were not Mr. Mallock's, if it were not the production of a writer who, in exposing the futility of some of the modern atheistic objections to Christian belief, has displayed much clearness of insight and keenness of argument, the book would not be worth even a passing notice. The weakness of his reasoning whenever he has attempted to set forth anything like a positive doctrine does not detract from the value of his work in maintaining the negative of his opponent's position. But it is difficult to believe that an author can ever have proved himself capable of sound sense and acute thinking who is now content to offer the public a volume full of such wretched matter as the Romance of the Nineteenth Century contains.

A Gentleman of Leisure[1] is a good title for a novel, especially for one to be read in the dog-days. The book

[1] *A Gentleman of Leisure.* By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

is a sort of showman's account of that curious and changing panorama, New York society, or, more correctly, a description illustrated by pictures, like the lectures of some travelers. The author has very ingeniously chosen his illustrations from a series of festivities or entertainments exhibiting the manners, customs, and in some degree the morals, of the different circles which make up the polite social system, — circles which are not concentric, though many of them touch or intersect. We are introduced to these in company with the hero, Mr. Clinton Wainwright, who is visiting his native country as a stranger. He has lived for twenty years in England, where his mother made a second marriage, and he has been through school, university, and society in that country. After this long absence he comes to New York to take possession of an inheritance, not intending to remain in America above three months, and expecting "to be a little amused and a great deal bored by the trip." His notions about the modes of life as well as of other matters in New York are hazy: he expects, for instance, to find his rich countrymen dining at two P. M. Of course a succession of surprises await him, none of which could have been keener than the first, when, on going to dine with his banker, Mr. Bodenstein, at seven o'clock, "one butler opened the door for him, another removed his wraps." As in England at those "patrician fire-sides where he had been received without a single fastidious murmur," he could never have seen more than one such dignitary in occupation, this must have taken the edge off the effect even of "the arras of crimson velvet."

The dinner at the Bodensteins' was followed not long afterwards by a ball at the same house. Mr. Bodenstein is a German Jew, of unattractive appearance, who, with the aid of an influential foreign capitalist, has contrived to make the biggest fortune, marry the prettiest, richest, best born and bred young lady of her season, have the handsomest house and most elegant entertainments, and keep the best company in New York. There is likewise a kettledrum in the over-furnished drawing-room of Mrs. Townsend Spring, the handsome wife of a flashy, tipsy stock-broker, a rich man one day, a bankrupt the next, or *vice versa*, — vicissitudes which do not affect his speculations or his wife's expenditure. There is a ball at the Grosvenors' dull, cold, aristocratic family mansion, which everybody is anxious to attend; there is another at Mrs. Doughty's, to which an acquaintance of the hostess's can take an acquaintance of his own without invitation or permission, and where the gentlemen wear embroidered shirts and silk or satin neck-ties. There is a reception at Mrs. Lucretia Bateson Bangs's, the mistress of the house being a lady who writes woman with a capital W, and whose guests are all geniuses; and there is a little dinner at the Metropolitan Club. It is at this resort, frequented chiefly by Anglomaniacs, that some characteristics of New York society are revealed, and that Wainwright comes to a better understanding of himself and of one class of his compatriots. These young gentlemen wear clothes made only in London, affect English airs, and express themselves with the accent of Belgravia after the following fashion: —

"I saw Binghamton firing away at you, and I knew that no fellow had a chance to talk while he was doing that sort of thing. But he 's confoundedly clever, is Binghamton. Upon my word, now, he knows a fearful lot. By the way, did you bring any traps over with you? I suppose not, eh? I 've just had a jolly drag sent across. It 's going to beat anything in the coaching club, I fancy. We 've a coaching club here, you know. Nothing so swell as yours, of course."

This is peculiarly disgusting to Mr. Wainwright, who, in spite of having passed his life in England and with English people "who belonged distinctly to the aristocracy," is still so good an American that he says, "Your sister seems to have considerable male society about her," and uses many phrases not to be acquired at Oxford.

His English education, however, while it had not corrupted his speech, had left him in complete ignorance of his native country, which "began by amazing him, and ended by interesting him sharply. He was not sure yet [this was at an early stage] whether he liked it or not." One cause of complaint was the over-civilization of some forms of life in New York. He found fault with the Bodensteins' ball for being too magnificent, for "smelling of royalty, of imperialism, of anything that is not republican," and preached a little sermon on this text then and there. But he is enchanted with the beauty, grace, and charm of the women whom he meets in every circle to which he is introduced, and he soon finds himself strongly attracted by Miss Ruth Cheever. She is the sister of the fast and foolish Mrs. Townsend Spring, but her superiority to the latter is no secret to the reticent, sensitive, dignified girl. On her first meeting with Wainwright, at her sister's house, which has been her home since her mother's death, two years before, she tells him that she has come from "a simple Massachusetts town, not far from Boston, — just near enough to be civilized;" hence her high principles, her fine manners, her modulated voice, "full of silvery refinement." She also tells him that she dislikes her present home, and begs him to go away, as her sister "is in one of her unpleasant moods" that evening. Before they have seen each other half a dozen times Ruth takes Wainwright further into her confidence, and tells him more of her sister's ill-temper, extravagance, and worldliness, of her brother-in-law's bad habits and dishonest practices, and of her own unhappiness at her sister's determination to force her into a mercenary marriage.

The thin thread of story is spun from the varying fortunes of the Townsend Springs, and the sole incident of any importance concerns Mrs. Spring, Mr. Wainwright, and a dress-maker. This is cleverly devised, but it does not seem to strike Mrs. Spring, her husband, the hero, the heroine, the dress-maker, or the author that Wainwright's generosity was horribly compromising to Mrs. Spring's reputation. The introduction of the gold room on Black Friday is excellent, and if better handled might have been extremely powerful. The truth is that throughout the book one more often sees what the author means to do than sees him do it. The description of Townsend Spring is good: "treating life like a roulette board; smoking it up sensuously like a quick-consumed cigar; drinking it down, day after day, like a series of fiery potions; missing all its fine flavors in his greedy, voluptuous haste to gain them; and cutting, as he stumbled through his precarious career, a figure little less than socially ribald." But the man himself produces no such distinct impression. Neither do Gansevoort, Binghamton, Mrs. Vanderhoff, nor Mrs. Spring, although the last is more life-like than the rest. We see the mark, but we see that Mr. Fawcett does not hit it; to measure how far he misses it, one need but compare the club talk in one of Trollope's novels, The Duke's Children, for instance, with that in the Gentleman of Leisure. The insipidity and improbability of all the conversations are more noticeable from the cleverness with which the manner of a single person is hit off, Gansevoort and Mrs. Vanderhoff, in particular; it is like mimicry.

The hero and heroine, as is often the case, are the poorest figures. Ruth's

asserted delicacy and decision are contradicted by her every word and action. Wainwright's inconsistencies are still more puzzling: why, since he was brought up like an Englishman, is he so little like them? If it is because of his being an American, why is he so little like us? He is true to the description given of him at first, as mildly satirical; his ironical remarks are often quoted, and they are so very mild that the author always feels obliged to call the sarcastic intention to the reader's notice. But Wainwright is really a fine fellow: he resolves to give up the girl he loves, and who he believes loves him, because the connection with the Springs is one of those things from which every self-respecting man must protect himself; but when Townsend makes a lucky stroke on 'change and gets out of trouble, and Ruth openly breaks with her sister, he does not hesitate for a moment to ask her to be his wife. He is so delighted with what he has seen of his native country, the Bodensteins, Gansevoorts, Bangses, and board of brokers, that he determines to give up Europe, to live in America forever, and to run for Congress.

This is another instance of the international novel, the view of America seen through eyes not alien, yet adjusted to a focus and perspective different from our own. The author intimates this distinctly, and the oppositeness of its aim and intent from those of some other stories of similar construction; yet not only is the main idea, the position of the hero, borrowed, but there are peculiarities of expression betraying an influence which Mr. Fawcett would no doubt repudiate. One cannot mistake the model of such sentences as these: "He had been from the hour of his landing an admirable subject for impressions;" "'Because I must have taxed you so by asking you to do me that little favor,' Mrs. Vanderhoff returned, it deepening her handsome smile." This is not the best style of English or American writing, but it is better than many passages in the book, the meaning of which is difficult to arrive at, such as, "His hotel was situated . . . amid that region of residences which lack the gallant thrift of others lying beyond them, yet wear a time-touched gravity rare in a city so roughly subversive of all memorial charm. He observed this trait of variation as he walked along." "He had not yet discovered that the advertising impulse, in our special form of civilization, may sometimes reach hysterical points of assertiveness." It may be this difficulty in defining his impressions which causes Mr. Fawcett's pictures of New York society, although sufficiently like what they represent, to convey an idea that the artist is unfamiliar with his subject, or that he is inexact in his treatment of it. This short-coming is chiefly to be observed in minor details; there are no slips so unlucky as speaking of English people being "*down* from the country" in London. But when a book deals exclusively with details, even slight inaccuracies in minutiæ impeach its authority. Some New Yorkers will probably take advantage of them to assert that the picture is drawn by an outsider; the fact will remain, nevertheless, that to an outsider it has a strong air of resemblance.

Baby Rue [1] is another American story, but as far removed from the preceding as the east is from the west. It is what the French call a *pièce de tendance*, and the tendency may be known from the following extracts: "The vacillation of the government in its Indian affairs was then, [1842–45] as now, the curse of the savage as well as the frontiersman." "The Anglo-Saxon found the red man of North America hospitable, honest, brave, generous, and sober; if after three centuries of Christian contact and example he is wily,

1 *Baby Rue.* (No Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1881.

treacherous, cruel, a thief, and a drunkard, whose is the fault? To prove it is not altogether his, we will go on with this history." If a novel may be permitted to have a moral purpose, this is surely a noble one; but the writer should have the burning words, the lips touched with the coal of prophetic fire, by which the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin kindled a flame of righteous wrath throughout the civilized world. No statement can be too precise, no expressions too strong, to carry home a national sin to the national conscience. Unfortunately, the book before us is ill-planned and worse executed. There are long historical accounts of our broken treaties, perfidious captures, and unjust wars. This is matter which overfreights a story disastrously. The Indian is treated in the romantic manner, and that has never been successful except in the hands of Campbell and Cooper. How faithful the portraits of Coacooche, Lo-loch-to-hoo-la, and Alaya-chayra may be, only one who has some personal knowledge of Indian character can judge; but anybody may be permitted to doubt that chiefs on the war-path stop to discuss their private injuries and the wrongs of their people in figurative language with white soldiers and scouts. There are occasional vigor, and strength of style, and there is abundant incident, but it is generally overstrained; we are constantly on the border of the marvelous, sometimes over it. Perhaps it is unfair to consider the book as a novel, but a tale, a story, it professes to be, and it does not fulfill the implied conditions. There is no plot; it is a rambling narrative, sustained by the episode of the theft of a white child by an Indian chief, and her final restoration to her parents. The pursuit is so involved with the previous history of some of the characters, with the external and internal policy and wars of several tribes, with the motives and mistakes of United States officers, with varieties of life on the plains, with the rudimentary love affairs of some of the personages, that it is doubtful whether one reader in a hundred will keep the thread clear; it is not only intricate, it is entangled. This confusion and an inevitable want of sympathy with the stolen child are the great defects of the book, for they lessen the interest of the most important portion. Baby Rue, who is not three years old when the story ends, besides being an infant prodigy in the way of intelligence and philological acquirement (as her language is intelligible to Indians of different tribes), is one of those strong-willed children now so numerous in this country as to be no longer remarkable. Her mother, a lady of will too, has given up trying to manage her. She is undaunted by a fight in which all her playmates and protectors are killed, and this demeanor wins the heart of a savage warrior, who saves and steals her, — the only white who escapes alive. She immediately becomes his tyrant, and that of a hostile tribe to whose care he confides her. Naturally, after her recovery, she was entirely spoiled by her parents, so it is to be feared that Baby Rue came to no good. The child lacks individuality, and so do the grown people, of every class and color; there is not even a well-marked type except Pike, the frontiersman, and Bob Stearns, the soldier, and few persons will share the weakness for the "winsomely dear drunkard," which we think betrays the author's sex.

The descriptions of scenery and adventure on the plains are often very real and spirited. There are expressions and images which make the flesh creep with their weird power and picturesqueness, like the surprise of a camp at daybreak, and the bewilderment of the teamsters and herdsmen at the stampede of their horses by the invisible Indians, as they lay along the off-side of their own ponies, shooting from under their bellies: "An occasional arrow struck

and stung to death some hapless herder, as he gazed in astonishment at the strange spectacle of his own horses driven by riderless steeds that swept by him in the dim light." Contrasted with this, and with condensed and forcible sentences like the first one quoted, there is so much religiosity and poor "fine writing" that we almost doubt whether the book is the work of but one person. There is a remarkable apostrophe to readers at the end of a love scene which closes chapter xxvii.: "Ah, madame! ah, monsieur! not for them, not for them, need even the angels fear! Where purity and honesty meet, love may come; but — the serpent lies dead at their feet." This is followed by some pages of beautiful description, and a concise, terse account of the removal of a body of Seminoles from their reservation to the Sierras. Amid the rudest encounters and the fiercest scenes the profanity of both officers and soldiers is frequently apologized for, once in particular with delightful punctiliousness: "'Here come Beall and Leczinsky,' says Colonel Kearny, 'riding as though all hell had broken loose.'" To which there is a foot-note: "Paradise Lost, Book IV., line 918." It is impossible to decide whether the author wishes to clear her (or him) self or Colonel Kearny from the blame of such an expression.

In fine, for a piece of special pleading, the fiction hampers the argument, and for a tale of adventure it lacks completeness, compactness, continuity, and many other necessary qualities, and there are too many diatribes and digressions. It is the more to be regretted as there is material for an interesting, even an exciting, short story, which might have served the writer's good purpose better than the present volume can ever do.

On taking up Friends[1] after either of the above books, one glides instantly into deeper, smoother water. The tone of thought and way of writing are so peculiarly the author's that nobody who has already read one of her books has any excuse for feeling impatient with this. As usual, it is a prolonged analysis of a psychical condition and situation, ordinary enough in its external aspect. It is simply the story of a beautiful, tender, true-hearted young woman, who loses a husband whom she loves with her whole nature, and who, after a long widowhood, marries his most intimate friend, a life-long acquaintance of her own, too, who is brought near her in her bereavement by being her trustee. The conclusion is foreseen from the first chapter, when Nordhall brings Reliance the news of her husband's sudden death; the interest of the book is in the way in which the end is reached. It is a study of "the patient renewals of life, the slow gathering of wasted forces, the gradual restoration of landmarks and symptoms of content, the gravely rebuilt fire-sides, by which forever ears must listen for the footsteps of the flood." These are traced with much delicacy in the woman's case, and the growth and development of love with much truth to nature in the man's, granting Nordhall to be a natural man. From the moment when he thinks that to be the comforter of a dead friend's widow is the most thankless position in the world, and wishes "honestly enough that John were there to do his own consoling," until the last sentence, — "It was heaven on earth at least to him. If to her it was earth after heaven, what cared he?" — the sequence of emotions and events is perfectly logical. There is no plot or action; there are instead merely successive phases of feeling as various and infallible as the phenomena of stars or tides. The mutual sentiments with which the pair set out are simple enough, — pity and the manly desire to protect on one side, gratitude and dependence on the other; only the

[1] *Friends: A Duet.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

common although unequal grief which brings them together quickens the man's sensibility toward the woman, while it deadens hers towards him. At first she is indifferent to him; then gradually come trust, thankfulness, the sense of support, the desire for companionship, the habit of intimacy, ending in necessity. On his part there is the simple process of falling in love with a lovely woman, complicated by the knowledge that her heart is in her husband's grave, and that she will accord no other man any affection except friendship, with rigidly defined and immutable boundaries. The birth of self-consciousness, the growth of constraint, the chill of gossip, the erection of constancy into an idol, with their separate results on the mutual relation; the reactions, revulsions, fresh starts, new departures, are all carefully noted and registered. Miss Phelps understands these subjects: she knows to a throb when and how the blooming of the lilacs, the cutting of the hay, the dropping of the nuts, the crackling of the frost, will work upon the sense of "the days that are no more." But if Miss Phelps wishes to prove that friendship between a man and a woman is impossible where love is possible, she has made an error in choosing as her heroine a woman who, her beauty apart, was not made to inspire friendship, and a hero who was incapable of friendship for a woman. Very few men indeed are capable of it; the majority of men take no interest in a woman with whom they are not or have not been in love. A good many women, although a minority no doubt, are capable of being the devoted friend of one man while in love with another, or even without being in love at all. But Reliance and Nordhall both belong to the majority. If her husband had lived, the friendship would never have existed; she would never have had a man friend, nor he a woman friend. It is hard to believe that such was Miss Phelps's meaning, but whether it were this or the opposite she has not chosen good examples to make it plain. Reliance has not the fibre of friendship. She has no women friends. The only person of her own sex with whom she has any intimacy is the shallow and shadowy Myrtle. She is a perfect sample of a large class of women, a being who can love but one person at a time, and that a man.

The characters are attractive, however, and sympathetic: the woman is very natural, the man very noble; the predominating quality in her is sweetness, in him loyalty. There is something very fine in his determination not to rob her of her comfort and her friend by being her lover. "I will never love her!" he says to himself, after much temptation. "I will befriend her — for her sake." That he fails is Miss Phelps's fault for putting him in such a position. In speaking of the characters, only the Friends of the duet are meant; the half dozen others who people the background are not viable, although old Madam Strong, Reliance's mother-in-law, is a good outline, sharply touched up here and there. The descriptions of the outer world, with its patent inner meaning, are as vivid as ever, and as usual one cannot but feel that they are sometimes strained beyond their real significance. The garden is pretty, with its hollyhocks, "rose and gold and silver white," but one grows so tired of the wine-colored one which is taller than the rest that one wishes to cut its head off; it is exasperating to see it come into flower again next year. Both those who admire Miss Phelps's style and those who do not will find the familiar sources of like and dislike in plenty. In the dialogue the principal force of what is said is given by italicizing, or repeating words already spoken, as if to convey to the mental ear the uttered emphasis. Miss Phelps should recollect that the use of italics has been called an insult to the reader's understanding. It

would be better, on the whole, even for the admirers, if there were fewer sentences like this: "The hall was dark. But the light of the lily was on her;" and more like this: "The fine air spurred her on" (an errand of charity) "like the approval of a friend."

Accustomed as most of us are to meet Russians and their notions and customs in M. Tourguéneff's books, there is always something unsatisfactory in finding the same topics touched by a less sure and delicate hand. The Nihilist Princess is a very interesting book,[1] one of the rare books which the reader is loath to lay down unfinished; but the interest lies entirely in the story, nor is it easy to say how much of it is due merely to the subject. Nihilism is so terrible and tremendous a fact in these days, its name possesses the imagination so powerfully, that with such a basis a novel of any talent can hardly fail of its effect. The one in question follows the movements of Nihilism in Russia during the year 1878; Vera Zassoulitch, General Trepoff, General Menzentzoff, and the late Czar are brought in. The action rushes on without pause or slackening; imaginary personages and events keep pace with actual ones side by side. The book might be called an historical novel of present times. No detail is wanting which belongs to the progress and manifestations of Nihilism as far as can be known, — and everything is known about it; it is an open secret, which is why it is so well kept and so baffling to discovery. The sympathy of the army, the apathy of the clergy, the influence of Poland, the relations with Switzerland, the secret press, the official correspondence, the participation of the nobles, are all made use of by M. Gagneur. The infection, the frenzy, is so wide-spread that the wonder is who is left on the other side. It calls to mind the saying that there are more mad than sane people in the world, and that the reason they do not have it all their way is because they cannot act in concert. There must be radical divergence of aspiration and aim among this nation of conspirators that the country is not in their hands. The temper of M. Gagneur's personages affords a clew to their want of success. The heroine, Princess Wanda Kryloff, is a spoiled, self-willed, passionate young creature, more likely to go wrong than right, with the national love of mystery and a turn of her own for mock heroics. Her generous impulses incline her towards the oppressed, but need of excitement has its share in her first steps. Later, hatred of and opposition to her father (the only well-drawn character in the book), affection and pity for her mother, a hopeless passion for a man she cannot marry, combine to drive her on in the path she has chosen, until the descent towards doom is so rapid that she cannot stop or draw back. One of the principal male characters, Prince Litzanoff, has some of the same incentives and temptations: the needs of a nature which has exhausted the usual sources of excitement without expending the fire of youth, personal animosity, a hopeless love. Michael Federoff, whom the translator thinks meant for Hartmann, but who is a loftier sort of man, has been a serf, and has wrongs which St. Stephen himself could hardly have forgiven. And so on through the whole list. The only disinterested conspirator is Raymond Chabert, a real philanthropist, a true knight, a willing marytr, and he is a Frenchman. It may be remarked in passing that the only absolute villain is Count Stackelberg, a gentleman of German extraction.

There is no fine delineation of character; the leading personages are marked solely by their parts. It is like a breathless melodrama, in which the boards are crowded with actors chiefly distinguished by their costumes, and in which

[1] *A Nihilist Princess.* From the French of M. L. Gagneur. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

the scenery, the stage business, the tableaux, the spectacle, serve instead of the play. It is a prolonged crisis, but the curtain does not fall at the right moment, when the crisis is over. The audience is engrossed, however, because it is the overwhelming public tragedy of our own day. The translation is so good that, except in the longer conversations, when one is conscious of the easy French dialogue stiffening in the process of transmutation, the reader seldom remembers that the book was not written in English.

Would that as much could be said for the beautiful little Norwegian tale, Synnöve Solbakken.[1] That it is not spoiled by the translation is the strongest proof of its charm. The meaning is often obscured and the flow of the recital obstructed by the impossibility which the translator finds either of rendering the original clearly, or of shaking himself free from the letter of the text, and of giving its substance and spirit. Besides which, vulgarisms, such as "right down" for below or beneath, "clear down" for the whole way down, "back of" for behind, are not infrequent. It is astonishing, since Professor Anderson can write very well when left to himself, as one may see by the interesting sketch of Björnson which precedes the story.

The taste for and interest in Scandinavian literature and legend have been of gradual growth with us, slow at first, of late more rapid. Thirty years ago Howitt's Literature of Northern Europe, the German version of the Niebelungen Lied, Miss Martineau's Feats on the Fiord, and some of Fouqué's stories, Sintram, Thiodolf the Icelander, and Aslauga's Knight, were nearly all that was within reach of readers not prepared for research. The traditions, the lore, the poetry, the inhabitants, the customs, the scenery, of that ancient land, which was the first stage in the migration of our early progenitors, were less known to most well-informed people than the history of the Egyptian dynasties. It would be curious to trace the causes which have made their study a favorite pastime. Perhaps the enthusiasm excited by Ole Bull and Jenny Lind created a desire to know something of the countries whence they came, bringing their strange native melodies. About the same time Miss Bremer and her novels became known to us. Then Hans Andersen won the hearts of hundreds of thousands of children and parents, telling about the stork, and the Neckan, and Kronburg. From those days to these, when Prior's and Morris's translations have made the Norse epic as accessible as the Iliad, our acquaintance with Scandinavia has been growing wider and closer. The fjords and fjelds, the sæters and forces, of Sweden and Norway are drawing many travelers away from the glaciers and passes of Switzerland. Multitudes who will never gaze on the midnight sun got a realizing glimpse of the life that goes on beneath it at the Centennial Exhibition. Stories of unfamiliar races told by one of themselves have peculiar zest and freshness, and Synnöve Solbakken is a purely Norwegian story. It is a new tale told in a new way; there is not a familiar or hackneyed personage or incident from beginning to end. It is an uncommon proof of power in so young a man — the author was but twenty-five when it was written, in 1857 — to lay hold on the scenes and figures under his hand, and write his first novel about them, with a keen recognition of their characteristics, instead of seeking his subject and background in less known fields. The result in this case is that, while the men and women are unmistakably true to life, they have the charm for us of complete novelty, and a distinctive

1 *Synnöve Solbakken.* By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Translated from the Norse by RASMUS B. ANDERSON. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

coloring and atmosphere of their own. Their existence has a simplicity and serenity which diffuse a summer-like Sabbath calm over the tale, in spite of occasional fighting matches and drunken bouts and outbursts of blind Berserker fury. It has the ingenuousness, humor, and sentiment of a homely German story, without the alternate mawkishness and matter-of-fact which damage all German romance except a few creations of pure fancy, like Undine. The characters are drawn in a clear outline, like Retzch's etchings, but with reality and consistency; the silent, sunny maiden Synnöve is a new and lovely type of heroine, and contrasts lucently with the darker and more turbulent form of her lover. The suggestive beauty of certain passages, such as the description of the peasants' Sunday and its influence on their mind and habits, will be likely to send readers to try to master them in the original.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Reading one of Anthony Trollope's novels the other day, — he has written about eight hundred; this one was called Ayala's Angel, — I was struck by two facts: first, that the English novelist has almost inexhaustible material to work with; and secondly, that the American novelist has nearly none at all, if he confine himself to his own country and period. There is nothing definite in American society for the dramatist to get hold of. It is all but impossible for an American author to make his high-bred heroine commit a *mésalliance*, unless he marries her to her father's coachman, or to a railroad conductor, or to a policeman. Even this will not properly thrill the reader, for the conductor may possibly become president of the road, or the policeman may run for mayor, and get elected, or the coachman may turn up a millionaire through dabbling in Bell Telephone stock. If any of those things happen, the line which separated the reluctant father-in-law and the impecunious son-in-law instantly disappears. It is not so in English society. A man or a woman who marries outside of his or her sphere does something really dramatic and permanently wretched. The difficulties which environ two lovers of different rank in life furnish the novelist with endless situations. The daughter of an earl falls in love with a son of a plain country gentleman, and there 's a farce, or a comedy, or a tragedy ready made, with parks and practicable castles, and fashionable sea-side resorts with real water, for scenery. We have the scenery, to be sure, dropping the castles, but we have n't the *dramatis personæ*. A well-educated, gentlemanly young American, with a fair success in his profession or business, — let the business be something in the way of banking, — is a match for any American girl, whatever her surroundings. An English girl may wed just such an admirable person, and in so doing commit a dreadful *faux pas*. The conditions of life in the Old World, the sharply drawn social distinctions, and all the rest of it, give the English story-teller an immense advantage over his American cousin. Where are our cathedral towns, with all that vast ecclesiastical machinery which turns out pompous bishops by the dozen and sentimental curates by the gross? Where are our penniless younger sons and opulent elder brothers? Where is our standing army to get red-breasted lovers from?

Where are our picturesque marriage settlements and the old family notary, with all that sort of thing, don't you know? The English romancer has at his disposal a hundred types of men and women unknown among us. Such a person, for example, as Mr. Frank Houston, in Ayala's Angel, — a young fellow worth sixteen thousand pounds, who considers himself too poor to marry the girl of his heart, — is impossible in America. I suppose there are ten thousand of him in London alone. No wonder our novelists have to take their young women and their young men abroad in order to find background and opportunities for them! The heroes and heroines of American fiction run across now as regularly every summer as any other class of fortunate beings.

— The translation of Martial's epitaph on Erotion, printed some time ago in the Contributors' Club, has tempted me to send you the following paraphrase from Moschus: —

THE DEAD SINGER.

Who now will sing, as in the days of old,
O thrice-regretted singer of the fold?
Ay, who will sing, now that thy lips are cold,
Now that thy hands have dropped the voiceless flute?

Who to his lips dare press the hollow reeds
Warm with thy breath? Still wandering Echo feeds
On thy dear songs, as through the land she speeds,
So soon to tell the people thou art mute.

Nay, thou, where happy sounds and sunshine bless
The souls of men, and days pass numberless,
Hymnest a song of long forgetfulness:
How runs thy song? What are the words it saith?

Wouldst thou return? Nay, nay, it should not be!
Yet could I draw thy sweet soul after me,
As Orpheus did his dear Eurydice,
Even I might pipe before the god of death.

— The life of the Rev. Robert Hawker, late vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall, curiously illustrates a subject recently treated in The Atlantic, the mischievousness of the Middle Age mind; and as his biography is, I believe, little known, it will interest readers to learn something of this odd relic of antique days, born by chance in the nineteenth century. His father, a poor clergyman, sent him, when a boy, to live with his grandfather, also a respected divine. The latter, being himself a man of humor, for a long time showed a sympathetic indulgence for the boy's tormenting pranks, played upon everybody in the parish. The old gentleman had two devoted feminine admirers in his flock, who, as he once told them, seemed to expect to get to heaven by clinging tightly to his coat-tails. Robert had no patience with the absurdities of the two devotees, and set himself to plague them so effectually that at last he fairly drove them out of the parish. His incensed grandfather banished him from the house. On his return home his sorrowing father informed him that he must now give up all expectation of going to college, as he had not the means to support him there. The dismayed Robert rushed, hatless, out of the house, and ran, almost without stopping, some fifteen miles to a place where dwelt four maiden sisters whom he knew well. He burst in upon them, and abruptly offered himself to the youngest one, Miss Charlotte. The maiden of forty accepted the youth of twenty, and, strange to say, the marriage turned out a happy one. She accompanied her husband to Oxford, where they continued to live upon her little income until his course was finished. She was a woman of sense and humor, who adapted herself admirably to her eccentric husband.

In the Cornwall parish to which Robert Hawker soon went, he lived for the remainder of his life. The stories told of his oddities would hardly be believed were they vouched for by a less credible authority than his biographer, the Rev. Baring-Gould. The most outrageous of his practical jokes would scarcely have succeeded with any but Cornwall folk, who are said to be more primitive in mind and manners, more superstitious and credulous, than those of any other

part of England; and in this respect pastor and flock were suited to each other, for Robert Hawker believed firmly in the influence of the "evil eye" and the danger of stepping within a "fairy ring." Soon after he came to the place the fancy took him to play merman. Clothed in an oil-skin jacket, and with long tresses of sea-weed fastened upon his head, he betook himself to a perch upon a rock at a convenient distance from shore. The villagers were soon drawn thither by the wild song proceeding from the rock above the waves. Seeing the vaguely-defined strange shape out there, illumined by curious intermittent flashes (produced by catching and reflecting the moon's rays from a hand-mirror), and hearing its weird chant, the people knew it could be nothing but a merman. For two or three nights successively the sport was kept up, persons arriving from a distance to gaze upon the mysterious apparition, till the Rev. Robert's voice got hoarse with overmuch singing and the joker tired of his own fun, which he suddenly ended by a plunge from his rock. He was a tender-hearted man, and extremely fond of animals; instead of a dog, a favorite black pig ran beside his horse, and even accompanied him upon parochial visits. He petted jackdaws and cats; of the latter he at one time owned nine, and went into his chancel on Sundays attended by the whole company. He repeated the prayers with his hand resting affectionately on the head of one or another of them, and it is said that the creatures behaved with propriety. One of them committed some misdemeanor at last, whereupon the troop was summarily dismissed from service. In spite of this strange want of clerical dignity, Mr. Hawker retained his place and his credit, was a worthy and beloved pastor and sensible preacher. He was a clever talker, with a satirical turn; a specimen, in short, of wit to madness nearly allied. He was also a poet, and wrote some astonishingly good Cornish ballads.

— If translations are in order in the Club, will you let me send you a bit of Gautier?

THE GHOST OF THE ROSE.

AFTER THÉOPHILE GAUTIER.

Now let thine eyelids unclose,
While faint dreams hover and fall;
I am the ghost of the rose
That graced thee to-night at the ball.
With the dew of the evening impearled,
I bent to thy fingers so soft;
But I flouted and mocked the gay world,
In the dance, as I nodded aloft.

Now, O sweet cause of my death,
I dance all night by thy bed;
Light, light on the draught of thy breath,
Over the pillow I 'm led.
But fear not: blest was my doom,
No prayer for my peace need be said;
My soul is this light perfume,
From gardens of Paradise fled.

For a death so happy as mine,
What rose would not part with its bloom?
And more than the roses might pine
To offer their lives on my tomb.
On the marble where I repose
This legend was carved with a kiss:
Here, here lieth a rose:
Kings envied its dying bliss.

LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE.

Soulève ta paupière close
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;
Je suis le spectre d'une rose
Que tu portais hier au bal.
Tu me pris encore emperlée
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,
Et parmi la fête étoilée
Tu me promenas tout le soir.

O toi qui de ma mort fus cause,
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,
Toute la nuit mon spectre rose
A ton chevet viendra danser.
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame
Ni messe ni *De profundis;*
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie:
Pour avoir un trépas si beau,
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,
Car j'ai ta gorge pour tombeau,
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose
Un poëte avec un baiser
Ecrivit: Ci-gît une rose
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

— Time was when a new story by Mr. William Black was hailed with de-

light and read with satisfaction. Who does not retain a tender memory of the Daughter of Heth and the Princess of Thule? The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton carried us with pleasant companions through beautiful scenery, and from our hearts we thanked the writer who thus set us face to face with nature. If once in a while an uneasy suspicion crossed our minds that it was nature in her "company clothes," we put the thought aside as hypercritical, and were still grateful. Now comes Mr. Black's latest work, Sunrise. (There may be two or three later than the latest, for they come with bewildering rapidity.) The name is promising, suggestive of dewy freshness and the songs of birds. But straightway we are introduced to a band of socialists, — reformers, they call themselves, — whose instruments of reform are pistols and daggers. These interesting characters disport themselves, of all places, in London! An English gentleman becomes a member of this society, influenced partly by his zeal for liberty and partly by his love for the heroine of the story, who is the daughter of the ruling spirit of the association. Such is the obliquity of the moral vision of the new member that he feels bound to fulfill his promise of obedience, even when he is required to become an assassin, to murder in cold blood a man of whom he personally knows nothing. This distorted sense of right and wrong is visible throughout, and what makes the story more unpleasant is the impression of *theatricalness* which it leaves. Midnight meetings of conspirators, mysterious entrances to dark passages, a fiendish scheme by which an enemy of the people and an undesirable son-in-law may both be gotten out of the way, — all these lurid incidents seem more appropriate to the blood-curdling drama as presented on the stage of a minor theatre than to a story of modern English life. They might possibly be made to fit in among the other unrealities of an Italian opera. Nothing is easier than to imagine old Calabressa, whose every movement in the book is stagey, standing wrapped in his threadbare cloak, delivering an aria at the boxes, and echoed by a chorus of conspirators who lurk in the shadow of the pasteboard rocks at the back of the scene.

— Certain persons, with a practical interest in the cause of temperance, have recently been considering the question whether lager beer and other mild preparations of malt might not be made to supplant the deadly alcoholic liquors to which so many classes in this country are addicted. Whether or not the plan is practicable, the idea is one that commends itself to a large number of persons, always excepting that small body of reformers whose intolerance is exasperating enough to drive a naturally abstemious man into habits of intoxication. For my part, I do not see how any one who uses such insidious beverages as tea and coffee — and uses them to excess, as almost all tea-drinkers and coffee-drinkers do — can object to light German beers. There lurk more deleterious effects in a single cup of strong Hyson than in half a dozen glasses of lager. As I pen this assertion, I see in my mind's eye the flutter of ten million cap-strings. They belong to most estimable and proper elderly ladies, who pass sleepless nights and restless days, having contracted innumerable chronic diseases of the nerves through drinking too much tea. I do not say that an immoderate indulgence in beer will not produce evil results. I would n't say that of water. But I will say that the most healthy and temperate people on the globe are the people of Germany, where every city, town, and hamlet has its beer-garden, — I do not except the Spaniards, who drink nothing but water, since they drink reprehensible quantities of it. There is comparatively little drunkenness in the wine-growing districts of

France and Germany, where the inhabitants generally prefer hocks and clarets to brandies. It is needless to remark that gin-tippling is England's national vice, — or at least one of them. You come face to face with it in the great towns. How it stares at you in London! Even in some of the more reputable parts of the city there is street after street in which every twentieth shop is a dram-shop, with its separate entrance for women. He would do a priceless work in the Lord's vineyard who should teach the English lower classes to drink lager beer, — and then teach the nobility to stick to Apollinaris!

I am perfectly well aware that I have approached but one side of a question which has several sides. The argument against indorsing the use of ales and beers is that many persons who do not now touch anything of the sort might be induced to form habits which would ultimately lead to a desire for dangerous stimulants. Of course such an argument is not to be refuted by the statement of my individual observation, which is that no beer-drinker ever cares in the least for spirituous liquors.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Juvenile. Mr. Richard Jeffries calls his Wood Magic a fable, but the work has a fascination which does not belong to that species of obsolete composition. He has given the power of speech to birds and beasts, and not made them wearisome, as the conventional fabulist is apt to do. The story of little Sir Bevis, with his squirrels, and crows, and weasels, and woodpeckers, is a story that will go straight to the heart of childhood. One of the innumerable charms of the book is that it does n't spring a moral on anybody. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.) — A very different sort of book, with a very different sort of purpose, is Harold Dorsey's Fortune, by Mary Dwinell Chellis. (Congregational Publishing Society.) It is one of those fictions which go a good way towards putting the reader out of patience with propriety. We had supposed that this kind of book, like the dodo, was an extinct bird.

Biography and Memoirs. Madame de Sévigné forms the subject of the latest volume of Foreign Classics for English Readers, edited by Mrs. Oliphant. (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) Madame de Sévigné fell into sympathetic and skillful hands when she fell into those of Miss Thackeray, who has made a singularly charming study of her brilliant French sister. We shall hereafter have occasion to speak more in detail of the book, and also of the Letters of Madame de Rémusat, a selection from which has been made by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie, the admirable translators of the Mémoires. (D. Appleton & Co.) The same work appears by arrangement in Harper's Franklin Square Library.

Art. The proprietors of L'Art have presented to the subscribers of the present volume an exquisite etching by E. Champollin, after a painting by A. Casanova, entitled Un Coin dans le Jardin (A Corner of the Garden). The impressions, which are on Holland paper, are very carefully printed by Lienard of Paris. The plate measures 18½ by 15 inches, and is altogether a gem. The picture is Spanish in subject, representing a Capuchin monk seated on the edge of a stone bench, one end of which is occupied by a distracting señorita. The *groseria* and embarrassment of the holy man are capitally hit off, as is also the cool coquetry of the Spanish girl, with her fan and lace mantilla. The etching suggests great richness of color in the original, and is a worthy pendant to the artistic premiums issued with the two previous volumes of L'Art, — namely, Makart's Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp, and Fortuny's Academicians Choosing a Model. (J. W. Bouton, New York.)

Religion. The Bible Defended and Atheism Rebuked (E. J. Hale & Son) is the title of a neatly printed pamphlet in which Mr. Allan B. Magruder takes Mr. Robert G. Ingersoll sharply to task for his idiocy. Perhaps it was not worth doing, but Mr. Magruder, who describes himself as "layman and Bible student," evidently thought it was, and has done it with great earnestness.

Education. Lee & Shepard have issued the first volume of a very valuable work (to be complete in two volumes), entitled New England Bird Life, being a Manual of New England Ornithology, edited from the manuscript of W. A. Stearns by Dr. Elliott Coues, United States Army. The present part treats of singing-birds, about which the reader will find a world of curious and novel information presented in a clear and entertaining manner. On the completion of the second part, we shall return to the work. It belongs to that

delightful kind of scientific literature of which Mr. Scudder's treatise on Butterflies is an excellent example. — Elementary German, an Outline of the Grammar, with Exercises, Conversations, and Readings, by Charles P. Otis, Ph. D., is a hand-book of uncommon fullness and clearness. The majority of German text-books lend difficulty to a very difficult language. When the world is a little more advanced, the Germans will probably adopt the Roman letter for their alphabet. The use of the Roman letter in the first pages of the present work simplifies much that would be hard to the beginner. — Prof. G. A. Wentworth, professor of mathematics in Phillips Exeter Academy, has prepared a valuable class-book in the line of his study, Elements of Algebra. (Ginn & Heath.) The advantage of this work over many others in use is that the author has not aimed to baffle the student with complicated exercises, but to furnish him with such problems as may be solved without a useless expenditure of time and energy.

Guide-Books. Wallace's Descriptive Guide to the Adirondacks, of which the present is the ninth edition, seems to have proved its usefulness. It is published by the author at Syracuse, N. Y. — We can speak less confidently of Mr. David Macbrayne's Summer Tours in Scotland. It is not easy to see where it ceases to be an advertisement of Macbrayne's line of steamers and becomes an impartial adviser to the tourist.

Poetry. The poetry of the month is not notable, if we except the collection of Oscar Wilde's poems (Roberts Bros.), about which the critics are disagreeing. We shall have something to say later touching Mr. Wilde and the "utter" school. — Farm Festivals, by Will Carleton (Harper Bros.), needs no introduction to make him welcome to a large class of readers who like homely themes pleasantly rhymed. Mr. Carleton seems to furnish the missing link between poetry and prose. — The author of Motherhood, who wishes to remain anonymous, and claims the authorship of this work on the title-page of another published simultaneously, has higher aims than Mr. Carleton. The poem entitled Motherhood is purely and tenderly written, and is not without pathos of a very touching sort. It is much more satisfactory than the miscellaneous collection of lyrics put forth by the same writer with the title of Breath of the Field and Shore. Both books are exquisitely printed. (Lee & Shepard.) — A Tire-d'Aile, by René des Chesnais (Bray et Retaux, Paris), is the title of an exquisitely printed little volume of poems of a religious cast. M. Chesnais dedicates his work "à tous ceux qui défendent cette triple cause, — le Christ, la France, la Liberté." It is to mix paganism and Christianity to speak of Th. Gautier and M. Chesnais in the same breath, but the careful finish of several of the lyrics in this collection reminds one of the Émaux et Camées. In all other respects the two writers are worlds asunder. Gautier's muse is a rosy bacchante, with a wreath dropping over her brows; M. Chesnais's muse wears a cowl and carries a crucifix. The strongest verses in A Tire-d'Aile are perhaps those addressed to Victor Hugo; the most graceful are those entitled Prologue, from which we quote a stanza: —

> "Je suis trop hardi, je le crains,
> De m'aventurer dans la rime,
> Triolets, sonnets ou quatrains.
> Je suis trop hardi, je le crains.
> L'imprudence mène aux chagrins;
> Témérité peut être crime.
> Je suis trop hardi, je le crains,
> De m'aventurer dans la rime."

— Legends of the Northwest, by H. L. Gordon, is one more attempt in the field of Indian poetry, and is not to be pronounced wholly successful. It is a field strewn with the bones of American poets.

Miscellaneous. From the press of Sands & McDougall, Melbourne, we have received a handsomely printed volume entitled On Renascence Drama, or History made Visible, by William Thomson, F. R. C. S., F. L. S. It is a Shakespearean study, whose scope cannot adequately be stated in the brief space allotted us here. Mr. Thomson, if we catch the drift of his argument, is inclined to believe that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare, but Bacon. — The Military Historical Society of Massachusetts have issued the initial volume of a series of volumes, in which are to be preserved the papers prepared from time to time by the members of the society and read at their meetings. The present collection relates to the Peninsular Campaign of General McClellan, and contains contributions from John C. Ropes, Esq., Brev. Brig. Gen. John C. Palfrey, U. S. A., and Brev. Brig. Gen. Charles A. Whittier, U. S. V. These papers fall somewhat short of being pleasant reading for General McClellan. (J. R. Osgood & Co.) — New York Illustrated (D. Appleton & Co.) is a model guide-book for the stranger, or for any one, visiting the great metropolis. The illustrations are admirable specimens of wood-engraving, and in every respect worthy of the carefully prepared letterpress. — In To-Day in America (Franklin Square Library) Mr. Joseph Hatton gives a rose-colored account of his recent visit to this country, where he seems to have had what we call in our untutored Americanese "a good time." If Mr. Hatton's powers of observation are neither very wide nor very deep, they appear to have served his purpose. — The second part of The Art of Speech, by Prof. L. T. Townsend, D. D. (D. Appleton & Co.), treats of eloquence and logic. — Illusions, A Psychological Study, by James Sully, forms the thirty-third volume of the International Scientific Series. (D. Appleton & Co.) — The latest of Appleton's Home Books treats of the amenities of domestic life, and contains some sensible essays on education, music, manners, and kindred topics. — Under the title of Butler's Miscellanies, Mr. Noble Butler publishes through Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger a collection of papers dealing chiefly with literary matters. — Select Essays of Arthur Schopenhauer, translated by G. Droppers and C. A. P. Dachsel (Milwaukee), embraces a biographical sketch extracted from Gwinner's Life of Schopenhauer. The essays

translated are, The Misery of Life, Metaphysics of Love, Genius, Æsthetics of Poetry and Education. — A. S. Barnes & Co. issue a well-printed and large selection of hymns and tunes for service of the sanctuary, edited by Mr. J. P. Holbrook. — The two new volumes of Mr. Hudson's edition of the complete plays and poems of Shakespeare (Ginn & Heath) embrace Macbeth, Othello, Cymbeline, and Coriolanus, with an abundance of critical notes and explanatory matter. This issue brings the work within two volumes of its completion. The Harvard Edition, as it is called, is one of the neatest and most convenient editions ever published.

Fiction. The Lutanist of St. Jacobi's, by Catharine Drew (Henry Holt & Co.), is a charming addition to the Leisure Hour Series, in which, by the way, we have seldom found a mediocre novel. An episode in the life of George Neumarck — a minor German poet and small musician of the seventeenth century — has furnished Mrs. Drew with the material for a delightfully tender and realistic sketch. It is an evidence of the writer's rare art that she has made a simple love affair as fresh and interesting as if it had all happened last week, instead of two hundred years ago. — Paul Hart, or the Love of his Life, by Uncle Lute, is an indigestible American fiction, full of cheap sentiment and reckless grammar; in brief, an overgrown dime novel. On the title-page of the volume an amusing person who signs himself "Critic" offers a synopsis of the work, which he describes as "a thrilling story, so truthful in its presentation of individual traits of character and *superstitious dialogue* that many readers, no doubt, will imagine that it is literally founded on facts." Though Uncle Lute himself does some very fine writing, he does nothing quite so — so superstitious as that. We strongly suspect ourselves of quoting from the "critical opinion" which induced the publishers to give this *chef-d'œuvre* to the world. (T. B. Peterson & Brothers.) — The Skeleton in the House (G. W. Harlan) is a short romantic story, by Friedrich Spielhagen, and is by no means one of his best. At his best, Spielhagen is apt to be dull and prosaic. The present translation, by M. J. Safford, appears to have been conscientiously done. — The Exiles is a Russian story told by two French authors, Victor Tissot and Constant Améro (T. B. Peterson & Brothers), who have evidently made close studies of Russian life and scenery. When we have said that the principal characters in the drama are one Yégor Sémenoff, a political convict, and a chief of police named Yermac, we have sufficiently indicated the scope of the romance. It is not uninteresting in parts, but as a whole it is theatrical. Perhaps Tourgénieff has spoiled us for liking this school of Russian novel. — An English translation of almost any book by Gustave Droz requires a generous sprinkling of asterisks to save it from the hands of the police. The translator of Monsieur, Madame et Bébé (T. B. Peterson & Brothers) has adopted this expedient, and has shown excellent taste in his suppressions, though he here and there blunts the point of the too witty Frenchman. The story remains a little *risqué*, however, but to relieve it of that fault it would be necessary to suppress the whole thing. Its great cleverness is undeniable. As to its morality, it is moral compared with Mr. Mallock's Romance of the Nineteenth Century. — Harper & Brothers have added four very entertaining novels to the Franklin Square Library: Ayala's Angel, by Anthony Trollope; An Ocean Free Lance, by the author of The Wreck of the Grosvenor; Sidney, by Georgiana M. Craik; and The Neptune Vase, by Virginia W. Johnson. Of Mr. Trollope it is only necessary to say that no other English writer has anything like his skill in story-telling pure and simple. Mr. W. Clark Russell may be dismissed as briefly; whenever the author of The Wreck of the Grosvenor undertakes to tell a sea-tale he has "the right of way." He is the only living novelist who knows how to sail a ship through the perilous waters of fiction. The novels of Georgiana M. Craik are alway commendable for their earnest purpose and good sense. Of the fourth author on the list it is not so easy to speak. While writing The Neptune Vase Miss Johnson had it in her hand to produce a little masterpiece. Up to the twentieth chapter the story is told with a freshness and grace that must captivate the most unimpressible novel-reader. Nothing could be more natural or exquisite in the way of character drawing than Katy Osmond, Dr. Brent, the Padre Gebezzi, and that wily little Italian contessina, who, though she plays a minor part in the comedy, gives one a very high idea of Miss Johnson's power of delineation. Nothing, we repeat, could be more charming than the first twenty chapters of The Neptune Vase, and then the author spoils the whole thing with the sudden unearthing of a melodramatic and tiresome lost father, who has been masquerading some ten or fifteen years in Siena, disguised in the conventional false beard of a third-rate theatre. The author was within four chapters of the end of her work when she made the fatal mistake of offending probability. In spite of all this, The Neptune Vase is interesting as showing that what is called "the international novel" is capable of an inexhaustible variety in the way of situations and characters. — A. Williams & Co. have issued a new edition of Cape Cod Folks, an anonymous novel, which has proved to be one of the successes of the season.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Publishers, BOSTON, MASS.

**** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

Bayard Taylor's Home Ballads. — Five of Bayard Taylor's delightful Pennsylvania ballads have been chosen to form the basis of a Holiday book for this season. They are entitled "The Quaker Widow," "The Holly Tree," "John Reed," "Jane Reed," and "The Old Pennsylvania Farmer," and those who have read them will recall how picturesque they are, and how easily they lend themselves to artistic illustration. They will also understand how attractive they are in their portrayal of domestic sympathies, home affections, and the serene comfort and satisfaction which brood over Quaker homes. These ballads have been admirably illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson, Hovenden, Murphy, Millet, Yewell, W. L. Taylor, Dielman, Church, Bolton Jones, J. N. Marble, and Edwards. The drawings have been engraved by the most skillful of American engravers, and the work will be in all its appointments — paper, printing, and binding — as perfect a piece of book-making as the Riverside Press can produce. The book will be substantially uniform with "The Hanging of the Crane," "The Skeleton in Armor," etc. It is reasonable to anticipate that both the character of the poems and the tasteful style in which they are brought out will make this one of the most attractive and popular Holiday books of this season.

Holmes's Poems, Handy Volume Edition. — The admirers of Dr. Holmes, and the lovers of handsome books, will be pleased to learn that a new and very tasteful edition of Dr. Holmes's poems will be published early in the autumn. The author has rearranged and revised the poems, and has added to those which have been included in former volumes several pieces written since the publication of previous editions, and has written a very characteristic poem by way of preface for the new issue. This edition will be printed from entirely new electrotype plates, the volumes will be so small that they can be held conveniently in the hand by the fireside, or can be carried in one's pocket, yet the type is so large and clear as to be read with perfect facility, and the two volumes which the edition comprises will be tastefully bound in cloth, with gilt tops, and also in finer styles of binding.

It can hardly fail to be peculiarly acceptable to all those who take pleasure in seeing works of high literary excellence brought out in volumes of corresponding mechanical excellence and good taste.

The Children's Book is the title of a volume which Mr. Scudder, the author of the famous Bodley books, has chosen for a book which comprises the contents of a young folks's library. Mr. Scudder has aimed to include in it the best things in every department of literature which interests children. He has gathered from the standard books in all literature, and from all time, the stories, fables, travels, adventures, ballads, narrative poems, and other things which the children of thousands of years, as well as of our own age, have found unfailing delight in. He has taken especial pains not to include anything which a judicious parent would prefer not to have his child read. All this wealth of material has been arranged in systematic order, printed in large, clear type, and illustrated with a profusion of pictures which cannot fail to charm young readers. The appearance of the book, as well as its contents, will be specially attractive, and we congratulate parents on being able to procure for their children a book containing such a large variety of the best and most entertaining things ever written for children, and we envy children the delight which they will take in this beautiful volume.

Life of Mr. Fields. — The numerous friends and admirers of Mr. James T. Fields will be pleased to learn that a volume is in preparation containing his memoirs and correspondence. It will be written by the person most competent to speak of all the facts of his life, and will give as full an account of his youth and education, his business and literary and social career, as seems judicious; and into this narrative will be woven letters which Mr. Fields himself wrote, also letters which he received from persons of distinction in art, literature, science, and indeed in almost every calling. Mr. Fields's acquaintance with eminent men and women was so extensive and intimate that his correspondence must be of the most varied and comprehensive character, and while not nearly all of the letters which the public would be glad to see will be included in this volume, enough will be given to render it a book of singular interest.

A New Book by Miss Jewett. — Those who have enjoyed "Deephaven" and "Old

Friends and New," — as everybody must have enjoyed them who has ever read them, — will be delighted to learn that the author, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, has in preparation a similar volume of stories and sketches, which she entitles "Country By-Ways," and which will appear early in the autumn. The title of this, as of Miss Jewett's previous books, happily suggests the fresh and charming character of its contents; and it is safe to say that the year will produce no book of its class which will be anticipated more eagerly, or read with greater satisfaction, than this which Miss Jewett promises.

A Home Idyl and other Poems. — Under this title will be published early in the autumn a new volume by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge. The greater part of the title poem has never before been printed; most of the remaining poems in the volume have been published in the principal magazines and literary journals, and not a few of them have been stamped at once with the seal of popular approval by being copied into the papers all over the country.

In many of his ballads and domestic pieces Mr. Trowbridge is unusually happy in depicting the homely, every-day scenes and incidents of life in a manner at once very true to nature, and very pleasing to those who have ever in their own experience and observation witnessed scenes like those which he describes. On the other hand, his poems of a more thoughtful and deeper vein are marked with equal reflection and felicity of expression. The volume includes a variety which causes it to appeal at once to the thoughtful, and to those whose love of poetry is confined to ballads and simple pieces in which the poetical element may be less noteworthy than the domesticity and universality of the sentiment.

Whittier Birthday Book. — The success of the Longfellow and Emerson Birthday Books has been so marked that a Whittier Birthday Book has been prepared on the same plan which has made those so popular. Choice passages from Mr. Whittier's poems and prose works fill the left-hand pages, while the right-hand pages contain the names of many more or less eminent persons whose birth occurred on the days assigned to those pages, especially persons who are mentioned or celebrated in Mr. Whittier's writings; and there are spaces for autographs of friends and relatives, or for such memoranda as one wishes to record permanently in so good society and in such a literary treasure-house as this book offers. A fine portrait of Mr. Whittier and twelve excellent illustrations add materially to the attractiveness of the book.

Reminiscences of Auton House, is a book for children, describing incidents in the history of a large family of very bright and lively boys and girls. They are mostly humorous, but not grotesque or fancifully absurd, or likely to suggest new devices of mischief to young readers. They are narratives of actual occurrences, and while children will be greatly amused by them, their elders will, perhaps, be yet more entertained by things which may recall similar incidents in their own youthful experience. The most striking feature of the book will be the pictures, in which careful observers will easily detect the hand of an artist who prefers not to give his name with this book, but who has drawn many a picture which has made Laughter hold his aching sides, and helped clear away the cobwebs from the brain of a multitude of grateful people.

Holmes Leaflets. — The Longfellow Leaflets which Miss Josephine E. Hodgdon prepared for the use of schools, and also for general use, have been received with so much favor that a similar collection from Dr. Holmes's poems and prose works has been made, also by Miss Hodgdon, and will be published in the same general style as the Longfellow Leaflets. The form will be the same, the selections being given both in pamphlet form and also in single leaves for distribution in schools or elsewhere. They will be printed on thick paper, and will be made additionally attractive by numerous illustrations, and by a portrait and biographical sketch of Dr. Holmes.

Yesterdays with Authors, Illustrated. — A holiday edition is in preparation of Mr. Fields's excellent and popular "Yesterdays with Authors," which has already passed through many editions, and has been received with unusual favor in England. The informal and genial manner in which Mr. Fields wrote of the eminent authors whom he had known personally — Thackeray, Hawthorne, Dickens, Wordsworth, Miss Mitford, Barry Cornwall, and others — makes the book peculiarly entertaining even to those who are not usually interested in literary themes or writers. The new edition will be published in tasteful style, and will contain fine steel portraits of the authors of whom Mr. Fields wrote.

Boston Town is a book for children, written by Mr. Scudder, who has peculiar skill in presenting the facts of history in a form which makes them attractive to young people, and containing the history and traditions of Boston from its settlement until the present time. There are numerous incidents in the history of Boston which make it peculiarly interesting for all patriotic Americans, and Mr. Scudder has related these in a singularly fresh and engaging style, so that not only the children of Boston and Massachusetts, but intelligent children all over the country, and not children only but their parents as well, will read it with special zest. The value and interest of the book will be very considerably augmented by the numerous illustrations which it will contain, of buildings, of places and incidents more or less famous in the annals of the city.

The London Spectator on Richard Grant White's New Book. The *Spectator* for August 13th gives a remarkably hearty welcome to Mr. White's "England Without and Within.' It says: —

It is something to be able to say concerning any book on the United States written by an Englishman, or any book on England written by a Yankee, that it exhibits unfailing good sense, good feeling, and good taste; but all this, and much more than this, can be said in commendation of Mr. Grant White's charming volume. Rare as the qualities mentioned unfortunately are among literary travelers, their combination with the true observing faculty is still rarer; but it is found here, and since Mr. Emerson wrote his "English Traits" we have had no book so satisfying as this, in its portrayal of really characteristic manifestations of the peculiar quality of English social life.

Mr. Fawcett's New Story, "A Gentleman of Leisure," has been one of the most popular of the season's novels. It is not merely a story; it suggests some vigorous and much-needed criticisms on certain unmanly, unpatriotic tendencies in American society. The Quebec *Chronicle* says: —

It is a most charming story of American life and character, with a rare dash of humor in it, and a good deal of vigorous satire, which comes well from Mr. Fawcett, whose broad Americanism is by no means the Americanism of Mr. Henry James, Jr., and writers of his ilk. Mr. Fawcett is not blind to the short comings of his countrymen and countrywomen. He detests their snobbery, and deals it a heavy blow whenever he finds it asserting itself, but at the same time he has a genuine and hearty love for his own land and his own people, and the manly and womanly souls who are worthy of it.

Miss Phelps's "Friends" still receives very diverse judgments, but none of them speak of the book with indifference. The Philadelphia *Press* says: —

Reliance Strong is a charming woman in every sense, and Charles Nordhall is a man of still finer attributes, around whom our sympathies and admiration cluster. The book is marked by that strength of touch — at times almost masculine — observable in all the works of this author, and it will be regarded by many of her readers as the best work she has done.

The Independent remarks that "in point of style Miss Phelps has never surpassed "Friends," and pronounces it "a pure, sweet, and most pathetic story."

Björnson's Novels bid fair to have in this country a popularity similar to that which they have enjoyed in Europe. Speaking of his charming "Synnöve Solbakken," recently published, the Philadelphia *Sunday School Times* says: —

Of the literary excellence of his books, and of their substantial purity, there can be no question; he is without doubt the ablest of living Norse writers. "Synnöve Solbakken" well illustrates the author's simplicity of prose style, and the fidelity and attractiveness with which he chronicles the homely but winsome lives of common people in his native land.

The Churchman remarks: —

Both the story itself and the way in which it is told are remarkable. They are as fresh as nature herself.

Mr. Mead's "Philosophy of Carlyle" is attracting marked attention from English critics. The London *Radical* speaks of Mr. Mead as "an original and independent thinker," and says: —

The sumptuous style in which many American publishers issue their books has been frequently remarked, and the volume before us is an admirable example of substantial, solid, and artistic work, every detail — paper, printing, binding, and the tasteful arrangement throughout, from the title-page to the appendix, or, rather, from fly-leaf to fly-leaf — being simply superb. But few books are produced nowadays, on this side of the Atlantic, that in these respects equal that before us. And the contents of the volume are not unworthy of their setting.

Baron Steuben. — The official invitation by the State Department to the representative of Baron Steuben to be present and participate in the celebration of the centenary of the surrender at Yorktown, recalls attention to the excellent service rendered to this country by the brave German. The character and extent of this service, as well as the general career of Steuben, are admirably set forth by George W. Greene, in his valuable book on "The German Element in the War of Independence." This may profitably be read now when public attention will be directed anew, by the Yorktown celebration, to the important aid given the American cause in the Revolution by illustrious Frenchmen and Germans. Mr. Greene's "Life of General Greene" should not be overlooked, since it affords important aids to an understanding of the Revolution, and portrays the admirable character and great services of one of the most efficient Revolutionary officers.

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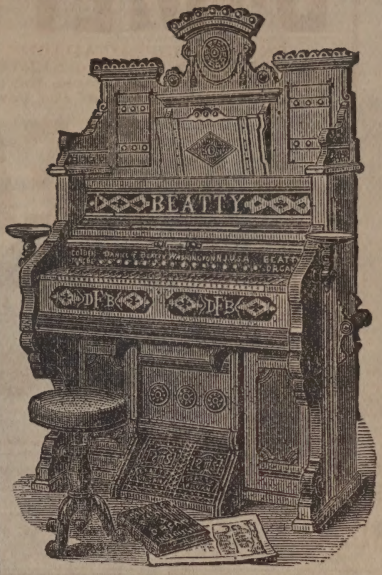

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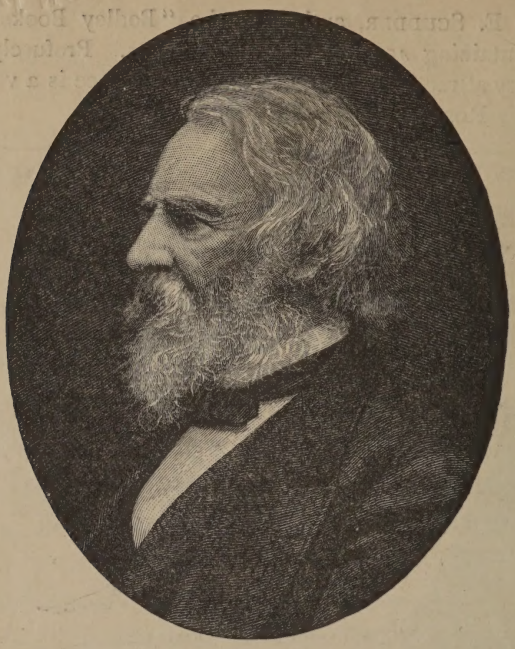

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In the rivalry between the three great magazines of the country, it is gratifying that our standard Boston publication fully "keeps its end up." The elaborate pictorial features of the New York monthlies give them special popularity, while the Boston periodical depends entirely upon its intrinsic literary worth. Continuing the review-like character which Mr. Howells had imparted to it, the ATLANTIC, under the charge of Mr. Aldrich, has steadily improved. Mr. Aldrich has given almost his entire time to his editorial duties, and has applied himself to the work with characteristic energy. A glance at the contents of the numbers for several months past will show it to be fully sustaining all its old-time prestige — and a brilliant past is almost as heavy a weight for a magazine as a renowned paternity is for an aspiring genius — while in breadth of scope and true nationality it is far superior to the record of its "palmy days." In its following of one demand of the spirit of the day, that of timeliness, the ATLANTIC has recently taken a step decidedly in advance of its New York contemporaries. In every number has been given of late one or more articles bearing upon topics of engrossing public interest, written by eminent men. Thus, close upon the performance of the Greek play at Harvard came an article by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton; for the September number was secured an article from Mr. E. L. Godkin on "the attempt on the President's life," and in the October number Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, who has done little or no magazine work, writes about Dean Stanley as only a devoted friend can write. While all the old contributors remain in the family, and Mr. Howells, relieved from the irksomeness of editorial routine, is putting his strongest work and most vigorous characterization into his serial now running, Mr. Aldrich shows himself to have a keen scent for new talent by his recognition of such merit as that of Miss Edith M. Thomas, one of the truest of the new poets of the West. There are reports of new features to be introduced next year, one of which is understood to be reviews of the freshest French and German literature by a collaborateur, resident in Paris, one of the most appreciatively critical of American authors. — *Boston Sunday Herald.*

MAY.

The whole number is marked with the vigor of the new editor, who evidently means to make his accession to the throne evident by what he does for the pleasure of those who look up to him. — *N. Y. Observer.*

This issue is bright and instructive to a degree we have not recently seen in this popular magazine. — *Troy Times.*

JUNE.

The ATLANTIC for June is noteworthy as being well-balanced, entertaining, and happily adapted to all classes of readers. — *Commonwealth* (Boston).

There is an unusual amount of good matter in THE ATLANTIC for June. — *The Independent* (New York).

A seasonable number . . . preserves the good traditions of its predecessors. The book notices are complete, dispassionate, and interesting. — *Boston Advertiser.*

JULY.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY has a happy faculty of supplying timely consideration of passing events. — *Cleveland Leader.*

Especially bright and readable. — *Boston Transcript.*

The ATLANTIC for July presents a varied and attractive table of contents — one which includes several good stories, poetry of the highest order, and narratives and essays which give evidence of much thought and research. — *Providence Press.*

AUGUST.

More and more, as time passes, the ATLANTIC tends to become the standard critical publication of the United States, and is more widely sought for this feature of its contents. — *Utica Herald.*

If this is a fair specimen of what is to be expected from the new editorial management of the ATLANTIC, the lovers of good literature cannot afford to be without it. — *Christian Intelligencer* (New York).

SEPTEMBER.

No weariness from the summer heats has weakened the energy of the editors or contributors to the last ATLANTIC, and a host of grateful readers will award them merited praise. — *St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

The ATLANTIC has an undeniable literary atmosphere of its own which it may be difficult to characterize, but which it is impossible not to enjoy. — *The Congregationalist* (Boston).

OCTOBER.

Rarely, among late numbers of the ATLANTIC, has there been a number, in all ways, so strong as this. One of the articles, that on Dean Stanley, is by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of whom we are told that he never appeared before as a writer for a magazine. — *New York Times.*

There is no magazine which we open with more pleasant anticipations than the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, and none which so rarely disappoints us. The number for October is even better than usual, and from cover to cover there are few pages which the reader, even he whose leisure is scanty, will be willing to forego the pleasure of reading. — *Boston Journal.*

Crowded with good things. — *Baltimore Gazette.*

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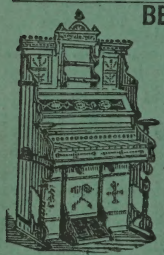

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DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.[1]

IX.

In the morning Dr. Mulbridge drove back to Corbitant, and in the evening Libby came over from New Leyden with Maynard, in a hired wagon. Maynard was a day later than his wife had computed, but, as she appeared to have reflected, she had left the intervening Sunday out of her calculation; for this was one of the few things she taxed herself to say. For the rest, she seemed to be hoarding her strength against his coming.

Grace met him at a little distance from the house, whither she had walked with Bella, for a breath of the fresh air after her long day in the sick-room, and did not find him the boisterous and jovial Hoosier she had imagined him. It was, in fact, hardly the moment for the expression of Western humor. He arrived a sleep-broken, travel-creased figure, with more than the Western man's usual indifference to dress; with sad, dull eyes, and an untrimmed beard that hung in points and tags, and thinly hid the corners of a large mouth. He took her hand laxly in his, and bowing over her from his lank height listened to her report of his wife's state, while he held his little girl on his left arm, and the child fondly pressed her cheek against his bearded face, to which he had quietly lifted her as soon as he alighted from Libby's buggy. Libby introduced her as Dr. Breen, and drove on, and Maynard gave her the title whenever he addressed her, with a perfect effect of single-mindedness in his gravity, as if it were an every-day thing with him to meet young ladies who were physicians. He had a certain neighborly manner of having known her a long time, and of being on good terms with her; and somewhere there resided in his loosely knit organism a powerful energy. She had almost to run in keeping at his side, as he walked on to the house, carrying his little girl on his arm, and glancing about him; and she was not sure at last that she had succeeded in making him understand how serious the case had been.

"I don't know whether I ought to let you go in," she said, "without preparing her."

"She 's been expecting me, has n't she?" he asked.

"Yes, but" —

"And she 's awake?"

"Yes" —

"Then I 'll just go in and prepare her myself. I 'm a pretty good hand at preparing people to meet me. You've a beautiful location, here, Dr. Breen; and your town has a chance to grow. I like to see a town have some chance,"

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he added, with a sadness past tears in his melancholy eyes. "Bella can show me the way to the room, I reckon," he said, setting the little one down on the piazza, and following her in-doors; and when Grace ventured, later, to knock at the door, Maynard's voice bade her come in.

He sat beside his wife's pillow, with her hand in his left; on his right arm perched the little girl, and rested her head on his shoulder. They did not seem to have been talking, and they did not move when Grace entered the room. But, apparently, Mrs. Maynard had known how to behave to George Maynard, and peace was visibly between them.

"Now, you tell me about the medicines, Dr. Breen, and then you go and get some rest," said Maynard, in his mild, caressing voice. "I used to understand Mrs. Maynard's ways pretty well, and I can take care of her. Libby told me all about *you* and your doings, and I know you must feel as pale as you look."

"But you can't have had any sleep, on the way," Grace began.

"Sleep?" Maynard repeated, looking wanly at her. "*I* never sleep. I'd as soon think of digesting."

After she had given him the needed instructions, he rose from the rocking-chair in which he had been softly swinging to and fro, and followed her out into the corridor, caressing with his large hand the child that lay on his shoulder. "Of course," she said, "Mrs. Maynard is still very sick, and needs the greatest care and attention."

"Yes, I understand that. But I reckon it will come out all right in the end," he said, with the optimistic fatalism which is the real religion of our orientalizing West. "Good-night, doctor."

She went away, feeling suddenly alone in this exclusion from the cares that had absorbed her. There was no one on the piazza, which the moonlight printed with the shadows of the posts and the fanciful jig-saw work of the arches between them. She heard a step on the sandy walk round the corner, and waited wistfully.

It was Barlow who came in sight, as she knew at once, but she asked, "Mr. Barlow?"

"Yes 'm," said Barlow. "What can I do for *you?*"

"Nothing. I thought it might be Mr. Libby at first. Do you know where he is?"

"Well, I know where he *ain't*," said Barlow; and having ineffectually waited to be questioned farther, he added, "He ain't *here*, for *one* place. He's gone back to Leyden. He had to take that horse back."

"Oh!" she said.

"'n' I guess he 's goin' to stay."

"To stay? Where?"

"Well, there you 've got me, again. All I know is, I've got to drive that mare of his'n over to-morrow, if I can git off, and next day if I can't. Did n't you know he was goin'?" asked Barlow, willing to recompense himself for the information he had given. "Well!" he added sympathetically, at a little hesitation of hers.

Then she said, "I knew he must go. Good-night, Mr. Barlow," and went in-doors. She remembered that he had said he would go as soon as Maynard came, and that she had consented that this would be best. But his going now seemed abrupt, though she approved it. She thought that she had something more to say to him, which might console him or reconcile him; she could not think what this was; but it left an indefinite longing, an unsatisfied purpose, in her heart; and there was somewhere a tremulous sense of support withdrawn. Perhaps this was a mechanical effect of the cessation of her anxiety for Mrs. Maynard, which had been a support as well as a burden. The house was

strangely quiet, as if some great noise had just been hushed, and it seemed empty. She felt timid, in her room, but she dreaded the next day more than the dark. Her life was changed, and the future, which she had once planned so clearly, and had felt so strong to encounter, had fallen to a ruin, in which she vainly endeavored to find some clew or motive of the past. She felt remanded to the conditions of the girlhood that she fancied she had altogether outlived; she turned her face upon her pillow in a grief of bewildered aspiration and broken pride, and shed tears scarcely predicable of a doctor of medicine.

But there is no lapse or aberration of character which can be half so surprising to others as it is to one's self. She had resented Libby's treating her upon a theory, but she treated herself upon a theory, and we all treat ourselves upon a theory. We proceed, each of us, upon the theory that we are very brave, or generous, or gentle, or liberal, or truthful, or loyal, or just. We may have the defects of our virtues, but nothing is more certain than that we have our virtues, till there comes a fatal juncture, not at all like the juncture in which we had often imagined ourselves triumphing against temptation. It passes, and the hero finds, to his dismay and horror, that he has run away; the generous man has been niggard; the gentleman has behaved like a ruffian and the liberal like a bigot; the champion of truth has foolishly and vainly lied; the steadfast friend has betrayed his neighbor, the just person has oppressed him. This is the fruitful moment, apparently so sterile, in which character may spring and flower anew; but the mood of abject humility in which the theorist of his own character is plunged and struggles for his lost self-respect is full of deceit for others. It cannot last; it may end in disowning and retrieving the error, or it may end in justifying it, and building it into the reconstructed character, as something upon the whole unexpectedly fine; but it must end, for after all, it is only a mood. In such a mood, in the anguish of her disappointment at herself, a woman clings to whatever support offers; and it is at his own risk that the man who chances to be this support accepts the weight with which she casts herself upon him as the measure of her dependence, though he may make himself necessary to her, if he has the grace or strength to do it.

Without being able to understand fully the causes of the dejection in which this girl seemed to appeal to him, Mulbridge might well have believed himself the man to turn it in his favor. If he did not sympathize with her distress, or even clearly divine it, still his bold generalizations, he found, always had their effect with women, whose natures are often to themselves such unknown territory that a man who assumes to know them has gone far to master them. He saw that a rude moral force alone seemed to have a charm with his lady patients, women who had been bred to ease and wealth, and who had cultivated, if not very disciplined minds. Their intellectual dissipation had apparently made them a different race from the simpler-hearted womenkind of his neighbors, apt to judge men in a sharp ignorance of what is fascinating in heroes; and it would not be strange if he included Grace in the sort of contemptuous amusement with which he regarded these flatteringly dependent and submissive invalids. He at least did not conceive of her as she conceived of herself; but this may be impossible to any man with regard to any woman.

With his experience of other women's explicit and even eager obedience, the resistance which he had at first encountered in Grace gave zest to her final submission. Since he had demolished the position she had attempted to hold against him, he liked her for having imagined she could hold it; and she

had continued to pique and interest him. He relished all her scruples and misgivings, and the remorse she had tried to confide to him; and if his enjoyment of these foibles of hers took too little account of her pain, it was never his characteristic to be tender of people in good health. He was, indeed, as alien to her Puritan spirit as if he had been born in Naples, instead of Corbitant. He came of one of those families which one finds in nearly every New England community, as thoroughly New England in race as the rest, but flourishing in a hardy skepticism and contempt of the general sense. Whatever relation such people held to the old Puritan commonwealth when Puritanism was absolute, they must later have taken an active part in its disintegration, and were probably always a destructive force at its heart.

Mulbridge's grandfather was one of the last captains who sailed a slaver from Corbitant. When this commerce became precarious, he retired from the seas, took a young wife in second marriage, and passed his declining days in robust inebriety. He lived to cast a dying vote for General Jackson, and his son, the first Dr. Mulbridge, survived to illustrate the magnanimity of his fellow-townsmen during the first year of the civil war, as a tolerated copperhead. Then he died, and his son, who was in the West, looking up a location for practice, was known to have gone out as surgeon with one of the regiments there. It was not supposed that he went from patriotism, but when he came back, a year before the end of the struggle, and settled in his native place, his service in the army was accepted among his old neighbors as evidence of a better disposition of some sort than had hitherto been attributable to any of his name.

In fact, the lazy, good-natured boy, whom they chiefly remembered before his college days, had always been well enough liked among those who had since grown to be first mates and ship captains in the little port where he was born and grew up. They had now all retired from the sea, and, having survived its manifold perils, were patiently waiting to be drowned in sail-boats on the bay. They were of the second generation of ships' captains still living in Corbitant; but they would be the last. The commerce of the little port had changed into the whaling trade in their time; this had ceased in turn, and the wharves had rotted away. Dr. Mulbridge found little practice among them; while attending their appointed fate, they were so thoroughly salted against decay as to preserve even their families. But he gradually gathered into his hands, from the clairvoyant and the Indian doctor, the business which they had shared between them since his father's death. There was here and there a tragical case of consumption among the farming families along the coast, and now and then a frightful accident among the fishermen; the spring and autumn brought their typhoid; the city people who came down to the neighboring hotels were mostly sick, or fell sick; and with the small property his father had left, he and his mother contrived to live.

They dwelt very harmoniously together; for his mother, who had passed more than quarter of a century in strong resistance to her husband's will, had succumbed, as not uncommonly happens with such women, to the authority of her son, whom she had no particular pleasure or advantage in thwarting. In the phrase and belief of his neighbors, he took after her, rather than his father; but there was something ironical and baffling in him, which the local experts could not trace to either the Mulbridges or the Gardiners. They had a quiet, indifferent faith in his ability to make himself a position and name anywhere; but they were not surprised that he had come back to live in Corbitant, which

was so manifestly the best place in the world, and which, if somewhat lacking in opportunity, was ample in the leisure they believed more congenial to him than success. Some of his lady patients at the hotels, who felt at times that they could not live without him, would have carried him back to the city with them by a gentle violence; but there was nothing in anything he said or did that betrayed ambition on his part. He liked to hear them talk, especially of their ideas of progress, as they called them, at which, with the ready adaptability of their sex, they joined him in laughing when they found that he could not take them seriously.

The social, the emotional expression of the new scientific civilization struck him as droll, particularly in respect to the emancipation of women; and he sometimes gave these ladies the impression that he did not value woman's intellect at its true worth. He was far from light treatment of them; he was considerate of the distances that should be guarded; but he conveyed the sense of his skepticism as to their fitness for some things to which the boldest of them aspired.

His mother would have been willing to have him go to the city if he wished, but she was too ignorant of the world outside of Corbitant to guess at his possibilities in it, and such people as she had seen from it had not pleased her with it. Those summer-boarding lady patients who came to see him were sometimes suffered to wait with her till he came in, and they used to tell her how happy she must be to keep such a son with her, and twittered their patronage of her and her nice old-fashioned parlor, and their praises of his skill, in such wise against her echoless silence that she conceived a strong repugnance for all their tribe, in which she naturally included Grace when she appeared. She had decided the girl to be particularly forthputting, from something prompt and self-reliant in her manner that day; and she viewed with tacit disgust her son's toleration of a handsome young woman who had taken up a man's profession. They were not people who gossiped together, or confided in each other, and she would have known nothing and asked nothing from him about her, further than she had seen for herself; but Barlow had folks, as he called them, at Corbitant, and without her own connivance she had heard from them of all that was passing at Jocelyn's.

It was her fashion to approach any subject upon which she wished her son to talk as if they had already talked of it, and he accepted this convention with a perfect understanding that she thus expressed at once her deference to him and her resolution to speak whether he liked it or not. She had not asked him about Mrs. Maynard's sickness, or shown any interest in it; but after she learned from the Barlows that she was no longer in danger, she said to her son one morning, before he drove away upon his daily visit, "Is her husband going to stay with her, or is he going back?"

"I don't know, really," he answered, glancing at her where she sat erect across the table from him, with her hand on the lid of the coffee-pot, and her eyes downcast; it was the face of silent determination not to be put off, which he knew. "I don't suppose you care, mother," he added, pleasantly.

"She 's nothing to me," she assented. "What 's that friend of hers going to do?"

"Which friend?"

"You know. The one that came after you."

"Oh! Dr. Breen. Yes. What did you think of her?"

"I don't see why you call her doctor."

"Oh, I do it out of politeness. Besides, she is one sort of doctor. Little pills," he added, with an enjoyment of his mother's grimness on this point.

"I should like to see a daughter of mine pretending to be a doctor," said Mrs. Mulbridge.

"Then you would n't like Dr. Breen for a daughter?" returned her son, in the same tone as before.

"She would n't like me for a mother," Mrs. Mulbridge retorted.

Her son laughed, and helped himself to more baked beans and a fresh slice of rye-and-indian. He had the homely tastes and the strong digestion of the people from whom he sprung; and he handed his cup to be filled with his mother's strong coffee in easy defiance of consequences. As he took it back from her he said, "I should like to see you and Mrs. Breen together. You would make a strong team." He buttered his bread, with another laugh in appreciation of his conceit. "If you happened to pull the same way. If you did n't, something would break. Mrs. Breen is a lady of powerful convictions. She thinks you ought to be good, and you ought to be very sorry for it, but not so sorry as you ought to be for being happy. I don't think she has given her daughter any reason to complain on the last score." He broke into his laugh again, and watched his mother's frown with interest. "I suspect that she does n't like me very well. You could meet on common ground, there: you don't like her daughter."

"They must be a pair of them!" said Mrs. Mulbridge immovably. "Did her mother like her studying for a doctor?"

"Yes, I understand so. Her mother is progressive: she believes in the advancement of women; she thinks the men would oppress them if they got a chance."

"If one half the bold things that are running about the country had masters, it would be the best thing," said Mrs. Mulbridge, opening the lid of the coffee-pot, and clapping it to with force, after a glance inside.

"That 's where Mrs. Breen would n't agree with you. Perhaps because it would make the bold things happy to have masters; though she does n't say so. Probably she wants the women to have women doctors so they won't be so well, and can have more time to think whether they have been good or not. You ought to hear some of the ladies over there talk, mother."

"I have heard enough of their talk."

"Well, you ought to hear Miss Gleason. There are very few things that Miss Gleason does n't think can be done with cut-flowers, from a wedding to a funeral."

Mrs. Mulbridge perceived that her son was speaking figuratively of Miss Gleason's sentimentality, but she was not very patient with the sketch he enjoyed giving of her. "Is she a friend of that Breen girl's?" she interrupted, to ask.

"She 's an humble friend, an admirer, a worshiper. The Breen girl is her ideal woman. She thinks the Breen girl is so superior to any man living that she would like to make a match for her." His mother glanced sharply at him, but he went on in the tone of easy generalization, and with a certain pleasure in the projection of these strange figures against her distorting imagination: "You see, mother, that the most advanced thinkers among those ladies are not so very different, after all, from you old-fashioned people. When they try to think of the greatest good fortune that can befall an ideal woman, it is to have her married. The only trouble is to find a man good enough; and if they can't find one, they 're apt to invent one. They have strong imaginations."

"I should think they would make you sick, amongst them," said his mother. "Are you going to have anything more to eat?" she asked, with a housekeeper's latent impatience to get her table cleared away.

"Yes," said Dr. Mulbridge; "I have n't finished yet. And I 'm in no hurry, this morning. Sit still, mother; I want you to hear something more about my lady friends at Jocelyn's. Dr. Breen's mother and Miss Gleason don't feel alike about her. Her mother thinks she was weak in giving up Mrs. Maynard's case to me; but Miss Gleason told me about their discussion, and she thinks it is the great heroic act of Dr. Breen's life."

"It showed some sense, at least," Mrs. Mulbridge replied. She had tacitly offered to release her son from telling her anything when she had made her motion to rise; if he chose to go on now, it was his own affair. She handed him the plate of biscuit, and he took one.

"It showed inspiration, Miss Gleason says. The tears came into her eyes; I understood her to say it was godlike. 'And only to think, doctor,'" he continued, with a clumsy, but unmistakable suggestion of Miss Gleason's perfervid manner, "'that *such* a girl should be dragged down by her own mother to the level of petty, every-day cares and duties, and should be blamed for the most beautiful act of self-sacrifice! *Is n't* it too bad?'"

"Rufus, Rufus!" cried his mother, "I can't *stan'* it! Stop!"

"Oh, Dr. Breen is n't so bad — not half so divine as Miss Gleason thinks her. And Mrs. Maynard does n't consider her surrendering the case an act of self-sacrifice at all."

"I should hope not!" said Mrs. Mulbridge. "I guess *she* would n't have been alive to tell the tale, if it had n't been for you."

"Oh, you can't be sure of that. You must n't believe too much in doctors, mother. Mrs. Maynard is pretty tough. And she 's had wonderfully good nursing. You 've only heard the Barlow side of the matter," said her son, betraying now for the first time that he had been aware of any knowledge of it on her part. That was their way: though they seldom told each other anything, and went on as if they knew nothing of each other's affairs, yet when they recognized this knowledge it was without surprise on either side. "I could tell you a different story. She 's a very fine girl, mother; cool and careful under instruction, and perfectly tractable and intelligent. She 's as different from those other women you 've seen as — you are. You would like her!" He had suddenly grown earnest, and crushing the crust of a biscuit in the strong left hand which he rested on the table, he gazed keenly at her undemonstrative face. "She 's no baby, either. She 's got a will and a temper of her own. She 's the only one of them I ever saw that was worth her salt."

"I thought you did n't like self-willed women," said his mother, impassively.

"She knows when to give up," he answered, with unrelaxed scrutiny.

His mother did not lift her eyes, yet. "How long shall you have to visit over there?"

"I 've made my last professional visit."

"Where are you going this morning?"

"To Jocelyn's."

Mrs. Mulbridge now looked up, and met her son's eye. "What makes you think she 'll have you?"

He did not shrink at her coming straight to the point the moment the way was clear. He had intended it, and he liked it. But he frowned a little as he said, "Because I want her to have me, for one thing." His jaw closed heavily, but his face lost a certain brutal look almost as quickly as it had assumed it. "I guess," he said, with a smile, "that it 's the only reason I 've got."

"You no need to say that," said his mother, resenting the implication that any woman would not have him.

"Oh, I 'm not pretty to look at, mother, and I 'm not particularly young; and for a while I thought there might be some one else."

"Who?"

"The young fellow that came with her, that day."

"That whipper-snapper?"

Dr. Mulbridge assented by his silence. "But I guess I was mistaken. I guess he 's tried, and missed it. The field is clear, for all I can see. And she 's made a failure in one way, and then you know a woman is in the humor to try it in another. She wants a good excuse for giving up. That 's what I think."

"Well," said his mother, "I presume you know what you 're about, Rufus."

She took up the coffee-pot, on the lid of which she had been keeping her hand, and went into the kitchen with it. She removed the dishes, and left him sitting before the empty table-cloth. When she came for that, he took hold of her hand, and looked up into her face, over which a scarcely discernible tremor passed.

"Well, mother?"

"It 's what I always knew I had got to come to, first or last. And I suppose I ought to feel glad enough I did n't have to come to it at first."

"No," said her son. "I 'm not a stripling any longer." He laughed, keeping his mother's hand.

She freed it, and taking up the table-cloth folded it lengthwise and then across, and laid it neatly away in the cupboard. "I sha'n't interfere with you, nor any woman that you bring here to be your wife. I 've had my day, and I 'm not one of the old fools that think they 're going to have and to hold forever. You 've always been a good boy to me, and I guess you hain't ever had to complain of your mother stan'in' in your way. I sha'n't now. But I *did* think" —

She stopped, and shut her lips firmly.

"Speak up, mother!" he cried.

"I guess I better not," she answered, setting her chair back against the wall.

"I know what you mean. You mean about my laughing at women that try to take men's places in the world. Well, I did laugh at them. They 're ridiculous. I don't want to marry this girl because she 's a doctor. That was the principal drawback, in my mind. But it does n't make any difference, and would n't now, if she was a dozen doctors."

His mother let down the leaves of the table, and pushed it against the wall, and he rose from the chair in which he was left sitting in the middle of the room. "I presume," she said, with her back toward him, as she straightened the table accurately against the mopboard, "that you can let me have the little house at Grant's Corner."

"Why, mother!" he cried. "You don't suppose I should ever let you be turned out of house and home? You can stay here as long as you live. But it has n't come to that, yet. I don't know that she cares anything about me. But there are chances, and there are signs. The chances are that she won't have the courage to take up her plan of life again, and that she 'll consider any other that 's pressed home upon her. And I take it for a good sign that she 's sent that fellow adrift. If her mind had n't been set on some one else, she 'd have taken him, in this broken-up state of hers. Besides, she has formed the habit of doing what I say, and there 's a great deal in mere continuity of habit. It will be easier for her to say yes than to say no; it would be very hard for her to say no."

While he eagerly pressed these arguments his mother listened stonily, without apparent interest or sympathy. But at the end she asked, "How are you going to support a wife? Your practice here won't do it. Has *she* got anything?"

"She has property, I believe," re-

plied her son. "She seems to have been brought up in that way."

"She won't want to come and live here, then. She 'll have notions of her own. If she 's like the rest of them, she 'll never have you."

"If she were like the rest of them, I 'd never have her. But she is n't. As far as I 'm concerned, it 's nothing against her that she 's studied medicine. She did n't do it from vanity, or ambition, or any abnormal love of it. She did it, so far as I can find out, because she wished to do good, that way. She 's been a little notional; she 's had her head addled by women's talk, and she 's in a queer freak; but it 's only a girl's freak, after all; you can't say anything worse of her. She 's a splendid woman, and her property 's neither here nor there. I could support her."

"I presume," replied his mother, "that she 's been used to ways that ain't like our ways. I 've always stuck up for you, Rufus, stiff enough, I guess; but I ain't agoin' to deny that you 're country born and bred. I can see that, and she can see it, too. It makes a great difference with girls. I don't know as she 'd call you what they call a gentleman."

Dr. Mulbridge flushed angrily; every American, of whatever standing or breeding, thinks of himself as a gentleman, and nothing can gall him more than the insinuation that he is less. "What do you mean, mother?"

"You hain't ever been in such lady's society as hers in the same way. I know that they all think the world of you, and flatter you up, and they 're as biddable as you please, when you 're doctorin' 'em; but I guess it would be different if you was to set up for one of their own kind amongst 'em."

"There is n't one of them," he retorted, "that I don't believe I could have for the turn of my hand, especially if it was doubled into a fist. They like force."

"Oh, you 've only seen the sick married ones; I guess you 'll find a well *girl* is another thing."

"They 're all alike. And I think I should be something of a relief if I was n't like what she 's been used to hearing called a gentleman; she 'd prefer me on that account. But if you come to blood, I guess the Mulbridges and Gardiners can hold up their heads with the best, *any*where."

"Yes, like the Camfers and Rafflins." These were people of ancestral consequence and local history, who had gone up to Boston from Corbitant, and had succeeded severally as green-grocers and retail dry-goods men, with the naturally attendant social distinction.

"Pshaw!" cried her son. "If she cares for me at all, she won't care for the cut of my clothes, or my table manners."

"Yes, that 's so. 'T ain't on my account that I want you should make sure she *doos* care."

He looked hard at her immovable face, with its fallen eyes, and then went out of the room. He never quarreled with his mother, because his anger, like her own, was dumb, and silenced him as it mounted. Her misgivings had stung him deeply, and at the bottom of his indolence and indifference was a fiery pride, not easily kindled, but unquenchable. He flung the harness upon his old, unkempt horse, and tackled him to the mud-encrusted buggy, for whose shabbiness he had never cared before. He was tempted to go back into the house, and change his uncouth Canada homespun coat for the broadcloth frock which he wore when he went to Boston; but he scornfully resisted, and drove off in his accustomed figure.

His mother's last words repeated themselves to him, and in that dialogue, in which he continued to dramatize their different feelings, he kept replying, "Well, the way to find out whether she cares is to ask her."

X.

During her convalescence Mrs. Maynard had the time and inclination to give Grace some good advice. She said that she had thought a great deal about it throughout her sickness, and she had come to the conclusion that Grace was throwing away her life.

"You're not fit to be a doctor, Grace," she said. "You're too nervous, and you're too conscientious. It is n't merely your want of experience. No matter how much experience you had, if you saw a case going wrong in your hands, you'd want to call in some one else to set it right. Do you suppose Dr. Mulbridge would have given me up to another doctor because he was afraid he could n't cure me? No, indeed! He'd have let me die first, and I should n't have blamed him. Of course I know what pressure I brought to bear upon you, but you had no business to mind me. You ought n't to have minded my talk any more than the buzzing of a mosquito, and no real doctor would. If he wants to be a success, he must be hard-hearted; as hard-hearted as" — she paused for a comparison, and failing any other added — "as all possessed." To the like large-minded and impartial effect, she ran on at great length. "No, Grace," she concluded, "what you want to do is to get married. You would be a good wife, and you would be a good mother. The only trouble is that I don't know any man worthy of you, or half worthy. No, I don't!"

Now that her recovery was assured, Mrs. Maynard was very forgiving and sweet and kind with every one. The ladies who came in to talk with her said that she was a changed creature; she gave them all the best advice, and she had absolutely no shame whatever for the inconsistency involved by her reconciliation with her husband. She rather flaunted the happiness of her reunion in the face of the public, and she vouchsafed an explanation to no one. There had never been anything definite in her charges against him, even to Grace, and her tacit withdrawal of them succeeded perfectly well. The ladies, after some cynical tittering, forgot them, and rejoiced in the spectacle of conjugal harmony afforded them: women are generous creatures, and there is hardly any offense which they are not willing another woman should forgive her husband, when once they have said that they do not see how she could ever forgive him.

Mrs. Maynard's silence seemed insufficient to none but Mrs. Breen and her own husband. The former vigorously denounced its want of logic to Grace as all but criminal, though she had no objection to Mr. Maynard. He, in fact, treated her with a filial respect which went far to efface her preconceptions; and he did what he could to retrieve himself from the disgrace of a separation in Grace's eyes. Perhaps he thought that the late situation was known to her alone, when he casually suggested, one day, that Mrs. Maynard was peculiar.

"Yes," said Grace, mercifully; "but she has been out of health so long. That makes a great difference. She's going to be better, now."

"Oh, it's going to come out all right in the end," he said, with his unbuoyant hopefulness, "and I reckon I've got to help it along. Why, I suppose every man's a trial at times, doctor?"

"I dare say. I know that every woman is," said the girl.

"Is that so? Well, may be you're partly right. But you don't suppose but what a man generally begins it, do you? There was Adam, you know. He did n't pull the apple; but he fell off into that sleep, and woke up with one of his ribs dislocated, and that's what *really* commenced the trouble. If it had n't been for Adam, there would n't

have been any woman, you know; and you could n't blame her for what happened, after she got going?" There was no gleam of insinuation in his melancholy eye, and Grace listened without quite knowing what to make of it all. "And then I suppose he was n't punctual at meals, and stood round talking politics at night, when he ought to have been at home with his family?"

"Who?" asked Grace.

"Adam," replied Mr. Maynard, lifelessly. "Well, they got along pretty well outside," he continued. "Some of the children did n't turn out just what you might have expected; but raising children is mighty uncertain business. Yes, *they* got along." He ended his parable with a sort of weary sigh, as if oppressed by experience. Grace looked at his slovenly figure, his smoky complexion, and the shaggy outline made by his untrimmed hair and beard, and she wondered how Louise could marry him; but she liked him, and she was willing to accept for all reason the cause of unhappiness at which he further hinted. "You see, doctor, an incompatibility is a pretty hard thing to manage. You can't forgive it, like a real grievance. You have to try other things, and find out that there are worse things, and then you come back to it and stand it. We 're talking Wyoming and cattle range, now, and Mrs. Maynard is all for the new deal; it 's going to make us healthy, wealthy, and wise. Well, I suppose the air *will* be good for her, out there. You doctors are sending lots of your patients our way, now." The gravity with which he always assumed that Grace was a physician in full and regular practice would have had its edge of satire, coming from another, but from him, if it was ironical, it was also caressing, and she did not resent it. "I 've had some talk with your colleague, here, Dr. Mulbridge, and he seems to think it will be the best thing for her. I suppose you agree with him?"

"Oh, yes," said Grace, "his opinion would be of great value. It would n't be at all essential that I should agree with him."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Maynard. "I reckon he thinks a good deal of your agreeing with him. I 've been talking with him about settling, out our way. We 've got a magnificent country, and there 's bound to be plenty of sickness there, sooner or later. Why, doctor, it would be a good opening for *you!* It 's just the place for you. You 're off here in a corner, in New England, and you have n't got any sort of scope; but at Cheyenne you 'd have the whole field to yourself; there is n't another lady doctor in Cheyenne. Now, you come out with us. Bring your mother with you, and grow up with the country. Your mother would like it; there 's enough moral obliquity in Cheyenne to keep her conscience in a state of healthful activity all the time. Yes, you 'd get along, out there."

Grace laughed, and shook her head. It was part of the joke which life seemed to be with Mr. Maynard that the inhabitants of New England were all eager to escape from their native section, and that they ought to be pitied and abetted in this desire. As soon as his wife's convalescence released him from constant attendance upon her, he began an inspection of the region from the compassionate point of view. The small, frugal husbandry appealed to his commiseration, and he professed to have found the use of canvas caps upon the haycocks intolerably pathetic. "Why, I 'm told," he said, "that they have to blanket the apple-trees while the fruit is setting; and they kill off our Colorado bugs by turning them loose, one at a time, on the potato-patches: the bug starves to death in forty-eight hours. But you 've got plenty of school-houses, doctor; it does beat all, about the school-houses. And it 's an awful pity that there are no children to go to school in

them. Why, of course the people go West as fast as they can; but they ought to be helped; the government ought to do something. They 're good people; make first-rate citizens when you get them waked up, out there. But they ought all to be got away, and let somebody run New England as a summer resort. It 's pretty, and it 's cool and pleasant, and the fishing is excellent; milk, eggs, and all kinds of berries and historical associations on the premises; and it could be made very attractive three months of the year; but my goodness! you ought n't to ask anybody to *live* here. You come out with us, doctor, and see that country, and you 'll know what I mean."

His boasts were always uttered with a wan, lack-lustre irony, as if he were burlesquing the conventional Western brag and enjoying the mystification of his listener, whose feeble sense of humor often failed to seize his intention, and to whom any depreciation of New England was naturally unintelligible. She had not come to her final liking for him without a season of serious misgiving, but after that she rested in peace upon what every one knowing him felt to be his essential neighborliness. Her wonder had then come to be how he could marry Louise, when they sat together on the seaward piazza, and he poured out his easy talk, unwearied and unwearying, while with one long, lank leg crossed upon the other he swung his unblacked, thin-soled boot to and fro.

"Well, he was this kind of a fellow: when we were in Switzerland, he was always climbing some mountain or other. They could n't have hired me to climb one of their mountains if they 'd given me all their scenery, and thrown their goitres in. I used to tell him that the side of a house was good enough for me. But nothing but the tallest mountains would do *him;* and one day when he was up there on the comb of the roof somewhere, tied with a rope round his waist to the guide and a Frenchman, the guide's foot slipped, and he commenced going down. The Frenchman was just going to cut the rope and let the guide play it alone, but he knocked the knife out of his hand with his long-handled axe, and when the jerk came he was on the other side of the comb, where he could brace himself, and brought them both up standing. Well, he 's got muscles like bunches of steel wire. Did n't he ever tell you about it?"

"No," said Grace, sadly.

"Well, somebody ought to expose Libby. I don't suppose I should ever have known about it myself, if I had n't happened to see the guide's friends and relations crying over him next day as if he was the guide's funeral. Hello! There 's the doctor." He unlimbered his lank legs, and rose with an effect of opening his person like a pocket-knife. "As I understand it, this is an unprofessional visit, and the doctor is here among us as a guest. I don't know exactly what to do under the circumstances, — whether we ought to talk about Mrs. Maynard's health or the opera, — but I reckon if we show our good intentions it will come out all right in the end."

He went forward to meet the doctor, who came up to shake hands with Grace, and then followed him in-doors to see Mrs. Maynard. Grace remained in her place, and she was still sitting there when Dr. Mulbridge returned without him. He came directly to her, and said, "I want to speak with you, Miss Breen. Can I see you alone?"

"Is — is Mrs. Maynard worse?" she asked, rising in a little trepidation.

"No; it has nothing to do with her. She 's practically well, now; I can remand the case to you. I wish to see you — about yourself." She hesitated at this peculiar summons, but some pressure was upon her to obey Dr. Mulbridge, as there was upon most people

whom he wished to obey him. "I want to talk with you," he added, "about what you are going to do, — about your future. Will you come?"

"Oh, yes," she answered; and she suffered him to lead the way down from the piazza, and out upon one of the sandy avenues toward the woods, in which it presently lost itself. "But there will be very little to talk about," she continued, as they moved away, "if you confine yourself to *my* future. I have none."

"I don't see how you 've got rid of it," he rejoined. "You 've got a future as much as you have a past, and there 's this advantage, — that you can do something with your future."

"Do you think so?" she asked, with a little bitterness. "That has n't been my experience."

"It 's been mine," he said, "and you can make it yours. Come, I want to talk with you about your future, because I have been thinking very seriously about my own. I want to ask your advice, and to give you mine. I 'll commence by asking yours. What do you think of me as a physician? I know you are able to judge."

She was flattered, in spite of herself. There were long arrears of cool indifference to her own claims in that direction, which she might very well have resented; but she did not. There was that flattery in his question which the junior in any vocation feels in the appeal of his senior; and there was the flattery which any woman feels in a man's recourse to her judgment. Still, she contrived to parry it with a little thrust. "I don't suppose the opinion of a mere homœopathist can be of any value to a regular practitioner."

He laughed. "You have been a regular practitioner yourself for the last three weeks. What do you think of my management of the case?"

"I have never abandoned my principles," she began.

"Oh, I know all about that! What do you think of me as a doctor?" he persisted.

"Of course I admire you. Why do you ask me that?"

"Because I wished to know. And because I wished to ask you something else. You have been brought up in a city, and I have always lived here in the country, except the two years I was out with the army. Do you think I should succeed, if I pulled up here and settled in Boston?"

"I have not lived in Boston," she answered. "My opinion would n't be worth much on that point."

"Yes, it would. You know city people, and what they are. I have seen a good deal of them in my practice at the hotels about here, and some of the ladies — when they happened to feel more comfortable — have advised me to come to Boston." His derision seemed to throw contempt on all her sex; but he turned to her, and asked again, earnestly, "What do you think? Some of the profession know me there. When I left the school, some of the faculty urged me to try my chance in the city."

She waited a moment before she answered. "You know that I must respect your skill, and I believe that you could succeed anywhere. I judge your fitness by my own deficiency. The first time I saw you with Mrs. Maynard, I saw that you had everything that I had n't. I saw that I was a failure, and why, and that it would be foolish for me to keep up the struggle."

"Do you mean that you have given it up?" he demanded, with a triumph in which there was no sympathy.

"It has given me up. I never liked it, — I told you that before, — and I never took it up from any ambitious motive. It seemed a shame for me to be of no use in the world; and I hoped that I might do something in a way that seemed natural for women. And I don't give up because I'm unfit as a

woman. I might be a man, and still be impulsive, and timid, and nervous, and everything that I thought I was not."

"Yes, you might be all that, and be a man; but you'd be an exceptional man, and I don't think you're an exceptional woman. If you've failed, it is n't your temperament that 's to blame."

"I think it is. The wrong is somewhere in me individually. I know it is."

Dr. Mulbridge, walking beside her, with his hands clasped behind him, threw up his head and laughed. "Well, have it your own way, Miss Breen. Only, I don't agree with you. Why should you wish to spare your sex at your own expense? But that 's the way with some ladies, I 've noticed. They approve of what women attempt because women attempt it, and they believe the attempt reflects honor on them. It 's tremendous to think what men could accomplish for their sex, if they only hung together as women do. But they can't. They have n't the generosity."

"I think you don't understand me," said Grace, with a severity that amused him. "I wished to regard myself, in taking up this profession, entirely as I believed a man would have regarded himself."

"And were you able to do it?"

"No," she unintentionally replied to this unexpected question.

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed Dr. Mulbridge at her helpless candor. "And are you sure that you give it up as a man would?"

"I don't know how you mean," she said, vexed and bewildered.

"Do you do it, fairly and squarely, because you believe that you're a failure, or because you partly feel that you have n't been fairly dealt with?"

"I believe that if Mrs. Maynard had had the same confidence in me that she would have had in any man, I should not have failed. But every woman physician has a double disadvantage that I had n't the strength to overcome, — her own inexperience and the distrust of other women."

"Well, whose fault is that?"

"Not the men's. It is the men alone who give women any chance. They are kind, and generous, and liberal-minded. I have no blame for them, and I have no patience with women who want to treat them as the enemies of women's advancement. Women can't move a step forwards without their sufferance and help. Dr. Mulbridge!" she cried, "I wish to apologize for the hasty and silly words I used to you the day I came to ask you to consult with me. I ought to have been grateful to you for consenting at first, and when you took back your consent I ought to have considered your position. You were entirely right. We had no common ground to meet on, and I behaved like a petulant, foolish, vulgar girl!"

"No, no," he protested, laughing in recollection of the scene. "You were all right, and I was in a fix, and if your own fears had n't come to the rescue, I don't know how I should have got out of it. It would have been disgraceful, would n't it, to refuse a lady's request? You don't know how near I was to giving way. I can tell you, now that it 's all over. I had never seen a lady of our profession before," he added hastily, "and my curiosity was up. I always had my doubts about the thoroughness of women's study, and I should have liked to see where your training failed. I must say I found it very good, — I 've told you that. You would n't fail individually; you would fail because you are a woman."

"I don't believe that," said Grace.

"Well, then, because your patients are women. It 's all one. What will you do?"

"I shall not do anything. I shall give it all up."

"But what shall you do, then?"

"I — don't know."

"What are you going to be? A fashionable woman? Or are you going to Europe, and settle down there with the other American failures? I 've heard about them, — in Rome, and Florence, and Paris. Are you going to throw away the study you 've put into this profession? You took it up because you wanted to do good. Don't you want to do good any more? Has the human race turned out unworthy?"

She cowered at this arraignment, in which she could not separate the mocking from the justice. "What do you advise me to do? Do you think I could ever succeed?"

"You could never succeed alone."

"Yes, I know that; I felt that from the first. But I have planned to unite with a woman physician older than myself" —

"And double your deficiency. Sit down here," he said; "I wish to talk business." They had entered the border of the woods encompassing Jocelyn's, and he pointed to a stump, beside which lay the fallen tree. She obeyed mechanically, and he remained standing near her, with one foot lifted to the log; he leaned forward over her, and seemed to seize a physical advantage in the posture. "From your own point of view, you would have no right to give up your undertaking, if there was a chance of success in it. You would have no more right to give up than a woman who had gone out as a missionary."

"I don't pretend to compare myself with such a woman; but I should have no more right to give up," she answered, helpless against the logic of her fate, which he had somehow divined.

"Well, then, listen to me. I can give you this chance. Are you satisfied that with my advice you could have succeeded in Mrs. Maynard's case?"

"Yes, I think so. But what" —

"I think so, too. Don't rise!" His will overcame the impulse that had betrayed itself, and she sank back to her seat. "I offer you my advice from this time forward; I offer you my help."

"That is very good of you," she murmured; "and I appreciate your generosity more than I can say. I know the prejudice you must have had to overcome in regard to women physicians before you could bring yourself to do this; and I know how you must have despised me for failing in my attempt, and giving myself up to my feeble temperament. But" —

"Oh, we won't speak of all that," he interrupted. "Of course I felt the prejudice against women entering the profession which we all feel; it was ridiculous and disgusting to me till I saw you. I won't urge you from any personal motive to accept my offer. But I know that if you do you can realize all your hopes of usefulness; and I ask you to consider that certainly. But you know the only way it could be done."

She looked him in the eyes with dismay in her growing intelligence.

"What — what do you mean?"

"I mean that I ask you to let me help you carry out your plan of life, and to save all you have done and all you have hoped, from waste, as your husband. Think" —

She struggled to her feet as if he were opposing a palpable resistance, so strongly she felt the pressure of his will.

"It can't be, Dr. Mulbridge. Oh, it can't, indeed! Let us go back; I wish to go back!"

But he had planted himself in her way, and blocked her advance, unless she chose to make it a flight.

"I expected this," he said, with a smile, as if her wild trepidation interested him as an anticipated symptom. "The whole idea is new and startling to you. But I know you won't dismiss it abruptly, and I won't be discouraged."

"Yes, yes; you must! I will not

think of it! I can't! I do dismiss it at once. Let me go!"

"Then you really choose to be like the rest, — a thing of hysterical impulses, without conscience or reason! I supposed the weakest woman would be equal to an offer of marriage. And you had dreamt of being a physician and useful!"

"I tell you," she cried, half quelled by his derision, "that I have found out that I am not fit for it, — that I am a failure and a disgrace; and you had no right to expect me to be anything else."

"You are no failure, and I had a right to expect anything of you, after the endurance and the discretion you have shown in the last three weeks. Without your help I should have failed myself. You owe it to other women to go on."

"They must take care of themselves," she said. "If my weakness throws shame on them, they must bear it. I thank you for what you say. I believe you mean it. But if I was of any use to you, I did n't know it" —

"It was probably inspiration, then," he interrupted, coolly. "Come, this is n't a thing to be frightened at. You 're not obliged to do what I say. But I think you ought to hear me out. I have n't spoke without serious thought, and I did n't suppose you would reject me without a reason."

"Reason?" she repeated. "There is no reason in it."

"There ought to be. There is, on my side. I have all kinds of reasons for asking you to be my wife: I believe that I can make you happy in the fulfillment of your plans; I admire you and respect you more than any other woman I ever saw; and I love you."

"I don't love you, and that is reason enough."

"Yes, between boys and girls. But between men and women it is n't enough. Do you dislike me?"

"No."

"Am I repulsive in any way?"

"No, no!"

"I know that I am not very young, and that I am not very good-looking."

"It is n't that at all."

"Of course I know that such things weigh with women, and that personal traits and habits are important in an affair like this. I am slovenly and indifferent about my dress; but it 's only because I have lived where every sort of spirit and ambition were useless. I don't know about city ways, but I could pick up all of them that were worth while. I spoke of going to Boston; but I would go anywhere else with you, East or West, that you chose, and I know that I should succeed. I have n't done what I might have done with myself, because I 've never had an object in life. I 've always lived in the one little place, and I 've never been out of it except when I was in the army. I 've always liked my profession; but nothing has seemed worth while. You were a revelation to me; you have put ambition and hope into me. I never saw any woman before that I would have turned my hand to have. They always seemed to me fit to be the companions of fools, or the playthings of men. But, of all the simpletons, the women who were trying to do something for woman, as they called it, trying to exemplify and illustrate a cause, were the silliest that I came across. I never happened to have met a woman doctor before you came to me; but I had imagined them, and I could n't believe in you when I saw you. You were not supersensitive, you were not presumptuous, and you gave up not because you distrusted yourself, but because your patient distrusted you. That was right; I should have done the same thing myself. Under my direction, you have shown yourself faithful, docile, patient, intelligent, beyond anything I have seen. I have watched you, and I know; and I know what your peculiar trials have been from that

woman. You have taught me a less[redacted] — I 'm not ashamed to say it; [redacted] you 've given me a motive. I was wrong to ask you to marry me so that you might carry out your plans; that was no way to appeal to *you*. What I meant was that I might make your plans my own, and that we might carry them out together. I don't care for making money; I have always been poor, and I had always expected to be so; and I am not afraid of hard work. There is n't any self-sacrifice you 've dreamed of that I would n't gladly and proudly share with you. You can't do anything by yourself, but we could do anything together. If you have any scruple about giving up your theory of medicine, you need n't do it; and the State Medical Association may go to the devil. I 've said my say. What do you say?"

She looked all round, as if seeking escape from a mesh suddenly flung about her, and then she looked imploringly up at him. "I have nothing to say," she whispered huskily. "I can't answer you."

"Well, that 's all I ask," he said, moving a few steps away, and suffering her to rise. "Don't answer me now. Take time, — all the time you want, all the time there is."

"No," she said, rising, and gathering some strength from the sense of being on foot again. "I don't mean that. I mean that I don't — I can't consent."

"You don't believe in me? You [redacted]on't think I would do it?"

"I don't believe in myself. I have no right to doubt you. I know that I ought to honor you for what you propose."

"I don't think it calls for any great honor. Of course I should n't propose it to every lady physician." He smiled with entire serenity and self-possession. "Tell me one thing: was there ever a time when you would have consented?" She did not answer. "Then you will consent yet?"

"No! Don't deceive yourself. I shall never consent."

"I 'll leave that to the logic of your own conscience. You will do what seems your duty."

"You must n't trust to my conscience. I fling it away! I won't have anything to do with it. I 've been tortured enough by it. There is no sense or justice in it!"

He laughed easily at her vehemence. "I 'll trust your conscience. But I won't stay to worry you now. I 'm coming again day after to-morrow, and I 'm not afraid of what you will say then."

He turned and left her, tearing his way through the sweet-fern and low blackberry vines, with long strides, a shape of uncouth force. After he was out of sight, she followed, scared and trembling at herself, as if she had blasphemed.

W. D. Howells.

AMONG LOWELL MILL-GIRLS: A REMINISCENCE.

THE scenery of the Merrimack at Lowell, while lacking the grandeur of the hill region whence the river issues, has a quiet attractiveness of its own. The slaty cliffs at Pawtucket Falls bear lingering footmarks of aboriginal history, and wear the charm of remembered beauty for those who wandered in childhood and early youth among their overhanging hemlocks and nestling wild flowers, before the picturesqueness of the place was sacrificed to manufacturing exigencies.

The country slopes gently toward the

river in every direction. The principal descent of water at the Falls is about thirty feet perpendicular, after which the stream foams and tumbles over a half mile or so of winding rapids, expands into a smooth, lake-like sheet, and then, joining the slower waters of the Concord, narrows itself again between wooded hills into a less abrupt succession of falls and rapids.

The level between the upper and lower rapids was the site chosen for a town, in the year 1821, by a company of gentlemen who were in search of a spot suitable for the building of cotton mills on an extensive scale. The first of these — the Merrimack Mills — went into operation in the year 1823. The town of Lowell was incorporated in 1826. A city government was adopted in 1836; and in twenty years after the first mills were started, there were twelve manufacturing companies organized, with a capital of between thirteen and fourteen millions of dollars, and employing between thirteen and fourteen thousand persons.

The place was named for Mr. Francis Cabot Lowell, whose improvements of the power-loom were such as to make him practically its inventor, and who was the originator of the cotton cloth manufacture, as now carried on in America. It is interesting to think of the cultivated Boston gentleman in the seclusion of the room he had taken for his work, in Broad Street, perfecting the details of his loom, and at the same time developing plans by which this new branch of industry should be made pleasant and remunerative to his countrymen, but more especially to his countrywomen, whose assistance he looked for in carrying out his project. In this connection arose questions which a man of large-hearted humanity, like Mr. Lowell, could not but weigh with utmost care, as they concerned the well-being of those he meant to employ. While he must have foreseen how immensely the material interests of the country would be advanced by his enterprise, he could not have regarded it as a public benefaction, nor should we now look upon him as wise and humane in undertaking it, if he had given no thought to the personal good of those who were to carry it on; if, indeed, he had not made that a matter of chief importance in his plans.

Mr. Nathan Appleton, who was closely associated with Mr. Lowell, thus reports the result of their conferences on a point which justly gave them some anxiety: —

"Here was in New England a fund of labor, well educated and virtuous.

"The operatives in the manufacturing cities of Europe were notoriously of the lowest character for intelligence and morals. The question, therefore, arose, and was deeply considered, whether this degradation was the result of the peculiar occupation, or of other and distinct causes. We could not perceive why this peculiar description of labor should vary, in its effects upon character, from all other occupations."

The "fund of labor," referred to by Mr. Appleton, meant the younger people of the rural districts, scattered abroad in villages and lonely farm-houses, who were, he says, "induced to come to these mills for a temporary period." They were chiefly the young women of the land, who had been brought up to earn their own living in the fear and love of God, as their fathers and mothers had done before them. The fertile prairies of the West were already attracting the more energetic young men, but their sisters remained at home, and the family burdens often pressed upon them very heavily. A girl's opportunities for earning money were few, and the amount received was small for such employments as straw-braiding, binding shoes, dressmaking, and domestic labor. An occupation as easy as any of these, with a larger compensation, could now

be offered her, and the proje... to promise benefit to all concer... it would undoubtedly give the business of the country an unprecedented impetus.

The processes of carding cotton, of spinning yarn, and of weaving cloth, carried on in the old fashion, at the farmer's fireside, were necessary and not disagreeable employments. It was absurd to think that, as employments, their character could be intrinsically changed by the use of machinery, or by the bringing together of numerous worthy young women from country homesteads to pursue them socially in the mills.

The important thing would be, to keep the surroundings of any community thus formed free from all that could be harmful to personal character, and to leave it open in every direction to pure and healthful influences.

So Mr. Lowell probably reasoned; and having assured himself that there was nothing in the cloth manufacture which could be injurious to those who might engage in it, his first care was to place such guards around the every-day life of these young countrywomen of his as they would naturally find in their own homes. The corporation boarding system was to be established upon this idea. The houses were to be rented to matrons of assured respectability, many of whom would bring their own daughters with them, and so would be interested in other daughters who were away from their parents' oversight.

The fullest arrangements were to be made for religious worship, and it was expected that all would attend Sabbath services somewhere.

Boarding-house keepers and overseers were to be held responsible to a superintendent — who of necessity must be a person of character and dignity — for the general welfare of those under their charge; and no immoral person was to be admitted to employment in the mills.

...rief, these young girls were to be ...ssured of an unobjectionable occupation, the privileges and wholesome restrictions of home, and a moral atmosphere as clear and bracing as that of the mountains from whose breezy slopes many of them were to come. Beyond these arrangements, nothing was necessary; their native intelligence and conscientiousness might be depended upon for the rest.

Mr. Lowell died in the year 1817, before a location had been decided upon for the city which bears his name. But he may well be regarded as its founder, since the credit is his for whatever is peculiar in the manufacturing system there established, and out of which the prosperity of the place has grown. The new power-loom had been successfully tested at Waltham, but more room was needed, and a larger water-power; and so on the banks of the Merrimack arose the "city of spindles."

The cotton mill itself, as known in this country, was an original idea with Mr. Lowell. In Great Britain, the weaving, spinning, and so forth were done each as a separate business. His plan, adopted everywhere, was to have the raw cotton taken in from the picker on the lower floor of the mill, ascend in regular order through the processes of carding, spinning, and dressing, and come out of the weaving-room in the upper story, finished cloth.

The whole thing seems to have been comprehensive in its originator's mind: a profitable investment for both labor and capital; the method of cloth-making better systematized; a new industry for American women, offering them an opportunity for self-support with self-respect, the guarded freedom of a home, and a social atmosphere wherein heart and soul might healthfully breathe.

If anything special were done for the education of those employed in the mills, and it is said that Mr. Lowell's family always took a deep interest in the wel-

fare of the young town, it must [illegible] been only during the very earliest years of [illegible] of the place. There is no record of anything of the kind, beyond a provision for the children of mill-people who came with their families; which provision the establishment of common schools soon rendered unnecessary. There could have been only evening classes for the girls employed in the mills; and as they worked from twelve to fourteen hours, and were forbidden to have books at their work, much could not have been expected of them. In later years they did manage to do considerable studying, but they paid for whatever instruction they received.

When we talk about "the working-classes," we are using very modern language, which those who formed the great mass of our population forty or fifty years ago would have found it difficult to understand. The term "working-people" was then seldom used, because everybody worked. The minister and the doctor had usually worked with their hands, to defray their college expenses; and they often continued their labors afterwards, to eke out a scanty income. The mistress of a family did her own sewing and housework, or, if it was too much for her, called in a neighbor or a relative as "help." Young girls were glad of an opportunity to earn money for themselves in this way, or by means of any handicraft they could learn, or by teaching the district school through the summer months; all these employments being considered equally respectable. The children of that generation were brought up to endure hardness. They expected to make something of themselves and of life, but not easily, not without constant exertion. The energy and the earnestness through which their fathers had subdued the savage forces of nature on this continent still lingered in the air, a moral exhilaration.

Children born half a century ago penetrated through every fibre [illegible]t with the idea that idleness is disgrace. It was taught with the alphabet and the spelling-book; it was enforced by precept and example, at home and abroad; and it is to be confessed that it did sometimes haunt the childish imagination almost mercilessly. I know that Dr. Watts's

> "How doth the little busy bee
> Improve each shining hour,"

and King Solomon's "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, . . . and be wise," filled one child's mind with a dislike of bees and ants that amounted almost to hatred; they ran and flew and buzzed about her like accusing spirits that left her no peace in her beautiful day-dreams. It was a great relief to see a bee loiter in the air around the flowers, as if he enjoyed the lazy motion. As for the ants, — those little black pagans, — they overdid the business by working just as hard on Sundays as on any other day. It surely was not proper to follow *their* example!

But there is no doubt that human nature is always sufficiently indolent; and probably no one ever grew up to regret having been taught in childhood that waste of time is a sin. Certainly it was the universal prevalence of thrifty and industrious habits that gave our first great manufacturing city its honorable early reputation.

The condition of working-people in our large manufacturing communities, and the present tendencies of those communities, are among the most important social questions of the day. A discussion of these questions forms no part of the writer's purpose; but a sketch of her early experience at Lowell, while it was a young and growing city, may not be without suggestions for those who make our national interests a study.

It is hardly possible to narrate circumstances into which one's own life has been woven, without writing autobiographically; and I may be excused for

using the first person in attempting to describe a phase of womanly toil, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was."

To show how it came about that ten years or more of my childhood and youth were passed at Lowell, it is necessary to go a little back of my mother's removal there, which was not far from the period of its transition from a town to a city.

Pleasant Beverly, one of the oldest and most picturesque of our Massachusetts seaboard towns, holds my infantile memories. All the associations of our family were with the sea, more especially through my father, who had been a captain in the merchant service, during the early years of the century. A happy home, with stories of the ocean echoing around the fireside, and songs of the ocean blending with prayer and hymn in the twilight lullaby, have left the memory of life's beginning like a wild and tender waft of Æolian melody. The seriousness of the earlier Puritanism still brooded over the landscape, and penetrated daily life; but childhood is childhood everywhere, and its light-heartedness only felt the grave contrasts into which it was born as the playful treble might feel the solemnity of the sustaining bass.

"Are we poor, or rich?" was the question over which we innocently puzzled first ourselves and then our parents, when somebody had been spoken of as at one extreme of the social scale. We were sent for our answer to the prayer of Agur, in the book of Proverbs, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me;" with the assurance that we were where he wished to be, in the most desirable of earthly conditions.

And, indeed, outside of the larger towns, the extremes of riches and poverty were then seldom seen. Living in the golden mean of general education and of comfort won from labor and thrift, the average child of the commonwealth had to learn the signification of the words "rich" and "poor" chiefly from English story books.

My mother's widowhood was the occasion of her removal to Lowell. Left without means of maintenance for her large family, the youngest being but four years of age, she bethought herself of the new manufacturing town, which had for some years been wondered about all over the country. Seeing no other plain opening, she decided, in two or three years after my father's death, to go there and take charge of one of the boarding-houses belonging to a new corporation, named for its projectors, the Messrs. Lawrence, of Boston. A good report had come to her of the public schools, where she had reason to believe that her little girls would be at least as well educated as they could be in their native place. But what she had heard of the excellent kind of people who came to Lowell, and of the high standard there in matters of morals and religion, influenced her decision more than all other considerations.

The fact that Beverly was the first place in the country where a cotton-mill had been built had interested the older inhabitants in the subject of manufactures, and may have led my mother's thoughts in that direction. That mill, which was erected in 1788, proved a failure, probably from unsuitability of time and place. Certainly the little sea-fed river could have furnished no adequate water-power. The starting of cotton factories in Rhode Island, soon after, left the one in Beverly stranded as a business enterprise, and the town lapsed into its original quietness, lulled to sleep by wind and wave.

My mother took with her to Lowell only her three or four younger children, the rest remaining among friends, or at occupations they had chosen for themselves.

It was a morning never to be forgot-

ten, when the Salem and Lowell stage-coach came rumbling over the bridge, and up the long main street of the town, turning into our very lane and stopping at our very door, on purpose to take us children off on a journey, the first journey of our lives.

Moving is one of the romances of childhood. We felt as if there were some magic about it. This might be Cinderella's coach that we were riding away in, to some fairy-land of our dreams. Yet the dear old town had never seemed so beautiful to us as it did now that we were leaving it behind. The fishing-schooners at the wharves, the light-houses on Baker's Island far out at sea, our own Bass River, running down with its tidal waters from the inland hills, against which the steeples of Danvers gleamed with a misty whiteness, all seemed beckoning us back; and a little shiver of regret ran through our anticipations, as we rolled over the bridge. But after that, when we had passed through the streets of Salem, closely lined with dignified, reticent-looking mansions, and were out in the open country, everything was invitingly new. How softly the fields slid down from the lap of the hills! greener fields and hills than we had ever seen, untouched by the east wind's chill! What unknown birds sang around us! What strange flowers bloomed by the road-side! Then came the halt for relay on the sunny slopes of Andover, the ride through the farm-lands of Tewksbury, and at last the Merrimack, shining in the distance; and at its side, dropped in a wide-brimmed bowl of hills, the little city that was to be our home.

The romance of our journey came to an abrupt termination before a green door in a red brick block with green window-blinds, the third in a row of four brick blocks, each the exact counterpart of the other. But our childish enthusiasm was not checked; it rooted itself even in the sandy soil of the small back yard, where we persuaded morning-glories to veil the kitchen windows; and it blossomed afresh with the discovery of harebells in abundance on the cliffs by the river, — the real "bluebells of Scotland," which we had hitherto known only in stories and poems.

With the river itself we claimed comradeship at once, — a companion that overtook us unexpectedly in our rambles, always our playmate and our friend. Its loving, lingering, following ways became dearer to us than the uncertain moods of the sea.

Children are natural explorers, and it was not long before we knew the geography of all the roads winding up and out into the country from the banks of the Merrimack. Vivid as if it were but yesterday, the memory remains to me of one Saturday afternoon holiday, when three little girls of us carried out a long-pondered plan of walking from the lower to the upper bridge, along the brow of the hills on the Dracut side of the river, an excursion of several miles. Beautiful indeed they were, those "fields beyond the swelling flood." It had been a time of rain and freshet, and the April grass was like velvet upon all the sunlit slopes; but an undreamed-of wonder awaited us: at a turn in the road, we caught our first glimpse of mountains. Stretched in a broken opaline chain along the cool northern horizon, softly dazzling and infinitely far away, Wachusett, Monadnock, the Uncannoonucks, by whatever unbaptized names they were known, they glimmered upon our vision like the precious stones in the walls of the New Jerusalem. At a moment like this the universe widens, as if by magic, upon a child's imagination. Henceforth, the mountains were in my world not as boundary-lines upon a map, but as stepping-stones into the splendor of an illimitable realm beyond their peaks; and when, soon afterward, I began to toil at the spindles, with the river rippling past my windows, it brought me

more than its own music and beauty; it was a messenger from the hills, from summits touched with the radiance of an invisible heaven.

We younger girls entered upon the usual routine of grammar-school study at Lowell, and were nearly prepared for the high school, when it was found necessary that one or more of us should take up our share of the domestic burdens, which my mother had found too heavy to bear alone. I, being larger for my years, and apparently stronger than my sisters nearest me in age, was taken from school and began to work in the mill in my twelfth year.

Before this time, however, we had become well acquainted with the young people around us; and there was nothing but pleasure in the thought of a working companionship with those we had loved as housemates or neighbors. It was a widening of life to us children, to whom our tradition-haunted corner of Massachusetts had seemed like the centre of the universe, — all this brisk youth and intelligence that poured in upon us from the remotest nooks of New England. It would have taken many journeys to give us as true an idea of our countrywomen as we thus obtained. To grow up with the notion that natural refinement and aspiration after mental and moral development are ever provincially exclusive was, under the circumstances, impossible for us.

A few young girls had followed my mother from our own neighborhood, but most who lived with us were natives of Vermont or New Hampshire or Maine. We found in our bright, breezy, wide-awake boarders a source of perpetual interest. Our Zilphas and Florillas and Dianas and Rosannas seemed to bring down to us the rustling of forest-leaves and the rushing of mountain waterfalls. We used to think "our girls" a choice company; fancying that no neighbor's household could be quite as pleasant as our own. But this was a fancy only; for while there was a natural grouping into families through sympathy of tastes, there was always a large preponderance in the community of intelligent and interesting young women. It could scarcely have been otherwise. The trustworthy, the energetic, and the well trained were more likely than others to go and try a new experience of toil among strangers, whether of their own accord, or by permission of relatives.

The home life of the mill-girls as I knew it in my mother's family was nearly like this: —

Work began at five o'clock on summer mornings, and at daylight in the winter. Breakfast was eaten by lamplight, during the cold weather; in summer, an interval of half an hour was allowed for it, between seven and eight o'clock. The time given for the noon meal was from a half to three quarters of an hour. The only hours of leisure were from half past seven or eight to ten in the evening, the mills closing a little earlier on Saturdays. It was an imperative regulation that lights should be out at ten. During those two evening hours, when it was too cold for the girls to sit in their own rooms, the dining-room was used as a sitting-room, where they gathered around the tables, and sewed, and read, and wrote, and studied. It seems a wonder, to look back upon it, how they accomplished so much as they did, in their limited allowance of time. They made and mended their own clothing, often doing a good deal of unnecessary fancy-work besides. They subscribed for periodicals; took books from the libraries; went to singing-schools, conference meetings, concerts, and lectures; watched at night by a sick girl's bedside, and did double work for her in the mill, if necessary; and on Sundays they were at church, not differing in appearance from other well-dressed and decorous young women. Strangers who had been sitting beside

them in a house of worship were often heard to ask, on coming out, "But where were the factory-girls?"

Lowell was eminently a church-going place, and the hush of the old-fashioned Sabbath had there a peculiar charm, by contrast with the week-day noise. The mill-girls not only cheerfully paid their pew-rents, but gave their earnings to be built into the walls of new churches, as the population increased. Their contributions to social and foreign charities also were noticeably liberal. What they did for their own families — keeping a little sister at school, sending a brother to college, lifting the burden of a homestead debt from a parent's old age — was done so frequently and so quietly as to pass without comment. Their independence was as marked as their generosity. While they were ready with sisterly help for one another whenever it was needed, nothing would have been more intolerable to most of them than the pauper spirit into which women who look to relatives or friends for support so easily subside. Perhaps they erred in the direction of a too resolute self-reliance. That trait, however, is a part of the common New England inheritance; and there was, indeed, nothing peculiar about the Lowell mill-girls, except that they were New England girls of the older and hardier stock.

Amusements were not thought a necessity, in those days; and even if they had been furnished without charge, they might not have been patronized; for these young women had many ways of occupying and entertaining themselves, in their brief hours of leisure. Evening classes of various kinds were formed, which were well attended, and gladly paid for by the pupils, who enjoyed what they learned, as they did other things, the better for having earned it. A desire for knowledge, and the mental activity resulting therefrom, made themselves felt everywhere.

While yet a child, I used to consider it special good fortune that my home was at Lowell. There was a frank friendliness and sincerity in the social atmosphere that wrought upon me unconsciously, and made the place pleasant to live in. People moved about their every-day duties with purpose and zest, and were genuinely interested in one another; while in the towns on the seaboard it sometimes was as if every man's house was his castle in almost a feudal sense, where the family shut themselves in, on the defensive against intruders. Passing through the streets of my native place, after the first absence of a year or two, the shut-up and swept-up and silent look of everything struck me as something funereal. Possibly there were people in the houses, behind the closed blinds, but they kept themselves invisible. Nothing except the east wind was astir. I appeared to my child-self to be wandering in a dream through

> "A land in which it seemèd always afternoon;
> A land where all things always seemed the same."

But it was an excellent thing for us growing little ones that we had a foothold by the sea-side, as well as on the banks of the Merrimack. We loved the very pebbles in the still, untraveled lanes and roads of our native town, the very grass that grew by the way-side, with a love such as children naturally have for the one spot of earth — not unmeaningly called Mother Earth — where they were born. And the change from the clatter of shuttles and spindles to that quietness of solitary shore scenery did us more good than we could guess.

We returned often, and made long visits; and when once let loose upon the stretch of picturesque coast known as Beverly Farms, we were like young princesses roaming over their ancestral domain. For our right to the soil was, by inheritance, second only to that of the aboriginal occupants, though we

limited our special claim to the landscape alone.

Never, it seemed to us, was there so wonderful a wood as that which hid a certain familiar homestead from the main road, — a dense entanglement of boughs and bird-carolings above, a fragrant jungle of checkerberry and bayberry and sweet fern and wild roses underneath, penetrated by a single wagon-track, which at a sudden magical turn, always unexpected, brought into view a lovely picture: a gambrel-roofed cottage amid garden-beds, orchards, and many-tinted grain fields, which sloped away from half-inclosing hills toward sparkling distances of sea. Here our great-grandfathers had settled themselves at about the time of the Salem witchcraft, and had combined the toils of the farmer and the fisherman in their hardy lives; here had been the home of our father's boyhood; and here an uncle still lived, whose fruit orchards were the marvel of the neighborhood, and to us the very gardens of the Hesperides. Simple fare and old-fashioned ways harmonized well with the stubborn rocks and untamable wastes of ocean; and the blood tingled proudly in our veins, remembering that we belonged to those who had won from savage nature a home at once so wild and so beautiful.

If an excuse is needed for recurring to the scenery of my childhood, it may be said that with most of us nature is only next to religion and the ties of friendship and kindred as a shaping element of life. Certainly the young girls with whom I toiled had no less enthusiasm for their mountain homes than I for mine by the sea. Our lives thus stood out before one another against a romantic background. Many a dull hour grew brighter as we pictured, for our companions, the haunts of our earliest years.

That children should be set to toil for their daily bread is always a pity; but in the case of my little work-mates and myself there were imperative reasons, and we were not too young to understand them. And the regret with which those who loved us best consented to such an arrangement only made us more anxious to show that we really were capable of doing something for them and for ourselves. The novelty of trying to "earn our own living" took our childish fancy; the work given us was light, and for a few weeks it seemed like beginning a new game with a new set of playmates. Replacing the full spools or bobbins with empty ones on the spinning-frames was the usual employment given to children. It was a process which required quickness, but left unoccupied intervals of a half or three quarters of an hour, sometimes of a whole hour, during which we were frequently allowed to run home; or, if that was not permitted, we gathered around a merry gray-haired waste-picker in the corner, — an Irishwoman was a rare sight in the mills at that time, — to listen to her funny brogue stories of old Erin; or we climbed into a wide window-seat, and repeated verses and sang songs and told fairy-tales; or some piously-disposed elder girl ranged us in a class, and heard us recite the Shorter Catechism, with which many of us were as familiar as we were with the alphabet. We were always rather petted by these older ones, who had not forgotten their own little sisters at home; and we, in turn, had usually each of us some chosen divinity among them, whom we worshiped from afar for her real or imagined gifts. The object of my especial admiration was at one time a young beauty, who attracted me by her resemblance to a figure on a porcelain mug brought from over the seas, a family heir-loom which had been the delight of my infancy. I never thought of speaking to my idol; she seemed to me as unapproachable as her painted prototype on china, a lady in pink, to whom a stiff gentleman in queue and knee-breeches painfully knelt with a basket of

flowers; but I watched her light movements and the changes of her transparent complexion with dazzled fascination. My devotion was chilled, however, by the discovery that she was capable of playing with the affections of a very foolish young man employed in the room, whom they called the "third hand."

No child was continuously kept at work in the mills. The rule requiring all under thirteen years of age to go to school three months in the year was strictly enforced; and parents were advised by the superintendents not to put their children to work at all, under that age. It did not often occur to us that we were having a hard time; but confinement within brick walls and the constant mingling with many people is not good for children, however willing they may be to assume grown-up cares. Childhood is short enough, at best; and any abridgment of its freedom is always to be regretted. Still, it used to be thought that a little girl was pretty well grown up at thirteen. We were never unkindly treated. We had homes and careful guardianship; none of us knew what real poverty meant; and everything about us was educating us to become true children of the republic.

Charlotte Elizabeth's stories were then among the most popular Sunday-school books, and we read them with deep interest. The cruel hardships of children in the collieries and factories of Great Britain we silently wept over, wishing we might do something to relieve their miseries. Later, Mrs. Browning's Cry of the Children wrung our hearts with a like pity for sufferings we could with difficulty understand, though the oldest and the youngest of us often wearied of the long work-day, and of the continuous moan and clatter of machinery, and could well echo the imploring call, —

"O ye wheels,
Stop, be silent for to-day!"

But the unillumined darkness of those poor English children's lot seemed as remote from us as what we had read of heathen nations that sacrificed their little ones to idols; and some of us may have wondered why missionaries were not sent to England as well as to India.

However, there was so little of child labor at Lowell during those distant years that, except as a fact of my own experience, it is scarcely worth while to speak of it at all. It is the story of the young women who worked in the mills which is more especially to be related. Their life in their boarding-houses has been touched upon; the details of their various occupations need be only incidentally given.

Remuneration for work was generally proportioned to its difficulty, and those most anxious to earn money rapidly undertook the hardest. More was usually earned at weaving than in any other way. Two dollars a week, exclusive of board, was rather a large average of the wages received by those who worked by the week. Weavers, who usually worked by the piece, could earn much more than this. And among them were some who did double or treble work, increasing their earnings accordingly. There were always "spare hands" in the different rooms, those who were learning, and who were glad to supply any place made vacant for a time by illness or other cause of absence. The price of board was one dollar and a quarter a week, and the rent rates of the corporation boarding-houses were proportionably low.

Work in the "dressing-room" was liked for its cleanly quietness; and here, also, one might have wider spaces of leisure. A near relative of mine, who had a taste for rather abstruse studies, used to keep a mathematical problem or two pinned up on a post of her dressing-frame, which she and her companions solved as they paced up and down, mending the broken threads of the warp. It has already been said that books were

prohibited in the mills, but no objection was made to bits of printed paper; and this same young girl, not wishing to break a rule, took to pieces her half-worn-out copy of Locke on the Understanding, and carried the leaves about with her at her work, until she had fixed the contents of the whole connectedly in her mind. She also, in the same way, made herself mistress of the argument of one of Saint Paul's difficult Epistles. It was a common thing for a girl to have a page or two of the Bible beside her thus, committing its verses to memory while her hands went on with their mechanical occupation. Sometimes it was the fragment of a dilapidated hymn-book, from which she learned a hymn to sing to herself, unheard within the deep solitude of unceasing sound.

Not unfrequently a girl was going on with the study of French, or of one of the ancient languages, begun in some country academy, and would get excused from her work for an hour twice or thrice a week, to recite to a teacher outside. Others, again, after having earned extra money enough, went to some private school in the city for three or six months; sometimes paying for their board, meanwhile, by domestic assistance performed in their landlady's house. Many taught school in their native districts during the summer months, and came to the mills to work only in the winter. The ranks of the primary and grammar school teachers in Lowell were frequently replenished from among the mill-girls. A leading clergyman of the place, one not given to jesting or exaggeration, was at one time asked, by a person interested in the establishment of good common schools in the Western States, how many competent teachers he thought could be furnished from the young women employed in the mills. He replied without hesitation, "Probably about five hundred." This proportion will not seem large to those who were intimately acquainted with Lowell working-girls, but it suggests one fact which must not be overlooked, — that among these thousands there were hundreds who cared little for books or for study; who were simply working on, as they would have done at the family sewing, or at any household toil at home; who were preparing an outfit, perhaps, for a little cottage of their own, which somebody was building for them, back among the hills; or who were merely putting something by for themselves against a rainy day. Yet the studious ones were often also the most domestic; for in those days all girls were taught whatever they would need to do as women, — house-work first and most thoroughly.

But, whatever their tastes, there was mutual tolerance, when sympathy was lacking. No one was thought better for her fondness for literary pursuits, or worse for her indifference to them. Goodness of character was the one attainment universally honored and emulated. There, as everywhere, those sympathetic beings whose life it is to do kindnesses were the best beloved; and among so many, opportunities were never wanting. And they who had always a cheering word for the lonely or depressed were pretty likely to be the first called into service when a sick girl needed a watcher, no matter on how dark a night or in how distant a part of the city. These sisters of charity were usually persons well known in their widely differing sects for the earnestness of their Christian consecration.

The church life in many parishes was like that of a family. Ministers who came to Lowell and remained were attracted by the wide opportunity for self-denying usefulness; and their ministry and that of the members of their congregations to one another was a united work. If a girl was homesick at her boarding-house, at the church or Sunday-school she could always find friends, and something to do for others.

The young mill-girl was often herself a Sunday-school teacher, and was likely to have in her infant-class the children of her pastor or of her mill-superintendent; whence arose relations of mutual confidence and esteem. The religious spirit was unquestionably the most widely pervading influence among the mill-girls. With many it was the inspiration of every effort; all felt its uplifting power.

Among children of the Puritans, the reading of good books was a matter of course. Almost every girl had brought with her, laid beside her Bible in some safe corner of the worn hair-trunk, at least a little Daily Food, with its verse and text for every morning; and miniature gift books, made up of selections from Fénelon, Thomas á Kempis, and other devotional writers, were a fashion of the day. With the Pilgrim's Progress many of us had been from infancy as familiar as we were with the road from our own door-stone to the meeting-house. Christian was an old friend, whose opportunities for travel and adventure we had often coveted, thinking it would be far pleasanter to get up some fine morning and set out on a pilgrimage, than just to stay at home and try in a humdrum way to be good. The older people pored over Baxter and Doddridge, and recommended them to us; but the Saints' Rest and the Rise and Progress could not delight juvenile hearts like Bunyan's Pilgrim and his Holy War.

Milton also had the charm of a great story-teller; and the Paradise Lost, being a religious book, was to be found in most home libraries that contained more than a dozen volumes, a large number for those days. I recall my own earliest acquaintance with the great epic, made in a child's manner, catching at the gorgeous threads of narrative here and there, and skipping all the discussions and dialogues. But it was among a group of Lowell mill-girls that I learned to read it with a better appreciation.

Dean Stanley says that "the study of the most famous authors, even the minute detail, even line by line and word by word, is amongst the most nourishing of mental repasts." It was one of the old fashions in country schools to use some standard poem for parsing exercises: the Task, the Seasons, the Essay on Man, or Paradise Lost; and we reviewed the latter in this way, at a winter evening class. The choice had been left to us by our teacher, and we chose Milton. We often forgot that we were examining the relations of one part of speech to another, lost in the poet's magnificence of language and imagery. The debates of the fallen angels, the arch-fiend's flight across the wastes of chaos, the walls of the luridly splendid palace that "rose like an exhalation," and the picture of the two sinless ones in their yet uninvaded Paradise, even now often seem to blend themselves with the blackboards and writing-desks of a certain well-remembered school-room, as thought goes back to the companion students of those years. Some of us planned the reading of the British essayists together, — it was considered the thing to do in a regular "course," — and it was among my Lowell workmates that I became acquainted with Macaulay and Carlyle. The latter had a small audience among us, yet proportionably as large as he found in most other communities. Some passages from Hero Worship and Sartor Resartus always come back to me as an echo from those days, when, amidst our toil, we were reminded of "Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting upon eternity;" when our hearts kindled in response to the noble sentiment that embodied the spirit of the religious teachings under which we had been reared: "There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof take blessedness."

The New England girl, wherever you find her, is a reader; and there can be

no greater mistake than to suppose that there is less taste for standard literature in country towns and villages than elsewhere, if we may judge the present by the past, or the rural districts by those young women who represented them at Lowell. They had read fewer books, perhaps, than those who lived nearer educational centres, but they had read thoroughly and to good purpose. Standard English works were more generally accessible among them than others. These were indeed almost the only books within reach. The young reader had not the thickets of modern miscellaneous literature to lose herself in, and so be turned aside from the trees that bore fruit of known excellence. Not that we were wholly unbeguiled by modern authors, however. While Irving was hardly done writing, while we had Dickens and George Borrow and Miss Bremer to read, and while Mrs. Stowe's first stories were coming before the public, we did not lack a mingling of the agreeable with the useful, which we heartily appreciated.

And there were the poets besides, Bryant's verse, and the earlier songs of Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier, to delight ourselves with; while Burns and Cowper and Scott and Wordsworth had long been dear and honored names to us, as to all the poetry-reading world.

Few girls grow up without some liking for poetry, and ours was as often for the lighter as for the loftier kinds. Slips cut from the "poet's corner" of a newspaper, sometimes the verses of an anonymous author, sometimes of one well known, were frequently seen pasted up and down the sides of the window recess, where a girl sat watching her work between thinking and dreaming. One such I remember, where I used to sit, a very young spinner, refreshing myself alternately with the blue river and the lovely landscape beyond, and with some scrap of poetry upon the wall beside me, which was also another window, an opening into the unseen. Now and then a breath of roses or a waft of geranium scents came from a neighboring window, where a lover of flowers tended plants that flourished wonderfully in the warm air. It was as if the woodland sweet-brier waved beside me, while birds sang in the boughs above me; for the verses that caught my eye — I could repeat some of them now — hinted of mists that climbed the kalmia-wreathed hillside, of blue distances glimpsed beyond the mountain-tops, of sunset clouds, and palaces built upon their airy bases. No matter how simple the melody, if it breathed of nature or of heaven, it sank into my heart with a blessing.

Far more vivid recollections remain to me, from that early period, of the conscious joy — somewhat too subdued and serious for my years, perhaps — of living in a fresh, beautiful, poetical world, than of any details of the employment that occupied my hands. It was, after all, quite another than the world of my toil that I really lived in. And I am sure, with regard to my companions and myself, that our work never suffered, but was made easier to us, for our improvised escapes of the imagination.

There were also other loop-holes of thought; one of mine was through a lead pencil and a bit of paper. I used to write verses — it had been an amusement to do so almost from babyhood — which my uncritical audience, composed chiefly of my mother and sisters, dignified with the name of poetry. Of course I felt flattered, and went on with my harmless rhyming. It took the place of brisker juvenile pastimes from which I was debarred, during those first years of toil among shafts and pulleys and flying spindles.

This propensity for scribbling having shown itself to be somewhat contagious among us younger ones, a motherly elder sister devised a plan for making a mutual entertainment for us out of it. She started a little paper, in which our

stories and verses were collected, having been dropped very privately by us into a box, of which she held the key. It was great fun to us to listen to the semi-weekly evening reading, and guess at the carefully concealed authorship.

Our little journal was called The Diving Bell; and we were not critical enough to perceive any incongruity between its title and its motto: —

"'T is here young mind her untried strength shall prove,
And onward, upward, she 'll forever move."

Certainly we felt delightfully free to plunge or soar at will; our thoughts made amusing ventures in almost every direction.

The manuscript file of The Diving Bell, twelve numbers, yellow and thumb-worn, is still in existence. It is not unlikely that it was the germ from which the Lowell Offering blossomed. For, at about this time, a group of young mill-girls, of whom the elder sister just mentioned was one, formed themselves into what they called an Improvement Circle, the object of which was the writing and reading of their own literary compositions, with mutual criticism. An enlarged Improvement Circle grew out of this; and from the material there collected, the first numbers of the Lowell Offering were made up and published.

Opportunity for study was by many of us more eagerly desired than anything else. This I, for one, found after a few years at a lighter employment, in the "cloth-room," where the work was clean and quite noiseless, occupying the few of us who were needed to do it not more than eight hours a day. Here we might use books while waiting for the cloth from the mills, which was to be measured and recorded. And here, besides reviewing several English studies, some of us struck boldly into the German language, having found an enthusiastic native teacher, under whom we conquered the gutturals and the difficult irregular conjugations, wrote exercises in the queer "Deutsch" characters, and, beginner-like, fearlessly attempted translations from Jean Paul, from Goethe, and from Schiller.

One little group studied Moral Science under our pastor's direction, with Wayland's treatise on the subject for a text-book; and still another group — I mention only the classes of which I was a member; there were many besides — were learning something about botany, having for a guide a lady from Rhode Island, whose book was afterward somewhat used in the schools. Our botanical researches led to many excursions into the fields, and we gained thus not only a tolerable knowledge of the flora of the Merrimack Valley, but many a life-giving breath of air from forest and hill, that sweetened the long, close working-day.

A mill-girl's studies had to be of a desultory kind, but they were usually pursued with an eye to something more systematic in the future. Those who worked fewer hours earned less money than others; but there were many who cared far more for knowledge than for money. The spirit of accumulating for the sake of accumulation was by no means general. While there were uses enough for all that any of us could earn, — while there were some who had needs involving the comfort of dear ones at home, for whom they would have been willing to toil night and day, nearly all would have been thankful indeed for a working-day only ten hours long. Time — time of our own, time to read and study in, to do what we pleased with — was dreamed of as the greatest of possible luxuries. The world looked so much larger when there were long hours of sunshine out under the open sky to see it by!

Yet life never seemed contracted, for during the day there was much to think about, and the winter evening always held something pleasant to anticipate.

Lyceum lectures were in those days listened to for instruction more than for entertainment, and many distinguished persons came to lecture at Lowell, who spoke to crowded audiences, two thirds of which must usually have been working-girls.

Mr. Emerson came over from Concord, — it may have been several times; one time I especially remember, because some of us were eagerly expecting to find out what "transcendentalism" meant. A bewildered discussion followed as to whether we had understood, or only imagined we understood, what the lecture was about. We were sure we had had a glimpse of something grand beyond us, though nobody could tell exactly what.

We often heard the Brook Farm community talked of, and were curious about it, as an experiment at air-castle building by intellectual people who had time to indulge their tastes. The strong home ties which held most of us were our centripetal attraction. They gave us a purpose which we felt it no sacrifice to concentrate our energies upon, in the clearness of which a project like this was subdued to a far-off visionary glimmer, that only faintly reached our path. Perhaps we were conservative, — they say that woman naturally is so; perhaps we cared too much for what was already ours, to desire pullings-down and reconstructions; and perhaps some of us dimly felt, with Aurora Leigh, that

> "Your Fouriers failed,
> Because not poets enough to understand
> That life develops from within."

Whatever influence stirred the country deeply, moved us also. In the anti-slavery reform, especially, many were intensely interested. Petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia grew to yards in length, as they circulated through the mills. With some of the older ones, the question now and then pressed close, whether it was right to be at work upon material so entirely the product of slave labor as cotton. But since the cloth woven from it was supposed to be worn by the most zealous antislavery agitators, the question was allowed to pass as one too complicated for us to decide.

At one memorable time the "free-soil" movement brought the poet Whittier to the city, to edit a paper in the interest of that cause during a political campaign. Not very many of us knew or cared enough about party issues to sympathize with the protest occasionally heard from the lips of a masculine acquaintance, that it was "too bad for those free soilers to be trying to break up the whig party." That the poet of the Merrimack, already for years hailed as such by the popular heart, was with us for any purpose was reason for delight and mutual congratulation. Our faith in the man was as great as our enthusiasm for the minstrel, and we were predisposed to believe in any cause he might engage in, as a wise and worthy one.

We who wrote for the Offering sometimes met Mr. Whittier at the literary circle, which held semi-weekly meetings at the rooms of its editor, a townswoman of his. The words of appreciation and encouragement he gave our youthful efforts can never be forgotten. It was an era in our lives; to some, the beginning of a life-long friendship. Mr. Whittier wrote his impressions of Lowell in several brief essays, since brought together, with papers on other subjects, in his collected prose works.

The Lowell Offering was a good deal spoken of in its day, and perhaps deserves a few words here. It had its origin, as has already been said, in a literary circle formed among the mill-girls, but the idea of printing the papers read at these meetings did not occur to the girls themselves; probably they did not think what they wrote of sufficient value. The suggestion was made to them by a gentleman who undertook

the first management of the little magazine. It began its life as a regular periodical in April, 1841, and continued in existence five years, during which time it attracted much attention, more probably in England than in our own country.

A volume compiled from its contents, and entitled Mind Among the Spindles, was printed by Mr. Knight, in London; and another volume, called American Factories and their Female Operatives, incorporating large extracts from the Offering, was published by Dr. Scoresby, of Bradford, England, as a record of his personal observations, and with the hope of giving mental stimulus to those employed in British manufactories.

Miss Martineau, having received the bound volumes of the Lowell Offering, a joint gift from three of its contributors bearing with her the Christian name of Harriet, writes thus in her letter of acknowledgment: —

"In my respect for labor I am a true republican; and nothing vexes me more in American writings than to see any question whatever about this, any jealousy about station or dress as determined by labor, any need of self-assertion on the part of factory-girls, etc.

"It strikes me that the Offering improves as it goes on; that the short reflective articles are better, and the tone of all freer and richer. You can scarcely imagine the pleasure to me, an invalid prisoner, confined to the sofa, of reviving the images of American life; of seeing again, as I read, the New England farm-house or cottage, the mill or the village church. I thank you heartily for this pleasure."

Elsewhere, Miss Martineau speaks of the impression left upon her by the mill-girls of Waltham, as she saw them when visiting this country many years before: —

"Twice the wages and half the toil would not have made the girls I saw happy and healthy, without that cultivation of mind which afforded them perpetual support, entertainment, and motive for activity. Their minds were so open to fresh ideas as to be drawn off from thoughts of themselves and their own concerns."

During the last three years of its life, the magazine was written, edited, and published by mill-girls. From its editorials, we find that prominent educators and philanthropists had become interested in it, as suggesting what might be done by and for women in various ways. I did not myself write for the Offering until it was in its third year, and previous to that time I knew only one or two of its contributors, most of them being older than myself, and residing in another part of the city. I looked up to these unknown Offering writers as wonderfully wise and mature, and I think I was not altogether mistaken. Certainly others thought so, too, for distant newspaper critics insisted that the papers in the little magazine must be the work of "Lowell lawyers." My own crude verses had been given to another magazine of the kind in our more immediate neighborhood, which magazine afterwards was incorporated with the Offering. The whole number of contributors to the Offering is mentioned as about seventy. Great latitude was permitted in choosing subjects, the only restriction being against the admission of anything "sectarian." From Miss Martineau's letter one can judge what the themes usually were, — memories of home-life, work, and the thoughts and fancies which came to the worker at her toil.

To a girl of active mind and ready expression, writing was almost a necessity; for the hours passed in the midst of monotonous noise, which drowned the sound of human voices, brought with them a sense of isolation such as one feels in the loneliest wilderness. One's thoughts had to be accepted for company; the only alternative was blank

solitude. It was often, therefore, a real pleasure to try to put reflection or fancy into form.

Most of the contributions were probably written by way of recreation. It is not likely that the magazine was ever, so far as money goes, a paying investment to anybody. As an outgrowth of these mill-girls' life, it was "its own excuse for being;" and its name, The Offering, indicates what it was to its writers, — a handful of flowers tended during moments of leisure, and gathered and given for the simple pleasure of giving. It was discontinued for want of pecuniary support, but its five years of life were long enough to remind the world that working and thinking may and do go on together.

One of the pleasantest things the Offering brought its contributors was the meeting, previously alluded to, in the editor's parlor, where some of the accepted articles were read before publication, and where the writers were introduced to one another and to guests invited in for the evening, persons of literary taste in the city, or strangers whose interest in the place and the people had brought them there from long distances.

Lowell was one of the towns a foreign traveler in New England usually visited, as a matter of course. Charles Dickens came there in 1842, and made a report of his observations in the American Notes. The contrast between life in Lowell and in the great manufacturing towns of England he speaks of as the contrast "between the good and evil, the living light and deepest shadow." To the latter he alludes as "those great haunts of desperate misery," which the British nation ought "to purge of their suffering and danger." He mentions three things about the mill-girls at Lowell which he thought would strike his countrymen as remarkable: that some of them had pianos in their boarding-houses, that they subscribed to circulating libraries, and that they published a magazine among themselves, filled with original articles, — statements which he supposed might even seem "preposterous" to many of his English readers.

Mr. Dickens was pleased with his visit, and writes, —

"I solemnly declare that from all the crowd I saw in the different factories that day I cannot recall or separate one young face that gave me a painful impression; not one young girl whom, assuming it to be matter of necessity that she should gain her daily bread by the labor of her hands, I would have removed from those works, if I had the power."

He afterwards adds a paragraph which contains the one significant fact in the life of the Lowell mill-girls: —

"There is no manufacturing population in Lowell, so to speak; for these girls come from other States, remain a few years in the mills, and then go home for good."

And so it was. The girls always looked upon their life in the mills as a temporary one. The idea of remaining there beyond a brief period of years came to very few in the shape of a possibility.

In an Offering editorial this paragraph occurs: —

"One of our contributors, upon being asked to furnish a story of factory life, replied, 'I never think of factory life as distinct from other life, or of factory operatives as distinct from other laborers. We are just like others. We come here and stay awhile, and then go back to the little world, or little out-of-the-world, from which we came. Our hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows are those to which all are subject.'"

This feeling, that they were at work in the mills for a little while, only to accomplish some special purpose, gave them contentment, without any sacrifice of independence. Rumors of intended reduction of wages would often bring

rumors of intended "strikes;" but the quiet, steady-going ones formed a large majority, who gave no aid or sympathy to violent measures, and the murmur of disaffection soon died away. What reason had these young girls for nursing a sense of injuries, with all New England beckoning them back to their native hills, to the homes that were missing them, and that would overflow with rejoicing when the absent sister or daughter should see for herself that it was no longer worth while for her to stay away?

Mr. Dickens said very truly of Lowell that there was no "manufacturing class" there. In a country like ours, "classes," in the Old World sense, cannot exist; the use of the word in that way is an absurdity. The woman who must support herself may take up, at different times in her life, a dozen different employments. She cannot be named for them all, without receiving as many prefixes as are given to a royal infant at its christening.

To the appellation "mill-girl," or "factory-girl," there is no objection, as indicating an occupation for the time being. The word "operative," however, may be objected to, as dehumanizing. An operative is not necessarily a person; it may mean a wheel, or a shaft, as well; and it is not good for us to think of men or women merely as part of the machinery they tend.

The young girls at work in the Lowell mills certainly were not "a class." If any one had wished to study New England women in every variety, excepting that of the small minority reared in affluence, — some even of these, however, occasionally strayed thither, through reverse of fortune, — nowhere else could a better opportunity have been found. Coming to their work neither unintelligent nor uninstructed, all that they worthily accomplished beyond that work was the outgrowth of tastes and aspirations born with them, and brought with them from their homes, but here rekindled and strengthened by congenial associations. Whatever was remarkable in their life was due to the womanhood it represented; and the roots of that womanhood were fed by the keen intelligence and deep religious faith of the country's earliest settlers.

These young women have been spoken of as chiefly farmers' daughters, and perhaps they were the most vigorous among us, in body and mind. But others were children of clergymen or physicians, or of men of business, left orphans, or deprived in various ways of pecuniary support. In the simple life of the country, hamlet people are drawn together by their mutual needs; they cannot afford to classify themselves as to their daily callings; and at Lowell there was a closer personal contact and a larger mutual need. Most of the young women there had grown up without any idea of the social distinctions which paradoxically creep even into republican communities, when they become old enough or rich enough. They met, with sincere sympathy, on a common ground of toil and aspiration.

With the report of the taste for reading and study among the mill-girls, and particularly after the publication of the Offering, the mistaken impression went abroad that a paradise of work had at last been found. Romantic young women came from a distance, with rose-colored pictures in their minds of labor turned to pastime, which were doomed to be sadly blurred by disappointment.

Certainly we mill-girls did not regard our own lot as an easy one, but we had accepted its fatigues and discomforts as unavoidable, and could forget them in struggling forward to what was before us. The charm of our life was that it had both outlook and outlet. We trod a path full of commonplace obstructions, but there were no difficulties in it we could not hope to overcome, and the effort to conquer them was in itself a

pleasure. There was many a bright spot in our life, but its chief illumination came from the wider regions into which it opened and led. Our toil was lightened by many uplifting influences: the freshness of nature about us, beautiful friendships, and the lofty inspirations of religion, influences that shape the permanent possessions of life for us all.

Those middle years of the century were full of stimulus. Vistas opened in every direction. New horizons were lifting themselves. The untrodden peaks, the unpenetrated forests, the prairies untraversed, were all around, just far enough off to give scope to the most inclosed landscape. There was boundless breathing-room for everybody. There were the hopes and possibilities which are more to the imaginative seeker than attainment. The simple phrase, "the far West," was like a talisman, rich with suggestions and beckonings. All these influences were as an atmosphere surrounding the toiler, in which soul and body were free to move, — an atmosphere that poured in at the mill-windows, invigorating those who went forth to new experiences.

The later history of that busy girlhood at Lowell it would be well-nigh impossible to unwind, so closely has it become wrought into the home life of the nation. There were those who became teachers, missionaries, artists, authors. There were those who returned to the quiet life of daughter or sister in the farm-house on the mountain-side. Many more were married, and are the mothers of the men and women who inhabit our wide continent to-day.

It is more than thirty years since I knew much of the working-girls in the Lowell mills. I have written only what I remember, what others can substantiate. It is but an outline, which might be filled in with pages of matter equally to the point. There are always as many views of a situation as there are persons to fill it; and some, doubtless, did not enjoy, but only endured, their life at the looms or spindles. To me, having had most of the time, it is true, the advantage of living in my mother's house, my childhood and youth at Lowell are among my pleasantest early memories, and I count the years spent there among the most valuable years in my life.

The world's workers, however humble their toil, are a more honorable company than its idlers. Refined employments, when pursued without inspiration, are no more elevating than coarser ones; for occupations, like bodies, receive their value from the soul that animates them. We have all seen how the homeliest labor may be glorified by a great motive, or by that sympathy of toiler with toiler, through which the human flower comes often to its richest perfection in lowliest situations.

To be identified with those who have won from a commonplace industry the means of making themselves and others happier, wiser, and better is reason for gratitude not unmixed with pride. But they who now accept the contingencies of factory labor, and through it find way to a worthy human development, deserve far greater credit than those who made similar efforts at the same kind of work, amid pleasant companionships, and stimulated by mutual aspirations after mental cultivation and moral excellence. No credit, indeed, can be deserved for having made only a fair use of good opportunities.

Foreigners, with paralyzing caste-ideas crushed into them, now form a large proportion of those employed in cotton-mills: and this makes the toil of the New England woman there every year more difficult and more disagreeable. For her the prospect is not encouraging. But the members of a republic like ours owe it to one another that every kind of useful labor shall be held respectable, and also that the moral sur-

roundings of the laborer shall be so looked after that he or she may be able to keep both work and personality worthy of respect.

With especial emphasis, in a Christian republic, should womanhood mean sisterhood. Every woman among us owes every other woman who is seeking an honorable maintenance at least such sympathy as she would wish for herself, in like circumstances.

A truism is a truth gone to seed, and perhaps this one is ripe for replanting: that the only just standard by which the worth of any woman's life can be measured is to be found, not in the more or less favorable accidents of her condition, nor yet in the visible amount of labor she may or may not have accomplished, but in the loyalty of her womanhood to the most ennobling instincts and principles of our common humanity.

Lucy Larcom.

WHEN DID THE PILGRIM FATHERS LAND AT PLYMOUTH?

In his latest historical work, in which there is, perhaps, more learning to the page than is often crowded into a single volume, Dr. Freeman says that "in the case of the smaller dates, those which do not mark the great epochs of history, nothing is easier than to get wrong by a year or so." As he thought it worth while to show how these errors sometimes occur, and to declare that he could give a reason for his own choice in disputed cases; and as he adds he shall be "deeply thankful" to any one who will point out "any mistakes, or seeming mistakes," that he may have made; the implication is that smaller dates being, in Dr. Freeman's opinion, worthy of so much consideration, those which mark great epochs of history cannot be regarded as unimportant.

If this may be accepted as true on the authority of this distinguished historiographer, or if it may be accepted as a self-evident truth, then this paper needs no further apology. For its subject is the accuracy of the date of an interesting and important event, which is usually considered one of the "great epochs" in American history.

Yet, doubtless, there are persons who do not consider it of the least moment to anybody whether the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth on the 21st or the 22d of December, 1620, or whether they did not land there on either of those days. But if that be true, and the question is of no real importance; if we may continue to consider either one or the other date of an alleged incident as correct, because, heretofore, sometimes one, and sometimes the other, has been so considered; then the step from unconscious historical inaccuracy to conscious historical falsehood is not a long one. On the other hand, putting aside any question of historical conscientiousness, if it has been worth while, for more than a century, to commemorate the event on each recurring year, is it not worth while to know, if that custom is to be continued, whether the date of the event is fixed on a right or a wrong day?

The question, however, has been thought already of importance enough to be carefully discussed. It is not seriously disputed now that the well-known New England Society of New York is out of its reckoning by a day on its annual gathering. It eats its anniversary dinner on the 22d of December, to solemnize the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers on what an irreverent Irishman, at one of those dinners, called

"the Blarney Stone" of New England. But dinners are perishable things, as we all know to our sorrow, nor do they make history. And now that a similar body of faithful and pious pilgrims on the other bank of the East River, in Brooklyn, assemble on the 21st of December, with their shoes also full of boiled peas, to testify their veneration of the austere virtues of the Fathers, it will lead to no serious confusion if the New York brethren shall adhere to an anniversary which is a day behindhand. No great harm, indeed, would be done, if the day may be adjusted to the dinner rather than the dinner to the day, should the older society insist that, for the sake of the unities and the sentimentalities, "Forefathers' Day" must fall hereafter on the 19th of April or the 17th of June. But when they set up in Central Park the monument they are talking about, it would then be as well that the faithful and enduring stone should not be besmirched with blunders.

This error of a single day the later historians have corrected with more or less emphasis. Are there more blunders behind? If it shall appear that there is a mistake as to the alleged event, as well as a mistake as to the alleged date on which the alleged event (which may never have happened) is alleged to have happened, — are not these also worth looking into?

It was, probably, the late Judge John Davis, of Boston, then president of that venerable and, if history is worth anything, useful body, the Massachusetts Historical Society, who first observed this erroneous date in the reputed landing at Plymouth of the founders of New England. More than a hundred years ago, in 1769, the Old Colony Club of Plymouth was formed, and its members resolved to do reverence to their ancestors by an annual dinner. The day fixed upon was the 22d of December. The first course of the first dinner was "a large baked Indian whortleberry pudding." They wished, says the historian of Plymouth, that "all appearance of luxury and extravagance be avoided, in imitation of our ancestors, whose memory we shall ever respect." Here is the precedent which the New York gentlemen who trace their lineage so unerringly to the passengers of the Mayflower insist upon following, — the precedent, that is, as to the day of the month; whether they are equally tenacious of the whortleberry pudding, typically or literally, does not appear in the reports.

Judge Davis's suggestion was that the mistake was made by adding eleven days instead of ten to December 11th, Old Style, to make it conform to New Style. But as the Gregorian calendar had been only a few years before adopted by England, it seems incredible that the principal citizens of one of the chief towns of the best educated colony in America could have made such a blunder. Such men could hardly have failed to understand why the Gregorian calendar was adopted, and that to change Old Style into New ten days only should be added to the day of the month in the seventeenth century.

How, then, could the mistake have occurred? It may have been a perfectly natural one. The antiquary of the Old Colony Club may have turned to a copy of Mourt's Relation, if one could be found in Plymouth, — which was not in the least unlikely a hundred years ago, rare as original copies of the book now are, — to verify the date of the day it was proposed to commemorate. The careful man would seek for an original authority, and there was then no other available than the Relation. Mr. Charles Deane was not yet born, and Bradford's History, which he, a few years since, gave to the world, was still hidden away somewhere in manuscript, — perhaps in the library then kept in the tower of the Old South Church in Boston. The Relation is a journal of the voyage of the

Mayflower and of the planting of the colony, kept day by day, probably by William Bradford and Edward Winslow. It was printed in London in 1622, and it was not the fault of the writers if the blunders of the printer led a Plymouth gentleman, a hundred and fifty years afterward, into mistaking one date for another.

This journal records that on Wednesday, the 6th of December (Old Style), Bradford and Winslow, with others, left the Mayflower in Provincetown harbor, and went in the ship's shallop to search, as had already been done several times before, for a fitting place for disembarkation and settlement. Two days later, — Friday, the 8th, — they were driven by a storm upon Clark's Island, in Plymouth harbor, where none of them had ever been before. Now let us look at the exact words of the journal, with the punctuation of the original edition, and see what the Plymouth researcher of 1769 would very likely make of it. The record is, "and here wee made our Randevous all that day, being Saturday, 10. of December, on the Sabbath day wee rested, and on Munday we sounded the Harbour, & found it a very good Harbour for our shipping, we marched also into the Land, & found divers corne fields, & little running brookes, a place very good for scituation," etc.

A careless reader would be easily misled by this sentence. At a glance, it is evident that he must correct the punctuation, and the construction seems to imply that there should be a semicolon after December, — "all that day, being Saturday, 10. of December," — instead of a comma. If, then, Saturday was the 10th of the month, Monday, when they "marched into the land," was the 12th. The addition of the ten days requisite to change Old Style to New would give the 22d as Forefathers' Day; which is wrong.

But it is not the journal which is responsible. The printer blundered in punctuation, and the reader does no better who puts a semicolon after December. For at the beginning of the narrative of this expedition in the shallop the journal says, "Wednesday the sixt of December wee set out;" and in the next paragraph to that, which the careless reader may read "Saturday, 10. of December," the journal records Friday of the next week as "the fifteenth," and the next day as "being Saturday the 16." Reading the passage, then, as undoubtedly it was written, and supplying the proper punctuation, this is what we learn: "and here wee made our Randevous all that day, being Saturday; 10. of December on the Sabbath day wee rested; and on Munday we sounded the Harbour." Monday, therefore, was the 11th, as the context of the dates of the diary shows, — as a calculation will show to any one who may think it worth while to make it; and Monday in New Style would be the 21st.

Whether the Plymouth Club, a hundred and twelve years ago, made a mistake in the way here suggested, it is certainly a curious fact that if they had gone to the only original authority then probably accessible for the date they sought, they might very easily have been led into the very error they committed. At any rate, that the mistake was made few now dispute, directly or indirectly. Yet only about twenty years ago Dr. Palfrey said, "The *twenty-second* day of December has taken a firm hold on the local thought and literature, which the *twenty-first* will scarcely displace." It appears already that on this point he was mistaken. The correction has become gradually accepted among intelligent people.

Now, the day being fixed, will it be thought an impertinent question whether there is any doubt as to what really happened on that day? Mr. Bancroft's assertion is very categorical. He says that "on Monday, the eleventh day of Decem-

ber, Old Style, the exploring party of the forefathers land at Plymouth. A grateful posterity has marked the rock which first received their footsteps." Dr. Palfrey says, "A trustworthy tradition has preserved the knowledge of the landing-place. . . . It was PLYMOUTH ROCK." But, more cautious than Mr. Bancroft, he adds presently, "The tradition does not appear to have unequivocally determined who it was that landed on the rock, whether the exploring party of ten men who went on shore at Plymouth December 11th (Old Style), or the whole company who came into Plymouth harbor in the Mayflower on Saturday, December 16th, and who, or a part of whom, 'went a land' two days after."

Here is confusion enough to arrest attention. Is tradition the only evidence of the landing upon the Rock? In that case, does tradition refer to the landing of the exploring party only on the 11th; or to the landing of all, or part, of the Mayflower's passengers on the 16th; or to both? Is there any evidence to show that the tradition cannot refer to the exploring party? And is there any evidence to show that the other passengers did not land on the Rock on the 16th, but some days later? Then, if the tradition does not refer to the ten explorers; and as the Mayflower was safely at anchor, with all the other passengers on board, twenty miles or so away, in Provincetown harbor, on the 11th; is it probable that anybody landed on the Rock on that day?

But the popular belief, no doubt, is that on that day the whole company was disembarked. Before me is an elaborately illustrated certificate of membership of "The Pilgrim Society, instituted at Plymouth, Mass., A. D. 1820, in grateful remembrance of the First Settlers of New England, who landed at that place December 21, 1620." The grateful remembrance must be of the whole company, not of ten men in a shallop. This certificate is duly attested by president and secretary, and was issued, years ago, to all who would pay in return a certain sum of money, to be used in the erection of a monument at Plymouth. Whether there is any such monument I do not know; but the document, coming from an eminently respectable society in Plymouth, is good evidence of the belief there of what the memorable event was that took place on the 21st of December, 1620. Probably there is hardly a Northern State where, on the anniversary of that day, the landing of the Pilgrims — meaning the whole of them — is not, in some way, commemorated by those who came, or whose ancestors came, from Massachusetts.

It ought to be possible to clear away all this confusion. The simple fact is that two events have been confounded: the presence of ten of the Mayflower's passengers, with some of the ship's company, in Plymouth harbor for a few hours on the 11th (21st) of December; and the landing of all the colonists at Plymouth a fortnight later.

Mr. Bancroft asserts positively that the exploring party landed on Plymouth Rock on the 11th. But there is no historical authority for this assertion. Turning again to the contemporary narrative in Mourt's Relation, we learn only that "we sounded the Harbour, & found it a very good Harbour for our shipping, we marched also into the Land, & found divers corne fields, & little running brookes, a place very good for scituation, so we returned to our Ship againe with good newes to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts." In his History of Plymouth Plantation, — first published only five and twenty years ago, — Bradford, who was one of the exploring party, says, in almost the same words, but with a significant addition, "On Munday they sounded y^e^ harbor, and founde it fitt for shipping; and marched into y^e^ land & found diverse corn-fields, & litle

runing brooks, a place (as they supposed) fitt for situation; at least it was y^e^ best they could find, and y^e^ season, & their presente necessitie, made them glad to accepte of it. So they returned to their shipp againe with this news to y^e^ rest of their people, which did much comforte their harts."

Of what these men did that day this is all the direct evidence. And one can hardly read it, with a Plymouth map before him, without regarding it as very circumstantial evidence also. He will hardly escape the conclusion that the harbor they sounded was the harbor all about them surrounding Clark's Island; that the land they "marched into" was the nearest main-land right opposite, straight across the harbor, — now Duxbury and Kingston, — where corn-fields would be sure to be found, and where along the shore half a dozen little brooks are still loitering on their way to the sea. Then how plain it is, from Bradford's narrative, that they were in a great hurry, and therefore, it may be presumed, sounded the nearest waters, and examined the nearest shores, that they might return that day, as apparently they did, to the impatient company on board the ship. What possible reason is there for supposing that men so pressed for time, whose sole object there was to find if there was water enough about them to float a ship, and a neighboring country which seemed fit for a colony, — what possible reason could they have for sailing three miles or more along a coast utterly unknown to them, and presenting everywhere the same features, before they went ashore? That would have been to go, going and coming, six miles, at least, out of their way to learn what could be learned as well within a mile or two; to delay just so much, for no reasonable purpose whatever, their return to the ship, where ninety-two men, women, and children were as anxious that winter quarters should be found for them as the captain of the Mayflower was anxious to be rid of them, that he might escape the winter storms and get back to England. Taking the statements of the actors themselves; considering them in the light of the probabilities of the case, and putting aside for the moment a misunderstood tradition; the probability amounts almost to a certainty that the exploring party did not go within miles of Plymouth Rock.

To come, then, to the tradition. Traditions are, in the first place, uncertain things. They are often founded in error; and often they become by accretion something very different from the original story. So far from being exempt from the difficulties of ordinary evidence, as they are usually supposed to be, they are the more subject to them, for, from the nature of the case, there is no possibility of sifting out the truth by cross-examination. But the tradition in regard to the landing at Plymouth — or rather the traditions, for there are three of them, each bearing upon the other — is, as Dr. Palfrey says, "trustworthy." But it is trustworthy partly because it is verified by evidence, and is limited by it.

That to which Dr. Palfrey refers is the assertion of Elder Faunce, of Plymouth, an aged man, who, when the Rock was about to be covered by a wharf in 1741, declared that he knew, from his father and others of the first settlers, that it was on that spot they landed. Mrs. White, a venerable lady, who died in 1810, at the age of ninety-five, and Deacon Spooner, who died in 1818, at the age of eighty-three, had heard the Elder make this statement; and this oral testimony was recorded by the late Judge Davis and by the late Dr. Thacher, the historian of Plymouth. It is seldom that a tradition can be traced so directly from mouth to mouth of known and responsible persons for two hundred years.

But for all that the tradition is not

quite clear, because it may be made, and has been made, to apply to two distinct events. Elder Faunce did not, as Dr. Palfrey has pointed out, say to which of two possible disembarkations the tradition refers. Was it to that of ten men, who may have been at Plymouth for a little while on the 21st of December? Or was it to that of the whole body of one hundred and two men, women, and children on board the Mayflower, who, at a subsequent date, landed upon Plymouth Rock, and landed to stay?

It is more than probable that no such question ever entered the mind of Elder Faunce. The venerable narrators from whom he heard the story could certainly have been in no doubt as to what they were talking about. Faunce was born in 1646: if he were ten or fifteen years old before he became enough impressed with the story to remember it, only thirty-five to forty years had passed even then since the event. No confusion could have arisen in that short period as to what was meant by the landing upon Plymouth Rock. Those who talked of it as an event within their memory knew who landed there, and when they landed; and, naturally, it would not occur to them, nor to the children who listened to them, that they could be understood as meaning the landing of somebody else at some other time.

There certainly was a day when all the passengers of the Mayflower left the ship, and landed upon Plymouth Rock. It was the last step by which they left the Old World behind them forever; it was the first step of the whole company into the New World, from which there could be no retreat, the important consequences of which were visible enough now after thirty or forty years. Surely this was the event so vividly remembered, — the event which they would wish to impress upon the minds of their children, to be handed down to the latest posterity. There was no overweening self-consciousness in this feeling that attached importance to what they all did together, rather than to what a few of them did alone. It was to the final disembarkation of the whole company at the foot of that hill where, before three months were over, half of them were resting quietly in their graves that memory clung with so tender and melancholy an interest; not the casual visit to that spot — even if that occurred — of a few of their number some days before. And it is the universal sympathy with this feeling that has fixed the popular belief that on the 21st of December the Mayflower rode at anchor in Plymouth harbor, and her one hundred and two passengers landed on that day upon Plymouth Rock.

But this popular belief, we know, is a popular error. The Faunce tradition, no doubt, refers to that event, but it does not refer the event to that date. Putting aside the probabilities as to what particular landing it was that the first settlers loved to remember and talk about, the Faunce tradition may be tested by two other traditions, and by such facts as can be gathered from the contemporary journal.

It has been handed down through the descendants of two sisters, Mary and Susanna Chilton, that the first person to spring from the boat to the rock was Mary. Another tradition, cherished by the descendants of John Alden, claim that honor for their ancestor. It may be that both are, in a sense, trustworthy; that Mary Chilton was the first woman, and John Alden the first man, to make the leap. At any rate, the three traditions evidently point to the same event; for there could not have been two separate and distinct landings which the Pilgrims thought should be remembered as an era in their history. But these family traditions, it is plain, do not point to anything that could have happened on the 21st of December;

for Mary Chilton and John Alden — "that hopfull yong man," as Bradford calls him, without intending an allusion to his legs — were, on that day, with the other passengers on board the Mayflower in Provincetown harbor, quietly awaiting the return of the exploring party from their voyage of discovery in the shallop. As the Faunce tradition, then, gives no particular date, and as the Chilton and Alden traditions cannot possibly refer to the 21st, the logical conclusion must be that, as all three clearly commemorate the same event, that event must have occurred at some time subsequent to the 21st. When was it? If we can fix that, we shall get at the true Forefathers' Day as the forefathers themselves remembered it. As tradition is exhausted, something may be learned from history.

The exploring party returned to the ship at Provincetown on Monday, the 21st, or Tuesday, the 22d, and made their report. On Friday the Mayflower sailed for the newly discovered bay, and the next day, Saturday, the 26th, arrived in Plymouth harbor. On Monday a boat-load "went a land;" that is, a new exploring party went ashore, and "marched along the coast in the woods, some 7 or 8 mile," to search now for a fitting place on which to plant the colony. They found none to suit them, and therefore, "the next morning," continues the Relation, "being Tuesday the 19. [29th N. S.] of December wee went againe to discover further. Some went on Land, & some in the Shallop." Both the harbor and its shores were again examined. Some of them had "a goode minde, for safety to plant on the greater Ile," — Clark's Island; others "went vp three English myles a very pleasant river," — Jones's River in Kingston, as it was named afterward; and this, also, says the journal, "we had a great liking to plant in, but that it was so farre from our fishing, our principall profit;" that is, it was about six miles from the open sea of Cape Cod Bay.

They had now been four or five days in the harbor, including Sunday; three of them had been spent by some of the company in diligent observation along its shores, for half a dozen miles or more; while most of the passengers still remained on board the Mayflower, waiting in irksome and anxious impatience to know when and where they were at last to land. When the explorers returned to the ship on Tuesday evening, the 29th, it was resolved "the next morning to settle [agree] on some of those places" which they had examined. Accordingly, the next morning, the 30th, "after we had," continues the journal, "called on God for direction, we came to this resolution, to goe presently ashore againe, & to take a better view of two places, which wee thought most fitting for vs, for we could not now take time for further search or consideration, our victuals being much spent, especially our Beere." This "better view" was taken; the site of Plymouth was one of the two designated places, and, "by most voices," that was preferred.

From that day, the 30th, this spot was permanently occupied. "So there we made our Randevous," says the Relation, "& a place for some of our people about twentie, resolving in the morning to come all ashore & to build houses." Is it not to do violence to common sense, and to all the rules of evidence, to assume that this very place had been visited and selected as the best for the new home by an exploring party more than a week before? Days had been spent in roaming along the coast for miles; different places had been examined and compared; only two days before some had "a goode minde" that the settlement should be made upon Clark's Island, while others "had a great liking to plant" on the pleasant bank of Jones's River; and at the last, there was still a question between Plymouth

and another place, nine days after the alleged visit and the alleged selection of Plymouth by ten of the company.

But not even yet have we come to the probable day which was to be marked as forever memorable by the Faunce tradition, — marked more distinctly by the last gleam of vivid color that shines out of that sad and sombre winter in the merry and good-natured rivalry between Mary Chilton and John Alden. Poor little Puritan maiden! to be all alone presently, with tears, and not laughter, for her share; for her sister Susanna had been left behind in England, and the father and mother were among the first to be laid away at the foot of the hill into whose shadow Mary sprang as she leaped upon the Rock.

Up to the 29th it had been all uncertainty; and in the records there is nowhere the least allusion to any place having been selected, or to any particular spot having been visited, by that party in the shallop. History and tradition seem to be in entire accord. Some other date, then, than the 21st must be looked for as the date of the landing.

That memorable day was not this Wednesday, the 30th, when possession was taken of Plymouth, and twenty of the people remained there. "The next morning," says the careful journalist, "being Thursday the 21. [31st N. S.] of December, it was stormie & wett, that wee could not goe ashore." But this is a qualification only of the preceding statement in the same sentence of the resolution of the night before, — "resolving in the morning to come all ashore & to build houses." That "wee could not goe ashore" does not mean that nobody did so, but that the purpose of a general landing was frustrated by the bad weather; for before noon of this day, as we are told before the paragraph is finished, "the Shallop went off with much adoe with provision" from the ship. On Friday even this was impossible; but on Saturday the storm abated, and then "so many of vs as could went on shore, felled and carried tymber to provide themselues stuffe for building."

So many as could, but not the whole. This careful and reiterated distinction between the whole and a part can hardly have been without a purpose; but whether it was or not, we get at the exact fact, — the appointment of a time for the disembarkation of the whole company, and its delay from day to day by the storm. The event which tradition perpetuates, the journalist, whether he meant to or not, carefully distinguishes — the landing of all the Pilgrim Fathers, not a part of them, upon Plymouth Rock.

Turn once more to Mourt's Relation: "Monday the 25. day, we went on shore, some to fell tymber, some to saw, some to riue [rive], & some to carry; so no man rested all that day." Here "we" means the whole company; all on that day landed upon the Rock; all, for the first time, took part in the building of the new home; "no man rested all that day." Turn then to Bradford's History. He relates succinctly the sailing from Provincetown harbor, and the arrival in Plymouth bay. "And afterwards," he continues, they "tooke better view of y^e^ place, and resolved wher to pitch their dwelling: and y^e^ 25 *day*, began to erecte y^e^ first house for comone use to receive them and their goods." It was "they," the whole body of the colonists, who "resolved wher to pitch their dwellings," after coming from Provincetown harbor; not a pioneer party who visited the bay before. And surely Bradford knew, for he was one of that party in the shallop. Indeed, it is probably Bradford who wrote the Relation as well as the History.

This, then, was the day which, thirty or forty years afterward, the boy Faunce heard the old men talk about as the day they landed from the Mayflower upon Plymouth Rock; it was the distinction

of being the first to leap ashore on this day, when for the first time the women seem to have left the ship at Plymouth, that is given by tradition to Mary Chilton and John Alden, — the 25th of December, 1620, which in New Style falls upon the 4th of January, 1621.

Who, then, landed on Plymouth Rock on the 21st of December, 1620? Nobody.

S. H. Gay.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

L.

As the Countess Gemini was not acquainted with the ancient monuments, Isabel occasionally offered to introduce her to these interesting relics, and to give their afternoon drive an antiquarian aim. The countess, who professed to think her sister-in-law a prodigy of learning, never made an objection, and gazed at masses of Roman brickwork as patiently as if they had been mounds of modern drapery. She was not an antiquarian; but she was so delighted to be in Rome that she only desired to float with the current. She would gladly have passed an hour every day in the damp darkness of the Baths of Titus, if it had been a condition of her remaining at the Palazzo Roccanera. Isabel, however, was not a severe *cicerone;* she used to visit the ruins chiefly because they offered an excuse for talking about other matters than the love affairs of the ladies of Florence, as to which her companion was never weary of offering information. It must be added that during these visits the countess was not very active; her preference was to sit in the carriage and exclaim that everything was most interesting. It was in this manner that she had hitherto examined the Coliseum, to the infinite regret of her niece, who, with all the respect that she owed her, could not see why she should not descend from the vehicle and enter the building. Pansy had so little chance to ramble that her view of the case was not wholly disinterested; it may be divined that she had a secret hope that, once inside, her aunt might be induced to climb to the upper tiers. There came a day when the countess announced her willingness to undertake this feat, — a mild afternoon in March, when the windy month expressed itself in occasional puffs of spring. The three ladies went into the Coliseum together, but Isabel left her companions to wander over the place. She had often ascended to those desolate ledges from which the Roman crowd used to bellow applause, and where now the wild flowers (when they are allowed) bloom in the deep crevices; and to-day she felt weary, and preferred to sit in the despoiled arena. It made an intermission, too, for the countess often asked more from one's attention than she gave in return; and Isabel believed that when she was alone with her niece she let the dust gather for a moment upon the ancient scandals of Florence. She remained below, therefore, while Pansy guided her undiscriminating aunt to the steep brick staircase, at the foot of which the custodian unlocks the tall wooden gate. The great inclosure was half in shadow; the western sun brought out the pale red tone of the great blocks of travertine, — the latent color which is the only living element in the immense ruin. Here and there wandered a peasant or a tourist, looking up at the far sky-line where, in the clear stillness, a multitude

of swallows kept circling and plunging. Isabel presently became aware that one of the other visitors, planted in the middle of the arena, had turned his attention to her own person, and was looking at her with a certain little poise of the head, which she had some weeks before perceived to be characteristic of baffled but indestructible purpose. Such an attitude, to-day, could belong only to Mr. Edward Rosier; and this gentleman proved, in fact, to have been considering the question of speaking to her. When he had assured himself that she was unaccompanied, he drew near, remarking that, although she would not answer his letters, she would perhaps not wholly close her ears to his spoken eloquence. She replied that her stepdaughter was close at hand, and she could only give him five minutes; whereupon he took out his watch and sat down upon a broken block.

"It 's very soon told," said Edward Rosier. "I have sold all my *bibelots!*"

Isabel gave, instinctively, an exclamation of horror; it was as if he had told her he had had all his teeth drawn.

"I have sold them by auction at the Hôtel Drouot," he went on. "The sale took place three days ago, and they have telegraphed me the result. It 's magnificent."

"I am glad to hear it; but I wish you had kept your pretty things."

"I have the money instead, — forty thousand dollars. Will Mr. Osmond think me rich enough now?"

"Is it for that you did it?" Isabel asked, gently.

"For what else in the world could it be? That is the only thing I think of. I went to Paris and made my arrangements. I could n't stop for the sale; I could n't have seen them going off; I think it would have killed me. But I put them into good hands, and they brought high prices. I should tell you I have kept my enamels. Now I have got the money in my pocket, and he can't say I 'm poor!" the young man exclaimed defiantly.

"He will say now that you are not wise," said Isabel, as if Gilbert Osmond had never said this before.

Rosier gave her a sharp look.

"Do you mean that without my bibelots I am nothing? Do you mean that they were the best thing about me? That 's what they told me in Paris; oh, they were very frank about it. But they had n't seen *her!*"

"My dear friend, you deserve to succeed," said Isabel, very kindly.

"You say that so sadly that it 's the same as if you said I should n't;" and he questioned her eye with the clear trepidation of his own. He had the air of a man who knows he has been the talk of Paris for a week, and is full half a head taller in consequence; but who also has a painful suspicion that in spite of this increase of stature one or two persons still have the perversity to think him diminutive. "I know what happened here while I was away," he went on. "What does Mr. Osmond expect, after she has refused Lord Warburton?"

Isabel hesitated a moment.

"That she will marry another nobleman."

"What other nobleman?"

"One that he will pick out."

Rosier slowly got up, putting his watch into his waistcoat pocket.

"You are laughing at some one; but this time I don't think it 's at me."

"I did n't mean to laugh," said Isabel. "I laugh very seldom. Now you had better go away."

"I feel very safe!" Rosier declared, without moving. This might be; but it evidently made him feel more so to make the announcement in rather a loud voice, balancing himself a little, complacently, on his toes, and looking all round the Coliseum, as if it were filled with an audience. Suddenly Isabel saw him change color; there was more of an

audience than he had suspected. She turned, and perceived that her two companions had returned from their excursion.

"You must really go away," she said quickly.

"Ah, my dear lady, pity me!" Edward Rosier murmured, in a voice strangely at variance with the announcement I have just quoted. And then he added, eagerly, like a man who in the midst of his misery is seized by a happy thought, "Is that lady the Countess Gemini? I have a great desire to be presented to her."

Isabel looked at him a moment.

"She has no influence with her brother."

"Ah, what a monster you make him out!" Rosier exclaimed, glancing at the countess, who advanced, in front of Pansy, with an animation partly due, perhaps, to the fact that she perceived her sister-in-law to be engaged in conversation with a very pretty young man.

"I am glad you have kept your enamels!" Isabel exclaimed, leaving him. She went straight to Pansy, who, on seeing Edward Rosier, had stopped short, with lowered eyes. "We will go back to the carriage," said Isabel, gently.

"Yes, it is getting late," Pansy answered, more gently still. And she went on without a murmur, without faltering or glancing back.

Isabel, however, allowed herself this last liberty, and saw that a meeting had immediately taken place between the countess and Mr. Rosier. He had removed his hat, and was bowing and smiling; he had evidently introduced himself; while the countess's expressive back displayed to Isabel's eye a gracious inclination. These facts, however, were presently lost to sight, for Isabel and Pansy took their places again in the carriage. Pansy, who faced her step-mother, at first kept her eyes fixed on her lap; then she raised them and rested them on Isabel's. There shone out of each of them a little melancholy ray, a spark of timid passion which touched Isabel to the heart. At the same time a wave of envy passed over her soul, as she compared the tremulous longing, the definite ideal, of the young girl with her own dry despair.

"Poor little Pansy!" she said, affectionately.

"Oh, never mind!" Pansy answered, in the tone of eager apology.

And then there was a silence; the countess was a long time coming.

"Did you show your aunt everything, and did she enjoy it?" Isabel asked at last.

"Yes, I showed her everything. I think she was very much pleased."

"And you are not tired, I hope."

"Oh no, thank you, I am not tired."

The countess still remained behind, so that Isabel requested the footman to go into the Coliseum and tell her that they were waiting. He presently returned with the announcement that the Signora Contessa begged them not to wait; she would come home in a cab!

About a week after this lady's quick sympathies had enlisted themselves with Mr. Rosier, Isabel, going rather late to dress for dinner, found Pansy sitting in her room. The girl seemed to have been waiting for her; she got up from her low chair.

"Excuse my taking the liberty," she said, in a low voice. "It will be the last — for some time."

Her voice was strange, and her eyes, widely opened, had an excited, frightened look. "You are not going away!" Isabel exclaimed.

"I am going to the convent."

"To the convent?"

Pansy drew nearer, till she was near enough to put her arms round Isabel and rest her head on her shoulder. She stood this way a moment, perfectly still; but Isabel could feel her trembling. The tremor of her little body expressed everything that she was unable to say.

Nevertheless, Isabel went on in a moment: —

"Why are you going to the convent?"

"Because papa thinks it best. He says a young girl is better, every now and then, for making a little retreat. He says the world, always the world, is very bad for a young girl. This is just a chance for a little seclusion, — a little reflection." Pansy spoke in short, detached sentences, as if she could not trust herself. And then she added, with a triumph of self-control, "I think papa is right; I have been so much in the world this winter."

Her announcement had a strange effect upon Isabel; it seemed to carry a larger meaning than the girl herself knew.

"When was this decided?" she asked. "I have heard nothing of it."

"Papa told me half an hour ago; he thought it better it should n't be too much talked about in advance. Madame Catherine is to come for me at a quarter past seven, and I am only to take two dresses. It is only for a few weeks; I am sure it will be very good. I shall find all those ladies who used to be so kind to me, and I shall see the little girls who are being educated. I am very fond of little girls," said Pansy, with a sort of diminutive grandeur. "And I am also very fond of Mother Catherine. I shall be very quiet, and think a great deal."

Isabel listened to her, holding her breath; she was almost awe-struck.

"Think of *me*, sometimes," she said.

"Ah, come and see me soon!" cried Pansy; and the cry was very different from the heroic remarks of which she had just delivered herself.

Isabel could say nothing more; she understood nothing; she only felt that she did not know her husband yet. Her answer to Pansy was a long, tender kiss.

Half an hour later she learned from her maid that Madame Catherine had arrived in a cab, and had departed again with the signorina. On going to the drawing-room before dinner, she found the Countess Gemini alone, and this lady characterized the incident by exclaiming, with a wonderful toss of the head, "*En voilà, ma chère, une pose!*" But if it was an affectation, she was at a loss to see what her husband affected. She could only dimly perceive that he had more traditions than she supposed. It had become her habit to be so careful as to what she said to him that, strange as it may appear, she hesitated, for several minutes after he had come in, to allude to his daughter's sudden departure; she spoke of it only after they were seated at table. But she had forbidden herself ever to ask Osmond a question. All she could do was to make a declaration, and there was one that came very naturally.

"I shall miss Pansy very much."

Osmond looked a while, with his head inclined a little, at the basket of flowers in the middle of the table.

"Ah, yes," he said at last. "I had thought of that. You must go and see her, you know; but not too often. I dare say you wonder why I sent her to the good sisters; but I doubt whether I can make you understand. It does n't matter; don't trouble yourself about it. That 's why I had not spoken of it. I did n't believe you would enter into it. But I have always had the idea; I have always thought it a part of the education of a young girl. A young girl should be fresh and fair; she should be innocent and gentle. With the manners of the present time she is liable to become so dusty and crumpled! Pansy is a little dusty, a little disheveled; she has knocked about too much. This bustling, pushing rabble, that calls itself society, — one should take her out of it occasionally. Convents are very quiet, very convenient, very salutary. I like to think of her there, in the old garden, under the arcade, among those tran-

quil, virtuous women. Many of them are gentlewomen born. She will have her books and her drawing; she will have her piano. I have made the most liberal arrangements. There is to be nothing ascetic; there is just to be a certain little feeling. She will have time to think, and there is something I want her to think about." Osmond spoke deliberately, reasonably, still with his head on one side, as if he were looking at the basket of flowers. His tone, however, was that of a man not so much offering an explanation as putting a thing into words — almost into pictures — to see, himself, how it would look. He contemplated a while the picture he had evoked, and seemed greatly pleased with it. And then he went on, "The Catholics are very wise, after all. The convent is a great institution; we can't do without it; it corresponds to an essential need in families, in society. It's a school of good manners; it 's a school of repose. Oh, I don't want to detach my daughter from the world," he added; "I don't want to make her fix her thoughts on the other one. This one is very well, after all, and she may think of it as much as she chooses. Only she must think of it in the right way."

Isabel gave an extreme attention to this little sketch; she found it, indeed, intensely interesting. It seemed to show her how far her husband's desire to be effective was capable of going, — to the point of playing picturesque tricks upon the delicate organism of his daughter. She could not understand his purpose, — no, not wholly; but she understood it better than he supposed or desired, inasmuch as she was convinced that the whole proceeding was an elaborate mystification, addressed to herself and destined to act upon her imagination. He wished to do something sudden and arbitrary, something unexpected and refined; to mark the difference between his sympathies and her own; and to show that if he regarded his daughter as a precious work of art, it was natural he should be more and more careful about the finishing touches. If he wished to be effective he had succeeded; the incident struck a chill into Isabel's heart. Pansy had known the convent in her childhood, and had found a happy home there; she was fond of the good sisters, who were very fond of her, and there was therefore, for the moment, no definite hardship in her lot. But, all the same, the girl had taken fright; the impression her father wanted to make would evidently be sharp enough. The old Protestant tradition had never faded from Isabel's imagination, and as her thoughts attached themselves to this striking example of her husband's genius she sat looking, like him, at the basket of flowers; poor little Pansy became the heroine of a tragedy. Osmond wished it to be known that he shrank from nothing, and Isabel found it hard to pretend to eat her dinner. There was a certain relief, presently, in hearing the high, bright voice of her sister-in-law. The countess, too, apparently, had been thinking the thing out; but she had arrived at a different conclusion from Isabel.

"It is very absurd, my dear Osmond," she said, "to invent so many pretty reasons for poor Pansy's banishment. Why don't you say at once that you want to get her out of my way? Have n't you discovered that I think very well of Mr. Rosier? I do, indeed; he seems to me a delightful young man. He has made me believe in true love; I never did before! Of course you have made up your mind that with those convictions I am dreadful company for Pansy."

Osmond took a sip of a glass of wine; he looked perfectly good-humored.

"My dear Amy," he answered, smiling as if he were uttering a piece of gallantry, "I don't know anything about your convictions; but if I suspected that they interfere with mine it would be much simpler to banish you."

LI.

The countess was not banished, but she felt the insecurity of her tenure of her brother's hospitality. A week after this incident Isabel received a telegram from England, dated from Gardencourt, and bearing the stamp of Mrs. Touchett's authorship. "Ralph cannot last many days," it ran, "and if convenient would like to see you. Wishes me to say that you must come only if you have not other duties. Say, for myself, that you used to talk a good deal about your duty, and to wonder what it was; shall be curious to see whether you have found out. Ralph is dying, and there is no other company." Isabel was prepared for this news, having received from Henrietta Stackpole a detailed account of her journey to England with her appreciative patient. Ralph had arrived more dead than alive, but she had managed to convey him to Gardencourt, where he had taken to his bed, which, as Miss Stackpole wrote, he evidently would never leave again. "I like him much better sick than when he used to be well," said Henrietta, who, it will be remembered, had taken a few years before a skeptical view of Ralph's disabilities. She added that she had really had two patients on her hands instead of one, for that Mr. Goodwood, who had been of no earthly use, was quite as sick, in a different way, as Mr. Touchett. Afterwards she wrote that she had been obliged to surrender the field to Mrs. Touchett, who had just returned from America, and had promptly given her to understand that she did n't wish any interviewing at Gardencourt. Isabel had written to her aunt shortly after Ralph came to Rome, letting her know of his critical condition, and suggesting that she should lose no time in returning to Europe. Mrs. Touchett had telegraphed an acknowledgment of this admonition, and the only further news Isabel received from her was the second telegram, which I have just quoted.

Isabel stood a moment looking at the latter missive; then, thrusting it into her pocket, she went straight to the door of her husband's study. Here she again paused an instant, after which she opened the door and went in. Osmond was seated at the table near the window with a folio volume before him, propped against a pile of books. This volume was open at a page of small colored plates, and Isabel presently saw that he had been copying from it the drawing of a precious antique coin. A box of water-colors and fine brushes lay before him, and he had already transferred to a sheet of immaculate paper the delicate, finely-tinted disk. His back was turned to the door, but without looking round he recognized his wife.

"Excuse me for disturbing you," she said.

"When I come to your room I always knock," he answered, going on with his work.

"I forgot; I had something else to think of. My cousin is dying."

"Ah, I don't believe that," said Osmond, looking at his drawing through a magnifying-glass. "He was dying when we married; he will outlive us all."

Isabel gave herself no time, no thought, to appreciate the careful cynicism of this declaration; she simply went on quickly, full of her own intention.

"My aunt has telegraphed to me; I must go to Gardencourt."

"Why must you go to Gardencourt?" Osmond asked, in a tone of impartial curiosity.

"To see Ralph before he dies."

To this, for some time, Osmond made no rejoinder; he continued to give his chief attention to his work, which was of a sort that would brook no negligence.

"I don't see the need of it," he said

at last. "He came to see you here. I did n't like that; I thought his being in Rome a great mistake. But I tolerated it, because it was to be the last time you should see him. Now you tell me it is not to have been the last. Ah, you are not grateful!"

"What am I to be grateful for?"

Gilbert Osmond laid down his little implements, blew a speck of dust from his drawing, slowly got up, and for the first time looked at his wife.

"For my not having interfered while he was here."

"Oh yes, I am. I remember perfectly how distinctly you let me know you did n't like it. I was very glad when he went away."

"Leave him alone, then. Don't run after him."

Isabel turned her eyes away from him; they rested upon his little drawing.

"I must go to England," she said, with a full consciousness that her tone might strike an irritable man of taste as stupidly obstinate.

"I shall not like it if you do," Osmond remarked.

"Why should I mind that? You won't like it if I don't. You like nothing I do or don't do. You pretend to think I lie."

Osmond turned slightly pale. He gave a cold smile.

"That 's why you must go, then, — not to see your cousin, but to take a revenge on me?"

"I know nothing about revenge."

"I do," said Osmond. "Don't give me an occasion."

"You are only too eager to take one. You wish immensely that I would commit some folly."

"I shall be gratified, then, if you disobey me."

"If I disobey you?" said Isabel, in a low tone, which had the effect of gentleness.

"Let it be clear: if you leave Rome to-day it will be a piece of the most deliberate, the most calculated opposition."

"How can you call it calculated? I received my aunt's telegram but three minutes ago."

"You calculate rapidly; it 's a great accomplishment. I don't see why we should prolong our discussion; you know my wish." And he stood there as if he expected to see her withdraw.

But she never moved; she could n't move, strange as it may seem; she still wished to justify herself; he had the power, in an extraordinary degree, of making her feel this need. There was something in her imagination that he could always appeal to against her judgment.

"You have no reason for such a wish," said Isabel, "and I have every reason for going. I can't tell you how unjust you seem to me. But I think you know. It is your own opposition that is calculated. It is malignant."

She had never uttered her worst thought to her husband before, and the sensation of hearing it was evidently new to Osmond. But he showed no surprise, and his coolness was apparently a proof that he had believed his wife would in fact be unable to resist forever his ingenious endeavor to draw her out.

"It is all the more intense, then," he answered. And he added, almost as if he were giving her a friendly counsel, "This is a very important matter." She recognized this; she was fully conscious of the weight of the occasion; she knew that between them they had arrived at a crisis. Its gravity made her careful; she said nothing, and he went on: "You say I have no reason? I have the very best. I dislike from the bottom of my soul what you intend to do. It 's dishonorable; it 's indelicate; it 's indecent. Your cousin is nothing whatever to me, and I am under no obligation to make concessions to him. I have already made the very handsomest. Your

relations with him, while he was here, kept me on pins and needles; but I let that pass, because from week to week I expected him to go. I have never liked him, and he has never liked me. That 's why you like him, — because he hates me," said Osmond, with a quick, barely audible tremor in his voice. "I have an ideal of what my wife should do and should not do. She should not travel across Europe alone, in defiance of my deepest desire, to sit at the bedside of other men. Your cousin is nothing to you; he is nothing to us. You smile most expressively when I talk about *us;* but I assure you that *we, we,* is all that I see. I take our marriage seriously; you appear to have found a way of not doing so. I am not aware that we are divorced or separated; for me we are indissolubly united. You are nearer to me than any human creature, and I am nearer to you. It may be a disagreeable proximity; it 's one, at any rate, of our own deliberate making. You don't like to be reminded of that, I know; but I am perfectly willing, because — because" — and Osmond paused a moment, looking as if he had something to say which would be very much to the point — "because I think we should accept the consequences of our actions, and what I value most in life is the honor of a thing!"

He spoke gravely and almost gently; the accent of sarcasm had dropped out of his tone. It had a gravity which checked his wife's quick emotion; the resolution with which she had entered the room found itself caught in a mesh of fine threads. His last words were not a command; they constituted a kind of appeal; and though she felt that the expression of respect, on Osmond's part, for whatever it might be, could only be a refinement of egotism, they represented something transcendent and absolute, like the sign of the cross or the flag of one's country. He spoke in the name of something sacred and precious, — the observance of a magnificent form. They were as perfectly apart in feeling as two disillusioned lovers had ever been; but they had never yet separated in act. Isabel had not changed; her old passion for justice still abode within her; and now, in the very thick of her sense of her husband's blasphemous sophistry, it began to throb to a tune which for a moment promised him the victory. It came over her that in his wish to preserve appearances he was after all sincere, and that this, as far as it went, was a merit. Ten minutes before, she had felt all the joy of irreflective action, — a joy to which she had so long been a stranger; but action had been suddenly changed to slow renunciation, transformed by the blight of her husband's touch. If she must renounce, however, she would let him know that she was a victim rather than a dupe. "I know you are a master of the art of mockery," she said. "How can you speak of an indissoluble union? How can you speak of your being contented? Where is our union, when you accuse me of falsity? Where is your contentment, when you have nothing but hideous suspicion in your heart?"

"It is in our living decently together, in spite of such drawbacks."

"We don't live decently together!" Isabel cried.

"Indeed we don't, if you go to England!"

"That 's very little; that 's nothing. I might do much more."

Osmond raised his eyebrows and even his shoulders a little; he had lived long enough in Italy to catch this trick. "Ah, if you have come to threaten me, I prefer my drawing," he said, walking back to his table, where he took up the sheet of paper on which he had been working, and stood a moment examining his work.

"I suppose that if I go you will not expect me to come back," said Isabel.

He turned quickly round, and she

could see that this movement, at least, was not studied. He looked at her a little, and then, "Are you out of your mind?" he inquired.

"How can it be anything but a rupture," she went on, "especially if all you say is true?" She was unable to see how it could be anything but a rupture; she sincerely wished to know what else it might be.

Osmond sat down before his table. "I really can't argue with you on the hypothesis of your defying me," he said. And he took up one of his little brushes again.

Isabel lingered but a moment longer, — long enough to embrace with her eye his whole deliberately indifferent, yet most expressive figure; after which she quickly left the room. Her faculties, her energy, her passion, were all dispersed again; she felt as if a cold, dank mist had suddenly encompassed her. Osmond possessed in a supreme degree the art of eliciting one's weakness.

On her way back to her room she found the Countess Gemini standing in the open door-way of a little parlor in which a small collection of books had been arranged. The countess had an open volume in her hand; she appeared to have been glancing down a page which failed to strike her as interesting. At the sound of Isabel's step she raised her head.

"Ah, my dear," she said, "you who are so literary, do tell me some amusing book to read! Everything here is so fearfully edifying. Do you think this would do me any good?"

Isabel glanced at the title of the volume she held out, but without reading or understanding it. "I am afraid I can't advise you. I have had bad news. My cousin, Ralph Touchett, is dying."

The countess threw down her book. "Ah, he was so nice! I am sorry for you," she said.

"You would be sorrier still if you knew."

"What is there to know? You look very badly," the countess added. "You must have been with Osmond."

Half an hour before, Isabel would have listened very coldly to an intimation that she should ever feel a desire for the sympathy of her sister-in-law, and there can be no better proof of her present embarrassment than the fact that she almost clutched at this lady's fluttering attention. "I have been with Osmond," she said, while the countess's bright eyes glittered at her.

"I am sure he has been odious!" the countess cried. "Did he say he was glad poor Mr. Touchett is dying?"

"He said it is impossible I should go to England."

The countess's mind, when her interests were concerned, was agile; she already foresaw the extinction of any further brightness in her visit to Rome. Ralph Touchett would die, Isabel would go into mourning, and then there would be no more dinner-parties. Such a prospect produced for a moment in her countenance an expressive grimace; but this rapid, picturesque play of feature was her only tribute to disappointment. After all, she reflected, the game was almost played; she had already outstayed her invitation. And then she cared enough for Isabel's trouble to forget her own, and she saw that Isabel's trouble was deep. It seemed deeper than the mere death of a cousin, and the countess had no hesitation in connecting her exasperating brother with the expression of her sister-in-law's eyes. Her heart beat with an almost joyous expectation; for if she had wished to see Osmond overtopped, the conditions looked favorable now. Of course, if Isabel should go to England, she herself would immediately leave the Palazzo Roccanera; nothing would induce her to remain there with Osmond. Nevertheless, she felt an immense desire to hear that Isabel would go to England. "Nothing is impossible for

you, my dear," she said caressingly. "Why else are you rich and clever and good?"

"Why, indeed? I feel stupidly weak."

"Why does Osmond say it 's impossible?" the countess asked, in a tone which sufficiently declared that she could n't imagine.

From the moment that she began to question her, however, Isabel drew back; she disengaged her hand, which the countess had affectionately taken. But she answered this inquiry with frank bitterness: "Because we are so happy together that we cannot separate even for a fortnight."

"Ah," cried the countess, while Isabel turned away, "when I want to make a journey my husband simply tells me I can have no money!"

Isabel went to her own room, where she walked up and down for an hour. It may seem to some readers that she took things very hard, and it is certain that for a woman of a high spirit she had allowed herself easily to be arrested. It seemed to her that only now she fully measured the great undertaking of matrimony. Marriage meant that in such a case as this, when one had to choose, one chose as a matter of course for one's husband. "I am afraid, — yes, I am afraid," she said to herself more than once, stopping short in her walk. But what she was afraid of was not her husband, — his displeasure, his hatred, his revenge; it was not even her own later judgment of her conduct, — a consideration which had often held her in check; it was simply the violence there would be in going when Osmond wished her to remain. A gulf of difference had opened between them, but nevertheless it was his desire that she should stay; it was a horror to him that she should go. She knew the nervous fineness with which he could feel an objection. What he thought of her she knew; what he was capable of saying to her she had felt; yet they were married, for all that, and married meant that a woman should abide with her husband. She sank down on her sofa at last, and buried her head in a pile of cushions.

When she raised her head again, the Countess Gemini stood before her. She had come in noiselessly, unperceived; she had a strange smile on her thin lips, and a still stranger glitter in her small dark eye.

"I knocked," she said, "but you did n't answer me. So I ventured in. I have been looking at you for the last five minutes. You are very unhappy."

"Yes; but I don't think you can comfort me."

"Will you give me leave to try?" And the countess sat down on the sofa beside her. She continued to smile, and there was something communicative and exultant in her expression. She appeared to have something to say, and it occurred to Isabel for the first time that her sister-in-law might say something important. She fixed her brilliant eyes upon Isabel, who found at last a disagreeable fascination in her gaze. "After all," the countess went on, "I must tell you, to begin with, that I don't understand your state of mind. You seem to have so many scruples, so many reasons, so many ties. When I discovered, ten years ago, that my husband's dearest wish was to make me miserable, — of late he has simply let me alone, — ah, it was a wonderful simplification! My poor Isabel, you are not simple enough."

"No, I am not simple enough," said Isabel.

"There is something I want you to know," the countess declared, — "because I think you ought to know it. Perhaps you do; perhaps you have guessed it. But if you have, all I can say is that I understand still less why you should n't do as you like."

"What do you wish me to know?"

Isabel felt a foreboding which made her heart beat. The countess was about to justify herself, and this alone was portentous.

But the countess seemed disposed to play a little with her subject. "In your place I should have guessed it ages ago. Have you never really suspected?"

"I have guessed nothing. What should I have suspected? I don't know what you mean."

"That 's because you have got such a pure mind. I never saw a woman with such a pure mind!" cried the countess.

Isabel slowly got up. "You are going to tell me something horrible."

"You can call it by whatever name you will!" And the countess rose also, while the sharp animation of her bright, capricious face emitted a kind of flash. She stood a moment looking at Isabel, and then she said, "My first sister-in-law had no children!"

Isabel stared back at her; the announcement was an anti-climax. "Your first sister-in-law?" she murmured.

"I suppose you know that Osmond has been married before? I have never spoken to you of his wife; I did n't suppose it was proper. But others, less particular, must have done so. The poor little woman lived but two years, and died childless. It was after her death that Pansy made her appearance."

Isabel's brow had gathered itself into a frown; her lips were parted in pale, vague wonder. She was trying to follow; there seemed to be more to follow than she could see. "Pansy is not my husband's child, then?"

"Your husband's — in perfection! But no one else's husband's. Some one else's wife's. Ah, my good Isabel," cried the countess, "with you one must dot one's *i*'s!"

"I don't understand; whose wife's?" said Isabel.

"The wife of a horrid little Swiss, who died twelve years ago. He never recognized Miss Pansy, and there was no reason he should. Osmond did, and that was better."

Isabel stayed the name which rose in a sudden question to her lips; she sank down on her seat again, hanging her head. "Why have you told me this?" she asked, in a voice which the countess hardly recognized.

"Because I was so tired of your not knowing! I was tired of not having told you. It seemed to me so dull. It 's not a lie, you know; it 's exactly as I say."

"I never knew," said Isabel, looking up at her, simply.

"So I believed, though it was hard to believe! Has it never occurred to you that he has been her lover?"

"I don't know. Something has occurred to me. Perhaps it was that!"

"She has been wonderfully clever about Pansy!" cried the countess.

"That thing has never occurred to me," said Isabel. "And as it is — I don't understand."

She spoke in a low, thoughtful tone, and the poor countess was equally surprised and disappointed at the effect of her revelation. She had expected to kindle a conflagration, and as yet she had barely extracted a flash. Isabel seemed more awe-stricken than anything else.

"Don't you perceive that the child could never pass for her husband's?" the countess asked. "They had been separated too long for that, and M. Merle had gone to some far country; I think to South America. If she had ever had children — which I am not sure of — she had lost them. On the other hand, circumstances made it convenient enough for Osmond to acknowledge the little girl. His wife was dead, — very true; but she had only been dead a year, and what was more natural than that she should have left behind a pledge of their affection? With the aid of a change of residence, — he had been living at Naples, and he left it forever,

— the little fable was easily set going. My poor sister-in-law, who was in her grave, could n't help herself, and the real mother, to save her reputation, renounced all visible property in the child."

"Ah, poor creature!" cried Isabel, bursting into tears. It was a long time since she had shed any; she had suffered a reaction from weeping. But now they gushed with an abundance in which the Countess Gemini found only another discomfiture.

"It 's very kind of you to pity her!" she cried, with a discordant laugh. "Yes, indeed, you have a pure mind!"

"He must have been false to his wife," said Isabel, suddenly controlling herself.

"That 's all that 's wanting, — that you should take up *her* cause!" the countess went on.

"But to me — to me" — And Isabel hesitated, though there was a question in her eyes.

"To you he has been faithful? It depends upon what you call faithful. When he married you, he was no longer the lover of another woman. That state of things had passed away; the lady had repented; and she had a worship of appearances so intense that even Osmond himself got tired of it. You may therefore imagine what it was! But the whole past was between them."

"Yes," said Isabel, "the whole past is between them!"

"Ah, this later past is nothing. But for five years they were very intimate."

"Why then did she want him to marry me?"

"Ah, my dear, that 's her superiority! Because you had money; and because she thought you would be good to Pansy."

"Poor woman, — and Pansy, who does n't like her!" cried Isabel.

"That 's the reason she wanted some one whom Pansy would like. She knows it; she knows everything."

"Will she know that you have told me this?"

"That will depend upon whether you tell her. She is prepared for it; and do you know what she counts upon for her defense? On your thinking that I lie. Perhaps you do; don't make yourself uncomfortable to hide it. Only, as it happens, I don't. I have told little fibs; but they have never hurt any one but myself."

Isabel sat staring at her companion's story as at a bale of fantastic wares that some strolling gypsy might have unpacked on the carpet at her feet. "Why did Osmond never marry her?" she asked, at last.

"Because she had no money." The countess had an answer for everything, and if she lied, she lied well. "No one knows, no one has ever known, what she lives on, or how she has got all those beautiful things. I don't believe Osmond himself knows. Besides, she would n't have married him."

"How can she have loved him, then?"

"She does n't love him, in that way. She did at first, and then, I suppose, she would have married him; but at that time her husband was living. By the time M. Merle had rejoined — I won't say his ancestors, because he never had any, her relations with Osmond had changed, and she had grown more ambitious. She hoped she might marry a great man; that has always been her idea. She has waited and watched and plotted and prayed; but she has never succeeded. I don't call Madame Merle a success, you know. I don't know what she may accomplish yet, but at present she has very little to show. The only tangible result she has ever achieved — except, of course, getting to know every one, and staying with them free of expense — has been her bringing you and Osmond together. Oh, she did that, my dear; you need n't look as if you doubted it. I have watched them for years; I know everything, —

everything. I am thought a great scatterbrain, but I have had enough application of mind to follow up those two. She hates me, and her way of showing it is to pretend to be forever defending me. When people say I have had fifteen lovers, she looks horrified, and declares that half of them were never proved. She has been afraid of me for years, and she has taken great comfort in the vile, false things that people have said about me. She has been afraid I would expose her, and she threatened me one day, when Osmond began to pay his court to you. It was at his house in Florence; do you remember that afternoon when she brought you there, and we had tea in the garden? She let me know then that if I should tell tales two could play at that game. She pretends there is a good deal more to tell about me than about her. It would be an interesting comparison! I don't care a fig what she may say, simply because I know you don't care a fig. You can't trouble your head about me less than you do already. So she may take her revenge as she chooses. I don't think she will frighten you very much. Her great idea has been to be tremendously irreproachable, — a kind of full-blown lily, — the incarnation of propriety. She has always worshiped that god. There should be no scandal about Cæsar's wife, you know; and, as I say, she has always hoped to marry Cæsar. That was one reason she would n't marry Osmond: the fear that on seeing her with Pansy people would put things together, — would even see a resemblance. She has had a terror lest the mother should betray herself. She has been awfully careful; the mother has never done so."

"Yes, yes, the mother has done so," said Isabel, who had listened to all this with a face of deepening dreariness. "She betrayed herself to me the other day, though I did not recognize her. There appeared to have been a chance of Pansy's making a great marriage, and in her disappointment at its not coming off she almost dropped the mask."

"Ah, that 's where she would stumble!" cried the countess. "She has failed so dreadfully herself that she is determined her daughter shall make it up."

Isabel started at the words "her daughter," which the countess threw off so familiarly. "It seems very wonderful!" she murmured; and in this bewildering impression she had almost lost her sense of being personally touched by the story.

"Now don't go and turn against the poor innocent child!" the countess went on. "She is very nice, in spite of her lamentable parentage. I have liked Pansy, not because she was hers, but because she had become yours."

"Yes, she has become mine. And how the poor woman must have suffered at seeing me with her!" Isabel exclaimed, flushing quickly at the thought.

"I don't believe she has suffered; on the contrary, she has enjoyed. Osmond's marriage has given Pansy a great lift. Before that she lived in a hole. And do you know what the mother thought? That you might take such a fancy to the child that you would do something for her. Osmond, of course, could never give her a dowry. Osmond was really extremely poor; but of course you know all about that. Ah, my dear," cried the countess, "why did you ever inherit money?" She stopped a moment, as if she saw something singular in Isabel's face. "Don't tell me now that you will give her a position! You are capable of that, but I should n't believe it. Don't try to be too good. Be a little wicked, feel a little wicked, for once in your life!"

"It 's very strange. I suppose I ought to know, but I am sorry," Isabel said. "I am much obliged to you."

"Yes, you seem to be!" cried the

countess, with a mocking laugh. "Perhaps you are, — perhaps you are not. You don't take it as I should have thought."

"How should I take it?" Isabel asked.

"Well, I should say as a woman who had been made use of!" Isabel made no answer to this; she only listened, and the countess went on: "They have always been bound to each other; they remained so even after she became virtuous. But he has always been more for her than she has been for him. When their little carnival was over they made a bargain that each should give the other complete liberty, but that each should also do everything possible to help the other on. You may ask me how I know such a thing as that. I know it by the way they have behaved. Now see how much better women are than men! She has found a wife for Osmond, but Osmond has never lifted a little finger for her. She has worked for him, plotted for him, suffered for him; she has even more than once found money for him; and the end of it is that he is tired of her. She is an old habit; there are moments when he needs her, but on the whole he would n't miss her if she were removed. And what 's more, to-day she knows it. So you need n't be jealous!" the countess added, humorously.

Isabel rose from her sofa again; she felt bruised and short of breath; her head was humming with new knowledge. "I am much obliged to you," she repeated. And then she added, abruptly, in quite a different tone, "How do you know all this?"

This inquiry appeared to ruffle the countess more than Isabel's expression of gratitude pleased her. She gave her companion a bold stare, with which, "Let us assume that I have invented it!" she cried. She too, however, suddenly changed her tone, and, laying her hand on Isabel's arm, said softly, with her sharp, bright smile, "Now will you give up your journey?"

Isabel started a little; she turned away. But she felt weak, and in a moment had to lay her arm upon the mantel-shelf for support. She stood a minute so, and then upon her arm she dropped her dizzy head, with closed eyes and pale lips.

"I have done wrong to speak, — I have made you ill!" the countess cried.

"Ah, I must see Ralph!" Isabel murmured; not in resentment, not in the quick passion her companion had looked for, but in a tone of exquisite, far-reaching sadness.

LII.

There was a train for Turin and Paris that evening; and after the countess had left her Isabel had a rapid and decisive conference with her maid, who was discreet, devoted, and active. After this, she thought (except of her journey) of only one thing. She must go and see Pansy; from her she could not turn away. She had not seen her yet, as Osmond had given her to understand that it was too soon to begin. She drove at five o'clock to a high door in a narrow street in the quarter of the Piazza Navona, and was admitted by the portress of the convent, a genial and obsequious person. Isabel had been at this institution before; she had come with Pansy to see the sisters. She knew they were good women, and she saw that the large rooms were clean and cheerful, and that the well-used garden had sun for winter and shade for spring. But she disliked the place, and it made her horribly sad; not for the world would she have spent a night there. It produced to-day more than before the impression of a well-appointed prison; for it was not possible to pretend that Pansy was free to leave it. This innocent creature had been presented to her

in a new and violent light, but the secondary effect of the revelation was to make Isabel reach out her hand to her.

The portress left her to wait in the parlor of the convent, while she went to make it known that there was a visitor for the dear young lady. The parlor was a vast, cold apartment, with new-looking furniture; a large clean stove of white porcelain, unlighted; a collection of wax-flowers under glass; and a series of engravings from religious pictures on the walls. On the other occasion Isabel had thought it less like Rome than like Philadelphia, but to-day she made no reflections; the apartment only seemed to her very empty and very soundless. The portress returned at the end of some five minutes, ushering in another person. Isabel got up, expecting to see one of the ladies of the sisterhood; but to her extreme surprise she found herself confronted with Madame Merle. The effect was strange, for Madame Merle was already so present to her vision that her appearance in the flesh was a sort of reduplication. Isabel had been thinking all day of her falsity, her audacity, her ability, her probable suffering; and these dark things seemed to flash with a sudden light as she entered the room. Her being there at all was a kind of vivid proof. It made Isabel feel faint; if it had been necessary to speak on the spot she would have been quite unable. But no such necessity was distinct to her; it seemed to her, indeed, that she had absolutely nothing to say to Madame Merle. In one's relations with this lady, however, there were never any absolute necessities; she had a manner which carried off not only her own deficiencies, but those of other people. But she was different from usual; she came in slowly, behind the portress, and Isabel instantly perceived that she was not likely to depend upon her habitual resources. For her, too, the occasion was exceptional, and she had undertaken to treat it by the light of the moment. This gave her a peculiar gravity; she did not even pretend to smile; and though Isabel saw that she was, more than ever, playing a part, it seemed to her that on the whole the wonderful woman had never been so natural. She looked at Isabel from head to foot, but not harshly nor defiantly; with a cold gentleness, rather, and an absence of any air of allusion to their last meeting. It was as if she had wished to mark a difference: she had been irritated then; she was reconciled now.

"You can leave us alone," she said to the portress; "in five minutes this lady will ring for you." And then she turned to Isabel, who, after noting what has just been mentioned, had ceased to look at her, and had let her eyes wander as far as the limits of the room would allow. She wished never to look at Madame Merle again. "You are surprised to find me here, and I am afraid you are not pleased," this lady went on. "You don't see why I should have come; it 's as if I had anticipated you. I confess I have been rather indiscreet; I ought to have asked your permission." There was none of the oblique movement of irony in this; it was said simply and softly; but Isabel, far afloat on a sea of wonder and pain, could not have told herself with what intention it was uttered. "But I have not been sitting long," Madame Merle continued; "that is, I have not been long with Pansy. I came to see her because it occurred to me this afternoon that she must be rather lonely, and perhaps even a little miserable. It may be good for a young girl; I know so little about young girls, I can't tell. At any rate, it 's a little dismal. Therefore I came, on the chance. I knew, of course, that you would come, and her father as well; still I had not been told that other visitors were forbidden. The good woman — what 's her name? Madame Catherine — made no objection what-

ever. I stayed twenty minutes with Pansy; she has a charming little room, not in the least conventual, with a piano and flowers. She has arranged it delightfully; she has so much taste. Of course it 's all none of my business, but I feel happier since I have seen her. She may even have a maid if she likes; but of course she has no occasion to dress. She wears a little black dress; she looks so charming. I went afterwards to see Mother Catherine, who has a very good room, too; I assure you I don't find the poor sisters at all monastic. Mother Catherine has a most coquettish little toilet-table, with something that looked uncommonly like a bottle of eau-de-cologne. She speaks delightfully of Pansy; says it 's a great happiness for them to have her. She is a little saint of heaven, and a model to the oldest of them. Just as I was leaving Madame Catherine, the portress came to say to her that there was a lady for the signorina. Of course I knew it must be you, and I asked her to let me go and receive you in her place. She demurred greatly — I must tell you that — and said it was her duty to notify the Superior; it was of such high importance that you should be treated with respect. I requested her to let the poor Superior alone, and asked her how she supposed I would treat you!"

So Madame Merle went on, with much of the brilliancy of a woman who had long been a mistress of the art of conversation. But there were phases and gradations in her speech, not one of which was lost upon Isabel's ear, though her eyes were absent from her companion's face. She had not proceeded far before Isabel noted a sudden quaver in her voice, which was in itself a complete drama. This subtle modulation marked a momentous discovery, — the perception of an entirely new attitude on the part of her listener. Madame Merle had guessed in the space of an instant that everything was at end between them, and in the space of another instant she had guessed the reason why. The person who stood there was not the same one she had seen hitherto; it was a very different person, — a person who knew her secret. This discovery was tremendous, and, for the moment she made it, the most accomplished of women faltered and lost her courage. But only for that moment. Then the conscious stream of her perfect manner gathered itself again, and flowed on as smoothly as might be to the end. But it was only because she had the end in view that she was able to go on. She had been touched with a point that made her quiver, and she needed all the alertness of her will to repress her agitation. Her only safety was in not betraying herself. She did not betray herself; but the startled quality of her voice refused to improve, — she could n't help it, — while she heard herself say she hardly knew what. The tide of her confidence ebbed, and she was able only just to glide into port, faintly grazing the bottom.

Isabel saw all this as distinctly as if it had been a picture on the wall. It might have been a great moment for her, for it might have been a moment of triumph. That Madame Merle had lost her pluck, and saw before her the phantom of shame, — this in itself was a revenge; this in itself was almost a symptom of a brighter day. And for a moment, while she stood apparently looking out of the window, with her back half turned, Isabel enjoyed her knowledge. On the other side of the window lay the garden of the convent, but this was not what Isabel saw; she saw nothing of the budding plants and the glowing afternoon. She saw in the crude light of that revelation which had already become a part of experience, and to which the very frailty of the vessel in which it had been offered her only gave an intrinsic price, the dry, staring fact that she had been a dull, unreverenced

tool. All the bitterness of this knowledge surged into her soul again; it was as if she felt upon her lips the taste of dishonor. There was a moment during which, if she had turned and spoken, she would have said something that would hiss like a lash. But she closed her eyes, and then the hideous vision died away. What remained was the cleverest woman in the world, standing there within a few feet of her, and knowing as little what to think as the meanest. Isabel's only revenge was to be silent still, — to leave Madame Merle in this unprecedented situation. She left her there for a period which must have seemed long to this lady, who at last seated herself with a movement which was in itself a confession of helplessness. Then Isabel turned her eyes and looked down at her. Madame Merle was very pale; her own eyes covered Isabel's face. She might see what she would, but her danger was over. Isabel would never accuse her, never reproach her; perhaps because she never would give her the opportunity to defend herself.

"I am come to bid Pansy good-by," Isabel said at last. "I am going to England to-night."

"Going to England to-night!" Madame Merle repeated, sitting there and looking up at her.

"I am going to Gardencourt. Ralph Touchett is dying."

"Ah, you will feel that." Madame Merle recovered herself; she had a chance to express sympathy. "Do you go alone?" she asked.

"Yes; without my husband."

Madame Merle gave a low, vague murmur, — a sort of recognition of the general sadness of things.

"Mr. Touchett never liked me; but I am sorry he is dying. Shall you see his mother?"

"Yes; she has returned from America."

"She used to be very kind to me; but she has changed. Others, too, have changed," said Madame Merle, with a quiet, noble pathos. She paused a moment, and then she said, "And you will see dear old Gardencourt again!"

"I shall not enjoy it much," Isabel answered.

"Naturally, in your grief. But it is, on the whole, of all the houses I know, —and I know many, — the one I should have liked best to live in. I don't venture to send a message to the people," Madame Merle added, "but I should like to give my love to the place."

Isabel turned away.

"I had better go to Pansy," she said. "I have not much time."

And while she looked about her for the proper egress, the door opened and admitted one of the ladies of the house, who advanced with a discreet smile, gently rubbing, under her long, loose sleeves, a pair of plump white hands. Isabel recognized her as Madame Catherine, whose acquaintance she had already made, and begged that she would immediately let her see Miss Osmond. Madame Catherine looked doubly discreet, but smiled very blandly, and said:

"It will be good for her to see you. I will take you to her myself." Then she directed her pleasant, cautious little eye towards Madame Merle.

"Will you let me remain a little?" this lady asked. "It is so good to be here."

"You may remain always, if you like!" And the good sister gave a knowing laugh.

She led Isabel out of the room, through several corridors, and up a long staircase. All these departments were solid and bare, light and clean; so, thought Isabel, are the great penal establishments. Madame Catherine gently pushed open the door of Pansy's room, and ushered in the visitor; then stood smiling, with folded hands, while the two others met and embraced.

"She is glad to see you," she repeated; "it will do her good." And she placed the best chair carefully for Isabel. But she made no movement to seat herself; she seemed ready to retire. "How does this dear child look?" she asked of Isabel, lingering a moment.

"She looks pale," Isabel answered.

"That is the pleasure of seeing you. She is very happy. *Elle éclaire la maison*," said the good sister.

Pansy wore, as Madame Merle had said, a little black dress; it was perhaps this that made her look pale.

"They are very good to me, — they think of everything!" she exclaimed, with all her customary eagerness to say something agreeable.

"We think of you always; you are a precious charge," Madame Catherine remarked, in the tone of a woman with whom benevolence was a habit, and whose conception of duty was the acceptance of every care. It fell with a leaden weight upon Isabel's ears; it seemed to represent the surrender of a personality, the authority of the church.

When Madame Catherine had left them together, Pansy kneeled down before Isabel, and hid her head in her step-mother's lap. So she remained some moments, while Isabel gently stroked her hair. Then she got up, averting her face and looking about the room.

"Don't you think I have arranged it well? I have everything I have at home."

"It is very pretty; you are very comfortable." Isabel scarcely knew what she could say to her. On the one hand, she could not let her think she had come to pity her, and on the other it would be a dull mockery to pretend to rejoice with her. So she simply added, after a moment, "I have come to bid you good-by. I am going to England."

Pansy's white little face turned red.

"To England! Not to come back?"

"I don't know when I shall come back."

"Ah, I 'm sorry," said Pansy, faintly. She spoke as if she had no right to criticise; but her tone expressed a depth of disappointment.

"My cousin, Mr. Touchett, is very ill; he will probably die. I wish to see him," Isabel said.

"Ah, yes; you told me he would die. Of course you must go. And will papa go?"

"No; I shall go alone."

For a moment Pansy said nothing. Isabel had often wondered what she thought of the apparent relations of her father with his wife; but never by a glance, by an intimation, had she let it be seen that she deemed them deficient in the quality of intimacy. She made her reflections, Isabel was sure; and she must have had a conviction that there were husbands and wives who were more intimate than that. But Pansy was not indiscreet even in thought; she would as little have ventured to judge her gentle step-mother as to criticise her magnificent father. Her heart may almost have stood still, as it would have done if she had seen two of the saints, in the great picture in the convent chapel, turn their painted heads and shake them at each other; but as in this latter case she would, for very solemnity's sake, never have mentioned the awful phenomenon, so she put away all knowledge of the secrets of larger lives than her own.

"You will be very far away," she said, presently.

"Yes. I shall be far away. But it will scarcely matter," Isabel answered; "for so long as you are here I am very far away from you."

"Yes, but you can come and see me; though you have not come very often."

"I have not come because your father forbade it. To-day I bring nothing with me. I can't amuse you."

"I am not to be amused. That 's not what papa wishes."

"Then it hardly matters whether I am in Rome or in England."

"You are not happy, Mrs. Osmond," said Pansy.

"Not very. But it does n't matter."

"That 's what I say to myself. What does it matter? But I should like to come out."

"I wish, indeed, you might."

"Don't leave me here," Pansy went on, gently.

Isabel was silent a moment; her heart beat fast.

"Will you come away with me now?" she asked.

Pansy looked at her pleadingly.

"Did papa tell you to bring me?"

"No; it 's my own proposal."

"I think I had better wait, then. Did papa send me no message?"

"I don't think he knew I was coming."

"He thinks I have not had enough," said Pansy. "But I have. The ladies are very kind to me, and the little girls come to see me. There are some very little ones, — such charming children! Then, my room — you can see for yourself! All that is very delightful. But I have had enough. Papa wished me to think a little, and I have thought a great deal."

"What have you thought?"

"Well, that I must never displease papa."

"You knew that before."

"Yes, but I know it better. I will do anything, — I will do anything," said Pansy. Then, as she heard her own words, a deep, pure blush came into her face. Isabel read the meaning of it; she saw that the poor girl had been vanquished. It was well that Mr. Edward Rosier had kept his enamels! Isabel looked into her eyes, and saw there mainly a prayer to be treated easily. She laid her hand on Pansy's, as if to let her know that her look conveyed no diminution of esteem; for the collapse of the child's momentary resistance, mute and modest though it had been, seemed only her tribute to the truth of things. She did n't presume to judge others, but she had judged herself; she had seen the reality. She had no vocation for struggling with combinations; in the solemnity of sequestration there was something that overwhelmed her. She bowed her pretty head to authority, and only asked of authority to be merciful. Yes, it was very well that Edward Rosier had reserved a few articles!

Isabel got up; her time was rapidly shortening.

"Good-by, then," she said; "I leave Rome to-night."

Pansy took hold of her dress; there was a sudden change in the girl's face.

"You look strange; you frighten me."

"Oh, I am very harmless," said Isabel.

"Perhaps you won't come back?"

"Perhaps not. I can't tell."

"Ah, Mrs. Osmond, you won't leave me!"

Isabel now saw that she had guessed everything.

"My dear child, what can I do for you?" she asked.

"I don't know, but I am happier when I think of you."

"You can always think of me."

"Not when you are so far. I am a little afraid," said Pansy.

"What are you afraid of?"

"Of papa, — a little. And of Madame Merle. She has just been to see me."

"You must not say that," Isabel observed.

"Oh, I will do everything they want. Only if you are here I shall do it more easily."

Isabel reflected a little.

"I won't desert you," she said at last. "Good-by, my child."

Then they held each other a moment

in a silent embrace, like two sisters; and afterwards Pansy walked along the corridor with her visitor to the top of the staircase.

"Madame Merle has been here," Pansy remarked, as they went; and as Isabel answered nothing she added, abruptly, "I don't like Madame Merle!"

Isabel hesitated a moment; then she stopped.

"You must never say that — that you don't like Madame Merle."

Pansy looked at her in wonder; but wonder with Pansy had never been a reason for non-compliance.

"I never will again," she said, with exquisite gentleness.

At the top of the staircase they had to separate, as it appeared to be part of the mild but very definite discipline under which Pansy lived that she should not go down. Isabel descended, and when she reached the bottom the girl was standing above.

"You will come back?" she called out in a voice that Isabel remembered afterwards.

"Yes, I will come back."

Madame Catherine met Isabel below, and conducted her to the door of the parlor, outside of which the two stood talking a minute.

"I won't go in," said the good sister. "Madame Merle is waiting for you."

At this announcement Isabel gave a start, and she was on the point of asking if there were no other egress from the convent. But a moment's reflection assured her that she would do well not to betray to the worthy nun her desire to avoid Pansy's other visitor. Her companion laid her hand very gently on her arm, and fixing her a moment with a wise, benevolent eye said to her, speaking French, almost familiarly, —

"Eh bien, chère madame, qu'en pensez-vous?"

"About my step-daughter? Oh, it would take long to tell you."

"We think it's enough," said Madame Catherine, significantly. And she pushed open the door of the parlor.

Madame Merle was sitting just as Isabel had left her, like a woman so absorbed in thought that she had not moved a little finger. As Madame Catherine closed the door behind Isabel, she got up, and Isabel saw that she had been thinking to some purpose. She had recovered her balance; she was in full possession of her resources.

"I found that I wished to wait for you," she said, urbanely. "But it's not to talk about Pansy."

Isabel wondered what it could be to talk about, and in spite of Madame Merle's declaration she answered, after a moment, —

"Madame Catherine says it 's enough."

"Yes; it also seems to me enough. I wanted to ask you another word about poor Mr. Touchett," Madame Merle added. "Have you reason to believe that he is really at his last?"

"I have no information but that of a telegram. Unfortunately, it only confirms a probability."

"I am going to ask you a strange question," said Madame Merle. "Are you very fond of your cousin?" And she gave a smile as strange as her question.

"Yes, I am very fond of him. But I don't understand you."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment.

"It is difficult to explain. Something has occurred to me which may not have occurred to you, and I give you the benefit of my idea. Your cousin did you once a great service. Have you never guessed it?"

"He has done me many services."

"Yes; but one was much above the rest. He made you a rich woman."

"*He* made me" —

Madame Merle appeared to see herself successful, and she went on, more triumphantly, —

"He imparted to you that extra lustre which was required to make you a

brilliant match. At bottom, it is him that you have to thank." She stopped; there was something in Isabel's eyes.

"I don't understand you. It was my uncle's money."

"Yes, it was your uncle's money; but it was your cousin's idea. He brought his father over to it. Ah, my dear, the sum was large!"

Isabel stood staring; she seemed to-day to be living in a world illumined by lurid flashes.

"I don't know why you say such things! I don't know what you know."

"I know nothing but what I have guessed. But I have guessed that!"

Isabel went to the door, and when she had opened it stood a moment with her hand on the latch. Then she said, — it was her only revenge, —

"I believe it was you I had to thank!"

Madame Merle dropped her eyes; she stood there in a kind of proud penance.

"You are very unhappy, I know. But I am more so."

"Yes, I can believe that. I think I should like never to see you again."

Madame Merle raised her eyes.

"I shall go to America," she announced, while Isabel passed out.

Henry James, Jr.

THE ROMANCE OF MODERN LIFE.

The assertion that life in our times is devoid of romance is the most common of commonplaces. It is one of many sayings which is trite without being true. Romance is the result or expression of inherent qualities and tendencies of human nature, and cannot become extinct. Under the conditions of modern life it has changed its exterior, and is no longer recognized in its new aspect; hence the report of its death has gone abroad. It is the everlasting error of taking form for substance, names for facts. There is no standard definition of romance which answers to the general use and acceptation of the word. I think that it may be stated to mean, in common parlance, that which is unusual, striking, picturesque, and dramatic in public events or private existence; that which is pitched in a different key from the tenor of daily life. In former ages there were laws, manners, and customs which to our imagination met the exigencies of romance, creating situations or maintaining a medium in which it naturally developed. It is a cheap form of common sense and humor to deride those ancient, obsolete modes; to prove how much better housed, fed, and clad we are than the lords and ladies in their mediæval castles, how much safer and quicker the penny-post is than a messenger-bird or a foot-page; in short, to keep on repeating at second-hand the grand satire of Cervantes; and to conclude from these and similar irrefutable arguments that romance nowadays is the ghost of defunct silliness. It would be silly to dispute self-evident propositions, but it is both silly and ignorant to make romance consist in, or depend upon, outward and material circumstances. To the mediæval knight or lady, rushes on the floor were no more picturesque than carpets are to us; a charger or palfrey was no more imposing as a mode of conveyance than a horse-car or an omnibus seems at present. Indeed, the further back we go, the less romance we find in the mind and temper of the times. We may learn from old rhymers and chroniclers — Chaucer and Froissart, for instance — that knights and dames were

mostly matter-of-fact, prosaic personages; posterity has endowed them with the sentiments and attributes of heroes and heroines. As the mind of man emerges from the shadow of the Dark Ages, the most noticeable habits of thought are the devout and the humoristic; the sentimental comes later; for the idea of romance we must wait for a fairly advanced state of civilization and intellectual development.

There have been romantic natures in all times, although they are not always to be found in the most romantic figures; but the only truly romantic epoch, both in the circumstances and conception of life, was the troubadour period of Provence. The genius of the people created the ideal; their language perpetuated the term. The lutes, daggers, rope-ladders, and rapiers of the troubadours, after playing their part in fiction, were swept out to the melodrama, from which they have in turn disappeared; royal betrothals and espousals in infancy, marriage by proxy, single combat as a military or judicial ordeal, have fallen out of use in the Old World, but romance keeps its roots in human nature and its hold on the imagination. Its seeds are latent in the primitive passions and emotions, love, hatred, jealousy, grief, pride; they begin to germinate in the earliest stages of patriotism, loyalty, chivalry, and certain temperaments and circumstances are peculiarly favorable to their perfection. Modern education and the conventional uniformity of modern manners deprive the elementary emotions of some of their strength; the development of self-consciousness leads us to check or conceal high-flown feelings; mechanical ingenuity and contrivance supply practical and wholesale methods for effecting our purposes, be they vulgar or sublime. It is to be observed, however, that lovers of romance generally look for it in the past: Don Quixote found it in tales of chivalry written long after the deeds which they commemorated; Cherubina in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, which do not deal with the people and doings of her own day. Sir Walter Scott took his material chiefly from by-gone times. This requires no explanation; as George Eliot says somewhere, we are not troubled by the shabbiness of the trappings in a Pan-Athenaic procession, the fact being that we do not perceive them. The attempted escape of Jefferson Davis in woman's clothes struck the whole North as ridiculous and degrading, yet the escapes of Charles Edward, the Earl of Nithsdale, and M. de Lavalette in a similar disguise seem romantic, and do not detract from their dignity.

On the other hand, there are people who maintain that there is more romance in the results of scientific discovery and modern invention than in the worn-out old paraphernalia and expedients; that it is more romantic to send a message by a flash of lightning than by a carrier-dove, and to elope with the aid of a steed of iron and steam than behind a lover on horseback. There is no romance in either mode; it exists in the feeling or in the action; and when the history of our country, the land of modern discovery and invention, is written in time to come, romantic characters and incidents will be as plentiful as we find them in past ages.

Let us look over the chart of Europe for the last fifty years. Has there ever been a period of such startling catastrophes and vicissitudes for monarchs and potentates? Was the Vehmgericht more secret and terrible than Nihilism and Communism, undermining the foundations of government and society, threatening the lives of great and small? Has any previous century seen so many crowned heads wandering in banishment and disguise, with a greater variety of risk and adventure? Within twenty years we have seen representatives of three French dynasties in exile, two ex-queens of Spain, Italian and

German sovereigns, and pretenders in numbers. Louis Napoleon and his wife and son are not romantic personages, but their lives have been full of changes and contrasts as violent and unforeseen as ever made the plot of an opera, novel, or ballad. Among their royal rivals there were none so prosaic as the Orleans princes. They come of the most contemned branch of the family tree, — grandsons of the renegade Egalité, sons of the citizen king; their best praise is that they have borne their reverses and misfortunes with dignity and discretion, and made themselves models of modern private gentlemen. Yet fate at times has forced them into positions of singular heroism and interest, and in the annals of the code of honor there are few more striking examples of poetic justice than the quiet, well-bred Duke of Montpensier's fatal duel with his kinsman, Don Enrique de Bourbon, wantonly provoked by the latter, which put an end forever to his pretensions to the Spanish throne. There is no handsomer or more tragic royal couple in history than the Archduke Maximilian and his "poor Carlotta." The dark-browed young Queen of Naples, too, directing the siege of Gaëta, in her trooper's hat and cloak, was then a heroine who in a better cause would have been a lasting inspiration of poets, painters, and sculptors. The late ex-King of Bavaria, Louis, who played a sorry part enough in the eyes of his contemporaries, may wear a very different mien to posterity, surveying the galleries and monuments with which he adorned his capital, and remembering that he threw away his kingdom for love of a dancer: there was something of Mark Antony in him, if only the baser part. The present young king, shut in his castles and country-seats, telling the time by an orrery instead of a clock, having Wagner's operas performed for himself as sole auditor, traveling by night only, and dashing through the sleeping villages with his retinue like the Wild Huntsman, will look more interesting through the vista of years, when his decision in the Franco-Prussian war is considered as part of the great Germanic movement.

The late King of Italy is the best specimen of the old romantic type to be found in our day. Probably there never was a man who dealt more exclusively with the positive and practical side of life, or one who was less influenced by sentiment and imagination. He was brave and bluff as an old feudal baron, with a dignity which was the more royal for its simplicity. He was the representative of the most ancient reigning house in Europe, and his personal history is as full of strange adventures and situations as that of any ancestor in the thirteenth century. His valor and his gallantries were equally notorious. Public taste has happily lost its relish for the latter, but happily, too, not for courage and prowess, and it will be long before kingly daring ceases to thrill the heart and kindle the imagination. There was something in the disposition of the man which led him into dangers to which it would seem as if no modern sovereign could be exposed. On one occasion, in following his favorite pastime of hunting, his horse was thrown down and wounded, and he himself nearly killed, by a furious wild boar. Another time, when on a journey which he pleased to perform on horseback, he and a gentleman in waiting outrode the escort, and were surrounded by brigands. The King of Italy, the doughty Victor Emmanuel, taken at odds, was forced to allow himself to be robbed, to escape being carried into the mountain fastnesses and held for ransom. Literal, shrewd, and unplagued by metaphysics as he was, certain notions and beliefs were all-powerful with him: it was to his sense of the claims of country that he gave up his ancient patrimony and title to unite Italy under a new-made crown, which to him was lined with thorns, —

an act often and severely commented upon, but never to my knowledge by a sovereign, and only his peers are in a position to judge him on this count. His mediæval veneration for the church constrained him to submit to an undesired and unfitting marriage, as he could obtain absolution on no other terms, at an hour when his life was given up. Standing between the patriot Garibaldi, in his red shirt, and Pius IX., invested with more than pontifical state by his misfortunes, his martyr attitude, the close of a millennial hierarchy, and the fulfillment of a more than millennial prophecy in his person, Il Re Galantuomo is as fine a figure, the three form as imposing a group, as can be found on any page of history.

Garibaldi and Louis Kossuth deserve high places on the list of the picturesque and romantic characters of present times, if only for their costume; their bravery, eloquence, and high aims confirm the right. Neither of them achieved his purpose, but they failed nobly, and perhaps fortunately. United Italy and Austro-Hungary are the monuments of their patriotism, in spite of the defeat of their individual idea.

If we turn from public to private life, we still find the material of romance as plentiful as ever. There are few who do not know, by personal experience or familiar and recent tradition, of secret espousals, lost heirs, forged or stolen wills, mysterious disappearances, hair-breadth escapes, supernatural warnings and coincidences, deeds of courage and self-devotion, as strange and exciting as anything in history or fiction. War-times always abound in these elements, and develop or afford a stage for natures adapted to them. Our civil war was a fine field for adventures and adventurous souls; it has romantic episodes enough to fill volumes; the Southerners are highly conscious and complacent as to their share. Among many women who played conspicuous parts in that national tragedy, there is one at least who may be named without indiscretion, as she never avoided notoriety, — Mrs. Greenhow. Her career began long enough before 1861. Her beauty, cleverness, audacity; her intrepid journeys across the Rocky Mountains on foot or on horseback; her influence with men of mark in Washington; her arrest for complicity in the secret treason which dogged and clogged every step of the government in the early days of secession; her imprisonment in the Old Capitol, of which she has made a book; her flash through London society, to which, no doubt, she was a more agreeable sort of lion than the Hon. James M. Mason; her tragic and appropriate end, — sunk in a blockade runner off our coast, on her way back from England, — fit her story to every requirement of romance or melodrama. There are fewer specimens of that sort in this country, where democratic ideas and manners

"Beat down men's souls into pale unanimity,"

and plane off their characteristics and idiosyncrasies to a dead level, than in Europe, where distinctions of class, an older civilization, and a less stringent morality for the conduct of private life leave more elbow-room for individuality. Here more than one influence and condition favorable to romance has passed away, or is fading into oblivion. Puritanism had the unparalleled good fortune to be illustrated by Hawthorne; Mr. Cable has sketched the early creole life; but the story of our colonists, with their relations to the Old World on one hand and to the aborigines on the other, which produced such striking personages as the Indian Logan or the half-breed Katherine Montour and her descendants, has never been fitly treated, — peace to the manes of James Fenimore Cooper! — nor the dark romance of Southern life in slave-times. No doubt there is an indigenous species growing up in the wide, wild West, strange and unique, like everything which

belongs to the really new part of our country. It has produced its new modes of travel and agriculture; I believe that in time it will give rise to a new school of painting; it has given birth to a new type of man, a new fashion of life, which have scarcely yet taken definite shape; it must eventually create its own legend and fiction. Bret Harte has given us a few samples whittled off with a jack-knife, but there is need for a larger grasp and firmer, finer handling than his to develop it; besides which, the outlines of the subject are not yet distinct enough.

But the peculiar romance of America, whether in life or novels, will probably lie outside the lines of civilization; while, if we look at Europe, how many interesting and impressive physiognomies have appeared on the stage of society in England alone within fifty years! There can hardly be a stranger story than Lady Ellenborough's. Among her ancestors were the famous Sir Kenelm Digby, and his wife the beautiful Venetia, whose portrait by Vandyke, painted in the first pale freshness of youthful death, is so startling to the beholder. Their beautiful descendant was married first to a cabinet minister and governor-general of India, from whom she was separated on account of a love affair with the Austrian ambassador, Prince S——, one of the most splendid scandals of high life half a century ago; and after an extraordinarily erratic career she appeared in Athens as Ianthe, in which phase she was seen and described by Edmond About (La Grèce Contemporaine), afterwards disappearing into the desert as the wife of an Arab sheik. If the real life and adventures of Edward Trelawney should ever be published, they will make one of the most exciting and absorbing narratives ever written. He has left some record of them in his Adventures of a Younger Son, but as that book is in the form of an autobiographical novel it is impossible to separate the truth from invention. Although the author could not spell, and was ignorant of other rudiments of an English education, his style is vigorous, nervous, graphic, succinct, and spirited in the highest degree. If it were a pure work of fancy, like Robinson Crusoe, it would be a book of genius. Taken as in the main a personal narrative, it is one of those rare and remarkable productions which bear the stamp of the author's personality in every line; there are few poems, even, in our language so permeated with one predominant sentiment and desire, the irrepressible, irresistible, indomitable need of personal freedom. Fortunately, not many men are so naturally and unaffectedly eccentric, so indocile to all restraint, law, and authority. He made his earliest experiments in life cruising with the privateer, or rather the pirate, De Ruyter; he fought for the Greeks with Odysseus, their popular leader; he was one of the mournful group who built Shelley's funeral pyre, — his friend Shelley, whose fair, ethereal form hovers like a spirit or a genius of the upper air above Trelawney's dusky recollections; he helped pay the last offices to Byron at Missolonghi, — a friend, too, but in a different sort. He had numerous wives, — an Arab maiden, a Greek lady, the sister of Odysseus, several Englishwomen at once, — not to count love affairs independent of matrimony; yet he was not a dissolute man so much as a lawless one. A few people in this country remember him, a gigantic Cornishman, dark as an Oriental, handsome, deep-voiced, laconic, a natural outlaw. He died only a few months ago, at the ripe age of eighty-eight years, having escaped violent death in almost every form. There are many Englishmen whose lives are of the same complexion, — explorers who write no travels, soldiers of fortune under every flag where there is fighting to be had, dauntless hunters of fierce beasts, bold and

desperate lovers who carry off favorites from harems.

On the continent of Europe, originality assumes more civilized forms. There are women fit to be named with the heroines of the Ligue and the Fronde. The most conspicuous of our day is the late Princess Cristine Belgioioso, daughter of the Marquis di Trivulzio, one of the oldest and noblest names in Milan. She married at sixteen a young man of her own rank and of great wealth, who possessed also a remarkably handsome person, and an enchanting tenor voice. They left Italy on account of their political sympathies, and lived in Paris for many years, where her beauty, intellect, and peculiar tastes drew about her a curious assemblage of people, from the most frivolous to the most grave and learned. Victor Cousin, Mignet, and Thierry were among her most assiduous guests, mingling with poets, musicians, painters, sculptors, diplomatists of the highest eminence, theologians, and men and women of fashion. The princess was the idol of this crowd, a tall, pale, slender figure, with classic features, hair and eyes as dark as night, and a strange, inscrutable expression. Her ways were equally inscrutable: one day startling society by an escapade, on the morrow by the publication of a treatise on Catholic Dogma, or Reflections on the Present and Future of Italy. In 1848 she raised a battalion at her own expense to fight for the liberty of her country, and it is said that she wore the uniform and went into battle with it herself. The success of the Austrian arms forced her to fly, and her property was confiscated. She resumed her place in the great world, published sketches of travel, essays on history, several novels, and a history of the House of Savoy. She was believed to be the original of the Duchesse de San Severino in Stendahl's novel, La Chartreuse de Parme, and there is certainly a suggestion of her, though so differently presented, in Theodora, the heroine of Disraeli's Lothair. The course of public events at length allowed her to return to Milan, where her estates were restored to her, and where she died ten years ago. In two or three generations those who find her name in the verses of the poets and on the title-pages of the composers of this century may feel a curiosity to know more of this lady, with her high-sounding name; when they learn her lineage, rank, talent, beauty, and patriotism, she will seem to belong to the sisterhood of Adelaide de Saluzzo, Beatrice de Montferrat, and the other loves of the troubadours, even more than to that of the fair Longueville and Chevreuse. By way of contrast to her there is Amélie Lasaulx, "Sister Augustine, an Old Catholic," a worthy successor of the Mère Angélique and the holy heroines of Port Royal.

Madame Sand, partly from a vein of honesty and homeliness of thought which runs through her disposition and writings, partly from her self-sufficiency and lack of humor, is seen in a crude, coarse light by us who stand so near her. But we may be sure that posterity will look with different eyes on this woman of genius, whose grand, sphinx-like countenance remains in marble and on canvas in witness of the long enigma she offered to every man of genius who crossed her path; whose memory would live in the lives of Chopin, Liszt, Musset, Mérimée, Delacroix, Lamennais, Michel de Bourges, even if she had not left works which will outlast some of theirs. Liszt himself, in his various apparitions as Magyar, monk, Don Juan, courtier, abbé, author, virtuoso, composer, is a very picturesque masquerader; but in all his rôles there is too much sense that he is playing a part; he is a theatrical rather than a romantic personage. The same may be said of several other famous composers and musicians, and of various people of European as distinguished from English celebrity.

But this has often been said of Byron, who was a thorough Englishman. Perhaps the contemporaries of Stradella and David Rizzio perceived the same personal vanity and histrionic tendency in them.

There is a sort of self-conscious pseudo-romance allied to the poetic and æsthetic antics of the hour which is hit off by Du Maurier in Punch. Mrs. Cimabue Brown and her set would spell the word romaunce, although their stage properties are not guitars, masks, and poniards, but cracked china, spindle-shanked furniture, sunflowers, and limp petticoats. This affectation will die a natural death, although it has no natural life, and its devotees, if remembered at all, will be to future times as the Cornelias and Gracchi of the French directory are to us.

These random reflections were not propounded with a theorem, yet they seem to demonstrate some truths and to involve certain conclusions. If, as I think cannot be denied, the material of romance is as abundant to-day as ever, it is a mistake to ignore it in fiction; to demand that readers shall concentrate that interest, or more strictly speaking that sympathy and attention, on humdrum people, and events as dull and trivial as ordering dinner or balancing a ledger. Such persons and things are not what most of us find interesting in every-day life. Granted that the modern novel must be the transcript of modern existence, let us at least have the elements which give it color and relief. It is untrue to nature to show only the flat, gray side of character and circumstance. A favorite term of praise for a story of to-day is that it is like a photograph; it might be a term of condemnation, for, unfortunately, there is too often exactly the exaggeration and undue prominence of minor details, the loss of perspective and proportion, which are among the defects of photography. But there are a great many photographs which are less tame and pale than some of the cleverest novels at present; after a few years they will be equally blank and void of suggestion. Let novelists make their padding with ordinary men and women, but let them provide at least the hero or heroine with a temperament and destiny tinged with the romance which is to be found in real life everywhere.

SO AS BY FIRE.

I.

"My house 'll be ready by the first snow. But" —

He was a strongly made, sunburned, vigorous-looking man, not yet thirty, and he stood on a high roll of the prairie, from which he could overlook the waving wealth of a vast field of corn.

His mouth closed suddenly behind the last short word, and a shadow came into his bright dark eyes. They had ceased to study the corn-field, turning rather towards a pair who were riding along its northerly border. They were too far away for him to hear the tall, bearded old man, on the heavy bay horse, remark, —

"Virginia, thar's Marsh, standin' on the rise. Reckon he's takin' a look of his corn crap."

There was no verbal answer, but in another instant the roan mare under his lady companion was curveting spitefully.

"What on airth did you hit her for?

She was goin' well enough. You ain't safe with a whip."

She was evidently safe in a saddle, however, and the bay now imitated the roan in a manner which brought them rapidly to the summit of "the rise."

"Mornin', Marsh. How 's your crap turnin' out? Looks prime."

"Forty acres cut and shocked. Going in on the shucking to-morrow. I 'm counting on sixty bushel to the acre."

"Mebbe it 's thar. Hundred and forty acres of it. You 're workin' ahead, Marsh Hayne. Corn 's better 'n wheat, this year."

"When are you going to thresh out your yield? You 'll have a heap of it."

"Best yield I ever harvested, if the market was worth anything. They do say it 's comin' up. Jest look at them ricks of mine!"

They were a mile and a half due west, but no tree stood between to prevent a view of them, nor did any fence cross the fringe of the open, unbroken prairie. A line of forest arose beyond the ricks, and beyond that, unseen from the knoll, the great plain rolled away, with only a few scattered farms, sixteen miles to the county-seat and "town."

"Your mare 's uneasy, this morning, Miss Crawford. What 's the matter with her?"

That was Marshall Hayne's first discovery of something to say, directly, to Virginia, while her whole attention had seemed to be otherwise absorbed.

"I 've spoiled her; let her have her own way too much."

"That 'll never do. I keep a pretty steady hand over everything I ride or drive."

Every line of his face and every tone of his deep, musical voice seemed to vouch for him. He was speaking of dumb animals, to be sure, but the color deepened in Virginia's handsome face as she replied, curtly, —

"So do I!"

There was a world of firm decision in the words, and in the sudden compression of the red lips which uttered them. Even the roan mare must have comprehended, for she gave up her petty rebellion, and began to paw the hard, black surface of the prairie road beneath her.

"Marsh," remarked old Crawford, "is n't your house nigh done?"

"All finished inside. Got a good many things in, too. All the cribs 'll be up in time to hold the crop."

"Gwine to live thar, this winter?"

It was Marshall Hayne's turn to color deeply, as he answered, —

"Can't say. Reckon old Bitters 'll have to board me a while."

"If I were Celerity," exclaimed Virginia, with the kind of smile which is no smile at all, "I would make you paint your house."

The flush in his face was fiery red, as he suddenly turned to her father: —

"By the way! Did you take note of the prairie fire, last night, northeast? The sky was good and red."

"'Way beyond the timber? Yes, I saw it. It 'll burn out whar it is, jest as it allers does. It won't git across the slough."

"Don't you be too sure of that, now. I 've a mind to do some back-firing on that side of my farm. A fire 'd go through my standing corn like it was dry grass."

"Reckon it would. 'T won't come, though. I 've lived on this prairie more 'n ten year, and no fire ever come a-nigh me."

"I don't care to have one come too nigh me till my corn 's in crib."

"Come along, Virginia. Your mother 'll be lookin' for us."

"Good-day," said Marsh.

"Good morning," said his two neighbors, almost in the same breath, and Virginia added, "You may tell Celerity Bitters, for me, we 're going to town to-morrow. If she wants me to get the

things she spoke of, she 'd better let me know."

"I 'll tell her. Palm Bitters 'll be glad of an errand to your house."

In two seconds more Virginia's roan mare was fairly dancing along the road, while Marshall Hayne strode fiercely down the slope in the opposite direction.

"Virginia," remarked her father, "why can't you treat Marsh Hayne a leetle more neighborly? Thar is n't a likelier young feller on this prairie. Thar 's all sorts of real grit and push into him. Look what he 's done with that thar farm!"

"'Most any man can handle a quarter section."

"Not the way he does. I 've two whole sections now, but he 'll be ahead of me, 'fore long."

"May be so."

"He ain't onsociable, neither. What time 's he got to run around, nowadays, I 'd like to know?"

"Nobody wants him to."

"Virginia, how you hev sweated that mare of your'n! Looks like you 'd ridden her twenty miles instid of ten. What 's got into you and her this morning?"

She was very busy with her unruly pet just then, and they were drawing near the house, behind which rose the tall ricks of unthrashed wheat. It was a pleasant home, for that day and region. The out-buildings were good. There were even orchards and a garden, and in front of the house an attempt at shrubbery.

The sole heiress of all that comfort, with so many broad acres around it, hardly needed Virginia's uncommon beauty of face and form to make her the acknowledged "belle of Crawford's Prairie." That she was so, however, and was disposed to assert her supremacy, was known to every living thing or person under or near that hospitable roof, her father and mother excepted.

A somewhat stately, gray-haired dame awaited their coming, in the door-way, with a brief, matronly greeting: —

"Virginny, if you 're going to town to-morrow, you 've heaps to do to-day. 'Pears like everybody was a clearin' out at the same time."

"Jest exactly as well, mother," calmly responded her husband.

"We can lock the house up."

"We jest can. And we can throw the key in the well. Then, if any feller wants to get in, he can crawl through a winder."

Many a dwelling on the prairie, in those days, was ignorant of lock or key, and well accustomed to take care of itself, but Crawford's contained more to tempt unlawful intrusion than did some others.

There was a cloud upon Virginia's face when she followed her mother into the house, although she did not hear her father mutter, —

"If I was Marsh Hayne, now, I would n't let any gal that lives treat me the way she 's treated him. He 's a right down good feller. He 's a heap too good for Celerity Bitters."

Perhaps; but he was delivering Virginia Crawford's message at that very moment, and she may have guessed as much.

It had sent him to hold a somewhat animated conversation with a young woman who did not at all resemble the belle of Crawford's Prairie, but who appeared very fully to appreciate her present company. She was not so tall as Virginia, but she was nearly as handsome, in her own way, and her black eyes flashed under her full eyebrows with as clear a warning of a strong will behind them as came from Virginia's own. In truth, the blue-gray eyes were the softer and the pleasanter to look upon.

"Going to town, is she? I 'm obleeged to her for sendin' me word. Palmer, he 's a goin' off down the timber, after dark. I can't leave home this evening.

'Pears like it was n't to do me any sort of good to have her go."

"Well, never you mind. If you want to send word over, get your errand ready. I 'll have to ride past Crawford's by and by, and I 'll leave it for you."

"Will you, now? I 'd like it."

"Where 's Palm? I want him. Where 's the old man?"

The long, one-story log-house in front of which they were talking, stood about half a mile beyond the great corn-field, in the middle of which arose the new-built, fresh-looking structure which was to be the future home of Marshall Hayne. The logs showed signs of age, but there was barely enough of plowed ground around them to fend off a prairie fire. The Bitters family had not occupied it long, and they were not of the class that open new farms.

"Palm!" shouted the dark-eyed maiden. "Mr. Hayne wants ye! Wants the old man, too!"

A brawny, rugged-looking, and not uncomely six-footer quickly made his appearance around the corner of the house, but he came alone.

"What 's up, Marsh?"

"Well, Palm, it 's just this: I don't care to be fired out of my corn crop. You take the double team and the break-plow, after dinner, and run two or three furrows along the northeast fence and a little down the east side. The old man can run two or three more, about ten yards out, and we 'll singe off the grass between 'em."

"That 'd stop 'most anything, onless thar was a high wind. Most likely it would then. Awful waste of work, though. Take all day and to-morrer."

"Can't help it, Palm. There were some pretty smart blisters, last year, between this and town. I don't want any in mine."

Celerity Bitters had been listening, and she now remarked, —

"Hank Sanders, he said he 'd be over to see me to-night. I 'll git him to stop over and help. Thar 's heaps of fun a-fightin' fire."

The inability of Celerity Bitters to carry her own errand over to Crawford's was explained, but Marshall Hayne made no comment on the explanation. Palmer Bitters walked slowly away, leaving his sister to complete her conversation with the energetic young farmer, who at the same time boarded with and employed the Bitters family. They were people whose way in life required them to keep employers and boarders.

"Gwine to ride by Crawford's?" There was an inquiring archness in the unflinching black eyes.

"Reckon so. 'T won't be out of my way to do your errand for you."

"Well, no, I s'pose not. You would n't think of stoppin' in, now, if Jinny Crawford asked ye? They do say she does n't make herself the pleasantest kind of company for them she does n't take to."

It may not have been said with the intention of sending her own "company" off to his work, but she had managed to do it, for he answered her a little promptly: —

"I 'm putting in my time on my house and my corn just now. Don't care to have 'em burned up, either. Reckon I 'll go over and take a look at things."

He marched away and the black eyes followed him keenly.

"He 's an awful worker, he is. He is n't so bad lookin', either, sometimes. Hank Sanders could lay him on the broad of his back, any day. Hank ort to be doin' somethin' with that thar land of his'n. It 's high time thar was a crap onto it."

The eastern or any other side of a quarter section of land, United States measure, is half a mile long, and furrows of that length, through virgin prairie sod, call for strong pulling. Marshall Hayne had told no man that he was already the owner of the land upon which Palm Bitters and his father

thought they were throwing away their work, that afternoon, and it was hard for them to break "nobody's land" for some unknown new settler.

Neither Bitters nor Crawford knew of his added claim to the respect of his neighbors, when he mounted his horse, that evening, but either his landed possessions, or Celerity's errand, or something else, was lying heavy on his mind. He paused for a moment in front of his own new house, and again he said to himself, —

"It will be ready by the first snow."

He rode onward, then, with the air of a man who is willing his horse and thoughts should take their own gait, until he neared the house with the ricks behind it.

"Will I go in? Not unless she asks me. If she does, I will! And what then? Yes, I 'll do it, sure 's I live! I can't stand this any longer."

It was not from Virginia he received his invitation to come in, but her father, at the gate, said to him, "What, Marsh? I to tell her all that? Reckon not. I'd miss half on it, sure. You jest 'light down off your horse, and come into the house. I 'll find her for ye, somewhar. Tell her yourself."

Marsh obeyed, and in a few minutes more the young people were sitting together in the pleasant little parlor by themselves. To judge by the time required for its delivery and explanation, the message of Celerity Bitters must have been a long one, and very well remembered. It was an unpropitious piece of work for Marshall Hayne, however, if he had meant that any special errand of his own should follow. The very telling Celerity's words over and over, to make sure of them, brought too vividly to Virginia Crawford's mental vision a picture of her visitor in close communion with a comely maiden, who smiled upon him unutterable things through a pair of black, brilliant eyes.

She noticed, too, — and a rebellious feeling rose within her as she studied it, — how the willful look of set, determined purpose grew and deepened in the strong face before her. It seemed to look out aggressively and assail her, arousing something desperate and opposing from the hidden depths of her heart. It was a fierce and struggling feeling, and it swelled until she was almost afraid of him. She was angry with herself for that, but her fear grew fast when her eyes told her that his face was getting strangely pale, and her ears gave her to know that his deep, bell-like voice was trembling, and that it seemed to well up from away down, down, — some hidden place whence no voice of man had ever before come to her. She strove not to understand it, and not to know why her heart was beating more quickly, and harder and harder, although as yet he was not talking about anything in particular, — land, and crops, and stock, and his new house, and so forth.

The room was swiftly getting dark, as rooms will at the close of October days, but Virginia could see Marshall Hayne's face as plainly as before, for some reason. It seemed to stand out of the gloom as if framed in it, white, fixed, determined. At last there came a moment when her heart stopped its hot beating for a pulse or two, and began to swell. She could hardly remember, afterwards, precisely what he had been saying, but when he came to the words, —

"It will be ready by the first snow, Virginia. Will you go into it with me?"

"I?"

The questioning exclamation burst from her lips in a great sob, as she sprang to her feet.

"You will not? Then I will burn it down!"

The first words had a sad and mournful sound, and as if they came from a distance, while the latter were uttered in a harsh, hoarse whisper. She would have given a world for the power to

speak again, there in the deepening gloom, into which her backward step had carried her; but the swelling of her heart forbade it too long, and the next sound she heard was the rapid stroke of the hoofs of Marshall Hayne's horse upon the road, as he galloped away.

"Gone? What did I say!"

She sank upon a chair, and the very dusk faded gloomily out of the little parlor. Her struggle against the overmastery of Marshall Hayne's will had apparently cost her something.

II.

Neither old Mr. Crawford nor his wife knew anything more concerning their young neighbor's evening call than that it seemed a somewhat shortened one. It had been quite plain that he had had yet another errand "up the road." They knew that by the rapid gait at which he rode away.

Virginia was well satisfied to spend the following day "in town," and even that her father's business at last compelled them all to remain there over night. When, however, on the next day, they set out for home, she was conscious of a feeling of uneasiness, which increased with every mile they traveled. Her father seemed to share it with her, but she understood that better when he at last remarked, —

"They do say the prairie was all afire, hereaway, last night. You can see the smoke of it now. Reckon it did n't git across the slough. It could n't, onless thar was a high wind; but then the wind 's risin', and it 's a-blowin' the wrong way, to suit me."

Meantime it had been a great relief to Marshall Hayne to have a large job on his hands, — one he could push along feverishly, "so we can get at work at the corn shucking."

There is some excitement in "back-firing," even when you feel sure the blazes you are kindling cannot get away from you.

There were three broad furrows along the northeast fence, and four more along the outer border of the ten-yard strip of prairie so inclosed, to be burned over. The grass on this, while pretty dry, was nowhere very luxuriant, and before the day was over the work was done, with no harm to anybody, and a fine opportunity given Hank Sanders to "beat fire" at the side of Celerity Bitters. An average width of fifty feet of scorched sod and bare earth and a high rail fence now protected the entire easterly front of Marsh Hayne's farm, and in all other directions it was fairly safe, for other reasons. The scant plowing at Bitters's could be trusted to guard the log-house and its surroundings.

The night after was a bad one for sleeping, if only because of the strong smell of burning grass continually pouring in through open windows. It grew so terribly pungent by sunrise, that Marshall Hayne exclaimed, as he sprang out of bed, —

"It 's coming! There 's no mistake about it, this time."

A little later he remarked, —

"Wonder if old man Crawford 's got home! I don't reckon he has. I won't wait for breakfast. I 'll go right over and see about it. She won't be there. If she is, I 'll know in time to keep away."

He did not even wait to saddle a horse, but walked swiftly away from Bitters's without saying a word to a soul.

On he went, with quickening strides, to and through his own domain. He paused for one moment in front of the neat but as yet unpainted frame dwelling. There was a patch of young fruit trees to the left of it. There were signs around it of more improvements to come, and it had a dumb look of loneliness which seemed to plead for human occupancy.

He shook his head.

"No. I won't be a fool. It shall stay there, but I'll never put my foot over the threshold. They say there are good locations to be had in Kansas. I'd rather go further, — Nevada, now? Colorado?"

On again, until he was near enough to Crawford's to make sure there was no smoke rising from the kitchen chimney. There was, however, an abundance of smoke now floating down from the north and east, and he muttered, gloomily, —

"Into the house? No, I don't feel like doing that, but I'll see that the stock is safe. I'll tether every horse out in the winter wheat. That's green enough. The horned critters 'll run for the timber, and the hogs are there now. I could n't do much for anything else, and it may not reach the house. No, I reckon I won't go in."

It required some little time to empty the stables, and transfer their equine contents to the middle of the wheat field. Virginia Crawford's pet mare was particularly restive under the kindly hands that led her away. She may have suspected that Marshall Hayne was stealing her.

The haze in the air seemed somehow to have settled upon his soul by the time his self-imposed task was completed. He moved more slowly than at first, and his head drooped forward in a brooding silence. He kept to his purpose, however, about not entering the house, and now, as if it were a neighborhood to escape from, he walked away across the prairie, letting his undirected feet carry him vaguely northward.

The first words he spoke came from him when, after wandering half a mile or so, he found himself in a deep, tree-bordered, winding hollow, that was almost a ravine: —

"The slough? I declare! I'd no idea it was dead dry. The rosin weeds, too. Never saw 'em taller. If a fire should once get in here, now, would n't it burn!"

There could be small doubt of it, for the white gum which exuded from the tall, drying stalks of the weeds, and from their broad foot-leaves, was the very treasure-house of terrible heat.

He did not linger long in the hollow, but the moment he was once more on somewhat higher ground, beyond the trees, he uttered a sharp exclamation: —

"Wind rising? I should say it was. The fire has crossed the slough! Look yonder! It's making straight for my place. Oh, but ain't I glad I'm ready for it!"

He stood still for a moment, and looked around him. The scene he was gazing upon was well worth some careful study. The wind was indeed blowing more strongly. The line of the advancing fire was broken and irregular, but if one fact was plainer than another, it was that the great blaze to the eastward had not only broken the feeble barrier of thin forest in its way, but was traveling furiously down along the slough itself. It would surely cut him off from going back by the way he came, and it would be among Crawford's stubble-fields in ten minutes more, and then among his ricks and stables, and no power could save the homestead.

"It 'll be an awful coming back for them," he muttered; but his next word was almost a shout: "I'm penned in!" His glances were swift and keen. "It's making head westerly. It's got in behind me. The whole prairie's afire to the northward. I've heard of such things, but I'd no idea I'd ever be trapped this way, myself. If I had a match I'd set the grass afire here, and burn a place to stand in. Have n't a one! Have I got to be burned alive?"

That was a serious problem, surely, for a strong man to face, but Marshall Hayne faced it. He had turned deathly white, the night before, in Virginia Crawford's parlor, but he did not lose a

shade of color now. He did but step briskly forward, saying to himself, —

"Not on this low ground, anyhow. The grass is too thick here, and there are too many weeds. I must go for the highest knoll I can reach, and the thinnest growth. Then, when the fire comes, I 'll try a rush. Reckon that 's my only chance."

He walked more swiftly after that thought came to him. Then he even ran, for at some distance before him the prairie arose in a knoll which was almost a knob. The grass would surely be short there, and he would be able to take a wider look about him.

He reached it, and the air on the little summit was easier to breathe in.

Fire, fire, fire, in all directions. It was sweeping vigorously down through the tall blue grass and rosin weeds of the slough away there behind him, but there was too much black smoke from them to guess how near it might be to Crawford's. It was well for him he had not sought an escape in that direction.

"The north road to town comes in over yonder. The fire has burned along both sides of it, nobody knows for how far. There 's a double buggy, now, coming along, away back. It must be old Crawford's. No, they 're not in any danger, but then" —

He paused there, for the blazing line in front of him was drawing nearer. Harder and harder blew the wind, too, and higher leapt the red tongues of the flame.

"I 'll wait till it strikes into the short grass on the slope. Then for a charge; but I must go straight across. If I lose my way in the smoke, and run right or left, I 'm a dead man."

His trousers were already tucked into his boots. His coat was carefully buttoned up to his chin, and the collar of it turned up, while his handkerchief was made to cover as much as possible of his neck, and a flap of it was drawn across his mouth. Then his slouched hat was pulled over his forehead, and all was ready.

"If I 'm not suffocated, and if I don't stumble, I believe I can get through."

Cool and calm and strong; every nerve was tense and every muscle was utterly ready. And now, sending before it dense clouds of rosin weed smoke, the prairie fire began its fierce charge up the slope, like the English infantry at Inkerman.

"Now for it! Life or death!"

He went forward with a great, stag-like bound, and the smoke-cloud closed around him.

He had not been watching the double buggy for some few minutes, but there had been something in it worth watching. The driver was alone on the front seat, with a bag of flour beside him, and he did not turn to look behind as he steadily remarked, —

"It is n't of any use, mother. That blaze 'll reach our place before we do."

Stern and silent sat old Mrs. Crawford, while her husband was speaking; but a younger and better pair of eyes had been straining their vision upon the smoke wreaths and eddies ahead.

"Father! There 's a man on the hill! He will be burned!"

"God pity him! That 's so!"

The buggy had been driven along the prairie road, as closely in the rear of the advancing fire as old Mr. Crawford dared to press his snorting, frightened span of bays, and the distance between them and the knob was not so very great. A gust of wind lifted the smoke from it, just for a moment.

"Father! Father! Can't you see? Can we not do something? Mother, — mother, — mother, — it is Marshall Hayne!"

The old man shivered from head to foot, and Mrs. Crawford turned suddenly around to look at her daughter. She needed but one look.

"Virginia! My poor girl! Oh, I did not know it!"

Virginia's lips were parted, and she was staring fixedly at the black pall of vapor which had again hidden the prairie knoll from view. Marshall Hayne was in there, somewhere, she knew, with the fierce fire smiting him.

White, oh how white a face was hers for a mother to gaze upon! There was no trace of color, even on the lips.

Old Crawford reined in his horses, groaning aloud.

It seemed but a minute more, an eternally long minute of horrified silence, when the staggering form of a man burst through the nearer line of smoke, and a pair of arms were thrown wildly upward, as if their owner mingled a word of thanksgiving with his first gasp of breathable air. He needed more air and fresher, and he once again hurried forward.

The bays were suddenly lashed to a gallop, just as Virginia Crawford faintly muttered, —

"Is that Marsh? Oh, mother, is he saved?"

"Jinny! Keep up! I'll hev him in ten seconds."

The bays were again reined in, quickly, for there was a man in the road before them.

"Hold the reins, mother!" shouted old Crawford, as he sprang to the ground. "Marsh, is it you? Are you much burned? Can you speak?"

He might well ask him who he was, under the thick dusting of soot and ashes that covered him from head to foot.

At that moment there was a low cry behind old Crawford, and the form of his daughter darted past him.

"Marsh? Oh, Marsh, why won't you speak to me?"

Her white hands were on his shoulders, and her streaming eyes were studying his face, but there was color again in her own, now.

"I'm all right, Virginia, but I'm afraid there's nothing left of your place. I took your mare and the other horses out into the wheat field. She's safe."

"You've been caring for us? Risking your life for us! Oh, Marsh, are you hurt?"

"Not much, I reckon. Burned on my hands a little, — that's all. Have to get a new pair of boots."

Yes, and a new hat and coat; and his hair, beard, and eyebrows had suffered; and the Crawfords would find only heaps of ashes where they had left so fair a home. But what of all that! What was any such loss, compared to the treasure which had come to Virginia through that wall of smoke and fire, or to the one Marshall Hayne had found at the end of his desperate rush for life!

"Git into the buggy, Marsh. He won't need no help, Jinny. Did you say you'd saved the critters?"

"Reckon they're all right, but I did n't get anything out of the house. You'd better take the road to mine, at the forks. We put in all day, yesterday, back-firing."

"That's what I ought to have done, 'stead of going to town."

There was a great deal of silence during the short remainder of that drive; but old Crawford followed his young neighbor's advice, for the right-hand road, at the forks, would have led him into a hotter country than his horses would have been willing to travel.

Before long, they could all see the great blaze which went up from house and barns and corn cribs and stacks of wheat.

"The land won't burn," said the brave old man, almost cheerily. "Glad the stock is safe. That was good of you, Marsh. I don't owe a cent, and it won't break me up. Glad your place is n't hurt; but you had a close call of it yourself."

He heard a very long breath drawn, at that moment by somebody upon the back seat of the buggy.

At the door of the new house they all got soberly down, and Mrs. Crawford walked straight to the door and through it. Her husband stayed to care for his over-excited team, but Marshall Hayne and Virginia were just a little behind her, when she reached the threshold.

"Why, dear me!" exclaimed the old lady. "It's nigh a'most furnished! It's real comfortable!"

Perhaps it was mere curiosity that carried her onward so quickly, then, out of hearing, although some experienced women are very wise.

"Will you go in, Virginia?"

"I? Marsh!"

"With me, I mean, — Virginia?"

He passed the threshold as he spoke, and there he stood, holding out both hands, half-welcoming, half pleading.

"Forever and ever, Marsh!"

If, a few moments later, old Mrs. Crawford meant any more than she said, there may have been some reason for the high color in her daughter's face, for part of the added tint was dusky: —

"Marsh, you'd better git a clothes-brush and some soap and water. I declare! Virginny, you a'most look as if you'd been through a fire yourself."

The further domestic arrangements of Marshall Hayne's new house were completed a good while before the "first snow," although the winter set in early that year.

He did not board with the Bitters family another day, but it was only a week or so after the fire had done its work that Celerity remarked to Hank Sanders, —

"No, sir! I'm gwine to foller Jinny Crawford. Not till you've took some kind of a crap off that land o' yours, and put a house onto it."

W. O. Stoddard.

THE THEORY OF A COMMON ORIGIN FOR ALL LANGUAGES.

Of all the great changes in thought which the present century has witnessed, perhaps none is more striking than that which has occurred in our methods of studying the beginnings of human culture. The discoveries of Grimm and Bopp in comparative philology, the decipherment of mysterious inscriptions in Egypt and Assyria, the study of legal archæology illustrated by Sir Henry Maine, the doctrine of survivals so ably expounded by Mr. Tylor, and especially the geologic proof of the enormous antiquity of the human race, together with the wide-reaching and powerful speculations of Mr. Darwin, have all contributed to bring about this change. So completely has our point of view been shifted by these various theories and discoveries that many speculations which at the beginning of the present century possessed an absorbing interest have now come to seem frivolous or irrelevant; and nothing can better illustrate the extent of the change than the fate of some of these speculations. It is not many years since ethnologists were racking their brains to show how the North American Indians might have come over from Asia; and there was felt to be a sort of speculative necessity for discovering points of resemblance between American languages, myths, and social observances and those of the Oriental world. Now the aborigines of this continent were made out to be Kamtchatkans, and now Chinamen, and again they were shown, with quaint erudition, to be remnants of the ten tribes of Israel. Perhaps none of these theories have been exactly disproved, but they have all been superseded, and have

lost their interest. We now know that in the earliest post-Pleiocene times, at least a hundred thousand, and probably several hundred thousand, years ago the American continent was inhabited by human beings. The primeval Californian skull, moreover, resembles the modern American Indian type, and is not to be confounded with Old World skulls. It is probable, therefore, that far back in post-Pleiocene times, before the great glacial period, the ancestors of the American Indians had already become distinguished from the races of Asia. In these remote ages the two continents may very likely have been joined together at their northeastern and northwestern extremities. At any rate, whatever view we may ultimately adopt, we feel that all theories of the recent colonization of America by Kamtchatkans, or Chinamen, or the ten tribes of Israel are superseded and laid on the shelf. That recent migrations may have occurred is quite another affair. Theories like those of Brasseur de Bourbourg are still to be treated on their own merits, independently of general considerations. But one now perceives, in reading them, that they were dictated by a kind of speculative necessity which we no longer feel, because our whole point of view has been shifted.

In similar wise have fared the innumerable plans which formerly occupied the attention of scholars for colonizing the whole world from the highlands of Armenia. The ethnological information contained in the book of Genesis is of great interest and value, but so far from relating to the whole human race, it totally ignores the larger part of the world, and is concerned only with the peoples of which an inhabitant of Syria might be expected to know something. Long before any possible date for the diffusion from Armenia there described, we know that populous and stationary communities flourished on the banks of the Nile and the Euphrates; while savage or barbarous tribes, using stone hatchets and flint-headed arrows, wandered through the primeval forests of Europe and America. Armenia retains its interest, to some extent, as a possible starting-point, but only in connection with the Semitic race and its neighbors, — so thoroughly have our notions been remodeled.

Old-fashioned speculations concerning the primitive unity of human speech have similarly fallen into discredit. Previous to the detection of the kinship between the various forms of Aryan speech, no end of books were written to prove that all known languages were in some way descended from Hebrew; not that there was any warrant for such an opinion, either in Scripture or in the general probabilities of the case, but that the preëminence of Hebrew as the language of Jehovah's chosen people and the vehicle of divine revelation created a speculative need for proving it to be the original uncorrupted dialect of mankind. Since the establishment of the Aryan family of languages, it has still been felt necessary to prove that all existing varieties of speech have had a common origin, and as a step toward this end great learning and ingenuity have been expended in the attempt to detect some primordial similarity between the Semitic languages and languages of Aryan descent.

It is not too much to say that all this learning and ingenuity have been utterly wasted. Apart from a few casual coincidences, as in the Hebrew and Sanskrit words for *six*, there is not a trace of similarity between the Semitic and the Aryan vocabularies; while as regards both inflection and syntax, the entire structure of these two families of speech is so radically unlike, that only the most desperate feeling of speculative necessity could ever have induced any one to seek a common original for the two. But after getting irretrievably worsted in the encounter with facts, this specu-

lative craving is now outgrown and laid aside with the others. The antiquity of the human race again comes in to alter entirely our stand-point. Considering how multifariously language varies from age to age, and considering that mankind has doubtless possessed the power of articulate speech for some thousands of centuries, it no longer seems worth while to seek immediate conclusions about primitive speech from linguistic records which do not carry us back more than four or five thousand years.

From the vantage-ground which we now occupy, it is not difficult to see that the hypothesis of a single primeval language, from which all existing languages have descended, involves an absurd assumption. Those who maintain such an hypothesis, in so far as their statements have any definite and tangible meaning, must mean that all existing languages stand in relation to the hypothetical primitive language very much as French and Italian stand in relation to Latin, or English and German to Old Teutonic, or Latin and Old Teutonic to Old Aryan. But in point of fact the case is very different from this. We know that French and Italian are differently modified forms of Latin, because we can trace the modern words directly back to their ancient prototypes, and verify by the aid of written documents their various changes of form and meaning. After carrying on for a while this process of comparison, we find that the modern words vary from the ancient according to certain well-defined rules, which are different for French and Italian, but are singularly uniform for each language. So unmistakable is the regularity of the system of changes, that if all record of Latin were to be swept away we might still reconstruct the language from a comparative study of its modern descendants. *Mois* and *mese*, for example, the French and Italian words for "month," would give us the Latin *mensis*, and nothing else; and so on throughout. In similar wise, although the Old Aryan language has left no written documents to tell us of its grammar and vocabulary, we have nevertheless detected such a regular system of phonetic changes among the languages which have descended from it that we have been already enabled to go very far toward reconstructing this extinct tongue. *Month* and *mensis*, for example, carry us back, with little less than absolute certainty, to an Old Aryan *mansa;* and so on as before, though here the inquiry is an abstruse one, requiring patience and sound judgment, and there is room enough for doubt in many cases. The general relationship of the Aryan languages to their common ancestor is, however, no less clearly manifest than that of the modern Romanic languages to the Latin. After fifty years of such comparative study, in a cautious and prudent way, we have succeeded in making out some few cases of demonstrable genetic kinship among groups of languages. Beside the Aryan family, in the study of which such profound knowledge has been obtained, we have clearly made out the existence of the Dravidian family in Southern India, and of the Altaic family, — to which the Finnish, Hungarian, and Turkish belong, — to say nothing of the long-established Semitic family. Other families of speech no doubt exist, and will by and by have their relationships definitely marked out. But the moment we try to compare these families with each other, in order to detect some definable link of relationship between them, we are instantly baffled. Any true family of languages will show a community of structure as conspicuous as that which is seen among vertebrate animals. The next family you study will be as distinctly marked in its characteristics as is the group of articulated insects, spiders, and crustaceans But to compare the two families with each other will prove as futile as to compare a reindeer with a lobster. The

only conclusion to which you can logically come is that while certain languages, here and there, have become variously modified, so as to give rise to well-defined families of speech, the like process has not taken place universally. In other words, the derivation of a dozen languages from a common ancestor is not a permanent and universal, but a temporary and local phenomenon in the history of human speech, and we need not expect to come across any such fact of derivation, except where it can be duly accounted for by the peculiar circumstances of the case.

This conclusion is reinforced when we consider the circumstances under which a single language gives rise to several mutually resembling descendants. Obviously such a language must have a high degree of permanence and a wide extension. It must be spoken for a long time by large bodies of men spread over a wide territorial area. Take, for example, the rise of the modern Romanic languages from the Latin. In the fourth century, after Christ the Latin language was spoken all over the Italian and Spanish peninsulas, throughout most of Gaul and Switzerland, along the banks of the Upper Danube, and in what are now called the Roumanian principalities. In all these countries Latin was the speech in which the ordinary affairs of life were transacted, and this had come to be so mainly because the native dialects of these countries were numerous and uncultivated; and as all were in close political and social connection with Rome, it was a much simpler matter for all to learn Latin than for the Romans and their subjects alike to learn a score of barbarous tongues. The business of life got more easily transacted in this way. No such result followed the conquest of the Eastern world, because Greek was spoken all over the East, and every educated Roman knew Greek already; so that in this case it was a simpler matter for the conquerors to talk Greek than for their subjects to learn Latin. Practical convenience is the final arbiter in pretty much all such cases. Now it must not be supposed that the Latin talked all over the West was quite like the elegant language of Cæsar and Virgil. It was only educated people in Rome or Milan, and perhaps in such cities as Nismes or Lyons, that talked like this. Colloquial Latin always had plenty of dialectic peculiarities. Even in Italy the Latin had supplanted, in former times, a number of kindred Umbrian and Sabine dialects, and we may be sure that all these left their mark upon the common speech. In getting diffused over Europe, this impure colloquial Latin could not fail to pick up here and there some peculiar word or phrase, while now and then some other word or phrase would be lost from its old stock and forgotten, so that people did not talk just alike throughout the empire. A Spaniard's local peculiarities of utterance and phraseology were distinguishable from those of a Rhætian, though both talked Latin and could understand each other.

Now as every language changes more or less from age to age, so the speech of the Romans in the fourth century after Christ had come to differ in many respects from the speech of their forefathers who, six hundred years earlier, had fought against Hannibal. But up to this time the intercourse between the various parts of the Roman world had been so close and continuous that the capital still furnished the standard of discourse for the whole empire. During the next six centuries a different set of circumstances was at work. For a second time the Latin language was learned by scores of barbarous tribes, but this time it was no longer Rome that set the fashion and maintained the standard. In innumerable provincial towns and barbaric assemblies new standards of speaking were gradually established. The lines of connection, administrative and

commercial, which had formerly been kept up, were in many cases severed, and each little tract of country led a more sequestered life than before. Many new expressions came into use, — Teutonic in Gaul and Italy, Arabic in Spain, Slavic in Roumania; and local idioms and peculiarities of accent multiplied, in the absence of a uniform standard. In this way the vulgar Latin insensibly diverged into a host of provincial dialects, or *patois*, the divergence being great or little according to the frequency of intercourse between different localities. Thus the Tuscan and the Savoyard could both understand the Milanese, the inhabitant of Lyons could talk with the Savoyard and with the citizen of Orleans, and the Orleanese would be intelligible to the Parisian; while, on the other hand, the Parisian could hardly carry on a conversation with the Savoyard, and would be quite incapable of understanding the Tuscan. Some such slowly-graded transition may still be noticed by the traveler from France to Italy who takes pains to observe the speech of the common people. At Nice, for instance, local newspapers are published in a dialect which one hardly knows whether to call French, Provençal, or Italian.

After this process of divergence had gone on for some time, a new start was taken toward uniformity, but in such a way as to enhance and complete the divergence already begun. When literary men gave up trying to write classical Latin, and began to clothe their thoughts in the colloquial Romance or vulgar tongue of the times, new centres of political and intellectual life had begun to be formed at Paris, Toulouse, and Florence; and the dialects of these cities began to assume preëminence as literary and fashionable dialects. As Southern France came more and more under the sway of Paris, the second of these centres indeed lost its relative importance, and the Provençal tongue gradually sank into an unfashionable patois; but Parisian and Tuscan, on the other hand, came to be so generally read and spoken that after a while they quite crowded their intermediate sister dialects out of sight, and to-day they are the sole recognized representatives of good French and good Italian speech, although there is still a great deal of French spoken that is not Parisian, and a great deal of Italian that is not Tuscan. This predominance of the two central dialects is in our day increasing more rapidly and decisively than ever before, and the process will unquestionably go on until all Frenchmen speak Parisian, and all Italians speak Tuscan. Railroads and telegraphs, newspapers and novels, have already sealed the death-warrant of all patois, and the execution is only a question of time. It is because of the wide diffusion in our own country of these powerful agencies for keeping men in contact with each other that we have no varieties of dialect here worth speaking of. It is not at all likely that in this country such dialectic variations will ever spring up. And for the same reason it is not likely that any essential divergence will ever arise between the English language as spoken in England and the same language as spoken in America. In the Middle Ages, wolves, brute and human, taxgatherers, and robber barons, as well as bad roads and imperfect vehicles, made a few miles of wood or mountain a greater barrier to intercourse than the wide ocean is to-day. For the language of the thriving people to whom, as to the ancient Greeks, the ocean has become (πόντος) a common "pathway;" who have taught mankind how to drive ships with steam, and how to send electric flashes of intelligence through the watery abyss, — for this language a future of unprecedented glóry is in store. By the end of the twentieth century, English will no doubt be spoken by something like eight hundred million people,

crowding all over North America and Australia, as well as over a good part of Africa and India, with island colonies in every sea, and naval stations on every cape. By that time so large a proportion of the business of the world will be transacted by people of English descent that, as a mere matter of convenience, the whole world will have to learn English. Whatever other language any one may have learned in childhood, he will find it necessary to speak English also. In this way our language will become more and more cosmopolitan, while all others become more and more provincial, until, after a great length of time, they will probably one after another assume the character and incur the fate of local patois. One by one they will become extinct, leaving English as the universal language of mankind.

There is, I think, a considerable probability that things will come to pass in this way, though the process must of course be a very slow one, and the result here prefigured will very likely come so far down in the future as to coincide with the disappearance of barbarism from the earth, and with the inauguration of that pacific "parliament of man" of which the philosophic poet has told us. But, however the actual result may shape itself in its details, the considerations here brought forward would seem to indicate that complete community of speech belongs rather to the later than to the earlier stages of human progress. What we may regard as certain is that community of speech on a wide scale requires prolonged and continuous business communication among large bodies of men. Where communication is seriously interrupted for a long period of time, as in the Dark Ages of Europe, the tendency is for the common language to break up into a number of more or less similar dialects; and in proportion as frequent communication is resumed there is manifested an opposite tendency of a few central dialects to crush out their neighbors, and to grow into wide-spread languages. This is, in brief, the way in which languages grow, and diverge, and supplant one another. There is nothing that is mysterious or metaphysical in the process; it is purely a matter of practical convenience. In the long run the actions of man are determined by what we may call the "law of least effort:" the easiest way of doing things is the one which, sooner or later, is sure to be adopted; and to this general law the myriad little actions involved in speech form no exception.

Carrying back to ancient times the lesson we have learned from the career of Latin, we find that the facts, so far as known, sustain our conclusion. Among the Semitic peoples there was undoubtedly a time when all were of one blood and one speech. No one doubts that Arabs, Jews, and Syrians are as closely related by descent as Germans, Swedes, and Englishmen. The social condition of these Semitic races, shortly before the historic period, is best represented by the wandering Arabs of the present day. In this patriarchal stage of society there is no such close political cohesion as there is among nations of modern type, but there is frequent intercourse for business purposes, and even sometimes for purely literary objects, as in the old competitions of bards at Mecca before the time of Mohammed; and this intercourse has sufficed to preserve the main features of the language. In early times there was sufficient communication between the patriarchal tribes of Arabia and Palestine and the adjacent civilized nations of Assyria, Babylonia, and Phœnicia to prevent any very wide divergence of speech. The differences between Hebrew, Syriac, and Assyrian are not greater than the differences between French, Spanish, and Italian.

So, too, in the direct line of our own ancestry, we find that the primitive

Aryans were a race partly agricultural and partly pastoral in pursuits, living in durable houses, grouped together into large villages, surrounded by defensible walls. The structure of the family was somewhat cruder than among the patriarchal Arabs and Hebrews; the social and political system was such as we see vestiges of to-day in the village communities of Russia and Hindustan. Pre-eminent among all early races in the rearing of flocks and herds, the old Aryans required immense grazing grounds, and would seem to have occupied all the wide grassy plains which lie between the mountains of Central Tartary and the southern slopes of European Russia. At the same time their agricultural pursuits and their durable villages imply a considerable amount of political stability, and there is good evidence that for a long time a common language was spoken throughout this vast territory. As we follow these Aryan tribes in their great career of permanent conquest and settlement, one branch into Persia and India, and other branches into Greece, Italy, Germany, Gaul, and Britain, we come upon the same linguistic phenomena which we observed above in the mediæval history of Latin. With the isolation of the various tribes, separated from each other by wide distances, we see the Aryan mother-tongue break up into innumerable dialectic forms; until, by and by, with the rise of new and distinct centres of social life, new and distinct languages come upon the scene, and acquire literary immortality in the Vedas, in the Avesta, in the epics of Homer and Virgil, in the novels of Cervantes and Turgenief, in the sermons of Bossuet and Taylor, in the dramas of Shakespeare and Goethe, and in that palladium of linguistic stability in the future, — the English version of the Bible.

In such cases as these, where a single durable mother-language has produced several durable offspring, the signs of kinship, whether in grammar or in vocabulary, are never obliterated. After an independent career of more than ten centuries, the genetic relationship of French and Italian is a perfectly patent fact, about which there could be no question whatever, even if all memory of the Roman Empire had lapsed from men's minds, even if some fanatical Cardinal Ximenes had burned in a bonfire every scrap of French and Italian literature that ever existed. After an independent career of not less than forty centuries, the kinship of Latin and Sanskrit is equally unmistakable. It is not an occult fact, which discloses itself only after a subtle philological analysis; it is a fact so plain that no one who reads Sanskrit and Latin books can possibly overlook it, and it forced itself upon the attention of the first European scholars who studied Sanskrit in the seventeenth century, though they knew nothing of philological analysis as we understand it. The similarity between the long-known Hebrew and the lately-deciphered Assyrian is no less conspicuous; and the same may be said of the Dravidian languages of Southern India when compared with one another.

But as we leave this circle of studies, and venture out into the wilderness of barbaric speech, we find a very different state of things. The northern portions of Asia have been inhabited, within the period of history, by three different races, all of whom still survive, — the Finno-Tataric, the Mongolian, and the Samoyedic races. The linguistic relationships of these peoples are very instructive. In the first place, the Finno-Tataric peoples appear to belong to the same white race from which the Aryans and the Semites have diverged, although there is nothing remotely resembling Aryan or Semitic in Finno-Tataric speech. This family of languages is represented in Europe by the Finnish and its neighboring dialects, by the Hungarian, and by the Turkish. In

Asia it is represented by a great number of languages, spoken in the Caucasus, in Turkistan, and in Siberia. Eastward of this vast region comes the Mongolian or yellow race, with which we should be very careful not to confound the Tatars. There has always been a great deal of confusion of nomenclature in speaking of these races, but the lines of distinction are really simple enough when we have once learned them. The ambiguous word which is responsible for most of the confusion is the epithet Tatar, which did originally belong to the Mongols, but has come to be applied by preference to the Turkish family. When Jinghis Khan, in the thirteenth century, made the name Tatar a sign of terror and humiliation to all Asia and Europe, it became customary to apply this dreaded epithet to all the hordes that were subject to the Mongolian ruler, — changing the word slightly to "Tartar," so as to add to it a mild flavor of the bottomless pit, in allusion to the general behavior of those ugly customers. As most of these hordes with which Europeans came into contact were really of white or Turkish race, the name Tatar became gradually appropriated to these, and thus became unfit for distinguishing the yellow Mongolians. All ambiguity would be avoided if we were to drop the name Tatar altogether, and substitute the name Turk for the whole group of peoples of which the Ottomans are the most conspicuous. Our school atlases already have "Turkistan" instead of the old-fashioned "Independent Tartary."

The Mongolian race comprises the yellow tribes of Central Asia, from whom came Jinghis Khan, Timur, and the whole line of Mogul sovereigns of India; and also the Tungusians, or Mandshus, who for the last two centuries have ruled over China. The Chinese themselves, as well as the Japanese, must also be considered as branches of the Mongolian race. On the other hand, the Samoyeds of Northern Siberia seem to be allied to our Eskimos, but not very obviously to the Mongolians.

The race divisions of the northern half of Asia are thus clear enough. First, we have the Finno-Tatars, or Finno-Turks, belonging to the dark-haired portion of the great white race; secondly, we have the Mongolians; thirdly, the arctic Samoyeds. But the languages spoken by these peoples cannot be classified in any such simple way. The languages of the Finns and Turks carry us back to two mother-tongues, and these are possibly reducible to one. It is otherwise when we come to Mongolian speech. On the one hand, the Mongolian dialects of Central Asia are strikingly similar in structure to the Tungusian languages, and also to the Japanese; and in these structural peculiarities they agree also with the Finno-Turkic. On the other hand, when we study the vocabularies, we do not find any similarity, such as to suggest a primitive identity, between Japanese, Tungusian, and Mongolian proper. We are still further baffled when we come to Chinese. The people of Japan obtained their written character from China, modifying it to suit the needs of their own language; and so a Japanese printed page looks very like a printed page in Chinese. If you were just to look at these printed pages, you would imagine that the two languages are very similar, just as a Chinaman, on seeing Hungarian printed in the Roman character, would fancy that Hungarian must be similar to English or Latin. In reality no kinship has yet been detected between the languages of China and Japan. Not only in vocabulary does Chinese differ from all the other languages spoken by the Mongolian race, but it even presents a fundamentally distinct type of linguistic structure. Age after age, from the remotest antiquity to which historic or philologic inference can guide us, the Chinese have talked with different words

and after a different grammatical fashion from their yellow neighbors; and these in turn have maintained each their distinct varieties of speech; although all these peoples — the inhabitants of Japan and China, the Tungusians, and the Mongols of Central Asia — are undoubtedly united by physical bonds of descent from one and the same primeval yellow race.

The inference from this is that there never was a primitive Mongolian mother-tongue in the sense in which there was a primitive Aryan mother-tongue. The common ancestors of Japanese, Chinese, Tungusian, and Mongol never at any time lived together in one great society, welded into a unit by community of language, traditions, and customs, as was the case with the common ancestors of Roman, Teuton, and Hindu. On the contrary, the aboriginal yellow men must have roamed about in detached tribes, like the blacks of Australia or the red men of America, with half-formed languages fluctuating from generation to generation, diverging with great rapidity, and speedily losing all traces of their origin. Ensconced within convenient mountain barriers, one series of these yellow tribes worked out its peculiar language and civilization in the rich hill-country and along the great navigable rivers of China. A second series of tribes, moving without reference to these, and probably at a much later date, formed a permanent community in the islands of Japan. While the remainder of the race have led a nomadic life down to the present day; now and then engaging in combined activity for a generation or two, under the guidance of such adventurers as Attila, or Jinghis, or Timur, to become for a brief season the "scourge of God" and the terror of mankind, but ever, as now, incapable of stable political union. With such divergent careers as these, we need not expect to find evidence of linguistic community among the different branches of the yellow race. If we find one set of linguistic phenomena in China, and a totally different set in Japan, and yet another set among the barbarous Mongols and Tunguses, this is no more than we might have expected. We need not expect to find such phenomena as the coördinate divergence of French and Italian from a common Latin mother-tongue, or of Latin and Sanskrit from a common Aryan mother-tongue, except where we can find historical conditions similar to those under which these phenomena were manifested. Outside of that broad stream of history which includes the Aryan and Semitic worlds we do not find such conditions, save in a few sporadic cases. On the contrary, we find just such a state of things as would follow from the isolated independent development of a number of languages, either without any original kinship, or with the original kinship blurred and destroyed almost from the very beginning.

The last clause introduces us to a consideration concerning barbarous languages which is of the first importance. There is a certain sense in which we may admit community of origin for languages that are now quite dissimilar; but the sense is one that is foreign to philological usage, and has no real philological significance. No doubt all the yellow races of Asia are descended from some small group of yellow progenitors, and no doubt this ancestral group possessed the faculty of articulate speech. Most likely the group was at the outset small enough to use but one language, and as the group increased in size and became subdivided into a number of tribes, the common language would soon get broken up into dialects. So far very good; but what we have to notice is that under such circumstances the breaking up of the common language would not in any way resemble the breaking up of Latin into the dialects of France and Italy. On the contrary, the several dialects would change so rapidly as to

lose their identity: within a couple of centuries it would be impossible to detect any resemblance to the language of the primitive tribe. The speech of uncivilized tribes, when not subject to the powerful conservative force of widespread custom or permanent literary tradition, changes with astonishing rapidity. Such languages usually contain but a few hundred words, and these are often forgotten by the dozen and replaced by new ones even in the course of a single generation. Among many South American Indians, as Azara tells us, the language changes from clan to clan, and almost from hut to hut, so that members of different families are obliged to have recourse to gestures to eke out the scanty pittance of oral discourse that is mutually intelligible. In the northern part of Celebes, "in a district about one hundred miles long by thirty miles wide, not less than ten distinct languages are spoken."[1] In civilized speech no words stick like the simple numerals: we use the same words to-day, in counting from one to ten, that our ancestors used in Central Asia ages before the winged bulls of Nineveh were sculptured; and the change in pronunciation has been barely sufficient to disguise the identity. But in the language of Tahiti five of the ten simple numerals used in Captain Cook's time have already become extinct: —

"Two was *rua;* it is now *piti.*
Four was *ha;* it is now *maha.*
Five was *rima;* it is now *pae.*
Six was *ono;* it is now *fene.*
Eight was *varu;* it is now *vau.*"[2]

Out of many facts that might be cited, these must suffice. The facility with which savage tongues abandon old expressions for new has no parallel in civilized languages, unless it be in some of the more ephemeral kinds of slang. It is sufficiently clear, I think, that under such circumstances a language will seldom or never acquire sufficient stability to give rise to mutually resembling derivative dialects. If the habits of primitive men were in general similar to those of modern savages, we need not be surprised that philologists are unable to trace all existing languages back to a common origin. In order to get back to a universal mother-tongue, it would almost seem requisite that the history of mankind should have begun with universal empire.

We shall conclude, I think, after a survey of the whole matter, that in speech, as in other aspects of social life, the progress of mankind is from fragmentariness to solidarity: at the beginning, a multitude of feeble, mutually hostile tribes, incapable of much combined action, with hundreds of half-formed dialects, each intelligible to a few score of people; at the end, an organized system of mighty nations, pacific in disposition, with unlimited reciprocity of intercourse, with very few languages, rich and precise in structure and vocabulary, and understood by all men.

John Fiske.

FROM A MOURNFUL VILLAGER.

Lately I have been thinking, with much sorrow, of the approaching extinction of front yards, and of the type of New England village character and civilization with which they are associated. Formerly, because I lived in an old-fashioned New England village, it would have been hard for me to imag-

[1] Müller, Science of Language, 6th ed., II. 36.

[2] Op. cit., 28.

ine that there were parts of the country where the front yard, as I knew it, was not in fashion, and that grounds (however small) had taken its place. No matter how large a piece of land lay in front of a house in old times, it was still a front yard, in spite of noble dimension and the skill of practiced gardeners.

There are still a good many examples of the old manner of out-of-door life and customs, as well as a good deal of the old-fashioned provincial society, remaining in the eastern parts of the New England States; but if put side by side with the society that is American rather than provincial, one discovers it to be in a small minority. The representative United States citizen will be, or already is, a Westerner, and his instincts and ways of looking at things have certain characteristics of their own which are steadily growing more noticeable.

For many years New England was simply a bit of Old England transplanted. We all can remember elderly people whose ideas were wholly under the influence of their English ancestry. It is hardly more than a hundred years since we were English colonies, and not independent United States, and the customs and ideas of the mother country were followed from force of habit. Now one begins to see a difference; the old traditions have had time to disappear almost entirely even in the most conservative and least changed towns, and a new element has come in. The true characteristics of American society, as I have said, are showing themselves more and more distinctly to the westward of New England, and come back to it in a tide that steadily sweeps away the old traditions. It rises over the heads of the prim and stately idols before which our grandfathers and grandmothers bowed down and worshiped, and which we ourselves were at least taught to walk softly by as they toppled on their thrones.

One cannot help wondering what a lady of the old school will be like a hundred years from now! But, at any rate, she will not be in heart and thought and fashion of good breeding as truly an Englishwoman as if she had never stepped out of Great Britain. If one of our own elderly ladies were suddenly dropped into the midst of provincial English society, she would be quite at home; but west of her own Hudson River she is lucky if she does not find herself behind the times, and almost a stranger and a foreigner.

And yet from the first there was a little difference, and the colonies were New England and not Old. In some ways more radical, yet in some ways more conservative, than the people across the water, they showed a new sort of flower when they came into bloom in this new climate and soil. In the old days there had not been time for the family ties to be broken and forgotten. Instead of the unknown English men and women who are our sixth and seventh cousins now, they had first and second cousins then; but there was little communication between one country and the other, and the mutual interest in every-day affairs necessarily faded out quickly. A traveler was a curiosity, and here, even between the villages themselves, there was far less intercourse than we can believe possible. People stayed on their own ground; their horizons were of small circumference, and their whole interest and thought were spent upon their own land, their own neighbors, their own affairs, while they were not only contented with this state of things, but encouraged it. One has only to look at the high-walled pews of the old churches, at the high fences of the town gardens, and at even the strong fortifications around some family lots in the burying-grounds, to be sure of this. The interviewer was not besought and encouraged in those days; he was defied. In that quarter at least they had the advantage of us. Their interest was as real and

heart-felt in each other's affairs as ours, let us hope; but they never allowed idle curiosity to show itself in the world's market-place, shameless and unblushing.

There is so much to be said in favor of our own day, and the men and women of our own time, that a plea for a recognition of the quaintness and pleasantness of village life in the old days cannot seem unwelcome, or without deference to all that has come with the later years of ease and comfort, or of discovery in the realms of mind or matter. We are beginning to cling to the elderly people who are so different from ourselves, and for this reason: we are paying them instinctively the honor that is due from us to our elders and betters; they have that grand prestige and dignity that belongs to age; they are like old wines, — perhaps no better than many others when they were young, but now, after many years, they have come to be worth nobody knows how many dollars a dozen, and the connoisseurs make treasures of the few bottles of that vintage which are left.

It was a restricted and narrowly limited life in the old days. Religion, or rather sectarianism, was apt to be simply a matter of inheritance, and there was far more bigotry in every cause and question, — a fiercer partisanship; and because there were fewer channels of activity, and those undivided into specialties, there was a whole-souled concentration of energy that was as efficient as it was sometimes narrow and short-sighted. People were more contented in the sphere of life to which it had pleased God to call them, and they do not seem to have been so often sorely tempted by the devil with a sight of the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. We are more likely to busy ourselves with finding things to do than in doing with our might the work that is in our hands already. The disappearance of many of the village front yards may come to be typical of the altered position of woman, and mark a stronghold on her way from the much-talked-of slavery and subjection to a coveted equality. She used to be shut off from the wide acres of the farm, and had no voice in the world's politics; she must stay in the house, and could only hold sway out-of-doors in this prim corner of land where she was queen. No wonder that women clung to their rights in their flower-gardens then, and no wonder that they have grown a little careless of them now, and that lawn mowers find so ready a sale! The whole world is their front yard nowadays!

There might be written a history of front yards in New England which would be very interesting to read. It would end in a treatise upon landscape gardening and its possibilities, and wild flights of imagination about the culture of plants under glass, the application of artificial heat in forcing, and the curious mingling and development of plant life; but it would begin in the simple time of the early colonists. It must have been hard when, after being familiar with the gardens and parks of England and Holland, they found themselves restricted to front yards by way of pleasure-grounds. Perhaps they thought such things were wrong, and that having a pleasant place to walk about in out-of-doors would encourage idle and lawless ways in the young; at any rate, for several years it was more necessary to raise corn and potatoes to keep themselves from starving than to lay out alleys and plant flowers and box borders among the rocks and stumps. There is a great pathos in the fact that in so stern and hard a life there was time or place for any gardens at all. I can picture to myself the little slips and cuttings that had been brought over in the ship, and more carefully guarded than any of the household goods. I can see the women look at them tearfully when they came into bloom, because nothing

else could be a better reminder of their old home. What fears there must have been lest the first winter's cold might kill them, and with what love and care they must have been tended! I know a rose-bush, and a little while ago I knew an apple-tree, that were brought over by the first settlers; the rose still blooms, and until it was cut down the old tree bore apples. It is strange to think that civilized New England is no older than the little red roses that bloom in June on that slope above the river in Kittery. Those earliest gardens were very pathetic in the contrast of their extent and their power of suggestion and association. Every seed that came up was thanked for its kindness, and every flower that bloomed was the child of a beloved ancestry.

It would be interesting to watch the growth of the gardens as life became easier and more comfortable in the colonies. As the settlements grew into villages and towns, and the Indians were less dreadful, and the houses were better and more home-like, the busy people began to find a little time, now and then, when they could enjoy themselves soberly. Beside the fruits of the earth they could have some flowers, and a sprig of sage and southernwood and tansy, or lavender that had come from Surrey, and could be dried to be put among the linen, as it used to be strewn through the chests and cupboards in the old country.

I like to think of the changes as they came slowly: that after a while tender plants could be kept through the winter, because the houses were better built and warmer, and were no longer rough shelters, which were only meant to serve until there could be something better. Perhaps the parlor, or best room, and a special separate garden for the flowers were two luxuries of the same date, and they made a noticeable change in the manner of living, — the best room being a formal recognition of the claims of society, and the front yard an appeal for the existence of something that gave pleasure, beside the merely useful and wholly necessary things of life. When it was thought worth while to put a fence around the flower-garden, the respectability of art itself was established and made secure. Whether the house was a fine one and its inclosure spacious, or whether it was a small house with only a narrow bit of ground in front, this yard was kept with care, and it was different from the rest of the land altogether. The children were not often allowed to play there, and the family did not use the front door except upon occasions of more or less ceremony. I think that many of the old front yards could tell stories of the lovers who found it hard to part under the stars, and lingered over the gate; and who does not remember the solemn group of men who gather there at funerals, and stand with their heads uncovered as the mourners go out and come in, two by two! I have always felt rich in the possession of an ancient York tradition of an old fellow who demanded, as he lay dying, that the grass in his front yard should be cut at once; it was no use to have it trodden down and spoilt by the folks at the funeral. I always hoped it was good hay weather; but he must have been certain of that when he spoke. Let us hope he did not confuse this world with the next, being so close upon the borders of it! It was not man-like to think of the front yard, since it was the special domain of the women. The men of the family respected but ignored it; they had to be teased in the spring to dig the flower-beds; but it was the busiest time of the year, — one should remember that.

I think many people are sorry, without knowing why, to see the fences pulled down; and the disappearance of plain white palings causes almost as deep regret as that of the handsome ornamental fences and their high posts with urns or great white balls on top

A stone coping does not make up for the loss of them; it makes a little yard look a good deal like a lot in a cemetery, for one thing; and then in a small town the grass is not smooth, and looks uneven where the flower-beds have not been properly smoothed down. The stray cows trample about where they never went before; the bushes and little trees that were once protected grow ragged and scraggly and out at elbows, and a few forlorn flowers come up of themselves, and try hard to grow and to bloom. The ungainly red tubs that are perched on little posts have plants in them, but the poor posies look as if they would rather be in the ground, and as if they are held too near the fire of the sun. If everything must be neglected and forlorn, so much the more reason there should be a fence, if but to hide it. Americans are too fond of being stared at; they apparently feel as if it were one's duty to one's neighbor. Even if there is nothing really worth looking at about a house, it is still exposed to the gaze of the passers-by. Foreigners are far more sensible than we, and the out-of-door home life among them is something we might well try to copy. They often have their meals served out-of-doors, and one can enjoy an afternoon nap in a hammock, or can take one's work out into the shady garden with great satisfaction, unwatched; and even a little piece of ground can be made, if shut in and kept for the use and pleasure of the family alone, a most charming unroofed and trellised summer ante-room to the house. In a large, crowded town it would be selfish to conceal the rare bits of garden, where the sight of anything green is a godsend; but where there is the whole wide country of fields and woods within easy reach, I think there should be high walls around our gardens, and that we lose a great deal in not making them entirely separate from the highway,—as much as we should lose in making the walls of our parlors and dining-rooms of glass, and building the house as close to the street as possible.

But to go back to the little front yards: we are sorry to miss them, and their tangle or orderliness of roses and larkspur and honeysuckle, Canterbury bells and London pride, lilacs and peonies. These may all bloom better than ever in the new beds that are cut in the turf; but with the side fences that used to come from the corners of the house to the front fence, other barriers, as I have said here over and over, have been taken away, and the old-fashioned village life is already out of date. People do not know what they lose when they make way with the reserve, the separateness, the sanctity, of the front yard of their grandmothers. It is like writing down the family secrets for any one to read; it is like having everybody call you by your first name, and sitting in any pew in church, and like having your house in the middle of a road, to take away the fence which, slight as it may be, is a fortification round your home. More things than one may come in without being asked. We Americans had better build more fences than take any away from our lives. There should be gates for charity to go out and in, and kindness and sympathy, too; but his life and his house are together each man's stronghold and castle, to be kept and defended.

I was much amused, once, at thinking that the fine old solid paneled doors were being unhinged faster than ever nowadays, since so many front gates have disappeared, and the click of the latch can no longer give notice of the approach of a guest. Now the knocker sounds or the bell rings without note or warning, and the village housekeeper cannot see who is coming in until they have already reached the door. Once the guests could be seen on their way up the walk. It must be a satisfaction to look through the clear spots of the

figured ground-glass in the new doors, and I believe, if there is a covering inside, few doors will be found unprovided with a peep-hole. It was better to hear the gate open and shut; and if it caught and dragged, as front gates are very apt to do, you could have time always for a good look out of the window at the approaching friend.

There are few of us who cannot remember a front-yard garden, which seemed to us a very paradise in childhood. It was like a miracle when the yellow and white daffies came into bloom in the spring; and there was a time when the tiger-lilies and the taller rose-bushes were taller than we were, and we could not look over their heads as we do now. There were always a good many lady's-delights that grew under the bushes, and came up anywhere in the chinks of the walk or the door-step; and there was a little green sprig called ambrosia that was a famous stray-away. Outside the fence one was not unlikely to see a company of French pinks, which were forbidden standing-room inside, as if they were tiresome poor relations of the other flowers. I always felt a sympathy for French pinks; they have a fresh, sweet look, as if they resigned themselves to their lot in life and made the best of it, and remembered that they had the sunshine and rain, and could see what was going on in the world, if they were outlaws.

I like to remember being sent on errands, and being asked to wait while the mistress of the house picked some flowers to send back to my mother. They were almost always prim, flat bouquets in those days; the larger flowers were picked first, and stood at the back and looked over the heads of those that were shorter of stem and stature, and the givers always sent a message that they had not stopped to arrange them. I remember that I had even then a great dislike to lemon verbena, and that I would have waited patiently outside a gate all the afternoon if I knew that some one would kindly give me a sprig of lavender in the evening. And lilies did not seem to me overdressed, but it was easy for me to believe that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like a great yellow marigold, or even the dear little single ones that were yellow and brown, and bloomed until the snow came.

I wish that I had lived for a little while in those days when lilacs were a novelty, and it was a great distinction to have some growing in a front yard. It always seems as if lilacs and poplars belonged to the same generation with a certain kind of New English gentlemen and ladies, who were ascetic and severe in some of their fashions, while in others they were more given to pleasuring and mild revelry than either their ancestors or the people who have lived in their houses since. Fifty years ago there appears to have been a last tidal wave of Puritanism, which swept over the country, and drowned for a time the sober feasting and dancing which before had been considered no impropriety in the larger villages. Whist-playing was clung to only by the most worldly citizens, and as for dancing, it was made a sin in itself and a reproach, as if every step was taken willfully in seven-leagued boots toward a place which is to be the final destination of all the wicked.

A single poplar may have a severe and uncharitable look, but a row of them suggests the antique and pleasing pomp and ceremony of their early days, before the sideboard cupboards were used only to keep the boxes of strings, and nails, and the duster, and the best decanters were put on a high shelf, while the plain ones were used for vinegar in the kitchen closet. There is far less social visiting from house to house than there used to be. People in the smaller towns have more acquaintances who live at a distance than was the case before the days of railroads, and there

are more guests who come from out of town to pay visits, which has something to do with making tea-parties and the entertainment of one's neighbors less frequent than in former times. But most of the New England towns have changed their characters in the last twenty years, since the manufactories have come in and brought together large numbers either of foreigners or of a different class of people from those who used to make the most of the population. A certain class of families is rapidly becoming extinct. There will be found in the older villages very few persons left who belong to this class, which was once far more important and powerful. The oldest churches are apt to be most thinly attended, simply because a different sort of ideas, even of heavenly things, attract the newer residents. I suppose that elderly people have said, ever since the time of Shem, Ham, and Japhet's wives in the ark, that society is nothing to what it used to be, and we may expect to be always told what unworthy successors we are of our grandmothers. But the fact remains that a certain element of American society is fast dying out, giving place to the new; and with all our glory and pride in modern progress and success, we cling to the old associations regretfully. There is nothing to take the place of the pleasure we have in going to see our old friends in the parlors which have changed little since our childhood. No matter how advanced in years we seem to ourselves, we are children still to the gracious hostess. Thank Heaven for the friends who have always known us! They may think us unreliable and young still; they may not understand that we have become busy and more or less important people to ourselves and to the world, — we are pretty sure to be without honor in our own country; but they will never forget us, and we belong to each other, and always shall.

I have received many kindnesses at my friends' hands, but I do not know that I have ever felt myself to be a more fortunate or honored guest than when I sometimes went, years ago, to call upon an elderly friend of my mother, who lived in most pleasant and stately fashion. I used to put on my very best manner, and I have no doubt that my thoughts were well ordered, and my conversation as proper as I knew how to make it. I can remember that I used to sit on a tall ottoman, with nothing to lean against, and my feet were off soundings, I was so high above the floor. We used to discuss the weather, and I said that I went to school (sometimes), or that it was then vacation, as the case might be, and we tried to make ourselves agreeable to each other. Presently my lady would take her keys out of her pocket, and sometimes a maid would come to serve me, or else she herself would bring me a silver tray with some pound-cakes baked in hearts and rounds, and a small glass of wine; and I proudly felt that I was a guest, — though I was such a little thing, an attention was being paid me, — and a thrill of satisfaction used to go over me at the thought of my consequence and importance. A handful of sugar-plums would have seemed nothing beside this entertainment. I used to be careful not to crumble the cake, and I used to eat it with my gloves on, and a pleasant fragrance would cling for some time afterward to the ends of the short Lisle-thread fingers. I have no doubt that my manners as I took leave were almost as distinguished as those of my hostess, though I might have been wild and shy all the rest of the week. It was not many years ago that I went to my old friend's funeral, and saw them carry her down the long, wide walk, between the tall box borders which were her pride; and all the air was heavy and sweet with the perfume of the early summer blossoms; the white lilacs and the flowering currants were still in bloom, and the rows of her dear

Dutch tulips stood dismayed in their flaunting colors and watched her go away.

My sketch of the already out-of-date or fast-vanishing village fashions perhaps should be ended here, but I cannot resist a wish to add another bit of autobiography, of which I have been again and again reminded in writing these pages. The front yard I knew best belonged to my grandfather's house. My grandmother was a proud and solemn woman, and she hated my mischief, and rightly thought my elder sister a much better child than I. I used to be afraid of her when I was in the house, but I shook off even her authority, and forgot I was under anybody's rule, when I was out-of-doors. I was first cousin to a caterpillar if they called me to come in, and I was own sister to a giddy-minded bobolink when I ran away across the fields, as I used to do very often. But when I was a very little child indeed my world was bounded by the fences that were around my home: there were wide green yards, and tall elm-trees to shade them; there was a long line of barns and sheds, and one of these had a large room in its upper story, with an old ship's foresail spread over the floor, and made a capital play-room in wet weather. Here fruit was spread in the fall, and there were some old chests and pieces of furniture that had been discarded; it was like the garret, only much pleasanter. The children in the village now cannot possibly be so happy as I was then. I used to mount the fence next the street, and watch the people go in and out of the quaint-roofed village shops that stood in a row on the other side, and looked as if they belonged to a Dutch or old English town. They were burnt down long ago, but they were charmingly picturesque; the upper stories sometimes projected over the lower, and the chimneys were sometimes clustered together, and built of bright red bricks.

And I was too happy when I could smuggle myself into the front yard, with its four lilac bushes and its white fences to shut it in from the rest of the world, beside other railings that went from the porch down each side of the brick walk, which was laid in a pattern, and had H. C., 1818, cut deep into one of the bricks near the door-step. The H. C. was for Henry Currier, the mason, who had signed this choice bit of work as if it were a picture; and he had been dead so many years that I used to think of his initials as if the corner brick were a little grave-stone for him. The knocker used to be so bright that it shone at you, and caught your eye bewilderingly, as you came in from the street on a sunshiny day. There were very few flowers, for my grandmother was old and feeble when I knew her, and could not take care of them; but I remember that there were blush roses and white roses and cinnamon roses all in a tangle in one corner, and I used to pick the crumpled petals of those to make myself a delicious coddle with ground cinnamon and damp brown sugar. In the spring I always found the first green grass there, for it was warm and sunny, and I used to pick the little French pinks when they dared show their heads in the crevices of the flag-stones that were laid around the house. There were small shoots of lilac, too, and their leaves were brown and had a faint, sweet fragrance, and a little later the dandelions came into bloom; the largest ones I knew grew there, and they have always been to this day my favorite flowers.

I had my trials and sorrows in this paradise, however: I lost a cent there one day, which I have never found yet! And one morning there suddenly appeared in one corner a beautiful dark-blue fleur-de-lis, and I joyfully broke its neck and carried it into the house; but everybody had seen it, and wondered that I could not have left it alone. Besides this, it befell me later to sin more

gravely still. My grandmother had kept some plants through the winter on a three-cornered green stand, built like a flight of steps, and when the warm spring weather came this was put out-of-doors. She had a cherished tea-rose bush, and what should I find but a bud on it! It was opened just enough to give a hint of its color. I was very pleased. I snapped it off at once, for I had heard so many times that it was hard to make roses bloom; and I ran in through the hall and up the stairs, where I met my grandmother on the square landing. She sat down in the window-seat, and I showed her proudly what was crumpled in my warm little fist. I can see it now! — it had no stem at all, and for many days afterward I was bowed down with a sense of my guilt and shame, for I was made to understand it was an awful thing to have blighted and broken a treasured flower like that.

It must have been the very next winter that my grandmother died. She had a long illness, which I do not remember much about; but the night she died might have been yesterday night, it is all so fresh and clear in my mind. I did not live with her in the old house then, but in a new house close by, across the yard. All the family were at the great house, and I could see that lights were carried hurriedly from one room to another. A servant came to fetch me, but I would not go with her. My grandmother was dying, whatever that might be, and she was taking leave of every one, — she was ceremonious even then. I did not dare to go with the rest; I had an intense curiosity to see what dying might be like, but I was afraid to be there with her, and I was afraid to stay at home alone. I was only five years old. It was in December, and the house seemed to grow darker and darker, until I went out at last to sit on a door-step and cry softly to myself; while I was there some one came to another door next the street, and rang the bell loudly again and again. I suppose I was afraid to answer the summons, — indeed, I do not know that I thought of it; all the world had been still before, and the bell sounded loud and awful through the empty house. It seemed as if the messenger from an unknown world had come to the wrong house to call my poor grandmother away; and that loud ringing is curiously linked in my mind with the knocking at the gate in Macbeth. I never can think of one without the other, though there was no fierce Lady Macbeth to bid me not be lost so poorly in my thoughts; for when they all came back, awed and tearful, and found me waiting in the cold, alone, and afraid more of this world than the next, they were very good to me. But as for the funeral, it gave me vast entertainment; it was the first grand public occasion in which I had taken any share.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

A FLORENTINE FAMILY IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

Details of personal traits and domestic life have an inexpressible charm for all readers of average human sympathies. We turn with more relief than we are willing to confess from the brilliant generalizations of the historian to the pages of the humble chronicler or diarist; and what the French modestly call "*mémoires pour servir*" are indeed often of more real use as well as entertainment to posterity than the works by which in their own time they were overshadowed.

In all that has been written of the

public and social life of the Italians, we find few details of their family habits. One reason of this is, of course, that the social life of the Latin races does not centre in the *home*, as does that of those nations whom necessities of climate — quite as much, perhaps, as nobler reasons — have driven to domesticity. The Italian does not bring the stranger, to whom he wishes to be courteous, home with him; he takes his friend to the theatre, dines with him at the *café*, or strolls with him in the park. If he does introduce him, as a rare favor, within his domestic precincts, it is only after due preparation, and in such a manner that the spontaneousness of hospitality has had time to congeal into the solemnity of a public occasion. He does, indeed, invite the chance visitor at the hour of a repast, to "favor him" by remaining to partake of it; but he does so when the visitor is already at the door, and would be as much surprised at his assent as would the Spaniard by the acceptance of the possessions which he lays at your feet. We of the North smile at these gracious insincerities; but the Southerner wonders no less at the blunt, unsmiling positiveness which he calls rudeness; at the want of general sympathy which shuts up all our demonstrativeness within closed doors; at the solemn faces with which we go about both our work and our recreation.

Those who are curious to know something of domestic life in Italy in the fifteenth century, especially the life of the female members of the household, will find much of interest in the Letters of Alessandra Macinghi, the widow of Matteo Strozzi, to her exiled sons, and it is to them that I am principally indebted for the materials used in the following sketch. These Letters were compiled and published by Cesare Guasti in 1877, but, so far as I know, they have never been translated. The writer was the mother of that Filippo Strozzi who founded the grand old palace, in the Via Tornabuoni, which is the admiration of every visitor to Florence. His bust, by Benedetto da Majano, adorns one of its dim, vast *salons;* but I have sought there in vain for any memorial of the mother to whom he owed so much, and for whom he always manifested a tender affection. She died long before he had thought of building a house for his posterity; and her best record is in these simple letters to her sons. At the time when they begin, Alessandra Strozzi had been twelve years a widow. Her husband, who was a man of much culture and studious habits, had mixed somewhat extensively in politics, and shown more good faith than astuteness during the exile of Cosimo de' Medici. When the latter was recalled, Matteo Strozzi, with many others of the principal families in Florence, suffered the penalty of exile. He went to Pesaro, and died there in less than a year.

It was a time of tribulation in many a Florentine household, from which the husband and father was torn away, while the wife was obliged to remain to guard her children's inheritance. Most touching is the picture which the biographer of Alessandra de' Bardi gives of her husband's going forth into exile, to which his father and hers had previously been condemned. "I am left," cries out the desolate wife, "without a helper; and I must go to and fro wearily, beseeching this one and that one of the authorities for the preservation of our goods." But these women were equal to the occasion. Vespasiano da Bisticci cannot praise Alessandra de' Bardi enough for her courage, prudence, and fortitude in the most trying circumstances; and though Alessandra Strozzi had no biographer, the simple story of her life as shown in this correspondence gives evidence of what she endured and accomplished. She was only twenty-nine at the time of her husband's death, and had borne him seven children. Alessandra had accompanied her husband

to Pesaro, being more fortunate than many of her friends in that she was able to do so; but the comparative happiness which the exiled family might have thus enjoyed was of short duration. In the course of a few months her husband and three of her children died, — as it would appear, all of a pestilential disease then raging; and the afflicted widow hastened to return with her surviving children to Florence, where she soon gave birth to a son, who was, she says, the "very image" of her lost husband, and was called by his name. Her eldest remaining son, Filippo, had been sent, while quite young, to serve an apprenticeship in mercantile affairs with an old friend of his father's at Palermo; whence he went to a cousin of his father's at Naples, who was doing a prosperous business, and who showed much interest in the welfare of the orphaned family. Lorenzo, the second son, was at Avignon; and Alessandra's letters are addressed to these absent children. The first one, dated August 4, 1447, brings the family before us at an interesting moment. The eldest daughter, Caterina, is about to be married to "a good and virtuous youth, twenty-five years old, a silk merchant," and of honorable position. The mother congratulates herself that she is well disposed of, for "she is sixteen years of age, and it is high time she was married"! Though by giving a larger dowry a more noble husband might have been procured, still, in the circumstances, it seemed to Alessandra better to marry her at once, with the thousand florins which were at her disposition, than to wait till she could accumulate four or five hundred more. Nor had she reason to regret her choice. Marco Parenti proved to be a loving husband and a man of consideration in the community. He arrived at the dignity of podesta, or mayor, of Colle, in the district of Florence, and his letters show him to have been a wise and kindly man.

Caterina was, in her mother's opinion, "the prettiest girl in Florence;" nevertheless, she had a girl's desire to enhance her attractions; and her mother begs, in her name, that if Filippo can send her a certain kind of soap, or a wash, "or any other beautifier," he will do it. She enlarges on the gifts of the bridegroom, who was indeed most liberal. He was a methodical man, and to this trait we owe a list of his gifts, which he noted down in a new memorandum book, dedicated in the following words: "In the name of God, and his virgin mother, holy Mary; and of St. Michael, angel and archangel; and St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist, and St. Paul, and St. Peter, and St. Mark, and St. Mary Magdalen, and St. Catherine, and all the apostles and evangelists and saints of God: and may the beginning and continuation and end of this book be to their glory; and of their mercy may they give me grace that what I shall write in it may be for good to my soul, and body, and estate."

Among the gifts we may notice only a few, as indicative of the fashions of the period: A dress of white damask, trimmed with marten fur; a dress of light blue stuff, with sleeves of Alexandrian velvet; seventeen embroidered chemises; ten towels; thirty handkerchiefs; one baccio of white damask; a prayer-book; two strings of large coral; six silk caps; three needle cases; two ivory combs; an embroidered handkerchief; three pairs of red hose; a dress of crimson satin and velvet brocade, trimmed with white fur; an overdress of the same, with trimmings of gold and pearls; a garland of peacock tails, mounted in silver, with pearls, gilt leaves, and enameled flowers; a girdle of crimson shot with gold, with clasps of silver gilt; a gold shoulder ornament, with two sapphires and three pearls; a collar of pearls.

Such gifts must have satisfied even the beautiful and beauty-loving Cate-

rina. And doubtless the *trousseau* was proportionately elegant. Its value was counted as a part of the dowry, and it had been preparing under the diligent care of the mother ever since the bride was an infant. An Italian woman's marriage portion of household linen, as well as of under-clothing, is usually sufficient to last her for life.

Luxury in dress, which had been severely repressed by sumptuary laws in 1330, was on the increase at this time, though it did not reach its highest point until the reign of Lorenzo de' Medici. The costume of Florentine women at this period was a robe of silk or woolen stuff extending to the ground, and trimmed with fringe; the waist long, and the sleeves usually of the same material as the dress. The hair was worn in curls, and over it a veil of white silk reaching to the shoulders; the "baccio of white damask," in the above list, being for this purpose. The garland, or diadem, was of course for state occasions.

Marco Parenti and Caterina, as was the custom, had been formally betrothed in church, a few months before the time fixed for the marriage. When the arrangements for the latter were completed, the "giving of the ring," as the marriage ceremony was called, took place, also in church, and on the following day the bride was conducted by her friends to the house of the bridegroom, where the wedding feast was eaten, which in Marco's case was splendid and abundant. During this repast there was music of trumpets, harps, fifes, and flutes.

But the mother's rejoicing at her daughter's settlement in life was shadowed by the fear of an approaching separation from her youngest son, Matteo, who was peculiarly dear to her. Filippo and his employer had been urging her to send him to them at Naples, and she seems to have felt that it was an opening for him not to be neglected; but, she writes, "I cannot send him just yet; though he is young, he is great company for me, and I do not know how to spare him. He has learned to read, and begins to write, and I shall put him to learning accounts this winter; then we will see what is to be done with him, and may God give him the wisdom he needs." Filippo, as the head of the family, was already beginning to be ambitious for its advantage, and to have much influence with his mother. She yielded at last to his wishes, and prepared to send Matteo to him. She arranged with loving care his wardrobe, and enumerates with a mother's fondness its items. He has a mantle of the Naples fashion, a robe and a waistcoat of violet color, fine slippers, shirts, silver-handled knives, etc. But when he is all ready to set out she is deterred by her fears and the advice of friends. "I am continually told that I ought not to let him go now in this heat, and with the pestilence which is prevailing everywhere. . . . I am sure he would not get to Naples without being ill, for I know his constitution; and if anything should happen to him you would be disappointed, and I should never be happy again." But the next winter she had no longer an excuse for keeping him, and with much sorrow she let him depart. Such good accounts of him come to her from his employers that she is half consoled; but her maternal heart still yearns over him, and she begs Filippo, if he needs correction, "on no account to strike him, but to reprove him with gentleness." Was there a presentiment in Alessandra's mind that the precocious and beloved boy would soon be taken from life? If so, she seems to have forgotten it in his successes, and she playfully chides him for his forgetfulness to write her when he was already lying upon his death-bed. In July, 1459, he was seized with a fever which was epidemic in Naples, and died after a few weeks' illness. A letter of Marco Parenti to Filippo shows us the heart-stricken mother in the midst of

friends and relations who have gradually broken to her the sad news. There are "Francesco and Battista degli Strozzi, and Madonna Caterina, and Madonna Nannina de' Neri, and other women, who have told her the sorrowful tidings in the gentlest way they could." When the first bitterness of her grief was passed, Alessandra writes a most touching letter to Filippo. "We are reduced to a small number," she says, "but I pacify myself, considering that God may do worse to me; and if, in his grace and mercy, he preserves to me you my remaining sons, I will not complain. All my anxiety is that you should profit by this affliction. I know well that it has grieved you, but do not let it make you ill; for we have nothing to reproach ourselves with in regard to the care taken of Matteo, and it was the will of God that he should escape from the troubles of this sorrowful world." Then, again, her grief overcomes her, and she cries out, "I would that I had not asked anybody's counsel, but had done what I was inclined to do! For then I might have been in time to see and touch my sweet son while he was yet alive; and it would have been a comfort to me, and to you, and to him. I will believe that all was for the best." She gives him advice how to take care of his health, and begs him not to overwork to gain worldly goods. "For, see! we must leave them all. Do you think I want to hear that you are laying up wealth, and wearing yourself out for it, by so much toil and anxiety?"

We have anticipated, in following to its end the story of Matteo's short life. In 1451 Madonna Alessandra married her younger daughter, Alessandra, to Giovanni Bonsi; but this time, though the dowry was equal in value to Caterina's, there is nothing said about the wedding or the gifts. Bonsi was twenty years older than his bride, and in family and fortune inferior to the husband of Caterina, but the mother calls him "a virtuous and good man." In the only letter of his which is given, he begs his brother-in-law not to address him in the third person, because he does not merit that mark of respect, but especially because it would make his wife think that Filippo considered him too old for her.

Lorenzo, the second son of Madonna Alessandra, was the black sheep of the family. He possessed neither the ambition and prudence of Filippo nor the sweet disposition of Matteo, and was a spendthrift and a gambler. In 1452 he is in his uncle's bank in Bruges, and his mother is very much distressed at the accounts she receives of him, and writes to him with what is, for her, unusual severity. He was at this time twenty years old, and had been away from home seven years. "From what I hear about you," says Madonna Alessandra, "I gather that you are more ready to throw away money than to save it, which is the contrary of what ought to be. And I see that you are bringing harm and shame both upon yourself and upon us; that your habits are not good, and that you do not heed reproof, which is a bad sign, and makes me repent of all my confidence in you. I do not know how you can persist in your willful ways, knowing, first, that they displease God, and also me; for it is a great trial to me to hear of your failures in duty, and the injury and shame which come of it I leave you to consider; and you also give great offense to your uncle Jacob. If you had but just begun there would be some hope, but now for years you have been going on in ways that are not good, and you have been borne with for my sake. But I think, if you do not change your behavior, my entreaties for you will no longer avail. Let this warning suffice. Be wise, for it is your duty and for your advantage. . . . Remember, and do not cast my reproofs behind your back, for they are given with love and tears, and

I pray God that he may incline you to do what I desire."

Whether or not these admonitions had effect, we have no means of knowing, for there is an interval of five years between this and the next letter which has been preserved. We find that in 1458 Lorenzo had a severe illness at Bruges, and as soon as he was able he came to Florence for a brief visit. A few months after his return to Bruges, a law was passed which condemned the sons of exiles to twenty-five years' banishment from Florence, forbidding them to approach within fifty miles of its territory, or to write letters on other than private affairs. This was a terrible blow to Madonna Alessandra, whose life was bound up in her sons; and also to Filippo, whose thoughts and hopes constantly reverted to the home of his fathers. He begs his mother to come and live with her sons (there being a plan to put Lorenzo under Filippo's care), "which would be a great comfort to all." She was strongly tempted to consent; but after reflection, the consideration that she could further their advantage by remaining at Florence to care for their affairs, and the hope, which never left her, that sooner or later they would be permitted to return thither, decided her not to "change her country," as she phrases it, in the old Italian manner. "Many things are brought about by time," was her favorite maxim, proved by the changes she had already witnessed.

Whether she was a partisan of the Medici or not, she does not openly say; indeed, when all letters were likely to be inspected, it was not prudent to write of one's political preferences, and for much of the correspondence, even about private affairs, she felt obliged to have recourse to cipher. Probably, as Professor Guasti observes, she would have preferred that government which would give her back her sons. She was far-seeing enough to perceive that the Medici were likely to increase in power, and one of the few allusions to this is in these words to Lorenzo: "Remember that the adherents of the Medici have uniformly prospered, and the contrary has happened to those of the Pazzi, who have always been undone. Be advised." Her sons acquiesced in the wisdom of her decision, and kept up, by rare meetings outside the forbidden limits, and by constant letters and messages by friends, as much intercourse as was possible in those days, when the *procaccia*, or carrier, took two weeks for the journey from Florence to Naples.

Lorenzo, under the watchful care of his elder brother, seems to have laid aside his youthful follies and vices; at any rate, there are no more reproofs or regrets expressed in regard to him in his mother's letters. Her great anxiety is to see Filippo well married, and she charges herself with finding a wife for him. As early as 1450 she had written to him about it: "If God prolongs my life a few years, and your sister Alessandra is out of the way, I will furnish the house with linen, so that you will be well supplied; for, in truth, while there are daughters in the house, one can do nothing but for them; but when she is out of it, I shall be free to work for you, my sons. When I shall have got the household stuff in a little better order, I hope you will make up your mind to come home; for it is now so that you would not be ashamed of it, and could honorably entertain a friend who might happen to come to you; but in two or three years it will be much better furnished. And I do want to give you a wife; for you are now of an age to know how to govern a family, and it will be a consolation to me; I have no other from whom to hope for it but you children: therefore, may God of his mercy grant me the favor I long for."

Filippo does not enter enthusiastically into his mother's matrimonial plans for him. He makes an excuse of his

being an exile, and again of being well enough off as he is; his mother returns to the subject again and again, sometimes with raillery, and sometimes with pleading. Her friends have suggested several damsels, but the exacting mother is not entirely satisfied with them. She thinks she can do better, and "it is not an affair in which we should take the first thing that comes to hand." In time Filippo gives his consent to her search, though still without any wish to hasten the matter, and he appears to have been quite willing to leave the choice of a wife altogether to Madonna Alessandra. She is much inclined to the daughter of Messer Francesco Tanagli, as "it would be a good alliance, and of all that have been offered she seems to have the best qualities." "The one from Vernio pleased me, but she is awkward and countrified, they say." "I have heard that a daughter of the Alberti is very beautiful; and I will try to see her during these festival days, and find out whether her father would give her to us." "We will have a number of them on hand, so that when the time comes we can pick out the best one. May God show us the right one." "I write to let you know that Sunday morning, when I went to Santa Reparata [the Duomo] for the early mass, as I have gone several mornings, to try and get a look at Adimari's daughter, who is in the habit of attending that mass, by chance I found Tanagli's daughter, there. Not knowing who she was, I placed myself near her, and considered her well. She seemed to me to be beautiful and well made; as large as Caterina, or larger; of good complexion, — none of these pale ones, but as if she was in health. Her face is rather long, and her features are not particularly delicate, but not at all ordinary; and by her walk and her whole appearance one could see that she is not by any means dull [*addormentata*]. In fact, it seemed to me that if her other qualities are satisfactory she would not be a bad bargain, but an honorable one. I followed her out of church, and learned that she was a Tanagli. As to the Adimari girl, I never have been able to see her, . . . for she has not been out as usual; and while I was looking for her, behold, this one came along, who does not generally go to mass at this hour. I believe God brought her before me in order that I should look at her, since I had no expectation of seeing her there." Afterwards, however, when she does get a look at the daughter of Messer Adimari, this indication of Providence seems to have been forgotten, as it was she who ultimately became Filippo's bride. Still another young and lovely creature attracts attention, as she is saying her prayers; but becoming aware of Madonna Alessandra's scrutiny, and probably divining the reason of it, as soon as the service is over she "rushes out of church like the wind."

One may see the same scenes enacted in the same place to-day; nor, in the families who preserve the old aristocratic traditions, do the young people have much more voice in their own marriage arrangements than they did in Madonna Alessandra's day. If the alliance is desirable to both families, and the bride's dowry is satisfactory, the thing is settled by the elders, and rarely opposed by the youth or the maiden. If they fall in love with each other, so much the better; if not, unless there is open repugnance on the part of one or the other, it is not of great consequence. This is not parental tyranny, but custom; and nowhere is custom more honored than in Italy. The girl of sixteen comes home from her convent school, and is presented to her future husband; dazzled by the new world opening before her, — the social life, the gifts, the trousseau, — she is a married woman before she has had time to accustom herself to the change from her former monotonous childhood. When her heart awakes, she is already in bonds. But better is even

an unhappy marriage, in this traditional acceptation, than single life for a woman; and indeed the conventionalities which forbid the unmarried woman, until she is forty or more, to go out alone, or to lead an independent existence in any way, make her case very different from that of her sisters in England and America, and drive her not unfrequently to a conventual life as preferable to that which she would lead at home.

It seems to have been in the times of which we are speaking as in those which Machiavelli depicts in his Belphegor, — "there were many noble citizens who had plenty of daughters and but little money," — and Madonna Alessandra complains that "those who have other recommendations are not beautiful." "As for me," she says, "I don't want to have these frights in my sight, for it is little pleasure one gets from having them in the house!" With all her wisdom, she had a keen appreciation of externals; and she was anxious that Filippo, on his part, should do all possible honor to his future bride. She wants his *corbeille* to be worthy of his name and his means; and she inclines to what is costly and durable in the way of dress and ornaments. "If the affair turns out well, as I trust it will, it will be necessary for us to do things proportionably well, for I should be proud to see your bride beautiful and beautifully adorned. And I would not have her poorer than others as to jewels. Jewels are things which you can afford to give her, and I know that you can be well supplied with them at Naples, so that you need not be parsimonious about them. If clothes are not trimmed with pearls, they must have some other trimming which costs just as much, and is money thrown away. So if you spend money for what is useful, I shall encourage you."

Still Filippo delays to show any active interest in the matter, and at last his mother gets quite out of patience with him. "It seems to me you are very much afraid to take a wife, and I must say that you show little steadfastness of purpose; for since you resolved to marry, a hundred doubts appear to have come into your mind." "You will see that the thing is not so bad as it looks. You ask if I do not think you might wait a year or two longer. I tell you, frankly, no."

It is much to be regretted that from 1465 to 1468 we have no letters, for these must have been three of the most important and joyful years of Madonna Alessandra's life. In them her two chief desires were fulfilled, the return of her sons from exile, and the marriage of Filippo. The sentence of banishment was annulled after the downfall of Luca Pitti and his party. Filippo came to Florence in 1466, and almost immediately married the beautiful and good Fiammetta degli Adimari. She was of one of the best families in Florence, and brought her husband a large dowry. In the first letter that is extant after this interval, Filippo has returned to Naples for a time, and Fiammetta is with her mother-in-law. She has already two children, and the old house is enlivened, for the grandmother, by their presence. "You say," she writes to her son, "that you need not recommend Fiammetta to my care, and you say truly; for I do for her even more than I would for an own child. And I also take care of little Alfonso as much as I can. But he is a terrible child; he is always falling into rages; and he is very thin, but nevertheless strong. Lucrezia [the infant] is a fine child, and resembles Fiammetta: she is fair, like her, and similarly made, and is bigger than Alfonso was at her age. May God give her a long life." "When Madonna Antonia comes back, we will try to have her stay with us, and pay her all the honors we can; for Fiammetta will then be up again. It would be no trouble to me to do anything, if I were stronger; but I am no longer as I was last winter, when you

told me I had taken a new lease of life. I was ill all Holy Week and over Easter; then I took medicine, but it did not do me much good. I am old, and when I think I shall be better I grow worse; and so it will go on to the end. If I have not written you as often as I wished, it has been because, first, I have not felt well, and then I have had a great deal to do. Fiammetta's baby was born, people were always running in and out, and everything came upon me. If I had no other hindrance than Alfonso, that would be enough; but it is a pleasant one. He is always running after me, like the chicken after the hen."

The mother is growing old, but she still keeps the guidance of family affairs in her hands, even with her married children, after the Italian fashion unto this day. Fiammetta is invited to the marriage of Lorenzo de' Medici with Clarice Orsini. She does not care to go, being still feeble, and having, like her modern sisters upon similar occasions, "nothing to wear." Madonna Alessandra thinks she is right, "for if she went it would cost some hundreds of florins. They are going to wear dresses of brocade, and she would be obliged to have the same; besides, she is ill supplied with jewels." "She asks me to tell you that she wants a new serge dress before the feast of San Giovanni, and begs you will get it of Lorenzo for her, for she is really in need of it."

The seventy-second and last letter of Madonna Alessandra is dated the 14th of April, 1470. It is chiefly occupied with business details, which show that she was as actively employed as ever. She has bought a supply of grain, for which she has had to give a high price; "it always happens that we have to buy when things are dear." She has had improvements made in the stables, and she hopes that Filippo will tell her exactly what day he may be expected, so that she can put everything in order. There is some public news, too, that is rather exciting: the Podesta has hanged fourteen men concerned in a tumult at Prato; and there has been a great earthquake. "Between one dreadful thing and another, I am half beside myself. I think the world is coming to an end; so that it is well to have our minds prepared for it, and to be ready." The writer died eleven months later. In her last days she had the comfort of seeing her son Lorenzo married, but he continued to live at Naples. On the 11th of March, 1471, Filippo makes this entry in his diary: "This morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, Madonna Alessandra passed peacefully away from this life, with all the sacraments." She was buried honorably in the church of Santa Maria Novella, and due masses were said for the repose of her soul. All her clothing, in accordance with her expressed wish, was given to the poor.

Eighteen years later Filippo Strozzi laid the foundations of the palace in the Via Tornabuoni. Of his father's family, only his sister Alessandra was living to witness the height of prosperity which he had reached. Lorenzo had died in 1479, and Caterina, the wife of Marco Parenti, of whose bridal we have heard so much, passed away in 1481, deeply lamented by her husband, who had found his life with her "most joyful and happy." The beautiful Fiammetta, too, was gone. She lived only till 1476, and Filippo had married Selvaggia Gianfigliazzi, by whom he already had two sons.

Filippo's son Lorenzo, in his biography of his father, gives the following account of the preparations for building the palace, which well accord with the prudent and shrewd disposition of the builder: "Filippo, therefore, having a large family, and being more eager for fame than for riches, not knowing any surer way to leave a memorial of himself, and having a natural inclination for architecture and not a little knowledge of it, conceived the idea of building a

habitation which should do honor to himself and all of his name in Italy and abroad. But this was attended with no little difficulty, it being possible that he who had the supreme power [Lorenzo de' Medici] might imagine that such splendor was likely to obscure his own; and Filippo feared thus to awaken envy. Therefore he began to give out that, having a numerous offspring and so small a house, it was necessary that he who had brought children into the world should also provide a place for them to dwell; and that this could be done by him much better than by them after his death. Thus in a quiet way he consulted masons and architects, and sometimes would seem about to begin to build; and then, again, he would appear irresolute, and loath to spend in a short time what it had taken him so many years of toil to accumulate, — cunningly dissimulating only in order to attain his end more easily; asserting always that all he wanted was a citizen's house, commodious and convenient, but not ostentatious. But the masons and architects, as their manner is, exceeded all his plans, which really was agreeable to Filippo, however much he might pretend the contrary, saying that they forced him to what he would not and could not afford. Besides this, he who ruled over Florence was desirous that the city should be beautified in every possible way, . . . and began to interest himself in Filippo's project, asking to see the designs; and when he had examined them, besides many other expensive additions, he suggested a façade of unhewn stones. Filippo, in proportion as he was encouraged, appeared to draw back, declaring that he could not have such a façade, it being too expensive for the house of a plain citizen; that he was building for use, and not for show; that he intended to use the ground-floor for shops, which would bring in a good rent to his children. This was vehemently opposed, on account of ugliness and inconvenience, and the trouble it would cause the occupants of the house. Filippo still feigned to object, often complaining to his friends that he had begun an undertaking of which God only could tell whether the result would be satisfactory, and that, rather than to find himself so involved, he wished he had never thought of building." Having thus appeased the vanity and neutralized the envy of Lorenzo, he went on vigorously with his preparations, and records that "on the 16th of August, 1489, as the sun rose over the mountains," he laid the first stone of his house, "in the name of God, and as a good foundation for me and my descendants." He also had masses sung at several churches and convents which had been endowed by him, and he gave alms and gifts, and invited the architect and master builder, with some of his friends, to dine with him that day. We get a curious picture of those times as we read the whole account in the pages of Lorenzo's Life of Filippo. Besides his prayers to God, Filippo had been careful to consult a distinguished astrologer, to make sure that the influences of the stars were favorable. On the 16th of August, Cor Leonis, "a most fortunate star," was in the ascendant, and the sun was in the Lion, "which signifies that the posterity of the founder shall continue to dwell in that house unto the end of their line."

His posterity still dwell there, but he himself lived to see the massive walls rise but a little above their foundations. Only two courses of the ponderous blocks of stone had been laid when, in 1491, he was carried to sleep with his fathers in Santa Maria Novella.

We cannot follow the fortunes of the family further. At this point their history is taken up by T. A. Trollope, in his Life of Filippo Strozzi, the Younger, whose career was as different from his father's as a drama is different from a quiet fireside story.

E. D. R. Bianciardi.

THE FORESTRY WORK OF THE TENTH CENSUS.

Up to the present time there has been but a vague conception of the extent and value of one of the most important sources of the prosperity of the United States. It seems the more strange when it is considered that this great item in the nation's assets is not buried in the earth, like its mineral wealth, but stands proudly upon the surface, like a mighty host, seen of all men. The entire welfare of a country is more identified with the forests that cover it than with any other feature of the earth's surface. The trees are the kindest friends of the soil; they are the guardians of its fertility; they protect the fields from devastating floods, and cherish the springs that feed the streams. Without them a land becomes an arid desert, and its people are debased to barbarism and poverty. Great desolated tracts in Asia, Africa, and along the Eastern Mediterranean were once blooming and garden-like; but when the trees were cut away the dryads avenged themselves. Therefore it is fitting that in the grand taking account of stock in the national storehouse that occurs every decade, the forest wealth of the country should at last be accorded its proper place.

Although the statistics concerning the forests of most of the European countries are generally full and accurate, the institution of the forestry division of the tenth census of the United States forms the first attempt to obtain such information by means of the census work of any country. In laying out the work of his bureau, General Francis A. Walker, the superintendent of the census, decided to undertake an investigation into the extent of the forest covering of the country as related to agriculture; into the forest wealth as related to manufactures, to railway transportation, and to the domestic supply of fuel; and into the operations of the lumbering industry as pursued in the principal districts of cutting and export. The scope of the investigation comprises the chief characteristics of the forest flora of each section of the country, an account of the various woods in their adaptation to industrial and domestic uses, and the methods in vogue in the various parts of the country for the protection or restoration of the forest growth. General Walker rightly felt that he could not confide the work to more competent hands than those of Professor Charles S. Sargent, the professor of arboriculture at Harvard University and director of the Arnold Arboretum.

Professor Sargent at once began his work with systematic vigor. He divided the country into eight districts, placing each in charge of a special agent; his large professional acquaintance enabling him to select the most competent scientific experts for the work. This work did not cover the settled regions, the facts concerning these being gathered by the regular census enumerators. Only the more strictly forest regions, or those parts of the country about which little or nothing could be learned through the regular machinery of the census, were included in these districts. The first district comprised Northern New England and Northern New York; the second, the mountains of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and the Southern Alleghanies; the third, Georgia and Eastern and Southern Florida; the fourth, the Gulf States, or Western Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Southern Louisiana, and Eastern Texas; the fifth, the Northwestern lumber region, or Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Dakota; the sixth, the tier of States west of the Mississippi, or Missouri, Arkansas, the eastern part of the Indian Terri-

tory, Western Louisiana, and Northern Texas; the seventh, Montana, Idaho, and those portions of Oregon and Washington Territory east of the Cascade Mountains; and the eighth, the Pacific slope, or the western part of Washington Territory, Western Oregon, California, and Arizona. The last two of these, being the least known with reference to their forest covering, were the most important. Professor Sargent took charge of the latter himself, and intrusted the former to Mr. Sereno Watson of Cambridge, the co-laborer of Professor Asa Gray in the great work on the flora of North America. Beside these, various local inquiries were undertaken by special assistants in many parts of the country.

The investigations in these districts were classified under three heads: (1) tree covering; (2) forest wealth; (3) the lumbering industry. Under the head of tree covering was to be estimated the area covered by arborescent growths; more especially the heavy blocks of timber still remaining untouched in many regions, these constituting the future timber supply. As before stated, so far as the thickly settled portions of the country were concerned, the reports of the census enumerators were depended upon. The study of the large timber areas was regarded as more important, and to obtain an idea of their extent and quality was the first consideration for the special agents, who were directed to form, as far as possible, an estimate of the quantity of certain kinds of timber standing in their districts, the various kinds being specified according to the forest character of the respective regions. Thus, for instance, the agent in charge of the district comprising the tier of States west of the Mississippi was directed to pay particular regard to yellow pine, white oak, black walnut, white ash, blue ash, and osage orange, they being the most valuable timber trees in that region. The attention of this agent was especially called to the importance of obtaining information in regard to the amount and nature of the timber available for the supply of the treeless prairie States. Each district had some special features which were thus emphasized, and in the letters of instruction issued to the agents, all uniform in general outline, these differing local characteristics were dwelt upon in detail.

Since it is proposed to show in the report, by means of maps, not only the natural range of the most important timber trees, but also the area and position of the great timber belts as at present limited, the agents were requested to gather the fullest information for the purpose by making journeys over their territory, with that end specially in view, studying closely all heavily timbered tracts. They were expected to make use of every opportunity of communication with lumber experts, timber-land and saw-mill owners, and all others interested in the subject. From such persons a vast amount of knowledge regarding the quantity and position of standing lumber is naturally to be gathered. In Maine and other Eastern lumbering States there are experts in timber lands who are able to give very close estimates of the amount of standing pine and other valuable timber in any given region. In the newly settled States it is more difficult to get such accurate information at second hand, although in some sections experts in timber lands are to be found. Whenever there was any tree of special value in a given district, it was demanded that its amount and position should be investigated, and it was desired to obtain an accurate calculation of the number of thousand feet which could be cut from an acre.

Under the head of forest wealth was embraced the distribution of species, and their economic properties and uses; the rotation of forest crops, and the causes and extent of forest fires. Each agent

was furnished with a printed catalogue of North American forest trees. In this special attention was called to the nature of the information required in regard to species. Copies of this catalogue were also sent to all botanists and others interested in trees throughout the country, with the request that any intelligence in regard to American trees might be added, and the catalogue then returned to Professor Sargent. In this way a fund of valuable knowledge has been accumulated. The sylva of North America has been increased by several important species, while a vast amount of new information about the geographical distribution, habit, size, and character of nearly every species has been gathered. What has already been learned about the distribution of North American species, through this investigation, proves of very great importance and interest, and must greatly change preconceived views on the subject. Material of this nature will be contained in a new edition of the catalogue, which will form a part of Professor Sargent's final report.

In connection with forest wealth, information was also required concerning the nature and the cause of certain varieties in timber produced by different specimens of the same species, varieties recognized and acknowledged by lumbermen, without yet having been clearly defined by science. Attention was particularly directed to this subject. The question of the rotation of forest was emphasized as of great importance, from the fact that the future forest wealth of the country largely depends upon it. The agents were therefore urged to make careful observation as to the kinds of trees springing up after the clearing of the original forest in the regions visited, and to notice, if possible, the causes which regulate the changes of tree covering. The origin of forest fires in different regions has been specially investigated, with the view of obtaining sufficient knowledge on which legislation to prevent or diminish their occurrence might be based. Every opportunity was to be availed of to obtain facts concerning the annual extent of such fires and the amount of damage caused by them, in the original forests, in those partially cut over, and on "sprout-land," so called.

This is considered at once the most important and the most difficult of the subjects embraced in the study of our forests. It is now generally conceded by those most familiar with the matter that a larger area of forest is annually destroyed by fire in the United States than by all other causes combined. Nor is the immediate destruction of forest covering the only or the greatest loss occasioned by these fires. Fire changes the character of the soil, and often renders it unfit to produce the valuable species which it did before; so that the effect of a forest fire may extend through generations, causing inestimable loss. As railroads run further and further into forest-covered regions, and as hunters and prospectors penetrate further and further into the wilds of the Western mountains, forest fires increase. How rapidly they are multiplying, or what is the value, immediate and prospective, of property destroyed in this way, can probably never be accurately determined. But until some general idea of the annual extent of such fires can be gained, correct estimates of the future supply of American forest products will be impossible. This subject of forest fires, which should be considered one of the most important of the economic subjects with which we have to deal, will receive special attention in this investigation, with a view of determining not only the extent of the damage, but also the causes which produce the fires.

In connection with forest wealth, particular attention was called to the minor products of the forest, such as charcoal, tannin, potash, paper-pulp, turpen-

tine, nuts, etc. Statistics and facts of all kinds were to be collected about these matters.

The report will probably contain an account of the lumbering industry of the United States. To collect information on this subject, the agents were instructed to visit the principal lumbering centres of their respective regions, to obtain an idea of its growth or decline in importance.

Each agent, while traveling, kept a diary, for the entering of all items of interest. It was a rule that this should be written up daily, that nothing might be left to memory. These diaries contained the itinerary, the nature of the country passed through, the extent and nature of the forests, a record of the remarkable trees, the addresses of persons of intelligence interviewed (these as a directory for future investigations), and notes on the information given by them. These diaries were to serve as a basis for the drawing-up of the reports, and therefore had to be made as complete as possible in every particular. On the finishing of the field work they were either returned to the writers for condensation, or worked up in the office at head-quarters into the final report, as might be most expedient. The agents were provided with field maps, on which to record observations on the distribution of timber. These, together with the diaries, were to enable the making-up of maps, showing with an approach to accuracy the present timbered areas of the respective regions.

The expedition of Mr. Sereno Watson was one of the most important undertaken in connection with the work; it was also peculiarly arduous, and accompanied by considerable hazard and adventurous experience. As far as forests were concerned, he was to journey through an unknown land. Science knew but little of the flora of the region, and nothing of the forests. Mr. Watson left the Union Pacific Railroad at Ogden, in Utah, early in the summer, and went along the line of the Utah Northern Railroad into Montana; then, traversing the eastern flanks of the Rocky Mountains to the British boundary, he proceeded along the spur-range connecting the Rockies with the Cascade range, and thence southward into Eastern Oregon. Part of the distance he went over postal routes, part over trails with pack-horses and attendants, and part entirely alone. At the outset it was taken for granted that it would be impossible to make any estimate of the territory covered with forest in that portion of the United States west of the one hundred and sixth degree of west longitude, except in the most general manner. Since, however, it can be laid down as a prevailing rule that in Western America forests exist only at certain elevations, — the lower limits of forest growth depending largely upon latitude, — by determining the elevations of the upper and lower limits of forest growth in different regions, it was expected that a forest map of that part of the country could be made, showing roughly, but truthfully, the forest areas and distribution in that section. Mr. Watson's attention was called particularly to the region east of the "great plains" of the Columbia River in Washington Territory. It was believed that the mountain ranges extend further westward, occupying a portion of what on existing maps is laid down as "plains" or "unexplored territory." On Professor Brewer's forest map, published in connection with the last census, the northern portions of Montana and Washington Territory are represented as much more heavily timbered than either the rain-fall or the topography would indicate as possible. Mr. Watson was therefore requested especially to study this region, the forests of which are of great economical value, because of the important railroad lines that are soon to traverse them. These railroad lines must

depend largely on local forests for their supplies, and it is of importance that the value and extent of these northern forests should be fully understood by the country at large.

Professor Sargent himself, having made a preliminary tour of observation through the forest regions of the Gulf States in the winter of 1880, devoted the most of the summer to the exploration of the forests of the Pacific slope, in company with Dr. Engelmann, the distinguished botanist, of St. Louis. This journey — which covered nearly fifteen thousand miles, and extended from British Columbia, through the mountain ranges of Washington Territory, Oregon, and California, to the Mexican boundary in Southeastern Arizona — is rich in observations of great scientific and economical interest, and is the most comprehensive and important study of the forests of Western America, and of the species of which they are composed, which has ever been undertaken.

It is expected to receive much valuable material by means of various inquiries through circulars and similar agencies. Letters were sent to county surveyors and like officers in every county throughout the United States, inclosing a schedule to be filled out with the answers of fourteen questions about the forests in their districts, and also a section of a map covering their respective counties, upon which the wooded regions might be traced. The knowledge gained in this manner served as a check on the returns of the enumerators and the special agents of the department. A circular was sent to the agencies of the Indian and military reservations, asking about the amount and distribution of timber on the reservation, the use of wood by the Indians, the depredations on the forests by whites, the amount of timber annually cut, and the ravages of forest fires. Schedules addressed to all railroad companies contained questions as to the use of timber for manifold railroad purposes: the number of cross-ties and fence posts annually used, the kind of wood, the cost, the average life, and whether procured on the line of the railroad, or elsewhere. It was asked whether any trees had been planted by the company during the past ten years: their number, kind, and amount of each kind, and their present condition. Inquiries were made as to the use of processes for preserving timber, and the success met with in particular methods. Details were also requested about the use of wood as fuel for locomotives.

To all manufacturers using unsawed lumber, questioning circulars were also sent. The principal industries were the manufacture of cooperage stocks, woodenware, matches, "excelsior" filling, wood-pulp for paper, gunpowder, implement handles, shoe-pegs, telephone and telegraph poles, oars, dyestuffs, and tannin extracts. Facts about the various forest products, such as nuts, etc., were gained by inquiries of wholesale dealers in the great cities.

One of the most important features of this great investigation, if not the most important from a scientific standpoint, is the testing of all North American woods. These tests are intended to demonstrate the comparative value of all the various woods for different purposes in construction and for fuel. The comparative value of different species will thus be ascertained, and also that of the wood of the same species when produced under different conditions of climate and soil.

These tests have been made by Mr. S. P. Sharples, state assayer of Massachusetts, under the direction of Professor Sargent. In all, several thousand specimens were tested. The collection of the different woods, many of them from trees heretofore but little known, and often growing in the most remote and inaccessible Western regions, has cost an immense amount of labor. The collection could not have been made with

out the cordial coöperation of botanists all over the country, and of many lumbermen, railway corporations, and others who appreciate the importance of the work. The wood was sent to Boston in the rough, and was carefully dressed to the proper shape and size. A portion of it was thoroughly seasoned by driving out every particle of moisture. This process is the most thorough test of the quality of a wood in relation to "checking," as the cracking and splitting of wood while seasoning is technically called. A wood that does not check under these circumstances will probably never check under any other. To ascertain the specific gravity, a piece of each specimen of wood is made into a block one decimeter long by thirty-five millimeters square. Duplicate sets of these blocks are made, one of them to be placed in the National Museum at Washington, while the other will probably be acquired for the Arnold Arboretum. These blocks, when arranged together in a collection, give a fine idea of the beauty of the respective woods, displayed as they are in contrasting and checkered variety, with their smooth finish, and often exquisite hues and tints, showing colors the existence of which in plain native woods is a revelation to the casual beholder. Before the specific gravity is obtained, each block is measured with the minutest accuracy. Seasoned pieces of each kind of wood are also weighed carefully, and then burned in a close oven; the ashes thus made are weighed, and carefully preserved in vials. These ashes are of curiously varying colors. These two processes — measuring the specific gravity and burning — give the value of the wood for fuel. Tests of strength were made with the great testing-machine at the United States arsenal in Watertown. Each kind of wood, seasoned naturally, but with the greatest care, is submitted to three tests. Its capacity to resist a strain is ascertained by the force required to pull it apart longitudinally; its sustaining capacity by the power of a piece, supported at each end, to hold up weights suspended from the centre; and its resistance to pressure by the power demanded to crush it. These tests, which give the value of the respective woods for purposes of construction, are made upon strips generally forty-eight inches long by two and one half inches square.

Many years ago the value of a few of the principal Eastern woods was roughly determined by Bull, and published in the Transactions of the Philadelphia Philosophical Society. In most countries of Europe, and in Australia, various tests of the worth of woods for different purposes have been undertaken. Most of the results thus obtained are unsatisfactory. Not having been made under the direction of a botanist, there is always doubt as to the right determination of the species tested. In the experiments heretofore made to ascertain the specific gravity of wood, specimens seasoned in the ordinary way have been taken, so that in the uncertainty of exact conditions comparative estimates of values are impossible.

This is the first time that all the woods of a great continent have ever been comprehensively studied, and, under the direction of a single individual, brought under one set of scientific tests. The report will make known to the world at large the nature and value of the products of American forests. From the arboricultural point of view, also, the outcome of these experiments will be of great importance. For, in the case of the leading timber trees of wide distribution, they will show what part of the country and what soil may be expected to produce the best results. This, when the time for replanting our forests arrives, will be of the greatest economical value.

The work of the investigation is carried on in the laboratory of the Arnold

Arboretum. It will naturally take much time and labor to digest the enormous amount of material acquired; especially, since this is the first time that a work of the sort has been undertaken. Some time must elapse before the final report can be made public. The work will be published as a monograph, with maps, charts, and diagrams, in the author's name, and should command the attention of all interested in our forests or their products.

Sylvester Baxter.

GOETHE'S LIMITATIONS AS MAN AND POET.

In reading Grimm's Life and Times of Goethe [1] we have wondered anew at that defect of the great man's nature which renders him, to us, an almost incomprehensible, half-human being, — we mean the absolute coldness of heart which seems to have served to advance his giant intellectual growth, while it kept him morally dwarfed. It is hard to conceive of a man born without a heart, but on close inspection one is forced to look on Goethe as a being as really destitute of the normal human affections as though he had actually come into the world unfurnished with the genuine flesh-and-blood organ, but with some subtly-working mechanism in its place, which nature put there for once by way of an experiment. Our minds do not readily take in such a singular conception of a man, and at first we interpret his speech and actions as meaning what they would mean in any ordinary mortal. But the delusion discovers itself after a time. As students of human character we know the difference between sentiments and affections proper, and we discern that this man, so abundantly supplied with the former, was yet a very pauper in his lack of those feelings which enrich the commonest of mankind. He never felt his poverty; was never conscious of wanting that which most men value as among the most precious things of life. The joy springing from the interchange of affection, like all things most worth having, must be paid for with a price, — the possibility of exquisite suffering; and if Goethe lost the satisfactions of true and enduring love, he also escaped its corresponding pangs. His coldness was the antiseptic that kept him from decay: it does not astonish us to learn that at eighty-three, with his marvelous faculties still alert and his body comparatively unworn, his enjoyment of mere living was full and fresh as it had ever been. Neither his own losses, nor the pains of sympathy for others, — for his friends, or for mankind at large, — had ever bruised or scarred his soul. It may be said, indeed, that losses of his own he never had. From the beginning the world gave him all that he most craved. One estranged friend he could always replace with another. His so-called friendships were either comfortable intimacies or profitable intellectual companionships; even his relation with Schiller was rather one of this latter sort than a giving of heart for heart. Schiller took the place of Herder, from whom, after an intercourse of long years, Goethe "silently turned away." The difference of character between Schiller and Goethe in this respect is shown in a sentence of Grimm's: "As critics [useful literary companions] he could henceforth wholly dispense with Körner and Humboldt, but they

[1] *Life and Times of Goethe.* By Herman Grimm. Translated by Sarah Holland Adams. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

remained ever dear to Schiller's heart." After a ten years' intimacy with Frau von Stein, during which she had been "made the arbitress of his fate and of his intellectual achievements; with unvarying fidelity surrounded by no end of flattering proofs of his care; all her best faculties developed by him; raised to be the envied participator in his mental life, — of all this she sees herself, wholly unprepared, and without apparent fault of her own, suddenly deprived, and cast down from her exalted position into a gloomy void which she could never fill by any effort of her own." Goethe had simply had enough of her, and after a short period of constrained intercourse, most painful and inexplicable to her, Frau von Stein hastened from Weimar and Goethe, who sent after her a farewell letter, in which she "felt that she was dismissed." The man's personal fascination must have been great indeed which could make a woman forgive such conduct, and receive him in later years into her society again.

At the time when Schiller, ardently desirous of Goethe's friendship, was making such advances toward it as were consistent with self-respect, only to be repulsed by Goethe's frigid indifference, his hurt feelings led him to write of Goethe thus: "He never overflows, even to his nearest friends, and is never to be caught unaware. I truly believe he is an egoist to an unusual degree. . . . He makes his presence felt beneficently, but only like a god, — *without giving himself.* This conduct seems to me consistent and systematic, and calculated to insure the highest enjoyment of self-love. But of such a character men should not make an idol. To me he is hateful in this regard, although I love his genius with my whole heart, and have an exalted idea of him." Outside the magic circle of Goethe's present influence Schiller could judge the genius thus accurately; yet he too yielded to the spell, when at last it was brought to work on him.

Goethe's connection with Christiane Vulpius, the woman who afterwards became his wife, may be an exception to the rule of his relationships. Men often marry without affection, simply because they have arrived at an age when the comforts of a home and a faithful attendant seem necessary to them. Goethe's marriage may have been no more than this, and his grief at her death and the consequent breaking up of his domesticity proves nothing; still, we are willing to believe that somewhere, deep within, a spark of the fire of a disinterested love kept the vital warmth alive in him.

In all this, what a pointed contrast to Goethe is presented by his contemporary, Madame de Staël! In reading her biography nothing strikes one more than the number and the depth of her attachments, the fervor and the fidelity with which she gave herself to her friends. It was this capacity for loving quite as much as her intellectual gifts and social brilliance that drew men and women to her. If, to us, her expressions of affection seem somewhat exaggerated, and we wonder at the overflowing warmth of her regard for so many different persons, it is partly because manners have changed since her time, and we should nowadays distrust the reality of feelings that manifested themselves with such abandon. But there can be no doubt that hers were entirely sincere. Her friendships were the solace and joy of her troublous life, as her ardent, zealous, self-sacrificing affection made the happiness of those to whom it was given. Madame Récamier's constancy to her friend, which brought her under the displeasure of Napoleon, reflects equal lustre on the characters of both women; the friend must have been worth much for whom the other was ready to endure exile. Although in her Paris *salon* and her Coppet home Madame de Staël

reigned like a queen among her circle of distinguished guests, the self-love of no one was wounded; all met with consideration, and, exuberant talker as the hostess was, she knew how to listen as well. The list of her close relationships with men and women is a long one; her friends were of characters and tastes the most diverse, but with her in their midst they learned how to live together in pleasant harmony. At her death there were men, — Sismondi, Constant, and others, — who knew not how to live without her who had been the pivot of their existence. A friend once made she seems never to have lost.

In considering Goethe's entire life, Grimm remarks "two fundamental facts: The first was that, so far as we know, he never experienced anything which wholly took him out of himself; and that even when most passionately excited he still retained the power to criticise himself. The second was that Goethe does not mention any living man or any contemporary book that fully meets the wants of his nature; no man who could excite in him the feeling, 'Such I would like to have been!' and no book over which he might have thought, 'This is what I would have written, but it is better than I could have written it.'" Again: "He met men with fresh curiosity, loved them while new, but repulsed them unmercifully when the hour for criticism had arrived." In the latter part of his life he "gave up all idea of friendship, and welcomed to his companionship only those from whom he expected furtherance in his aims. All mankind became transformed into the most deserving object of study."

Is it surprising, then, that while his old age seemed the perfection of a serenely declining day, yet it lacked in reality its evening glow, its supreme consecration?

The impression made by the biography by G. H. Lewes (who is reluctant to admit a fault in his hero) is confirmed by Grimm's Life, although he nowhere makes direct accusation of heartlessness against his great countryman, and is apparently concerned to give facts, not opinions or judgments of his own. The portrait of Goethe given in Grimm's volume answers remarkably to the conception of his character here put forth. The handsome, cold face, with its clear, all-seeing eyes and mouth of exquisite fineness, seems some artist's ideal of pure intellect, enriched with imaginative sensibility, and untouched with any color of merely human feeling.

Thackeray's Fairy Blackstick bestows upon the baby prince, as her best gift, "a little misfortune." One cannot but pity the famous Goethe, so constantly attended by good fortune. If only he could have been visited by some of those manifold merciful afflictions that come into the lives of most men, like angels in disguise!

Grimm characterizes Faust as the "greatest work of the greatest poet of all nations and all times." That is a German's estimate of a home product. Faust is undoubtedly the greatest work of a great poet. The dictum of Grimm suggests the question whether Goethe would not have been a greater poet, as well as a nobler man, if he had not been so deeply tainted with the vice of egotism. It appears at first as if his independence of others, his perfect self-poise, greatly aided his free mental development: it kept him unperturbed by loves and hates, undistracted by conflicting influences, able to follow an idea or aim with calm, fixed gaze as far as it might lead. Yet, considering more closely, the truth seems to be that the advantage of this concentration of force was counterbalanced by a corresponding disability. His self-centred calm was really a hindrance or limitation to the fullest expansion of his intellect, at least on the side of the imagination. In the work of the creative imagination the greatest poet of all nations and all times

must surely have power to wander unfettered through the whole range of human passion. Grimm's idea — and in this he appears to be correct — of the working of Goethe's creative faculty is that it always needed for its labor the material given by experience; it was in that he always wrought, and the experience which he chose, as supplying him with the most rich and abundant material, was his own. His own nature was of absorbing interest to him, and it was the study of his life. Since it was in reality a many-sided one, it follows that its analysis was not easily exhausted, and his self-portraiture was fresh and various. Yet there are instincts and emotions to the comprehension of which his own nature was no clue, nor could he have had that intuition of the feelings of other men which a genuine sympathy gives. It would sound absurd to us to say that Shakespeare, truly the greatest poet of all times, found it needful to search experience, his own or that of others, before his imagination could begin its play. He did not combine in himself the elements of Othello and Hamlet, Lear and Macbeth, nor had he ever beheld their fleshly prototypes. And criticism has plainly shown that, whatever suggestions for his characters he found in the works of earlier authors, they were but the merest hints, hardly the faint outlines, for his breathing realities.

RUNNING-WATER NOTES.

I DOUBT if it were a magic bird, as told in the legend, that sang Saint Felix out of the memory of his generation: it is quite as likely that, having traced some river or small stream to its headwaters, he lingered listening to the drop that wears away the stone, and so fell into a half-century reverie. Running water is the only true flowing philosopher, — the smoothest arguer of the perpetual flux and transition of all created things, saying, —

> "All things are as they seem to all,
> And all things flow as a stream."

It is itself a current paradox. It is now here at your feet, gossiping over sand and pebble; it is there, slipping softly around a rushy cape; and it is yonder, just blending with the crisp spray of the last wave on the beach of the lake. Its form and color are but circumstances: the one due to marginal accident and the momentary caprice of the wind; the other, to the complexion of the sky or to overhanging umbrage. Who can say but that its beginning and its ending are one, — the water-drop in the bosom of the cloud?

We readily consent that the Muses had their birth and rearing in the neighborhood of certain springs and streams. This was a wise provision for their subsequent musical education, since it was intended, no doubt, that they should gather the rudiments from such congenial sources. The Greeks left us no account (as they well might have done) of the technical drill pursued by the nine sisters. However, we may suppose that they wrote off their scores from the fluent dictation of their favorite cascades and streams, and that they scanned, or "sang," all such exercises by the laws of liquid quantity and accent. Perhaps at the same time, the better to measure the feet and mark the cæsural pauses, they danced, as they sang, over the rippled surface of the stream. Nor did the Muses alone love springs and running water, but it would seem that the

philharmonic societies of their descendants have had their haunts in like localities: or was it mere chance that Homer should have lived by the river Meles (hence Melesigenes); that Plato should have had his retirement

> "where Ilissus rolls
> His whispering stream;"

or that Shakespeare, to all time, should be "the Sweet Swan of Avon"?

Consider the vocality and vocabulary of the water: it has its open vowels, its mutes, labials, and sub-vocals, and, if one listen attentively, its little repetend of favorite syllables and alliterations. Like Demosthenes, it knows the use and advantage of pebbles, and has, by this simple experiment, so purified its utterance that nowhere else is Nature's idiom spoken so finely. What a list of onomatopoetic words we have caught from its talkative lips! *Babbling*, *purling*, *murmuring*, *gurgling*, are some of the adjectives borrowed from this vernacular; and some have even heard the "chuckling brooks," — an expression which well describes a certain confidential, *sotto voce* gayety and self-content I have often heard in the parley of the water.

From time to time, musical virtuosos and composers, fancying they had discovered the key-note of Niagara, have given us symphonious snatches of its eternal organ harmonies. Some time, it may be that all these scattered arias, with many more which have never been published, will be collected and edited as the complete opera of the great cataract! Less ambitious, I have often tried to unravel the melodious vagaries of a summer stream; to classify its sounds, and report their sequence and recurrence. I shall not forget how once, when I was thus occupied, a small bird flew far out on a branch overhanging the water, turned its arch eye on me, then on the dancing notes of my music lesson, and poured out a rippling similitude of song that was plainly meant as an æolian rendition of the theme, or motive, running through the water. I was under double obligation to the little musician, since, in addition to its sweet and clever charity, it put me in possession of the discovery that all of Nature's minstrels are under the same orchestra drill, and capable, at pleasure, of exchanging parts. There was once a naiad (own daughter of celestial Aquarius), who, as often as the rain fell and the eave-spouts frothed and overran, used to come and dance under a poet's roof. It was a part of her pretty jugglery to imitate the liquid warble of the wood-thrush, bobolink, and other pleasing wild-bird notes. No matter how far inland, any one who lives by the "great deep" of a dense wood may hear the roar of the sea when the tide of the wind sweeps in on his coast. Shutting my eyes, I could always readily hear, in the crackling of a brush fire in the garden, the quick and sharp accentuation of rain on the roof.

There are certain English and Old English appellatives of running water which one would fain transplant to local usage on this side the Atlantic. How suitable that a swift, boiling stream, surcharged with spring rain, should be called a *brawl*, or a fine sunlit thread of a rill embroidering green meadows a *floss*, or any other small, unconsidered stream a *beck!* In New England you shall hear only of the *brook*, and past an indeterminate meridian westward, only of the *creek* (colloquially deformed into "crick"). Indian Creek is a sort of John Smith in the nomenclature of Western streams. Rocky Rivers and Rocky Runs are also frequent enough.

Where streams abound, there, for the most part, will be found sylvan amenity and kindly, cultivated soil. The Nile alone saves Egypt from being an extension of Sahara. Without some water-power at hand, cities may not be built, nor industries and arts be pushed forward: yet I should say no site is hopelessly inland if there runs past it a

stream of sufficient current to carry a raft. There is maritime promise in the smallest rivulet: trust it; in time it will bear your wares and commodities to the sea and the highways of commerce. The course of a river, or of a river tributary, suggests a journey of pleasure. Notice how it selects the choicest neighborhoods in its course, the richest fields, the suavest parts of the woods. If it winds about a country village, with picturesque white spire and houses hid to the roof in greenery, it seems to have made this deflection out of its own affable and social spirit. The dam and the mill-wheel it understands as a challenge of its speed and agility, and so leaps and caracoles nimbly over them. All bridges which it passes under it takes as wickets set up in sport.

The motion of water, whether of the ocean billow or of the brook's ripple, is only an endless prolongation or reproduction of the line of beauty. There are no right angles in the profile of the sea-coast or river margin; no rectangular pebbles on the beach or in the bed of a stream. The hollow chamber in which the oyster is lodged might have been formed by the union of two waves, magically hardened at the moment of contact; colored without like the ooze of the earth, within like the deep sea pearl. The fish conforms in shape and symmetry to its living element, and is, in this respect, scarcely more than a wave, or combination of waves. It moves in curves and ripples, in little whirls and eddies, faithfully repeating all the inflections of the water. Even in the least detail it is homogeneous; else, why should the scale of the fish be scalloped rather than serrate? As to color, has it not the vanishing tints of the rainbow; or might it not be thought the thinnest lamina pared away from a pearl, a transparent rose petal, the finger-nail of Venus?

It is not improbable that the fish furnished the first shipwright with some excellent suggestions about nautical architecture. This shipwright, who was both idealist and utilitarian, had observed the length and slenderness of the fish; its curved sides and tapering extremities, corresponding with the stern and prow of his subsequent invention; also, the fins, which he at first reproduced in rough-hewn paddles, prototypical of genuine oars. Then, perhaps, a paradoxical notion dawning upon his mind that aerial swimming and aquatic flying were much the same things, he added to his floating craft the wings of the bird as well as the fins of the fish; and soon thereafter began to take the winds into account, to venture out on the broad seas; and finally discovered

> "India and the golden Chersonese,
> And utmost Indian isle, Taprobane."

The scaly appearance of a sheet of water wrinkled by the wind has already been noticed by another. It needed only this slight suggestion to point out to me the glistening broadside of an old gray dragon sunning himself between the banks. Do dolphins inhabit fresh water? Just under the surface, at the bend of the creek, I see a quivering opalescent or iridescent mass, which I take to be a specimen of this rare fish, unless, indeed, it should prove only a large flat stone, veined and mottled by sunbeams shot through the thin veil of hurrying waters. Equally suggestive are those luminous reflections of ripples cast on that smooth clay bank. Narrow shimmering lines in constant wavy motion, they seem the web which some spider is vainly trying to pin to the bank. They are, properly, "netted sunbeams." Water oozing from between two obstructing stones, and slowly spreading out into the current, has the appearance of a tress of some colorless water-grass floating under the surface. I was once pleased to see how a drift of soft brown sand gently sloping to the water's edge, with its reflection directly beneath, presented the perfect figure of a tight-shut

clam-shell, — a design peculiarly suited to the locality.

In cooler and deeper retirement, on languid summer afternoons, this flowing philosopher sometimes geometrizes. It is always of circles, — circles intersecting, tangent, or inclusive. A fish darting to the surface affords the central starting-point of a circle whose radius and circumference are incalculable, since the eye fails to detect where it fades into nothingness. Multiplied intersections there may be, but without one curve marring the smooth expansion of another. There are hints of infinity to be gathered from this transient water ring, as well as from the orb of the horizon at sea.

Sometimes I bait the fish, but without rod or hook, and merely to coax them together in small inquisitive schools, that I may study their behavior and their medium of communication. In this way I enjoy the same opportunities for reverie and speculation as the angler, without indulging in his cruelty or forerelish of the table. I discover that the amusements of the minnows and those of the small birds are quite similar, with only this difference: that the former, in darting and girding at one another, make their retreats behind stones and under little sand bars, instead of hiding among the bushes and tilting over thistle tops. It would seem that fish are no less quick in the senses of hearing and seeing than the birds themselves. They start at your shadow thrown over the bank, at your voice, or at the slightest agitation of the water.

"If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain;
But turn your eye, and they are there again."

When they first came up in the spring, I thought they looked unusually lean and shadowy, as though having struggled through a hungry hibernation. They were readily voracious of anything I might throw to them.

There were fish taken under my observation, though not by line or net. I did not fish, yet I felt warranted in sharing the triumphs of the sport when, for the space of ten minutes or more, I had maintained most cautious silence, while that accomplished angler, the kingfisher, perched on a sightly elm branch over the water, was patiently waiting the chance of an eligible haul. I had, meanwhile, a good opportunity for observing this to me wholly wild and unrelated adventurous bird. Its great head and mobile crest, like a helmet of feathers, its dark-blue glossy coat and white neck-cloth, make it a sufficiently striking individual anywhere. No wonder the kingfisher is specially honored by poetic legend. I must admit that whenever I chanced to see this bird about the stream it was faultless, halcyon weather. I occasionally saw a sandpiper (familiarly, "walk-up-the-creek") hunting a solitary meal along the margin. I had good reason, also, to suspect that even the blackbird now and then helped himself to a *bonne bouche* from the water. Then, did I not see the fish, acting on the "law of talons," come to the surface, and take their prey from the life of the air? This was the fate in store for many a luxurious water-fly skimming about the sunshiny pools, like a drop or bead of animated quicksilver. The insect races born of the water, and leading a hovering existence above it, had always a curious interest for me. What, for instance, can be more piquing to a speculative eye than to watch the ceaseless shiftings or pourings of a swarm of gnats? Is there any rallying point or centre in this filmy system? Apparently there are no odds between the attraction and repulsion governing the movements of the midget nebula, and I could never be satisfied as to whether unanimity or dissent were implied. Nor could I quite justify by my ear the verse which says,

"Then, in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows,"

since, although I could vouch for the vocal powers of a single gnat humming with unpleasant familiarity, I have never detected any proof of concerted musical sound among a swarm of these motes. Yet I doubt not the *poet* is right.

There is a larger species of mosquito (not the common pest), which I should think might some time have enjoyed religious honors, since, when it drinks, it falls upon its knees! A flight of these gauzy-winged creatures through a shaft of sunlight might conjure up for any fanciful eye the vision of "pert fairies and dapper elves." Of the dragon-fly (which might be the inlaid phantasm of some insect that flourished summers ago), I know of no description so delicately apt as the following: —

> "A wind-born blossom, blown about,
> Drops quiveringly down as though to die;
> Then lifts and wavers on, as if in doubt
> Whether to fan its wings or fly without."

Where is the stream so hunted down by civilization that it cannot afford hospitality to at least one hermit musk-rat? The only water animal extant of the wild fauna that was here in the red man's day, he will eventually have to follow in the oblivious wake of the beaver and otter. It is no small satisfaction that I am occasionally favored with a glimpse of this now rare "oldest inhabitant." Swimming leisurely with the current, and carrying in his mouth a ted of grass for thatching purposes, or a bunch of greens for dinner, he disappears under the bank. So unwieldy are his motions, and so lazily does the water draw after him, that I am half inclined to believe him a pygmean copy of some long extinct river mammoth. Oftener at night I hear him splashing about in the dark and cool stream, safe from discovery and molestation.

Hot, white days of drought there were in the middle of the summer, when, in places, the bed of the creek was as dry as the highway; vacant, except for a ghostly semblance of ripples running above its yellow clay and stones. The fountain of this stream was in the sun and heated air. Walking along the abandoned water-road, I speculated idly about the fate of the minnows and trout. Had they been able, in season, to take a short cut to the lake or to deeper streams, as is related, in a pretty but apocryphal story, of a species of fish in China, fitted by nature to take short overland journeys?

Much might justly be said in praise of the willow. Its graceful, undulating lines show that it has not in vain been associated with the stream. It practices and poses over its glass as though it hoped some time to become a water nymph. Summer heat cannot impair its fresh and vivid green, — only the sharp edge of the frost can do that; and even when the leaves have fallen away there remains a beautiful anatomy of stems and branches, whose warm brown affords a pleasing relief to November grayness.

At intervals I met the genius of decorative art (a fine, mincing lady) hunting about the weedy margin for botanical patterns suitable for reproduction in æsthetic fabrics and paper hangings. She chose willow catkins, cattail flag; the flowers and feathery afterbloom of the clematis, golden-rod, and aster, and showed great anxiety to procure some lily pads and buds that grew in a sluggish cove; but for some reason, unknown to me as well as to the *genii loci*, she slighted a host of plants as suggestive for ornate designs as any she accepted. She took no notice of the jewel weed (which the stream was not ashamed to reflect, in its velvet, leopard-like magnificence); nor had she any eyes for the roving intricacies of the green-brier and wild-balsam apple. She also left untouched whole families of curious beaked grasses and sedges, with spindles full of flax or silk unwinding to the breeze.

It is nothing strange that the earlier

races of men should have believed in loreleis and undines, nixies and kelpies. I cannot say that I have not, myself, had glimpses of all these water-spirits. But the watered green silk in which the lorelei and the undine were dressed was almost indistinguishable in color and texture from the willow's reflection; and the nixie was so often hidden under a crumbling bank and net-work of black roots that I could not be sure whether I caught the gleam of his malicious eye, or whether it was only a fleck of sunshine I saw exploring the watery shade. About the kelpie I am more positive. When the creek was high and wrathful under the scourge of the "line storm," it could have been nothing else than the kelpie's wild, shaggy mane that I saw; nothing else that I heard but his hoarse, ill-boding roar.

In this season of the year, I became aware that our stream, like the Nile, had its mysterious floating islands, luxuriant plots set with grass and fern and mint (instead of lotus and papyrus), and lodged upon pieces of drift washed down by the spring floods. All summer securely moored in the shallow water, they were now rent up by the roots, and swept out of all geographical account. Snow-like accumulations of whipped-up foam gathered in lee-side nooks where the current ran less strong, remaining there for many hours together, like some fairy fleet riding at anchor. When the stream had fallen, I often found this accumulation deposited on the sand in a grayish-white drift, dry and volatile as ashes, dispersing at the slightest gust. It suggested that some strange, unwitnessed rite of incineration had been performed there.

When the winter had come in all power, and had driven nature down into her garrison of clods, and had laid siege thereto with frost-fire and sword, the philosopher of whom I have spoken could still, at times, be heard in the drear silence of snowy fields and snowy air. He had nothing to say that could not fitly have been said in the ear of summer. Moreover, there was nearly always one clear crystal window of his dwelling open sunward, looking through which I could see his bright and mobile countenance, unperplexed by weather changes.

Edith M. Thomas.

THREE NEW THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

The late Professor Diman, in his posthumous work The Theistic Argument as Affected by Recent Theories,[1] handles an old theme and reaches the old conclusion, but by no means in the old way. The book fulfills the promise of its title-page. The argument is throughout conducted with honest and appreciative reference to the facts and theories of modern scientific and speculative thought, especially as represented by such writers as Mill, Spencer, Huxley, and Tyndall. Whether the reasoning be absolutely flawless or not, we know of no book that within the same compass furnishes an equally complete, calm, intelligible, and candid survey of the issues now in debate between the representatives of religion and physical science, respectively. As such, it must prove of inestimable value to many thoughtful readers of both classes, very few of whom have as clear an apprehension of each other's attitudes and positions as might be desired. The book

[1] *The Theistic Argument as Affected by Recent Theories.* By J. Lewis Diman, D. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

is especially to be commended to the young theologians of the day, who find themselves in the thick of a conflict begun before their entrance on the field of action, of which, for that very reason, it is difficult for them to master the bearing and significance.

It is of course impossible to condense in a few lines the thought of a book of nearly four hundred pages, which, though written for oral delivery (as lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston), is singularly compact in style and expression. Its salient points, however, may be indicated. After a statement of the present aspects of the theistic problem, the legitimacy of the inquiry, as falling within the limits of human thought, is discussed with reference to the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, which, so far from excluding, is shown logically to involve, the affirmation of absolute existence. The right to a standing in the dialectic form being thus vindicated, the scope of the argument is limited by the rejection of all *a priori* methods as practically obsolete and logically indefensible. The first onward step toward the theistic conclusion is based on the notion of a first cause. The idea of cause, no matter how obtained, is never satisfied short of a first cause, itself uncaused. Hence, the objection that it only leads to an endless succession of causes falls to the ground. The scientific objection, founded on the theory of the indestructibility of matter and the persistence of force, really concedes what is essential in the old doctrine of a first cause. For the theory "is after all but a method of accounting for change. And in accounting for change, it not only concedes that every change in nature had a cause, but that back of all change lies something persistent and unchangeable." "The most refined conception of the universe that science has yet reached is a conception that leads us back to an absolute and eternal source of all the phenomena of existence." And this conception "is not a result of experience, or of any scientific experiment, but a purely abstract and metaphysical conception," — as truly so as the old idea of a first cause.

But "in the bare idea of a first cause we do not have the idea of God." The nature of this first cause must next be inquired into. From the order and harmony pervading the universe, the author infers that it must have had its origin in mind; and from the manifold adjustments in organic structures, he claims the right to clothe this originating mind with the attributes of purpose and finality. These arguments are not only strongly stated, but are defended against objections, both old and new, with great acuteness. Of special interest and value in this respect is the consideration of the bearing of the theory of evolution on the idea of final cause. One entire lecture of the twelve is devoted to this topic; and the conclusion at which the author arrives is that the theory of evolution, instead of detracting from the force of the teleological argument, "really supplies it with a more complex and elaborate basis." Another lecture, scarcely less interesting, on Immanent Finality, completes the justification of the argument from design by defending it against the pantheistic philosophy of Spinoza and his followers, on the one hand, and certain scientific theories which more or less obliterate the distinction between mind and matter, on the other; and thus the conclusion is reached "that the finality shown in nature is the operation of a conscious intelligence distinct from and above nature." Two more steps end the argument, so far as it bases itself on the accepted facts of external nature and human consciousness. The first infers a moral order from the phenomena of conscience, the second a moral purpose from the facts of history; and both are held to indicate that the first cause

has the attributes of a moral as well as intelligent being. All this, however, the author admits, does not prove the existence of a being answering to our idea of God. None of these arguments, nor all together, prove the first cause to be infinite, eternal, and absolute in being and perfection. He proceeds, therefore, to connect this first cause with our intuitive conviction of the infinite. "We have intuitions," says the author, "which are the very frame-work of all our thought of infinity and eternity." "We irresistibly connect these intuitions with the first cause. The author of the universe must be the being of whom these are predicable." Thus the argument has reached its goal. The lecture that follows, on Alternative Theories, simply supplies strengthening buttresses, while the closing one, on Inferences from Theism, presents an impressive and very suggestive statement of how natural religion finds its fuller development in Christianity.

The weak point of the book, considered as a chain of reasoning, lies, it strikes us, in the use made of the intuitional idea of the infinite to raise the conception of an intelligent and moral first cause to the height of the idea of God. To say that we "irresistibly" connect these conceptions, and that the first "must" be predicable of the second, is certainly not convincing, so long at least as the the intuition of the infinite has not been shown to include the personality of the infinite. It seems, after all, a matter of doubt whether the grand theistic conclusion can be logically reached without a larger use of intuition — though not necessarily of intuition direct and immediate, prior to all knowledge and reflection — than the author is willing to admit. And of this he himself appears conscious when the exigencies of logic are for the moment in abeyance. For while he expressly disallows the reasoning of those who hold that belief in the existence of God is "a primary instinct of the soul, which we can neither justify nor go behind," he nevertheless concedes that, historically, "belief in God is a great fact in human nature, — a fact which individual consciousness establishes, and to which the experience of the whole race bears witness. It is older and deeper than any arguments about it."

Dr. Mulford's work, The Republic of God,[1] is beyond all question one of the most remarkable of recent publications. Yet it is quite as likely to form the subject of confidential discourse and familiar letters between friends as to figure largely in public reviews and discussions. The thought is fresh and suggestive, but the style, or rather the linking of the thought, is more or less obscure. Many will learn from him, but few will dare to assert that they thoroughly understand him. The work is, in fact, as nearly as possible a series of dogmatic definitions or statements: sometimes hinting at, sometimes silently passing over, but rarely distinctly stating, the previous logical processes on which they rest. Moreover, it unconsciously assumes a knowledge of philosophical thought and language, and demands throughout a philosophical habit of mind, such as in many cases its readers will not be able to bring to it. Nevertheless the book is instinct with light and life throughout. Its very obscurities sparkle and glow, and whole pages are filled with an impassioned and yet perfectly sober eloquence, of which we can cite no parallel instance in modern theological literature. It is a book to grow up to, to keep on the library table, to read again and again, to brood over and reason out for one's self.

The sub-title, an Institute of Theology, is likely to give a very erroneous conception of the book to persons reminded thereby of Calvin's Institutes,

[1] *The Republic of God: An Institute of Theology.* By Elisha Mulford, LL. D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1881.

or other less famous works, of similar structure and method. The material which it has in common with such works is arranged under new and few rubrics (the whole book contains only ten brief chapters); and many topics usually treated of in dogmatic systems — for example, creation, angelology, decrees, the Adamic fall — are wholly passed over. The omissions may in most cases be readily supplied from the thought taken as a whole; but their occurrence is the natural consequence of the author's purpose, which is evidently to give an Institute of what may be properly called Catholic theology. The Nicene-Constantinopolitan Creed, which occupies the last page of the book, is not only the expression of the author's personal faith, but has also given method and direction to his thinking. Indeed, the work is to be regarded as Dr. Mulford's justification to thought of that ancient symbol.

But the great significance of the book, that which bids fair to give it wide and far-reaching influence in English theological literature, is the point of view from which it approaches the subject to be dealt with. The older theology suffered from a mechanical conception of the relations of God to the world and human history. It placed God and the universe so far apart that nothing but the most immediately supernatural could bridge the gulf. It avoided pantheism, that vice of noble minds, but always carried in it the seeds of the dreariest deism. And although this conception has been rendered more and more untenable by every advance of historical criticism and scientific discovery, it still dominates current theology to a large extent, and gives rise to such ecclesiastical prosecutions as that lately instituted against Professor Robertson Smith, of Scotland. Mr. Mulford stands on wholly different ground. To him, God is not only the transcendent, but also the immanent, One. Revelation, accordingly, is not only *to* man, but also *in* man; it is not only supernatural, but also historical, and subject to the laws of historical life and growth. It is not uttered in speech alone, but preëminently in *acts* of divine self-manifestation. This of course involves a great modification of the old idea of inspiration and of the relation of the sacred books to Christian thought. These books are still authority; but they are this as the historical records of revelation, not as primarily designed to convey doctrinal instruction. One of the author's fundamental conceptions is that the revelation of Christ is not a religion, as Buddhism or Mohammedanism is a religion, that is, a system of doctrine or a cultus, but a life, — the life of the spirit. The greater part of the third chapter is devoted to a powerful setting forth of this thesis. Now, a religion can be laid down in the forms of logic, and hence can be gathered from books; but a life can be known only from its manifestations. Hence, Dr. Mulford, if we have not entirely failed to understand him, would find the grounds of natural theology — confessedly the logical substratum of any system of revelational theology — in the religious consciousness of man as man; and those of the specifically Christian doctrines in the attested history of revelation, of which the Bible presents the record, and in the consciousness of man as the subject of redemption, of which, again, the Bible, especially the New Testament, furnishes the clearest and most universal representation.

The book is an honest, earnest, and able endeavor to construct a system of Christian dogmatics in consonance with the best and surest results of modern thought. As such it is full of cheer and promise. It is a pledge that the crisis of the danger to religious life from the wide breach between the old views of the universe and the new will be safely passed. How far its endeavor is successful and self-consistent at all

points, each one must judge for himself. The work no doubt has faults. We cannot but think, for instance, that in its citation of Scripture it sometimes neglects the just requirements of historical interpretation. But the sun itself has dark spots. It would be an evil omen, portentous of a coming day of wrath to the churches of America, if such a book should fail of grateful welcome and serious consideration.

Dr. Whiton, in his Gospel of the Resurrection,[1] proposes to replace the hitherto current doctrine of the Christian church concerning the resurrection of the dead by conceptions more tenable by the modern mind. The view presented is simple, clear, and rational: the resurrection of the dead does not take place simultaneously, nor is it to be looked for in an indefinitely distant future; each individual "rises" — that is, is rehabilitated with a spiritual body — immediately after death. The resurrection has nothing to do with the body that is buried, which decomposes and is left behind forever, but is a process of evolution, by which a new body is produced. The effective force in this evolution is the spirit, in which, because of its life, there inheres, as in all life, a body-building power. But the kind of body thus built up, whether glorious and fit for unending life, in the pregnant sense of that term, or only endowed with mere existence, the mean and empty semblance of life, — to name only the extremes, between which there lie many intermediate gradations, — depends upon the kind of life that evolves it, whether it be life in Christ or apart from him. This is the substance of the book; but necessarily connected with it is the incidental discussion, first, of the second coming of Christ, which, according to our author, "took place in the destruction of Jerusalem (A. D. 70), the demolition of the temple, the extinction of the luminaries — sun, moon, and stars — of the Jewish firmament, the sweeping away of the nation;" and, secondly, of the "last judgment," which we are to think of "not as an event, limited to a specific 'day,' but as a process which runs its course throughout the whole existence of the responsible subjects of law."

That the church doctrine on this subject no longer enjoys full and cordial assent, even on the part of many earnest believers in Christianity, cannot be denied. The purpose of the book, therefore, is a timely one. But many readers will find it easier to accept the conclusions above outlined than to approve the exegesis by which they are defended. The author apparently starts with an ultra-orthodox view of inspiration. In reply to the position "that the language of the sacred books should be used in its own sense, the sense which it is manifestly designed to convey," he says, "Yes, but by *whom* intended, — by the human seer, or by the spirit from whom the human seer derived his message? The limitation of the teaching of the spirit of prophecy by the conceptions of the prophet . . . is as absurd as to limit the ideas of a statesman by the ideas of the school-boy who declaims the statesman's oration." (Page 21.) The natural inference from this language is that the author holds what is justly called the mechanical theory of inspiration; and this inference is justified by many instances of otherwise motiveless forced interpretation. At the same time, however, he does not, on occasion, hesitate to impute "Jewish notions" to the apostles. Sometimes these Jewish notions only color the language, but do not extend to the thought; at other times, as when St. Peter supposed David to be still in Sheol, they amount to ignorance. (Page 221.) All this suggests, and should have suggested to the author, the great difficulty of distinguishing

[1] *The Gospel of the Resurrection.* By JAMES MORRIS WHITON, Ph. D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1881.

between the "teaching of the spirit of prophecy" and the "conceptions of the prophet," — between "the facts which a prophet [like St. Paul] reports to us" and "his views of them or opinions about them." In fact, here lies the capital defect of the work, which deprives it of any claim to scientific value; it rests on no well-defined and consistently-held theory of the nature of revelation, and of the Bible as related to revelation. This leads, on the one hand, to fanciful interpretations, violently dissevering the text in hand from contemporary opinions, and to absurd literalism, forcing the letter beyond all bounds; and, on the other, to a freedom in treating "inspired" words which would be refreshing to the most naturalistic of theologians. And meanwhile the argument of the book seems to hang in empty air.

The literary merits of the performance are not high. There is considerable repetition and redundancy of expression. Once or twice the author descends to phraseology and illustrations beneath the dignity of print, not to say of his subject, as when he speaks of "his doxy" and "any other doxy;" cites an anecdote from Mr. Murray's lecture on Deacons; and illustrates the different senses which literally equivalent combinations of words may have in different languages, by reference to the American who "electrified" a Sunday-school in France by asserting that in heaven there was "a pure river of *eau de vie*." It is but fair to add, however, that, as the preface intimates, the larger part of the book is made up of material originally prepared for the pulpit. It would have been well if the author had given these discourses a more careful revision.

THE ROMAN POETS OF THE REPUBLIC.[1]

QUAINT old Dr. Popkin, Greek professor at Harvard in the last generation, was always sighing after the time when he should retire from active service and "read the authors." Such is always the pleasant longing of those who crave "the still air of delightful studies." Much, however, depends upon who "the authors" are. In the seventeenth century, the authors were the Greek and Latin fathers. Mr. Mullingar tells us that Cambridge University, in England, existed mainly for them; and Harvard College was founded for them chiefly, not for the classics. In the eighteenth century, the authors meant the Latin writers, as any one may see by turning over the essayists of Queen Anne's time; the taste for the Greek classics has grown up later, or at least has greatly increased in proportion. Even among the different writers in each language the preference has greatly varied at different periods. The same applies to works of art. Forty years since, small plaster casts of the Venus de Medici were very common among us. What has become of them? The Venus of Milo now reigns alone; and if there is a change of taste in Venuses, why not in books?

Miss Mitford, describing an English country gentleman of sixty years ago, says that he "translated Horace and Virgil, as all gentlemen do." Now the man of leisure, in America or England,

[1] *The Roman Poets of the Republic.* By W. T. SELLAR, M. A., LL. D., Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh, and formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. New edition, revised and enlarged. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

if he happens to have classical tastes, reads Lucretius as well as Virgil, and dabbles in Catullus as well as in Horace.

Why this change, or at any rate this greater comprehensiveness, of taste? Several reasons are obvious, and one cause, lying not quite so much on the surface, but which may still have weight, is possibly the growing republican feeling of the age, which finds something to like in the manly flavor of these poets of the Roman republic. The brilliancy and downfall of the last French empire have left an increased distrust in regard to all imperial and Augustan epochs, as offering a period of hot-house development, ending in a swift decay. The same influences that produced Virgil and Horace ended in a state of things which called for Juvenal and Persius. How much of this decline arose from imperial institutions, and how much of it from inherent defects in the character of the people, it is hard to say. What is certain is that there is just now a tendency to trace the Roman literature a little farther up the stream.

This should be especially the case in the United States, since there is much in common between our early literary development and that of Rome. The Roman race, like our own, was at first charged with being unpoetical, and with excelling only in the gifts which found a state, not in those which adorn it. Here, as there, the indigenous national product was in political oratory and statesmanship. In Rome, as here, literature was an after-thought, and was regarded with suspicion, when it came, as something exotic and even effeminate. Cicero wrote of Rome in language that might have been used by Fisher Ames: "Poets were tardily recognized or received among us, but we promptly embraced the orator; and that not chiefly for his learning, but for his gift of speech."[1] Cato spoke of poetry in the same deprecating way in which John Adams spoke of all art: "Poetry was not held in honor; if any one devoted himself to it, or went about to banquets, he was called a vagabond."[2] When poetry began to thrive in Rome, it had still a foreign flavor; it reflected Greece, as American poetry reflected Europe, yet with a certain vigor of its own. Falling under the influence of imperialism, it developed rapidly into hot-house perfection; then sank into satire, and died. *Absit omen!*

Roman poetry dates back to certain early hymns and festive verses, preserved only in fragments, and magnified by the imagination of Niebuhr into epics, and by that of Macaulay into ballads. First among the recognized poets of Rome stands Nævius, who may be said to survive in fame through a single phrase, — "Laudari a laudato viro," — the learned equivalent of the familiar English phrase, originating with the dramatist Morton, and recognizing approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley as praise indeed. It is a curious illustration of that law of literary history which keeps the light things afloat, while the weighty sink, that after the tragedies and political satires of Nævius have almost wholly perished, his description of a coquette survives. It is worth quoting, in Sellar's version, to show how certain social phenomena were studied and observed more than twenty centuries before Cherbuliez and Howells were born: —

"Like one playing at ball in a ring, she tosses about from one to another, and is at home with all. To one she nods, to another winks. She makes love to one, clings to another. Her hand is busy here, her foot there. To one she gives a ring to look at, to another blows

[1] "Sero igitur a nostris poetæ vel cogniti vel recepti. . . . At contra oratorem celeriter complexi sumus; nec eum primo eruditum, aptum tamen ad dicendum." (Cicero, Tusc. Disp., I. 2, 3.)

[2] "Poeticæ artis honos non erat. Si qui in ea re studebat, aut sese ad convivia applicabat, grassator vocabatur." (Aulus Gellius, XI. 2, 5.)

a kiss. With one she sings, with another corresponds by signs." [1]

Of the other early poet, Ennius, more solid fragments remain, preserved especially by that invaluable literary Dryasdust, Aulus Gellius. Ennius laid the foundations of Roman history by collecting the early traditions; he essayed, with rugged hand, to introduce and acclimate the Greek hexameter; his deep and thoughtful observations on nature prepared the way for Lucretius; and Virgil did not disdain to borrow his descriptive phrases, such as that applied to the starry sky, — "*stellis ardentibus aptum.*" In the days when no English political essay or speech was complete without its Latin quotation, there were no lines oftener cited than his sonorous and massive delineation of Quintus Fabius Maximus, surnamed Cunctator from his deliberation in war: —

"Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.
Noenum rumores ponebat ante salutem.
Ergo plusque magisque viri nunc gloria claret."

Dr. Sellar well says that "these lines leave on the mind the same impression of antique majesty as is produced by the unadorned record of character and work accomplished inscribed on the tomb of the Scipios." [2]

The forms of this early poetry were taken chiefly from the Greek, but that was all. When we search deeper we are struck with the discovery that the mighty Roman character was born full-grown, and was as remote from the Greek type in the verse of Ennius as in that of Virgil, — perhaps remoter. It is useless to analyze that character; it has so stamped itself on the world that the word "Roman" is its own sufficient definition. Margaret Fuller Ossoli well says, in her fragment of autobiography, "We are never better understood than when we speak of a 'Roman virtue,' a 'Roman outline.'" To literature this temperament contributed a peculiar weight and dignity of tone, with a profound reverence for law and for the state. There was almost nothing of the idealism which pervaded the Greek tragedy, and as little of the riotous vivacity and the daring personalities of the older Greek comedy. In short, the poetical literature of the elder nation took to itself wings, while the younger walked on the earth, grave, strong, practical. All this difference in quality was shown even in the days of Nævius and Ennius; much more when Lucretius and Catullus became the two leading literary representatives of the republic.

The last-named two seem so far apart that it is hard to think of them as belonging to the same period. Yet Darwin and Swinburne are children of the same epoch in England; and Lucretius has been claimed as a more tuneful and poetic Darwin, while Catullus unites, like Swinburne, an exquisite sense of literary form with the love of liberty, and with a decided taste for the fleshly school. To consider these two ancient poets is, as Dr. Sellars justly points out, to view republican Rome in its full strength, so far as relates to literature.

The Roman quality of Lucretius does not lie especially in his historic references, nor yet in the direct utterance of national pride. But Dr. Sellar tells us admirably just where it is to be found, — in his moral temper.

"He is a truer type of the strong character and commanding genius of his country than either Virgil or Horace. He has the Roman conquering energy,

[1] "Quasi pila
In choro ludens dadatim dat se, et communem facit;
Alii adnutat, alii adnictat, alium amat, alium tenet;
Alibi manus est occupata, alii percellit pedem;
Alii spectandum dat annulum; a labris alium invocat;
Cum alio cantat, attamen dat alii digito literas."
(Sellar's Roman Poets, etc., page 55.)

[2] Sellar's Roman Poets, page 105. Those who remember these lines from their own early readings in Cicero de Officiis (I. 24) may be daunted for a moment by the obsolete contraction *noenum* for *non enim*, which has been restored by the more recent editors of Ennius and Cicero.

the Roman reverence for the majesty of law, the Roman gift for introducing order into a confused world, the Roman power of impressing his authority upon the minds of men. In his fortitude, his superiority to human weakness, his seriousness of spirit, his dignity of bearing, he seems to embody the great Roman qualities '*constantia*' and '*gravitas*.'"[1]

Mr. Froude says of the age when Lucretius lived that it was "saturated with cant;" and against this cant the whole work of Lucretius, De Rerum Natura, was a fresh and living protest. This gives it immortality, in spite of its long and heavy and unreadable passages. It is Greek and Roman at once: Greek on the speculative side, Roman on the practical. And whether speculative or practical, the poet aims at truth, and no admiration for what is great, or love of what is beautiful, leads him astray. Cicero in his highest philosophic words still gives us a slight sense of posing in an attitude. He is an Edward Everett of antiquity; we wonder at his varied and inexhaustible cultivation, yet he leaves us cold. Nobody said finer things than Virgil; there is not a stoic maxim in Diogenes Laertius that has in it more condensed heroism than such lines as

"Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem;
Fortunam ex aliis."[2]

It was a merit of the Latin language, a bequest of the Roman strength, that even on the lips of a courtier it could put on a dignity like this. But the moral bearing of Lucretius was a matter not of phrases, but of character. To be sure, he does away with all direct dependence on the gods, and sees in them only a race of painless and ethereal beings, with no concern for human life; he does away with the thought of immortality: yet all this is not for frivolity, but as a means to emancipation. He wishes to diminish the sum of human suffering; — just what Buddha sought by the "Wheel of the Law;" what Epictetus sought by substituting essentials for non-essentials. Lucretius seeks it by doing away with the fear of the gods and the fear of men; by teaching his readers to absorb themselves in higher studies, to love nature, to explore truth, and to look with pity on the proud. Epictetus might have written this passage, though he would have put it more tersely: —

"But there is no greater joy than to hold high aloft the tranquil abodes well bulwarked by the learning of the wise, whence thou mayest look down on other men, and see them wandering every way and lost in error, seeking the road of life; mayest mark the strife of genius, the rivalries of rank, the struggle night and day with surprising effort to reach the highest place and be master of the state."[3]

Like Epictetus, Lucretius does injustice to the active life of the world; but, unlike Epictetus, he recognizes human tenderness and the ties of love. No man has written more fervently of filial and conjugal affection, and in his theory of society he finds the first source of favorable influence under barbarism in the winning ways of young children toward their rugged parents. So he presents as the chief sadness of death the parting forever from the endearments of home: —

"Iam iam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
Optima nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Præripere et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent."[4]

While Lucretius claims to be an epicurean, — Lord Bacon, by the way, oddly calls him an "epicure," — his philosophy is rather like a softened stoicism, fully recognizing human emotion, but regarding it as a thing to be held subordinate. The Persian Omar Khayyam

[1] Page 299.
[2] Æn. XII. 43–65.
[3] Lucretius, II. 48–55. Sellar's translation.
[4] III. 894–6. "No more shall thy happy home receive thee, nor the best of wives and sweet children run a race to receive thy kisses and touch thy heart with a silent joy."

often comes near to the solemn strain of Lucretius, as when he writes, —

"Think, in this battered Caravanserai,
Whose portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan, with his Pomp,
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way."

In like manner, Lucretius says, "Scipio, the thunderbolt of war, the terror of Carthage, gave his bones to the earth as if he were the meanest slave."[1] But when, to evade the evils of a world like this, Omar loves to fancy himself in the desert with his mistress, —

"A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness, —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!" —

we have something so alien to the Roman temperament that not even Catullus or Horace could match it; and it would seem as inappropriate to the strain of Lucretius as would a clog-dance in the Concord School of Philosophy.

Looking at Lucretius on the speculative side, we see at once why he has been so long under the shadow of reproach, in ways which Dr. Sellar does not mention. We perceive why, after Bacon had quoted and Spenser imitated him, Sir Thomas Browne cautioned his son against his poem, and said, "I do not much recommend the reading or studying of it, there being divers impieties in it, and 't is no credit to be punctually versed in it." We understand why the once famous John Smith, of Queen's College, the great platonic divine of his day, preached two sermons against Lucretius, belabored him with Plotinus and Aristotle, and charged him with an "overflushed and fiery fancy."[2] It is also plain why our modern evolutionists revert to him. More than an Agnostic, he has his deities conveniently shelved where, as King James said of a man in iron armor, they can neither get harm nor do any.

"Apparet divum numen sedesque quietæ
Quas neque concutiunt venti nec nubila nimbis
Aspergunt neque nix acri concreta prima
Cana cadens violat semperque innubilus æther
Integit, et large diffuso lumine rident,"[3]

The delicacy and beauty of this description of the world where snow falls not, and there are no clouds, is illustration enough of the really loving way with which Lucretius approaches nature; he loves it like Wordsworth, — not sentimentally, but with a grave and conscientious devotion. No poet has given a nobler picture of the sublime panorama of the heavens than is to be found in the passage where he describes the religious impression produced by their beauty upon the early inhabitants of the world, — a passage in whose swelling lines we recognize what Dr. Sellar calls the "organ tones" of Lucretius: —

"In cæloque deum sedes et templa locarunt,
Per cælum volvi quia nox et luna videtur,
Luna dies et nox et noctis signa severa
Noctivagæque faces cæli flammæque volantes,
Nubila sol imbres nix venti fulmina grando
Et rapidi fremitus et murmura magna minarum."[4]

Elsewhere he deplores that these great objects are left so unnoticed. Were they seen for the first time, he thinks, nothing else would be deemed so marvelous, but now that we are weary with seeing, no one looks: —

"Omnia quæ nunc si primum mortalibus essent,
Ex inproviso si nunc obiecta repente,
Quid magis his rebus poterat mirabile dici
Aut minus ante quod auderent fore credere gentes?

[1] "Scipiadas, belli fulmen, Carthaginis horror,
Ossa dedit terræ proinde ac famul infimus esset."
The whole passage is singularly fine. (III. 1034–5.)

[2] Bacon, Essay on Unity in Religion. Spenser, Faerie Queene, Book IV. 10, 44. Sir T. Browne, Works, I. 209. John Smith, Select Discourses, 63.

[3] Lucretius, III. 18-22.

[4] V. 1188–93. "And they placed the dwelling-places and mansions of the gods in the heavens, because it is through the heavens that the night and the moon are seen to sweep: the moon, the day and night, and the stern constellations of night; the torches of heaven wandering through the night, and flying meteors; the clouds, the sun, the rains, the snow, the winds, lightning, hail, the rapid rattle, the threatening peals and murmurs of the thunders." (Dr. Sellar.)

Nil, ut opinor: ita hæc species miranda fuisset.
Quam tibi iam nemo, fessus satiate videndi,
Suspicere in cæli dignetur lucida templa!" [1]

There has already been a good deal of discussion as to the points of analogy between the philosophy of Lucretius and that of modern evolutionists. His theory of atoms, his pictures of primitive man and of man's development, his observations as to atavism, his explanation of language and of ethics, must all make him an absorbing object of study to those whose minds are now busy with just these themes. He paints the struggle for life among the lower tribes and the survival of the fittest in a way that places him by the side of Darwin, so far as he goes. He points out that all races which live must owe their life to some especial advantage: —

"Nam quæcumque vides vesci vitalibus auris
Aut dolus aut virtus aut denique mobilitas est
Ex ineunte ævo genus id tutata reservans;" [2]

and he shows that those without these advantages must perish. But here he stops. The discussion bears no further fruit in his hands, nor does he recognize the accumulation of favoring qualities by descent. After all, the noblest trait in Lucretius is his absolute faith in law. Not because his mind was unimaginative, but because it was strong and clear, did he put absolutely aside all mere marvels, all monstrosities, all that which the mental ingenuity of so many had been wasted in building up. He, the Roman, strong in the instincts of his race, could not attribute to the conduct of the universe any code less fixed and authoritative than his own. There was no place in this great realm, he held, for centaurs or chimeras; everything must grow after its proper manner, and all things must preserve their characteristics through the certain covenant of nature: —

"Res sic quæque suo ritu procedit et omnes
Fœdere naturæ certo discrimine servant."

Nature, like Rome, was a treaty-making power; she could no more violate it than Rome could break her pledge. The guarantee of the universe lay in that compact "*fœdere naturæ certo.*"

What a change from this stern, heroic grandeur to the gay and laughing Catullus! But this young and passionate boy, having in him as unmistakable a strain of refined sensitiveness as Burns had, and proving himself as powerless as Burns to resist the lures of passion, had nevertheless as patriotic an impulse as ever inspired Burns's war-songs. I read yesterday for the hundredth time, in Harvard College library, the "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," in the poet's own handwriting, and admired anew the magnificent lyric instinct that led him, in the final revision, to drop out two syllables from the last line of each verse, like a soldier shortening his sword as he draws near the foe; and I was struck with the resemblance of the abbreviated stanzas to the Roman verse of Catullus, who did not hesitate to attack Julius Cæsar himself with the condensed vigor of the Sapphic rhythm, or the lighter javelins of the pure iambic. Catullus was, as Dr. Sellar remarks, "in every nerve and fibre the poet of a republic;" and his very coarseness has that vitality which is always hopeful, not the sickly pruriency which in certain current poetic schools usurps its place. Many of his poems are now unreadable, from their allusions; and yet he pauses to moderate the wild frolic of his epithalamia in deference to the innocence of the bride, for whom he can find no flower in the garden pure and sweet enough to serve as a symbol.

Catullus left but one hundred and sixteen poems, mostly short, and all secured to literature by the accidental preservation of a single manuscript, which is itself since lost. On the strength of this handful of productions he is placed by so great a critic as Niebuhr at the head of the Roman poets. It is certain that he had at once a stronger force and a

[1] II. 1033–9.
[2] V. 857–9.

more fresh and delicate sensibility than his more famous successor, Horace. His odes have less of smooth perfection than those of Horace, but they have an airier grace; they mount up as on wings. Compare, for instance, Horace's ode to Diana and Apollo[1] with the lovely ode to the goddess by Catullus, where youth and joy seem to palpitate through every line: —

"Dianæ sumus in fide,
Puellæ, et pueri integri;
Dianam pueri integri
Puellæque canamus.
O Latonia, maximi
Magna progenies Iovis,
Quam mater prope Deliam
Deposivit olivam;
Montium domina ut fores,
Silvarumque viventium,
Saltuumque reconditorum
Amniumque sonantum." [2]

And again, in his epithalamium for his friend Manilius, how exquisite is his picture of the baby boy, who seems to dance before our eyes on the lap of his happy mother, stretching his little hands to his father, and smiling on him with half-parted lips! —

"Torquatus volo parvulus
Matris e gremio suæ
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat ad patrem
Semihiante labello."

Sir Theodore Martin thus attempts the verse, though it is untranslatable: —

"Soon my eyes shall see, mayhap,
Young Torquatus on the lap
Of his mother, as he stands
Stretching out his tiny hands,
And his little lips the while
Half open on his father's smile."

And in turning from this to the more offensive side of Catullus one can hardly wonder at the good Bishop Fénelon, who said of him that he was an author not to be named without shuddering, but that in simplicity of execution he was perfection itself.

We must not linger too long over these attractive themes. The old-fashioned title of "Professor of Humanity" well befits an author who can thus bring before us a whole epoch of history. If too little has here been said about Dr. Sellar, and too much about the poets of whom he writes, it is a compliment to him; it is because he makes his readers think of his subject, not of himself, — an excellent trait in a writer. Considered as an antidote to pedantry, this book is a model and a delight; it gives a means by which even dabblers in classical literature can recall its fine flavor, while those of more critical mood can compare notes with an equal critic. The whole work is simple, thorough, fresh, and graphic; it ought to be reprinted on this side of the Atlantic, and to find a thousand readers.

GARFIELD.

WHATEVER the future may witness of tragical and pathetic on the stage of public events, it can see nothing so impressively memorable as that which this generation has known in the assassination of Lincoln and Garfield. The men were alike in their typically American origin and character, — from the people, of the people, for the people; acquainted with hardships and privation and toil, and supremely triumphant in their aims. They were both cast in the same noble mould, and were largely gentle, patient, and good; true heroes and exemplars of a democracy whose ideal is the realization in its chiefs of the same virtues which sweeten and enlighten the lowliest life in the commonwealth. History

[1] Carm., I. 21.

[2] Carm., 34.

will make certain distinctions between them, but without disturbing the conception of their essential equality, and without affecting the parity of their humane ambition, or separating them in the perpetual remembrance of their common fate.

Which calamity was harder to bear, the sharp passion of grief for Lincoln's sudden death, or the long-drawn anguish for Garfield's lingering murder, none of us can refine upon his emotions sufficiently to say; but the shock of the one event had its supporting elements, while in the other the nation's endurance, hourly tried for twelve long weeks by fluctuating hopes and fears, seemed to fail with the slowly wasting strength of the sufferer. Those wonderful electrical nerves, which bind the world in an instant intelligence never known before, made all Christendom a watcher by one sick-bed. The calamity was domesticated at every hearth, and our very consciousness of the world's sympathy helped to intensify that anxiety, that deeply indwelling sorrow, which so possessed each of us that at any moment of that time we could have questioned the lurking shadow in our lives, and found it a personal grief for Garfield's suffering, a brooding fear of his death. This unselfish grief, privy and general at once, at last almost ignored the public effects which were dreaded when the news of the attempt came. At first there was trouble in the people's minds as to what his successor might do or undo; but it is a fact, which history will recognize, that when the life-and-death struggle began, this question wholly faded from the thoughts of men. Either the self-governing community remembered its own sufficiency to every emergency, or care for the future vanished in the tender solicitude which kept vigil in the hushed and darkened room where that dear friend of all lay dying. Against that darkness certain shapes of arrogance and misrule, which had long vexed us, silently vanished. They may reappear; but with every hour of the President's suffering the popular conviction strengthened that his successor would do nothing unworthy of either; and the popular heart turned to him in regret for the misgivings which his differences with Garfield had prompted. He was included in the people's tenderness for Garfield, and every proof he gave of generous and manly condolence was welcomed with trusting affection, till, when the end came, it could be said that he succeeded to the place that death had vacated for him with the good will of the whole people, united as they had never been before. For in the regret for Garfield all hostile memories and warring interests were lost: there were neither sections, nor parties, nor factions; we all claimed an equal right to mourn him.

A no less extraordinary phenomenon of the situation was the entire abeyance into which question of the assassin fell, when the public interest became fixed upon his victim's wavering chances of life. One almost forgot the crime which had brought this anguish and trouble. Guiteau was recalled to mind only by an effort of resentment, when the thought of Garfield's prolonged sufferings became intolerable; and then he was recalled in contempt and incredulity that such a wretch should be, rather than with any desire to wreak vengeance upon him. Probably before this page comes to the reader, Guiteau's fate will have been decided; but no one doubts now that he will have a scrupulously fair trial, not only in the courts of law, but before the bar of public opinion in the nation which, in the history of the world, has first known how to forbear. His is no political crime, though its effects are of national importance; and but that each of us feels his conscience concerned that the assassin shall have neither more nor less than justice, it is probably at this moment a matter

of supreme indifference to nine tenths of the nation what becomes of Guiteau. Fool, or maniac, or simply devil, it is his fate to have bereaved a people who desire nothing more concerning him than that he shall hereafter be kept out of mischief in whatever way is best. They scornfully refuse to believe in a class of him, or to suppose that he forms a dangerous element or precedent.

The pity with which the nation regards the family of the murdered President is to be measured only by the general sense of his great and loving nature. By our own loss we can partly imagine theirs, and the affection of all our millions has followed them back from the White House, where such sorrow has befallen them, to the quiet village home, where they must dwell with it, and outlive it as they may. We can never forget that Garfield's orphans are now the nation's wards, with claims upon its tenderness and care which are sacred. In the presence of living courage like that of his wife, each of us has learned to feel how cheaply conventional is the attribution of the highest virtues to the past. Here is Roman fortitude, here is the martyr's patience, illustrated with such unconsciousness, with such simple self-forgetfulness, that even recognition of her heroic qualities seems intrusive. Before this true and good woman let the nation reverently uncover, and honor in her the character fostered by our democratic Christianity, which she was sadly but greatly privileged to exemplify.

In these twelve weeks past her home life has been shared by the whole people, to whom every intimate fact of that long and terrible ordeal, every symptom of the sickness, every detail of the treatment, has been made known, not only without loss of dignity, but with constant increase of affectionate sympathy. The like may happen again, but it never has happened before; for the conditions that have made the world privy to these events are new, and it is impossible not to feel that they have greatly wrought for humanity. But whatever may happen hereafter, we may be sure that no future knowledge of suffering can include trials more nobly or more simply borne.

Where all words are poor and insufficient, these may stand as well as any for our sense of the sufferer's own constancy. Familiar as we are with his case, we shall never realize the tortures he silently endured, or fully appreciate the grandeur of the cheerfulness with which he bore pain, and saw hope fade, and saw death come. We have met with a great loss. No one conjectures now that public interests will suffer, or affairs will be thrown into disorder. But if this had happened, these were troubles temporary and reparable. What is lasting and not to be remedied is our loss in the man whose death has left the world poorer. That pang remains, and keeps us bereaved. Search among all our millions, and we shall hardly find another man so temperate and wise and just as James A. Garfield, with qualities so admirable for the chief magistrate of a free people. "God fulfills himself in many ways," but he accomplishes his work by means of men; and there were tokens that in this man the power that makes for righteousness had found an instrument apt to its hand. So it appears now, and it is no disloyalty to his successor to recognize that Garfield was incomparably the man for the place which shall know him no more. He, above any statesman living, knew the Americans, and rightly conceived of their destinies and duties; and all the Americans, willing to leave the question of other traits to history, mingle their tears in remembrance of his goodness and truth.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Such symbols of mourning as darkened our towns and cities on the 26th of September were eminently proper, so far as they confined themselves to the single expression of that grief. But, in my wanderings through the streets and by-ways of a certain great metropolis, I was more than once struck by the double purpose of some of the shop-windows. Like the player-queen in the tragedy of Hamlet, they protested too much, and overdid the matter. Their style of decoration suggested an advertisement of the stock-in-trade rather than a tribute of respect to the nation's dead. The day was one on which the till and the yard-stick should have been forgotten. A French writer has said that there are moments when it is the height of immodesty to blush, though a blush is in itself commendable. There are moments when it is unalloyed bad taste for a man to parade his calling, however honest it may be. Certainly the hour in which the mortal part of our beloved chief ruler was laid at rest was not the proper time for a tradesman to make an exhibit of his wares. It is to the credit of humanity that there were only exceptional cases of this sort of offense. I recall two or three which were flagrant. One was a certain glove-store, whose show-windows were hung with long black and white kid gloves, arranged with hideous method. I made a memorandum in my mental note-book to the effect that I would henceforth never purchase the slightest article at that shop, — a shop with which I have had frequent dealing during the past ten years. I recorded a similar resolve touching the confectioner's, a few doors below. Here was a display of black and white candies heaped in ridiculous mounds and pyramids, the device of a person who could have had neither a sense of propriety nor a sense of humor. Happily, these things, as I have said, were exceptional, and their indecorum was overlaid and smothered, so to speak, by the flowing draperies of the neighboring buildings. It is not likely that our generation will look upon so solemn a spectacle again. If certain features of it were grotesque, there were others of indescribable pathos, showing how one touch of nature makes the whole world kin. . . . The memorable incident of my walk that morning occurred in a part of the city where the funereal trappings were few and of a quality that denoted the poverty of the section. In a narrow, squalid by-street, through which there was little or no passing, I came upon a miserable tenement house, two of whose lower windows were clumsily and scantily draped with black and white cloth. It was probably the apartment of some poor laboring man; perhaps there was a lighter dinner this day on his table, because of those few yards of mourning. All the costly folds and festoons I had seen in the grand avenues seemed less significant to me than that pathetic handful of cheap cambric. At the open windows of houses opposite were knots of women and children looking with admiration on their neighbor's sombre hangings. There was not another sign of drapery in the whole street. As I stood there, a shabby photographer began setting up his camera in front of the decorations. They were to be immortalized! Presently a man leading a pale little girl by the hand appeared in the door-way, under the draped windows. I read his story at a glance: there was no wife, and the public woe had perhaps touched an old wound. If the neighbors opposite wondered why I uncovered my head as I passed that tenement house, I had my reasons.

— If the railroad traveler will take the pains to stroll into the telegraph office at any of the more important railway stations of New England, two or three minutes before twelve o'clock noon, he will find one of the telegraph instruments beating a measured beat two seconds long. If his watch happens to be exactly right he will notice that just before the end of the minute the instrument beats every second if it is New York time the instrument is giving, or it omits the fifty-eighth second if the instrument gives Boston time. These telegraph instruments are in fact repeating the pendulum swings of very accurately constructed clocks which are placed in the observatories of Yale and Harvard colleges respectively. These beats are transmitted with the speed of the electric current, and no derangement of the telegraph wires can interfere with their precision, if they can be heard at all. The clocks have taken the place of the telegraph operators, and they themselves break or make the electric current which causes the instrument to tick the clock-beats.

If you question the operator or ask the neighboring jewelers they will express to you, if they have long received these signals, unquestioned confidence in their precision. It may be safely said that the time of New England, so far as its business interests are concerned, is entirely dependent on these little instruments which repeat over the whole territory the beats of the two clocks at New Haven and Cambridge.

It is a wide-spread but erroneous idea that our time is derived from daily observations of the sun in the large observatories. It may be so derived owing to continued cloudy weather, which prevents the observation of stars, but, except in this contingency, the stars, rather than the sun, afford the means of determining the time which is transmitted over New England. At the two observatories undertaking this work, every clear night or clear day furnishes the waiting observer with a series of stars whose places are accurately predicted in the various nautical almanacs or other star-ephemerides. Some of these stars are observed in order accurately to determine the position of the transit instrument, and the remainder furnish the error of the clock after the instrumental deviation has been allowed for.

In a public time-service it is necessary that the determination of the clock-errors should be as speedy as possible. It would not do, therefore, to have any elaborate computation occupy the observer after he has finished the observations necessary. It is customary to have special tables computed for each observatory, from which the observer can rapidly take the numbers necessary in computation of the clock-error. So rapidly can a skilled observer do this work that an hour will generally suffice for a complete determination of the clock-error, though the observer has computed all of the corrections arising from the impossibility of placing the transit instrument exactly in the meridian, or of making its horizontal axis truly level, or of precisely determining the middle line of the telescope across which the stars pass. The clock-error which he has determined does not, however, belong to the clock which distributes the time to the public. The observing clock keeps star time, which gains about four minutes per day on mean solar time, which is the one in common use. The observing or sidereal clock is seldom touched, but is allowed to run on slowly losing or gaining for months together. The clock which distributes the time is corrected whenever an error is found in it by comparison with the sidereal clock, due allowance being made for the errors of the latter. Thus, if it should be found that the standard mean time clock, which automatically distributes the Connecticut State time, should be twenty-four one hundredths of a second fast

at ten o'clock in the evening, a small weight, whose influence has been determined by experiment to be on that clock's pendulum just twenty-four one hundredths of a second per day, would be removed from the pendulum with the expectation that the succeeding night the observations would show the clock to be free from error. It seldom is found to be perfectly free. A change in the barometer, a variation in the temperature, a slight change in the resistance from thickening oil in the clock movement, or other more obscure causes will affect the error of the clock so that it needs constant correction. To be sure, these sources of error are very much less in the observatory standard clocks than in the time-pieces employed outside of such an institution. Changes in temperature are guarded against by inclosing the clocks bodily in heavily built, non-conducting cellar rooms. The greatest care is taken to keep the clocks in the most perfect condition. As a result of this protection and the constant scientific supervision which the clocks receive, the errors of these clocks may generally be assumed to be within one fifth of a second, though at times, owing to cloudy weather, they reach a half second.

The distributing time clock being as free as possible from error, its beats are ready to be sent out. To accomplish this, there is connected with the clock movement a wheel whose teeth lift a small arm each alternate second. This arm at some point away from the clock movement breaks an electric circuit which works through a telegraphic relay having a number of repeating points. These points are in turn connected with city railroad-telegraph and telephone lines for accomplishing the further distribution of the clock-beats. There is also within the clock movement an arrangement by which the clock does not repeat the beats of a certain number of seconds preceding the commencement of each five minutes. For convenience, the differences existing between the Yale and Harvard services may be tabulated as follows: —

	Harvard College Observatory.	Yale College Observatory.
1. Adopted meridian for which the time signals are true local mean time.	Boston State House.	New York City Hall.
2. Time signals distributed are Slow of Greenwich	4 h. 44 m. 15.4 s.	4 h. 56 m. 1.7 s.
Fast of New York	11 m. 46.3 s.	0 m. 0.0 s.
Fast of Washington	23 m. 56.8 s.	12 m. 10.5 s.
3. The standard mean time clock-beats are sent out for	0 s., 2 s., 4 s., and so on for every even second up to 56 s., when the 58 s. beat is omitted, to call attention to the next beat, which is the beginning of the minute.	0 s., 2 s., 4 s., and so on for every even second up to 56 s., when the 57th, 58th, 59th, and 60th are all given, to avoid possible confusion with the Harvard signals.
4. Each five minutes of the clock face is preceded by an interruption of	26 seconds.	20 seconds.

This whole subject is a new and interesting one to this country. In the Old World the matter of public time has received the attention of the governments of all the great powers, and the people, justly enough, look upon the decision of such questions as being as much a governmental province as is the regulation of weights, measures, and coinage. With us it has not yet clearly appeared what action of the general government public opinion would sanction. It is not improbable that it may be inexpedient for the general govern-

ment to do anything at all in the matter for many years to come. So thoroughly are the different States imbued with a disinclination to allow interference with a matter about which local observatories are so much concerned, and in which considerable state pride has been manifested, that it appears as though the first step towards widely extended time-services will be founded upon the mutual agreement of neighboring state legislatures.

In New England a decided lead has been taken in this matter. The public time-services above referred to have steadily grown in public favor, and there are already indications that the public is ready for reducing the double standard of time, namely, Boston and New York, to one. The difference between these two standards, some twelve minutes, is considerably less than the variation from twelve o'clock of the time at which the sun comes to the meridian at different parts of the year. There could therefore be no objection to changing all that part of New England which is now governed by New York time to Boston time, or *vice versa*, so far as the inconvenience arising from the difference between the adopted and the true local time is concerned. We should consider other reasons in deciding which of these standards it is preferable for New England to use.

From the physical configuration of Western New England, and from the convenience of freight transportation from Boston to New York *via* the Sound, New York city has become the natural outlet of New England manufactures. The whole western part of New England may, in fact, be called tributary to New York, and it is not until the neighborhood of Springfield is reached in coming Eastward that the mercantile interests tend towards Boston. As a consequence of this all of the larger railroad, express, freight, and telegraph corporations have strong reasons for the use of New York time rather than Boston. It is to business organizations of this nature that the public look for the decision of questions concerning the time to be used in the smaller towns and villages along their respective routes. It being impossible for these corporations to change their time at intermediate points, they have chosen the local time of either New York or Boston, as was most convenient, and the cities along their routes have followed suit. There is not a single company of this nature which leaves Boston and arrives at New York doing business on the same time. There is, consequently, some city on all of these lines at which there is a confusion in regard to the time employed.

A notable case of this kind, which was a proverbial public nuisance, existed for some years in Hartford, the capital of Connecticut. One influential railroad used Boston time, another used New York time, and two others used local time. The result was that different business interests in the city were governed by different times, travelers were always more or less uncertain of their railway connections, and there was a general want of agreement among the city time-pieces, demoralizing to the thrifty inhabitants of that worthy city. By the very simple arrangement of printing train arrivals and departures in the daily papers in New York time, and by substituting New York time for local time in those railroads not terminating in Boston, it has been possible to introduce the New York standard without disturbance, and to the great convenience of all concerned.

Massachusetts has a singular confusion in its times in its western part. The railroads connecting at Albany arrive on New York time. The influence of Vermont and Eastern New York, which use, respectively, Montreal and New York time, has been to divide the various towns into two classes, one us-

ing New York, or a time approximating to Montreal, time; and the other Boston time.

We may assume, therefore, that for reasons of convenience nearly one half of New England is already governed by New York time, or a time so slightly differing from it that it could easily be changed to this time. The transportation companies of the remainder of New England have excellent reasons for desiring that they too should be governed by this time. Now if the public sentiment of Boston and its neighboring cities could be efficiently directed to the consideration of how mutually convenient it would be for Eastern and Western New England to be governed by the same time, and that time the one in use by nearly eight millions of our people, it would seem as though the Massachusetts legislature would heartily unite with that of Connecticut in establishing the New York standard of time. Besides the argument of business expediency, there are other reasons for adopting the New York standard, or a practical equivalent counted from Greenwich, based upon the consideration of what is best for the whole country. There has been a steadily growing public opinion in favor of dividing the whole of the United States into five sections, such that the time of one section shall differ from that of the preceding or following section by a whole hour, so that the minutes of time shall be the same from Portland to San Francisco, and the local time in any case will not differ more than half an hour from the standard time adopted. This suggestion originated with the late Professor Peirce. By calling the different sectional times by easily remembered names, beginning with Newfoundland, and calling the time used over Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia Eastern time, we should then have Eastern, Atlantic, Valley, Mountain, and Pacific time, — this last comprising the Pacific slope, British Columbia, and Vancouver's Island. It would not always be convenient to draw an arbitrary meridian separating these sections, but a little judicious planning will arrange the various cities and States so that they can come into the arrangement with no greater inconvenience than would result to Boston and Eastern Massachusetts were they to lend their aid by taking the first step toward sectionalizing the time.

So too it might not be most expedient that the meridian of New York City Hall should be the meridian from which all New England time should be reckoned. By choosing a meridian exactly five hours west of Greenwich, the time would not differ from the present New York time signals but four minutes, a difference producing no inconvenience. The adoption of such a standard would free the matter from any objection based upon pride in keeping to a more local time, and would enable the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore to have a common time for all business purposes, which in practice would not be inconveniently different from local time, and to obtain the considerable advantages of which the mutual concessions would be slight.

But whether the ultimate time standard for all of New England is to be New York time, or one which is exactly five hours slow of Greenwich, the solution of the question will be expedited by having Eastern New England unite with the large territory over which New York time is now used. Such action will reduce to one the times now used in New England, and the future shifting of the whole system the few minutes necessary to reduce it to the Greenwich plan will be a matter of future convention with the more southerly cities of the Atlantic seaboard.

— In Christina Rossetti's new volume of poems there are some very curious rhymes, — the kind of rhymes for which England's greatest poetess is usually

quoted as authority, though Mrs. Browning's art discarded them in her later days. I refer to such unhappy verbal matches as "islands" with "silence," and "robin" with "sobbing." I think it was not affectation, but an imperfect ear, that led Mrs. Browning into these errors. This explanation is not to be set up in defense of her successors, chiefly women. They seem to do consciously and deliberately what she did without reflection — and regretted. The slight peculiarity which we pardon in one person because it is innate becomes intolerable when assumed by another. I do Miss Rossetti the justice to believe that she knew better when she wrote this verse: —

"I sat beneath a willow tree,
Where water falls and *calls;*
While fancies upon fancies solaced me,
Some true, and some were *false.*"

One wonders whether Miss Rossetti pronounces calls *calse*, or false *falls*.

— It is yet to be demonstrated that a publication devoted to the fine arts, well illustrated, and issued often enough to be timely, can be maintained in this country. The monthly art journals, of which there are several, are, with two or three exceptions, published abroad, and have special editions for the United States, that come up to date as near as they can by the insertion of news paragraphs and special articles written here. Unfortunately, the mechanical element in the publication of such journals is not under immediate control here, and what was news once often reads as if printed entirely as a matter of record. By reason of the same difficulty, special articles on art collections, etc., frequently appear late, when much of the interest is gone and the daily papers have occupied all the ground held in common. Not in every case, but in the majority, is this true of all monthly art journals which are originally published in this country, as well as those that are reprinted here from imported editions. If some of them suspend, this is likely to be one of the first causes of the failure, — that they are not timely. In timeliness, as in many other regards, they may all look to L'Art for an illustrious example. In nearly every respect it has the advantage of an art journal procurable in the United States, chiefly because, by appearing twice a month, it is able to place before its readers articles relating to events then occurring. The experiment of establishing a bi-weekly art journal seems never to have been seriously thought of in this country, and it is by all means probable that the various contributing factors are worked to the fullest extent now, in issuing the monthlies.

The briefest study of the environment of L'Art will show what there is there protecting and prolonging its existence that may repeat itself here. Everything seems to be in its favor. There is a demand for it in France, England, and America, and it lives in the midst of all the conditions that could be of assistance to it. It frequently publishes etchings, by men who are well known, that are taken as examples here. The different processes for the reproduction of drawings are considerably in advance of anything that has been done here up to a late date, and they are evidently much more available than they are here. This is especially true in regard to cost and expedition in preparation, which make it possible to illustrate L'Art and other French art publications so liberally. Towards these important conditions of superiority American ingenuity is making rapid progress, but the initial efforts, the production of drawings adaptable to the processes, hardly keep pace. Artists who can use pen and ink excellently well, and will do so, are not numerous, particularly among figure painters. L'Art, however, has within reach perfected processes and artists who are adept with the pen and whose services can be procured. These conditions will, undoubtedly, soon appear

here. The mechanism is being developed steadily, and can in all probability do whatever is, within reason, demanded of it. Thanks to an interest in etchings, which came suddenly and is still persistent, and to the development of the processes (photo-engraving) that demand pen-and-ink work, artists in general are becoming more familiar with the material. The leading art exhibitions usually have illustrated catalogues now, and it is possible for the art editor to procure illustrations for his magazine with ease, compared with two years ago.

— Nomenclature among the Indians is apt to be exceedingly bewildering, both to themselves and everybody else, from the fact that one name, whether of a person or thing, never has the slightest distinct relation to another. The uncivilized have evidently never met with the necessity of permanently identifying members of the same family; and in permitting the young man, just warrior-grown, to choose a name for himself, or compelling him by persistency either to keep the one he received before he knew it, or to accept the cognomen chosen for him by his associates, they are certainly carrying their ideas of native freedom to the utmost limit. To one unacquainted with the customs which dictate these names, the ridiculous and often apparently meaningless titles seem absurd freaks of fancy. This they often are, to be sure, but as frequently they have a significance which honors the man, if it does not designate his family. Ordinarily, however, the appellation he receives is obtained at random, and is likely to be changed any time, either by the wearer or his friends. In fact, it is quite the thing for a warrior to change his name after each exploit, always adopting some descriptive and complimentary title; or perhaps, — unfortunately for him, — in case of failure in an expedition, cowardice, or some evidence of weakness, he has it changed for him by his friends. All Indians, even great chiefs, seem to possess a very remarkable fondness for nicknaming; and while the leading man in the tribe may insist on being called by his own choice title, nothing prevents his being known and designated by a very different, and perhaps uncomplimentary, name. As deformities, peculiarities of character, or accidents to limb or feature often suggest fit names, it is sometimes impossible to know by the appellation whether the warrior is in contempt or honor amongst his associates. Strangely enough, too, however far from flattering the title of a warrior, he is sure to accept it sooner or later. There is a single approach to general custom in the naming of sons by their fathers and daughters by their mothers. Daughters' names are never altered, and as married women do not take their husbands' names there is nothing in the appellation to indicate whether an Indian woman is married or single.

— He is gone. Yes, he is gone, but we have his obituary. He lived out toward the rear of a Western State, and there also he died. That is enough about him, — let us wave him aside; our fight is with the obituary. I think it contains rhetorical blemishes. Thus it begins: —

"While yet on the threshold of animated strife, and no unkind visions confronted him on life's journey, overtaken by the still voice of the tomb, he responded by enlisting in the great army of the unreturning past."

I do not think these ingredients are mixed properly. If there was a fight, and the fight was in the house, "threshold" goes passably well with "animated strife," but not otherwise. But I do not think there was a fight, at that time; he did not "enlist" until later, when he was on a journey and was overtaken by the still voice of the tomb. His mistake lay in "responding;" he could have let on that he did not hear, since it was a still voice.

"While yet the spring-time of youth blossomed on his locks, the cold touch of an untimely frost fell upon and nipped a life which was yet in bloom."

Now you see, there was no fight, after all; he froze to death.

"But thus it is; when the lamp of life shines brightest, its extinguishment produces thickest darkness."

He had his lantern with him; therefore he could have been nothing but a scout, sent out to hunt up the enemy. I think it possible that there was no fight.

"Life, at best, is but an exiled wandering pilgrim on a desert island, surrounded by the boundless and merciless sea of eternity, on whose barren coast inevitable death awaits on every side its victim unawares."

Starved to death on an island, and probably drowned, into the bargain, — "unawares." Life is full of troubles.

"Ere yet the fruits of manhood's laurel had ripened on his brow, he laid himself to rest in communion with the dead."

There is no reasonable fault to be found with his not waiting for the crop; for even if the laurel yielded a berry, — which it does not, — it would not ripen on a person's brow.

"Ere yet the shadows of disappointed hope darkened the horizon of a dawning future, he reclined on his lowly couch to mingle with the cold and forgotten dust."

I do not like this. A person does not travel with a couch and a lantern, too, in such a place as that. And why "cold" dust? Is the warm kind preferable? And did this man lie down and cover up and peter out in the natural way, after all? There are many perplexing difficulties about this history.

"During many long years, with that filial affection which makes a child loved by its parents, and respected by its neighbors, he has proven a husband, father, son, and brother."

Filial affection does not "prove" anything. The official records of the county will show whether he was a father, mother, brother, and sister, or not, but filial affection is no sufficient evidence of mere abstract pretensions like these.

"For his folks he lived."

That is all right, — let that pass; the object of this inquiry is what he died for, — that, and which thing it was that killed him the most.

"But now that the thunderbolt of heaven has fallen upon the hearth-stone of their family circle" —

Why, good land, he was struck by lightning! Take it all around, this is one of the most checkered death-beds that has ever come under my observation. Destroyed in fight, frost-bitten, starved, drowned, squelched in the tranquil couch, splintered by the bolts of heaven! — it is little wonder that he faded from our view.

"It may not, perchance, have been given him to climb the dizzy heights of statesmanship, where Bacon and Burke were so often heard, or fathom deeply the bosom of science, where Huxley and Tyndall stroll with familiar step."

The nautical phrase is misplaced there; one does not fathom a bosom. Neither do any but the most reckless people go tramping around in such a place.

"But he is gone; he sleeps his long, last sleep, unconscious of the night winds that chant the requiem o'er his grave, or the vesper breezes that play among the lonesome pine, making music as though each bough played the strings of Apollo's golden harp."

Very well, that is all square and right. And all to his advantage, too, — but he missed his obituary.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. The second volume of L'Art for 1881 (J. W. Bouton, New York) is a valuable edition. It is richer than many of the preceding volumes in full-page pictures, most of them etchings, and as usual the text is liberally illustrated with excellent reproductions of sketches, pen-and-ink and crayon drawings. A partial list of the etchers who are contributors to this volume is sufficient guarantee of the general excellence. The most prominent are: Leon Gaucherel, art director of the publication, Gautier, Salmon, Lalauze, Chauvel, Champillion, and Bulaud. Among the smaller drawings are sketches by Detaille, and a pen-and-ink drawing made by Fortuny in 1869. Several pages are occupied, most agreeably to the reader, by an article on the eminent French landscape artist, Daubigny. It is illustrated by a small sketch of the artist at his easel, brief memoranda of his paintings, and a full-page etching by himself. Drawings by Lhermitte and etchings after paintings by Jacquemart are especially worthy reproductions. A notable feature in the different numbers which combine to make up the volume is the appearance of notes upon topics of interest in American art circles. They are written by Felix Regamey, a well-known artist of New York. One of F. S. Church's drawings, Silence, was brought out in this department of one of the numbers. The magazine some time ago extended the limits of its plane sufficiently to include the dramatic and musical arts, and these departments are evidently as well conducted as any of the others. — The Magazine of Art for September (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London, Paris, and New York) has for its best features an article on Michael Munkascy, with two engravings; a third article on the Salon of 1881; Part II. of The Career and Works of Flaxman, with four engravings; Proportions of the Human Figure, by Charles Roberts; The Woman's Part in Domestic Decoration. — A new edition of William A. Emerson's Handbook of Wood Engraving (Lee & Shepard) has been found necessary. It is altogether a very interesting little volume, and a valuable one to whomever may wish to study engraving on wood. Evidently it was written with the intention that it should be of practical service in instructing the learner in the art, for, with the exception of about twenty pages given up to a history of the art, from the origin to the present time, — no less acceptable because it is brief, — the book is filled with descriptions of tools and apparatus, and explanations of the manner of engraving the different classes of work. Mr. Emerson is an engraver, and his instruction is all the more valuable on that account.

Educational. Professor Simon Newcomb's Elements of Geometry (Henry Holt & Co., New York) is a thorough work. It covers the same ground as all the standard geometries used in our colleges and high-grade schools. The author has followed Euclid's ancient model in one important respect, that of beginning the work with clear definitions, — and founding the subject upon them. The first three books do not require any especial familiarity with algebra, and can therefore be used by younger classes if desired, but in the other books a knowledge of simple equations is sometimes necessary. The appendix contains notes on the fundamental principles of geometry, which furnish the basis for this work. These notes constitute a summary of conclusions arrived at by continued discussions upon fundamental axioms and definitions during recent years, and are a valuable accession to the text-book proper. — The original English edition of Prof. William R. McNab's Botany was in two volumes, Morphology and Physiology, and Classification of Plants, but by the interposition of Charles E. Bessey, professor of botany in the Iowa Agricultural College, the two volumes have been revised with great care, and reduced to one volume, for the use of American students. In the process of revision Professor Bessey has made only such changes as were necessary or very much desired. The text has been simplified by the elimination of the more technical expressions, wherever it could safely be done, and the substitution of others more familiar or more readily understood and remembered. The practical value of the book to American students is greatly enhanced by the substitution of American for European examples whenever necessary and possible. Illustrations are introduced as often as the text requires them. The book is especially adapted to the demands of the middle classes of schools, for which there appears to be no generally accepted work on this subject.

Fiction. Mr. James Otis pleasantly works out a capital idea in his Toby Tyler, or Ten Weeks with a Circus. (Harper & Bros.) Toby Tyler's experience with the living skeleton and the fat lady and the clowns and the monkeys of the traveling show is a thing that will go straight to the heart of every well-constructed boy. The gay cover of the little book is a promise that is handsomely fulfilled by the lively narrative and spirited pictures inside. — Harper & Bros. have added Mr. Black's That Beautiful Wretch to the 12mo cloth edition of this writer's novels. — School Girls, or Life at Montague Hall, by Annie Carey (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.), is a pleasantly written little story of English girl-life, — the last work, as we are informed by the preface, of an estimable lady, who did not live to see her book in print. — Mrs. Southworth's industry makes it difficult for the average novel-reader to keep pace with her, unless, indeed, he confine himself exclusively to her fictions. The latest work on our list is entitled The Bridal Eve, or Rose Elmer. (T. B. Peterson & Bros.) Whether it is a recent novel or a fresh edition of an old one is not made quite clear. — The Quartet, by W. O. Stoddard (Charles

Scribner's Sons), is a sequel to Dab Kinzer, and like that story belongs to the better class of juvenile fiction. — It often happens that it is the disciple who founds the school; so Wild Work may briefly be described as a novel of the Tourgee order, though the author, Mary E. Bryan, claims that her story of the Red River tragedy was published serially two years before the appearance of A Fool's Errand. Like Judge Tourgee, she deals with the Ku-Klux and the other machinery of Southern romance; but it is doubtful if she repeats the success of A Fool's Errand. Miss Bryan has more literary art than Judge Tourgee, though she has the Southern constitutional weakness for confusing her "shalls" and "wills." — Dr. Newell, in his historical romance of Hawaii, Kalani of Oahu, has opened up new ground. The deities of the Hawaiian mythology furnish Dr. Newell with an entirely fresh body of characters, and his romance is very interesting, save here and there where the author attempts to do some "fine writing," — with the usual result. We think if he had been less learned and less lavish of scientific words, the story would not have suffered. The work is published by the author. — The latest issues of the Franklin Square Library of novels are Sceptre and King, by B. H. Buxton; The Black Speck, by F. W. Robinson; Reseda, by Mrs. Randolph; Warlock o' Glenwarlock, by Geo. MacDonald; With Costs, by Mrs. Newman; The Private Secretary; and The Cameronians, by James Grant.

Miscellaneous. One would suppose that the last word had been said on Robert Burns; but Mr. William Jolly, of Inverness, has written a very fresh and interesting little volume about the peasant poet, his haunts and his friends, — Robert Burns at Mossgiel, with Reminiscences of the Poet by his Herd-Boy. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner. 1881.) While there is nothing absolutely new in Mr. Jolly's sketch, it throws fresh light on several obscure points, and brings us nearer to the daily life and surroundings of Burns than many a more pretentious biography has done. It is a charming little book in manner and kind. — Our Familiar Songs, and Those Who Made Them (Henry Holt & Co.) is the title of a sumptuous volume in which a delightful idea is very skillfully materialized. It was certainly a charming conception on the part of Helen Kendrick Johnson to gather into one beautiful volume several hundred popular English songs, with their piano accompaniments. To quote from the compiler's preface: "They need no introduction; they come with the latch-string assurance of old and valued friends." It is a book to stir the memory: no one can turn over its pages without recalling some voice that once sung this or that. Here are all the dear old songs! The collection, which is admirably arranged, is rendered further valuable by Mrs. Johnson's brief and appreciative sketches of the authors and composers for whom she has performed so loving an office. The volume has a careful index, and is very tastefully printed and bound. (Pages 660.) — In Among the Sioux (D. Van Nostrand) Captain D. C. Poole, of the 22d Infantry U. S. A., gives a well-written and interesting account of his eighteen months' experience as Indian agent on a Dakota reservation. Captain Poole is evidently a close and intelligent observer, and his book is to be recommended to those who wish a clear and impartial description of the red man and the white man as they exist on our far-away frontier. Several of the incidents related are exceedingly dramatic, — the more so, perhaps, because they are simply told, and with none of an amateur's fatal desire to do fine writing. — The visit of Spotted Tail, Red Cloud, and other chiefs to the Great Father at Washington is an episode which the author handles with shrewdness. — The Mystery of Hamlet (J. B. Lippincott & Co.) is a brief Shakespearean study, in which Mr. Edward P. Vining vents the theory that the Prince of Denmark was a woman! — Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet, is the title of the latest accession to Appleton's Handy-Volume Series. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The book is creditable to Mr. A. H. Guernsey, whose name appears on the title-page, as a well-arranged compilation from the works of Mr. Emerson. The editor has introduced, occasionally, such extracts from prominent writers as are of peculiar interest and importance in this connection, and he has supplied the book with sufficient original matter to hold the selections together, and to make amends for passages which were too long to reprint. It is impossible that any book should contain such quotations and not have a real value, but in this case there is an additional worth contributed by the convenient grouping of the extracts under distinctive heads. It is, in short, the kind of introduction to the eminent philosopher which makes a closer acquaintance with him the less difficult and the more desirable. — Another collector has busied himself, or herself, with the writings and speeches of Benjamin Disraeli, and the result is a book called Wit and Wisdom of the Earl of Beaconsfield. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) Whether or not there is any considerable demand for these compilations from the papers of eminent men it is impossible to say, but if there is it argues an extraordinary interest in even the commonest sayings of men in prominent positions, and attaches to them a new importance. In the absence of any proof of the popularity of such books, which, unfortunately, the frequency of their appearance does not afford, it is common to ascribe their publication to the ambition of the collector rather than to any demand. Often, as in this case, the selections are made in good taste and are well put together. — Classical students are offered a new translation of The Two Orations on the Crown, Æschines and Demosthenes, by George W. Biddle. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.) So many translations into English are already in existence that a new one does not seem to be in active demand, but it is possible that the attempt made in this "to unite sufficient literal adherence to the original with what may be called the forensic tone of the occasion" may make it popular among scholars. It is in all respects convenient and attractive in form; is not loaded with an exhaustive introduc-

tion, nor encumbered with notes. Some introduction was necessary, however, and in it the translator, after giving the principal circumstances of the trial and a microscopic view of the political condition of Greece at that time, has briefly compared the two orations which the book gives in full. — Mr. Lawrence Barrett's study of Edwin Forrest, the initial volume of J. R. Osgood & Co.'s American Actor Series, reaches us too late for present comment. — Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their Philosophical Library Ludwig Feuerbach's The Essence of Christianity, translated from the second German edition by Marian Evans. George Eliot published this translation in 1854; it has long been out of print, and is now reissued in compliance with a demand by the admirers of the great novelist — E. Dentu, of Paris, has just published a careful French translation of Mr. Frank H. Mason's Life of General Garfield. The translation is made by Mr. B. F. Peixotto, our present consul at Lyons. The volume contains the best portrait we have ever seen of the late President. — Sir John Franklin, by A. H. Beesly, is the latest addition to Putnam's series of brief biographies, all the subjects of which have so far been selected with discretion. The most striking volumes published are this and the Haroun Alraschid of E. H. Palmer.

History. The Introduction to the Study of English History, by Professor Samuel R. Gardiner, of King's College, London, published some time ago, has been republished by the same firm (Henry Holt & Co., New York), with the addition of a critical and biographical account of authorities by J. Bass Mullinger, M. A., of St. John's, Cambridge. The object of the work is to provide help for those who wish to study some particular part or parts of English history, and the chief assistance rendered by Mr. Mullinger in the present volume is found in the indications of the books which such students will require. Part Second of the book is devoted to the study of English History in conjunction with that of the development of the English tongue. The introductory chapter furnishes a valuable list of works on the comparative study of language. — Professor Gardiner's small volume, English History for Young Folks, (Henry Holt & Co., New York), tells the story of England's history in a manner that insures its being attractive to the younger students. The absence of dates, except where they are of the greatest importance, as, for example, those of the kings' reigns, is the removal of the great bugbear that invariably frightens children, and makes the study of history a disagreeable task and a drudge. To make a history pleasant reading for young people, as is done here, is to increase the probabilities that they will remember well what the history relates to them.

Poetry. A new edition of Holmes's poems is not so rare a thing as to require extended comment. The demand for his delightful lyrics has familiarized us with new editions; but the present collections in two compact 16mo volumes, containing all his latest verse and graced with an admirably engraved head by Closson, is especially exquisite. It will be difficult to find a neater Christmas or New Year's gift than these two little blue books, with their flexible covers and gilt edges. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — Dante G. Rossetti and Christina C. Rossetti have each a new volume of poems (Roberts & Bros.): the first entitled Rose Mary, and the latter A Pageant and Other Poems. — Aside from these the poetry of the month is not remarkable. There are some pleasant, amiable rhymes in Water Lilies, by Clara B. Heath (published by the author), and in The Three Vows (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. W. B. Green makes it plain that he has not the remotest idea of blank verse. The utter incorrectness of his rhythm is almost fascinating.

Criticism. We have received from Trübner & Co., London, Occasional Papers on Shakespeare, being the second part of Shakespeare, the Man and the Book, by C. M. Ingleby, M. A., LL. D. Dr. Ingleby discusses a variety of subjects with great scholarship and no lack of spirit, and disagrees with almost everything that anybody else has said about Shakespeare. An antagonistic attitude towards all other commentators, obsolete or contemporary, seems to be the prime condition of the true Shakespearean student. We suspect a latent dramatic critic in ourselves, we take so many strong exceptions to every edition of Shakespeare we ever saw. Dr. Ingleby gives a receipt for a beau-ideal edition. If he does not act upon his own hint, we trust that some one else will do so. Among the most notable chapters in the work are those on the English of the Elizabethan period and the spurious Burbadge elegy. Mr. F. G. Fleay contributes a paper entitled Metrical Tests Applied to Shakespeare, which is ingenious and possibly important, but much too recondite to interest the general reader.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S
LITERARY BULLETIN

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*** *The Books named in this Bulletin will be sent to any address, on receipt of the price by the Publishers,* MESSRS. HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., *4 Park Street, Boston. Prices are given on the last page.*

Garfield's Words. — Under this title has just been published a book of about 200 pages, containing, in addition to a memoir of President Garfield with a fine steel portrait, striking and epigrammatic passages from his public and private writings. These relate to a very large variety of subjects relating to education, social science, political economy, literature; and they show in a very remarkable degree the wealth of thought and of scholarly acquirement, as well as the gift of pungent and eloquent expression, which President Garfield possessed. Taken together, they form a collection of wise and suggestive sentences on many topics which in the highest degree interest the American people, and it is difficult to conceive of a more desirable souvenir than this little book furnishes of the President whose loss the nation and the world so deeply deplore.

A Charming Holiday Book, and one which will commend itself to the favor of everybody, is Bayard Taylor's "Home Ballads." There are five of these ballads, and though they relate to Pennsylvania scenes and characters, the sentiment which they express is so universal, and the stories they tell are related with so great simplicity, and with such a hearty appreciation of the finer and better features of homely domestic life, that they cannot fail to be enjoyed by all healthy-minded persons. The illustrations which have been prepared for this are of such variety and artistic excellence, and the book in which the ballads appear is so carefully and tastefully produced, that it must be heartily welcome to multitudes who are seeking for a gift-book which is not merely a pretty book, but one which contains sentiments illustrated with designs which lift the work out of the region of common-place holiday volumes, and give it an enduring value.

American Men of Letters. — This series, originally announced under the editorship of Mr. James T. Fields, was after his death intrusted to Mr. Charles Dudley Warner. Indeed, the suggestion of the series originated with Mr. Warner, who is now endeavoring to shape it according to the plan which he devised, but which he was modestly willing another should have the honor of bringing before the world. The aim of the series is to group around certain representative authors of different times and sections and schools the leading facts in the history of American literature. The form of the series is biographical; but while the story of the authors' lives will be told, the principal emphasis will be given to the circumstances and influences which moulded the literary productions of these authors, and determined the direction and character of their literary achievements. The initial volume of the series is Mr. Warner's "Life of Washington Irving," and it is not only a most auspicious beginning of the enterprise, but a noble and most delightful work, complete in itself. As biography, it relates the story of Irving's successful and beautiful life with admirable fitness; as literary history, it indicates with rare discrimination the real value and charm of Irving's works, and their honorable place in American literature. Of the manner in which the book is written, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Warner wrote it.

Mr. Trowbridge's Poems. — New editions of "The Vagabonds," and "The Emigrant's Story," and the new volume "A Home Idyl and Other Poems," just issued, comprise all the poetry which Mr. Trowbridge has yet published in his own name. Everybody who reads at all has read the touching poem "The Vagabonds," "Darius Green and his Flying Machine," and other dialect poems which tell homely stories with rare dramatic power. Those who have read the more thoughtful poems have been impressed by the ample proof these afford of patient reflection on the facts and mysteries of life, of clear insight, of the wisdom which accepts reverently the order of the world, and thence infers an order and a destiny divinely complete. Mr. Trowbridge thus sings for those who wish to be entertained, and for those who are willing to think, — and he sings very acceptably for both.

The Hudson in Verse and Picture. — Mr. Wallace Bruce, who has gained no little reputation as a lecturer, and also by the publication of two illustrated books, "The Land of Burns" and "The Yosemite," has written a finely musical and picturesque poem on the Hudson, selecting with fine discrimination those features which best lend themselves to description, and others which through some legendary or historical association are peculiarly noteworthy. His descriptions have been admirably supplemented and interpreted, if interpretation were needed, by the pencil of Mr.

Fredericks, who contributes to the volume several fine drawings.

Both poem and pictures combine to produce an unusually pleasing and attractive book, which, brought out in tasteful style, cannot fail to be an engaging volume during the coming holiday season.

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With the November number of "Scribner's" a new series will be begun under the title of The Century Magazine. The change of name of the magazine is made necessary by the conditions of the recent sale of Charles Scribner's Sons' stock in "Scribner & Co.," the entire stock in the Company — now The Century Company — having passed into the hands of those connected with the business, editorial, and art departments of "Scribner" and "St. Nicholas."

The Century Magazine will be, in fact, *a new, enlarged, and improved* "Scribner." *The page will be somewhat longer and wider, admitting pictures of a larger size, and* virtually increasing the reading matter to the extent of about fourteen additional pages. The following are among the leading features of the ensuing volumes: —

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By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP, author of "A Study of Hawthorne," "Afterglow," etc., will begin in THE ATLANTIC for January.

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SOME NOTICES OF RECENT NUMBERS OF

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In the rivalry between the three great magazines of the country, it is gratifying that our standard Boston publication fully "keeps its end up." The elaborate pictorial features of the New York monthlies give them special popularity, while the Boston periodical depends entirely upon its intrinsic literary worth. Continuing the review-like character which Mr. Howells had imparted to it, the ATLANTIC, under the charge of Mr. Aldrich, has steadily improved. Mr. Aldrich has given almost his entire time to his editorial duties, and has applied himself to the work with characteristic energy. A glance at the contents of the numbers for several months past will show it to be fully sustaining all its old-time prestige — and a brilliant past is almost as heavy a weight for a magazine as a renowned paternity is for an aspiring genius — while in breadth of scope and true nationality it is far superior to the record of its "palmy days." In its following of one demand of the spirit of the day, that of timeliness, the ATLANTIC has recently taken a step decidedly in advance of its New York contemporaries. In every number has been given of late one or more articles bearing upon topics of engrossing public interest, written by eminent men. Thus, close upon the performance of the Greek play at Harvard came an article by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton; for the September number was secured an article from Mr. E. L. Godkin on "the attempt on the President's life," and in the October number Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, who has done little or no magazine work, writes about Dean Stanley as only a devoted friend can write. While all the old contributors remain in the family, and Mr. Howells, relieved from the irksomeness of editorial routine, is putting his strongest work and most vigorous characterization into his serial now running, Mr. Aldrich shows himself to have a keen scent for new talent by his recognition of such merit as that of Miss Edith M. Thomas, one of the truest of the new poets of the West. There are reports of new features to be introduced next year, one of which is understood to be reviews of the freshest French and German literature by a collaborateur, resident in Paris, one of the most appreciatively critical of American authors. — *Boston Sunday Herald.*

MAY.

The whole number is marked with the vigor of the new editor, who evidently means to make his accession to the throne evident by what he does for the pleasure of those who look up to him. — *N. Y. Observer.*

This issue is bright and instructive to a degree we have not recently seen in this popular magazine.— *Troy Times.*

JUNE.

The ATLANTIC for June is noteworthy as being well-balanced, entertaining, and happily adapted to all classes of readers. — *Commonwealth* (Boston).

There is an unusual amount of good matter in THE ATLANTIC for June. — *The Independent* (New York).

A seasonable number . . . preserves the good traditions of its predecessors. The book notices are complete, dispassionate, and interesting. — *Boston Advertiser.*

JULY.

The ATLANTIC MONTHLY has a happy faculty of supplying timely consideration of passing events. — *Cleveland Leader.*

Especially bright and readable. — *Boston Transcript.*

The ATLANTIC for July presents a varied and attractive table of contents — one which includes several good stories, poetry of the highest order, and narratives and essays which give evidence of much thought and research. — *Providence Press.*

AUGUST.

More and more, as time passes, the ATLANTIC tends to become the standard critical publication of the United States, and is more widely sought for this feature of its contents. — *Utica Herald.*

If this is a fair specimen of what is to be expected from the new editorial management of the ATLANTIC, the lovers of good literature cannot afford to be without it. — *Christian Intelligencer* (New York).

SEPTEMBER.

No weariness from the summer heats has weakened the energy of the editors or contributors to the last ATLANTIC, and a host of grateful readers will award them merited praise. — *St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

The ATLANTIC has an undeniable literary atmosphere of its own which it may be difficult to characterize, but which it is impossible not to enjoy. — *The Congregationalist* (Boston).

OCTOBER.

Rarely, among late numbers of the ATLANTIC, has there been a number, in all ways, so strong as this. One of the articles, that on Dean Stanley, is by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of whom we are told that he never appeared before as a writer for a magazine. — *New York Times.*

There is no magazine which we open with more pleasant anticipations than the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, and none which so rarely disappoints us. The number for October is even better than usual, and from cover to cover there are few pages which the reader, even he whose leisure is scanty, will be willing to forego the pleasure of reading. — *Boston Journal.*

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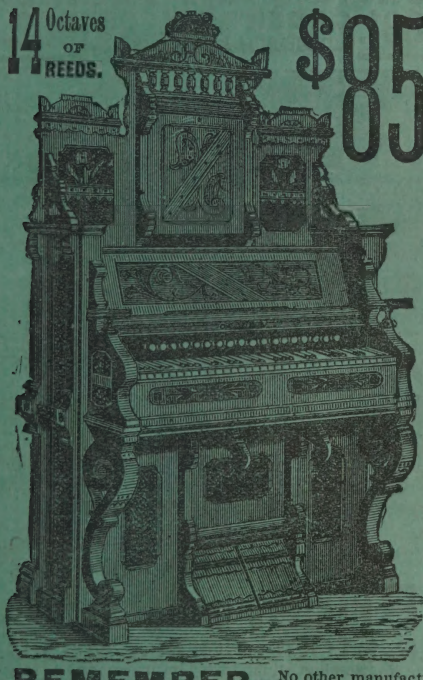

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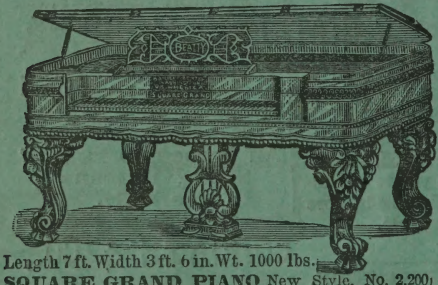

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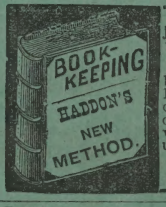

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DR. BREEN'S PRACTICE.[1]

XI.

Grace burst into the room where her mother sat, and flung her hat aside with a desperate gesture. "Now, mother, you have got to listen to me. Dr. Mulbridge has asked me to marry him!"

Mrs. Breen put up her spectacles on her forehead, and stared at her daughter, while some strong expressions, out of the plebeian or rustic past which lies only a generation or two behind most of us, rose to her lips. I will not repeat them here; she had long denied them to herself as an immoral self-indulgence, and it must be owned that such things have a fearful effect, coming from old ladies. "What has got into all the men? What in nature does he want you to marry him for?"

"Oh, for the best reasons in the world!" exclaimed the daughter. "For reasons that will make you admire and respect him," she added, ironically. "For great, and unselfish, and magnanimous reasons!"

"I should want to believe they were the real ones, first," interrupted Mrs. Breen.

"He wants to marry me because he knows that I can't fulfill my plans of life alone, and because we could fulfill them together. We shall not only be husband and wife, but we shall be physicians in partnership. I may continue a homœopath, he says, and the State Medical Association may go to the devil." She used his language, that would have been shocking to her ordinary moods, without blenching, and in their common agitation her mother accepted it as fit and becoming. "He counts upon my accepting him because I must see it as my duty, and my conscience won't let me reject the only opportunity I shall have of doing some good and being of some use in the world. What do you think I ought to do, mother?"

"There 's reason in what he says. It *is* an opportunity. You *could* be of use, in that way, and perhaps it 's the only way. Yes," she continued, fascinated by the logic of the position and its capabilities for vicarious self-sacrifice, "I don't see how you can get out of it. You have spent years and years of study, and a great deal of money, to educate yourself for a profession that you 're too weak to practice alone. You can't say that I ever advised your doing it. It was your own idea, and I did n't oppose it. But when you 've gone so far, you 've formed an obligation to go on. It 's your duty not to give up, if you know of any means to continue. That 's your duty, as plain as can be. To say nothing of the wick-

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ed waste of your giving up now, you 're bound to consider the effect it would have upon other women who are trying to do something for themselves. The only thing," she added, with some misgiving, "is whether you believe he was in earnest and would keep his word to you."

"I think he was secretly laughing at me, and that he would expect to laugh me out of his promise."

"Well, then, you ought to take time to reflect, and you ought to be sure that you 're right about him."

"Is that what you really think, mother?"

"I am always governed by reason, Grace, and by right; and I have brought you up on that plan. If you have ever departed from it, it has not been with my consent, nor for want of my warning. I have simply laid the matter before you."

"Then you wish me to marry him?"

This was perhaps a point that had not occurred to Mrs. Breen in her recognition of the strength of Dr. Mulbridge's position. It was one thing to trace the path of duty; another to support the aspirant in treading it. "You ought to take time to reflect," Mrs. Breen repeated, with evasion that she never used in behalf of others.

"Well, mother," answered Grace, "I did n't take time to reflect, and I should n't care whether I was right about him or not. I refused him because I did n't love him. If I had loved him, that would have been the only reason I needed to marry him. But all the duty in the world would n't be enough without it. Duty? I am sick of duty! Let the other women who are trying to do something for themselves take care of themselves, as men would. I don't owe them more than a man would owe other men, and I won't be hoodwinked into thinking I do. As for the waste, the past is gone, at any rate; and the waste that I lament is the years I spent in working myself up to an undertaking that I was never fit for. I won't continue that waste, and I won't keep up the delusion that because I was very unhappy I was useful, and that it was doing good to be miserable. I like pleasure and I like dress; I like pretty things. There is no harm in them. Why should n't I have them?"

"There is harm in them for you" — her mother began.

"Because I have tried to make my life a horror? There is no other reason, and that is *no* reason. When we go into Boston this winter I shall go to the theatre. I shall go to the opera, and I hope there will be a ballet. And next summer I am going to Europe; I am going to Italy." She whirled away toward the door as if she were setting out.

"I should think you had taken leave of your conscience!" cried her mother.

"I hope I have, mother. I am going to consult my reason after this."

"Your reason!"

"Well, then, my inclination. I have had enough of conscience, — of my own, and of yours, too. That is what I told him, and that is what I mean. There is such a thing as having too much conscience, and of getting stupefied by it, so that you can't really see what 's right. But I don't care. I believe I should like to do wrong for a while, and I *will* do wrong, if it 's doing right to marry him."

She had her hand on the door-knob, and now she opened the door, and closed it after her with something very like a bang.

She naturally could not keep within doors in this explosive state, and she went down-stairs, and out upon the piazza. Mr. Maynard was there, smoking, with his boots on top of the veranda rail, and his person thrown back in his chair at the angle requisite to accomplish this elevation of the feet. He

took them down, as he saw her approach, and rose, with the respect in which he never failed for women, and threw his cigar away.

"Mr. Maynard," she asked abruptly, "do you know where Mr. Libby is?"

"No, I don't, doctor, I'm sorry to say. If I did, I would send and borrow some more cigars of him. I think that the brand our landlord keeps must have been invented by Mr. Trask, the great anti-tobacco reformer."

"Is he coming back? Is n't he coming back?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Why, yes, I reckon he must be coming back. Libby generally sees his friends through. And he 'll have some curiosity to know how Mrs. Maynard and I have come out of it all." He looked at her with something latent in his eye; but what his eye expressed was merely a sympathetic regret that he could not be more satisfactory.

"Perhaps," she suggested, "Mr. Barlow might know something."

"Well, now," said Maynard, "perhaps he might, that very thing. I 'll go round and ask him." He went to the stable, and she waited for his return. "Barlow says," he reported, "that he guesses he 's somewhere about Leyden. At any rate, his mare 's there yet, in the stable where Barlow left her. He saw her there, yesterday."

"Thanks. That 's all I wished to know," said Grace. "I wished to write to him," she added boldly.

She shut herself in her room, and spent the rest of the forenoon in writing a letter, which when first finished was very long, but in its ultimate phase was so short as to occupy but a small space on a square correspondence-card. Having got it written on the card, she was dissatisfied with it in that shape, and copied it upon a sheet of note-paper. Then she sealed and addressed it, and put it into her pocket. After dinner she went down to the beach, and walked a long way upon the sands. She thought at first that she would ask Barlow to get it to him, somehow; and then she determined to find out from Barlow the address of the people who had Mr. Libby's horse, and send it to them for him by the driver of the barge. She would approach the driver with a nonchalant, imperious air, and ask him to please have that delivered to Mr. Libby immediately, and in case he learned from the stable people that he was not in Leyden, to bring the letter back to her. She saw how the driver would take it, and then she figured Libby opening and reading it. She sometimes figured him one way, and sometimes another. Sometimes he rapidly scanned the lines, and then instantly ordered his horse, and feverishly hastened the men; again, he deliberately read it, and then tore it into small pieces, with a laugh, and flung them away. This conception of his behavior made her heart almost stop beating; but there was a luxury in it, too, and she recurred to it quite as often as to the other, which led her to a dramatization of their meeting, with all their parley minutely realized, and every most intimate look and thought imagined. There is of course no means of proving that this sort of mental exercise was in any degree an exercise of the reason, or that Dr. Breen did not behave unprofessionally in giving herself up to it. She could only have claimed in self-defense that she was no longer aiming at a professional behavior; that she was in fact abandoning herself to a recovered sense of girlhood and all its sweetest irresponsibilities. Those who would excuse so weak and capricious a character may urge, if they like, that she was behaving as wisely as a young physician of the other sex would have done in the circumstances.

She concluded to remain on the beach, where only the children were playing in the sand, and where she could easily escape any other companionship that threatened. After she had walked long

enough to spend the first passion of her reverie, she sat down under the cliff, and presently grew conscious of his boat swinging at anchor in its wonted place, and wondered that she had not thought he must come back for that. Then she had a mind to tear up her letter as superfluous; but she did not. She rose from her place under the cliff, and went to look for the dory. She found it drawn up on the sand in a little cove. It was the same place, and the water was so shoal for twenty feet out that no one could have rowed the dory to land; it must be dragged up. She laughed and blushed, and then boldly amused herself by looking for foot-prints; but the tide must have washed them out long ago; there were only the light, small foot-prints of the children who had been playing about the dory. She brushed away some sand they had scattered over the seat, and got into the boat and sat down there. It was a good seat, and commanded a view of the sail-boat in the foreground of the otherwise empty ocean; she took out her letter, and let it lie in the open hands which she let lie in her lap.

She was not impatient to have the time pass; it went only too soon. Though she indulged that luxury of terror in imagining her letter torn up and scornfully thrown away, she really rested quite safe as to the event; but she liked this fond delay, and the soft blue afternoon might have lasted forever to her entire content.

A little whiff of breeze stole up, and suddenly caught the letter from her open hands and whisked it out over the sand. With a cry she fled after it, and when she had recaptured it she thought to look at her watch. It was almost time for the barge, and now she made such needless haste, in order not to give herself chance for misgiving or retreat, that she arrived too soon at the point where she meant to intercept the driver on his way to the house; for in her present mutiny she had resolved to gratify a little natural liking for manœuvre, long starved by the rigid discipline to which she had subjected herself. She had always been awkward at it, but she liked it; and now it pleased her to think that she should give her letter secretly to the driver, and on her way to meet him she forgot that she had meant to ask Barlow for part of the address. She did not remember this till it was too late to go back to the hotel, and she suddenly resolved not to consult Barlow, but to let the driver go about from one place to another with the letter till he found the right one. She kept walking on out into the forest through which the road wound, and she had got a mile away before she saw the weary bowing of the horses' heads, as they tugged the barge through the sand at a walk. She stopped involuntarily, with some impulses to flight; and, as the vehicle drew nearer, she saw the driver turned round upon his seat, and talking to a passenger behind. She had never counted upon his having a passenger, and the fact undid all.

She remained helpless in the middle of the road; the horses came to a standstill a few paces from her, and the driver ceased from the high key of conversation, and turned to see what was the matter.

"My grief!" he shouted. "If it had n't been for them horses o' mine, I sh'd 'a' run right over ye."

"I wished to speak with you," she began. "I wished to send" —

She stopped, and the passenger leaned forward to learn what was going on. "Miss Breen!" he exclaimed, and leaped out of the back of the barge and ran to her.

"You — you got my letter!" she gasped.

"No! What letter? Is there anything the matter?"

She did not answer. She had become conscious of the letter, which she had

never ceased to hold in the hand that she had kept in her pocket for that purpose. She crushed it into a small wad.

Libby turned his head, and said to the driver of the barge, "Go ahead;" and, "Will you take my arm?" he added to her. "It 's heavy walking in this sand."

"No, thank you," she murmured, recoiling. "I 'm not tired."

"Are you well? Have you been quite well?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly. I did n't know you were coming back."

"Yes. I had to come back. I 'm going to Europe next week, and I had to come to look after my boat, here; and I wanted to say good-by to Maynard. I was just going to speak to Maynard, and then sail my boat over to Leyden."

"It will be very pleasant," she said, without looking at him. "It 's moonlight now."

"Oh, I sha'n't have any use for the moon. I shall get over before nightfall, if this breeze holds."

She tried to think of something else, and to get away from this talk of a sail to Leyden, but she fatally answered, "I saw your boat this afternoon. I had n't noticed before that it was still here."

He hesitated a moment, and then asked, "Did you happen to notice the dory?"

"Yes; it was drawn up on the sand."

"I suppose it 's all right — if it 's in the same place."

"It seemed to be," she answered faintly.

"I 'm going to give the boat to Johnson."

She did not say anything, for she could think of nothing to say but that she had looked for seals on the reef, but had not seen any, and this would have been too shamelessly leading. That left the word to him, and he asked timidly, —

"I hope my coming don't seem intrusive, Miss Breen?"

She did not heed this, but "You are going to be gone a great while?" she asked in turn.

"I don't know," he replied, in an uncertain tone, as if troubled to make out whether she was vexed with him or not. "I thought," he added, "I would go up the Nile this time. I 've never been up the Nile, you know."

"No, I did n't know that. Well," she added to herself, "I wish you had not come back! You had better not have come back. If you had n't come, you would have got my letter. And now it can never be done! No, I can't go through it all again, and no one has the right to ask it. We have missed the only chance!" she cried to herself, in such keen reproach of him that she thought she must have spoken aloud.

"Is Mrs. Maynard all right again?" he asked.

"Yes, she is very much better," she answered, confusedly, as if he had heard her reproach and had ignored it.

"I hope you 're not so tired as you were."

"No, I 'm not tired now."

"I thought you looked a little pale," he said, sympathetically; and now she saw that he was so. It irritated her that she should be so far from him, in all helpfulness, and she could scarcely keep down the wish that ached in her heart.

We are never nearer doing the thing we long to do than when we have proclaimed to ourselves that it must not and cannot be.

"Why are you so pale?" she demanded, almost angrily.

"I? I did n't know that I was," he answered. "I supposed I was pretty well. I dare say I ought to be ashamed of showing it in that way. But if you ask me, well, I will tell you: I don't find it any easier than I did at first."

"You are to blame, then!" she cried. "If I were a man, I should not let such a thing wear upon me for a moment."

"Oh, I dare say I shall live through it," he answered, with the national whimsicality that comes to our aid in most emergencies.

A little pang went through her heart, but she retorted, "I would n't go to Europe to escape it, nor up the Nile. I would stay and fight it where I was."

"Stay?" He seemed to have caught hopefully at the word.

"I thought you were stronger. If you give up in this way, how can you expect me" — She stopped; she hardly knew what she had intended to say; she feared that he knew.

But he only said, "I 'm sorry. I did n't intend to trouble you with the sight of me. I had a plan for getting over the cliff without letting you know, and having Maynard come down to me there."

"And did you really mean," she cried piteously, "to go away without trying to see me again?"

"Yes," he owned, simply. "I thought I might catch a glimpse of you, but I did n't expect to speak to you."

"Did you hate me so badly as that? What had I done to you?"

"Done?" He gave a sorrowful laugh; and added, with an absent air, "Yes, it 's really like doing something to me! And sometimes it seems as if you had done it purposely."

"You *know* I did n't! Now, then," she cried, "you have insulted me, and you never did *that* before! You were very good and noble and generous, and would n't let me blame myself for anything. I wanted always to remember that of you; for I did n't believe that any man could be so magnanimous. But it seems that you don't care to have me respect you!"

"Respect?" he repeated, in the same vague way. "No, I should n't care about that unless it was included in the other. But you know whether I have accused you of anything, or whether I have insulted you. I won't excuse myself. I think that ought to be insulting to your common sense."

"Then why should you have wished to avoid seeing me to-day? Was it to spare yourself?" she demanded, quite incoherently now. "Or did you think *I* should not be equal to the meeting?"

"I don't know what to say to you," answered the young man. "I think I must be crazy." He halted, and looked at her in complete bewilderment. "I don't understand you at all."

"I wished to see you very much. I wanted your advice, as — as — a friend." He shook his head. "Yes! you *shall* be my friend, in this at least. I can claim it — demand it. You had no right to — to — make me — trust you so much, and — and — then — desert me."

"Oh, very well," he answered. "If any advice of mine — But I could n't go through that sacrilegious farce of being near you, and not" — She waited breathlessly, a condensed eternity, for him to go on; but he stopped at that word, and added, "How can I advise you?"

The disappointment was so cruel that the tears came into her eyes and ran down her face, which she averted from him. When she could control herself she said, "I have an opportunity of going on in my profession now, in a way that makes me sure of success."

"I am very glad, on your account. You must be glad to realize" —

"No, no!" she retorted wildly. "I am *not* glad!"

"I thought you" —

"But there are conditions! He says he will go with me anywhere, and we can practice our profession together, and I can carry out all my plans. But first — first — he wants me to — marry him!"

"Who?"

"Don't you know? Dr. Mulbridge!"

"That — I beg your pardon. I 've no right to call him names." The young fellow halted, and looked at her down-

cast face. "Well, do you want me to tell you to take him? That is too much. I did n't know you were cruel."

"You make me cruel! You leave me to be cruel!"

"I *leave* you to be cruel?"

"Oh, don't play upon my words, if you won't ask me what I answered!"

"How can I ask that? I have no right to know."

"But you *shall* know!" she cried. "I told him that I had no plans. I have given them all up, because — because I 'm too weak for them, and because I abhor him, and because — But it was n't enough. He would not take what I said for answer, and he is coming again for an answer."

"Coming *again?*"

"Yes. *He* is a man who believes that women may change, for reason or no reason; and" —

"You — you mean to take him when he comes back?" gasped the young man.

"Never. Not if he came a thousand times!"

"Then what is it you want me to advise you about?" he faltered.

"Nothing!" she answered, with freezing hauteur. She suddenly put up her arms across her eyes, with the beautiful, artless action of a shame-smitten child, and left her young figure in bewildering relief. "Oh, don't you see that I love *you?*"

"Could n't you understand, — could n't you *see* what I meant?" she asked again that night, as they lost themselves on the long stretch of the moonlit beach. With his arm close about that lovely shape, they would have seemed but one person to the inattentive observer, as they paced along in the white splendor.

"I could n't risk anything. I had spoken, once for all. I always thought that for a man to offer himself twice was indelicate and unfair. I could never have done it."

"That 's very sweet in you," she said; and perhaps she would have praised in the same terms the precisely opposite sentiment. "It 's some comfort," she added, with a deep-fetched sigh, "to think I *had* to speak."

He laughed. "You did n't find it so easy to make love!"

"Oh, *nothing* is easy that men have to do!" she answered, with passionate earnestness.

There are moments of extreme concession, of magnanimous admission, that come but once in a life-time.

XII.

Dr. Mulbridge did not wait for the time he had fixed for his return. He may have judged that her tendency against him would strengthen by delay, or he may have yielded to his own impatience in coming the next day. He asked for Grace with his wonted abruptness, and waited for her coming in the little parlor of the hotel, walking up and down the floor, with his shaggy head bent forward, and his big hands clasped behind him.

As she hovered at the door before entering, she could watch him while he walked the whole room's length away, and she felt a pang at sight of him. If she could have believed that he loved her, she could not have faced him, but must have turned and run away; and even as it was she grieved for him. Such a man would not have made up his mind to this step without a deep motive, if not a deep feeling. Her heart had been softened so that she could not think of frustrating his ambition, if it were no better than that, without pity. One man had made her feel very kindly toward all other men; she wished, in the tender confusion of the moment, that she need not reject her importunate suitor, whose importunity, even, she could not resent.

He caught sight of her as soon as he

made his turn at the end of the room, and with a quick "Ah!" he hastened to meet her, with the smile in which there was certainly something attractive. "You see I 've come back a day sooner than I promised. I have n't the sort of turn-out you 've been used to, but I want you to drive with me."

"I can't drive with you, Dr. Mulbridge," she faltered.

"Well, walk, then. I should prefer to walk."

"You must excuse me," she answered, and remained standing before him.

"Sit down," he bade her, and pushed up a chair towards her. His audacity, if it had been a finer courage, would have been splendid, and as it was she helplessly obeyed him, as if she were his patient, and must do so. "If I were superstitious I should say that you receive me ominously," he said, fixing his gray eyes keenly upon her.

"I do!" she forced herself to reply. "I wish you had not come."

"That 's explicit, at any rate. Have you thought it over?"

"No; I had no need to do that. I had fully resolved when I spoke yesterday. Dr. Mulbridge, why did n't you spare me this? It 's unkind of you to insist, after what I said. You know that I must hate to repeat it. I do value you so highly in some ways that I blame you for obliging me to hurt you — if it does hurt — by telling you again that I don't love you."

He drew in a long breath, and set his teeth hard upon his lip. "You may depend upon its hurting," he said; "but I was glad to risk the pain, whatever it was, for the chance of getting you to reconsider. I presume I 'm not the conventional wooer. I 'm too old for it, and I 'm too blunt and plain a man. I 've been thirty-five years making up my mind to ask you to marry me. You 're the first woman, and you shall be the last. You could n't suppose I was going to give you up for one no?"

"You had better."

"Not for twenty! I can understand very well how you never thought of me in this way; but there 's no reason why you should n't. Come, it 's a matter that we can reason about, like anything else."

"No. I told you, it 's something we can't reason about. Or yes, it is. I will reason with you. You say that you love me?"

"Yes."

"If you did n't love me, you would n't ask me to marry you?"

"No."

"Then how can you expect me to marry you without loving you?"

"I don't. All that I ask is that you won't refuse me. I know that you *can* love me."

"No, no, never!"

"And I only want you to take time to try."

"I don't wish to try. If you persist, I must leave the room. We had better part. I was foolish to see you. But I thought — I was sorry — I hoped to make it less unkind to you" —

"In spite of yourself, you were relenting."

"Not at all!"

"But if you pitied me, you did care for me a little?"

"You know that I had the highest respect for you as a physician. I tell you that you were my ideal in that way, and I will tell you that if" — She stopped, and he continued for her: —

"If you had not resolved to give it up, you might have done what I asked."

"I did not say that!" she answered indignantly.

"But why do you give it up?"

"Because I am not equal to it."

"How do you know it? Who told you?"

"*You* have told me, by every look and act of yours, and I 'm grateful to you for it."

"And if I told you now, by word, that you *were* fit for it" —

"I should n't believe you."

"You would n't believe my word?" She did not answer. "I see," he said, presently, "that you doubt me, somehow, as a man. What is it you think of me?"

"You would n't like to know."

"Oh, yes, I should."

"Well, I will tell you. I think you are a tyrant, and that you want a slave, not a wife. You wish to be obeyed. You despise women. I don't mean their minds, — they 're despicable enough, in most cases, as men's are, — but their nature."

"This is news to me," he said, laughing. "I never knew that I despised women's nature."

"It 's true, whether you knew it or not."

"Do I despise you?"

"You would, if you saw that I was afraid of you. Oh, why do you force me to say such things? Why don't you spare me, — spare yourself?"

"In this cause I could n't spare myself. I can't bear to give you up! I 'm what I am, whatever you say; but with you I *could* be whatever you would. I could show you that you are wrong, if you gave me the chance. I know that I could make you happy. Listen to me a moment."

"It 's useless."

"No! If you have taken the trouble to read me in this way, there must have been a time when you might have cared" —

"There never was any such time. I read you from the first."

"I will go away," he said, after a pause, in which she had risen, and began a retreat towards the door. "But I will not — I cannot — give you up. I will see you again."

"No, sir. You shall not see me again. I will not submit to it. I will not be persecuted." She was trembling, and she knew that he saw her tremor.

"Well," he said, with a smile that recognized her trepidation, "I will not persecute you. I 'll renounce these pretensions. But I 'll ask you to see me once more, as a friend, — an acquaintance."

"I will not see you again."

"You are rather hard with me, I think," he urged gently. "I don't think I 'm playing the tyrant with you now."

"You are, — the baffled tyrant."

"But if I promised not to offend again, why should you deny me your acquaintance?"

"Because I don't believe you." She was getting nearer the door, and as she put her hand behind her and touched the knob the wild terror she had felt, lest he should reach it first and prevent her escape, left her. "You are treating me like a child that does n't know its own mind, or has none to know. You are laughing at me, — playing with me; you have shown me that you despise me."

He actually laughed. "Well, you 've shown that you are not afraid of me. Why are you not afraid?"

"Because," she answered, and she dealt the blow now without pity, "I 'm engaged, — engaged to Mr. Libby!" She whirled about, and vanished through the door, ashamed, indignant; fearing that if she had not fled he would somehow have found means to make his will prevail even yet.

He stood, stupefied, looking at the closed door, and he made a turn or two about the room before he summoned intelligence to quit it. When death itself comes, the sense of continuance is not at once broken in the survivors. In these moral deaths, which men survive in their own lives, there is no immediate consciousness of an end. For a while habit and the automatic tendency of desire carry them on.

He drove back to Corbitant, perched on the rickety seat of his rattling open buggy, and bowed forward, as his wont

was, his rounded shoulders bringing his chin well over the dashboard. As he passed down the long sandy street, toward the corner where his own house stood, the brooding group of loafers, waiting in Hackett's store for the distribution of the mail, watched him through the open door, and from under the boughs of the weather-beaten poplar before it. Hackett had been cutting a pound of cheese out of the thick yellow disk before him for the Widow Holman, and he stared at the street, after Mulbridge passed, as if his mental eye had halted him there for the public consideration, while he leaned over the counter, and held by the point the long knife with which he had cut the cheese.

"I see some the folks from over to Jocelyn's, yist'd'y," he said, in a spasm of sharp, crackling speech, "and they seemed to think 't Mis' Mulbridge 'd got to step round pretty spry 'f she did n't want another the same name in the house with her."

A long silence followed, in which no one changed in any wise the posture in which he found himself when Hackett began to speak. Cap'n George Wray, tilted back against the wall in his chair, continued to stare at the store-keeper; Cap'n Jabez Wray did not look up from whittling the chair between his legs; their cousin, Cap'n Wray Storrell, seated on a nail-keg near the stove, went on fretting the rust on the pipe with the end of a stiff, cast-off envelope; two other captains, more or less akin to them, continued their game of checkers; the Widow Seth Wray's boy rested immovable, with his chin and hand on the counter, where he had been trying, since the Widow Holman went out, to catch Hackett's eye and buy a corn-ball. Old Cap'n Billy Wray was the first to break the spell. He took his cigar from his mouth, and held it between his shaking thumb and forefinger, while he pursed his lips for speech. "Jabez," he said, "did Cap'n Sam'l git that coalier?"

"No," answered the whittler, cutting deeper into his chair; "she did n't signal for him till she got into the channel, and then he 'd got a couple o' passengers for Leyden; and Cap'n Jim brought her up."

"I don't know," said Cap'n Billy, with a stiff yet tremulous reference of himself to the store-keeper, "as spryness would help her, as long as he took the notion. I guess he 's master of his own ship. Who 's he going to marry? The grahs-widow got well enough?"

"No. As I understand," crackled the store-keeper, "her husband 's turned up. Folks over there seem to think 't he 's got his eye on the other doctor."

"Going to marry with *her*, hey? Well, if either of 'em gets sick they won't have to go far for advice, and they won't have any doctor's bills to pay. Still, I should n't ha' picked out just that kind of a wife for him."

"As I understand" — the store-keeper began; but here he caught sight of Widow Seth Wray's boy, and asked, "What 's wanted, bub? Corn-ball?" and, turning to take that sweetmeat from the shelf behind him, he added the rest in the mouth of the hollowly reverberating jar — "she 's got prop'ty."

"Well, I never knew a Mulbridge yet 't objected to prop'ty, — especially other folks's."

"Barlow, he 's tellin' round that she 's very fine appearin'." He handed the corn-ball to Widow Seth Wray's boy, who went noiselessly out on his bare feet.

Cap'n Billy drew several long breaths. When another man might have been supposed to have dismissed the subject he said, "Well, I never knew a Mulbridge that objected to good looks in women folks. They 've all merried hahnsome wives, ever since the old gentleman set 'em the example with his second one. They got their own looks from the first. Well," he added, "I hope she 's a tough one. She 's got either to bend or to break."

"They say," said Cap'n George Wray, like one rising from the dead to say it, so dumb and motionless had he been till now, "that Mis' Mulbridge was too much for the old doctor."

"I don't know about that," Cap'n Billy replied, "but I guess her son 's too much for her: she 's only Gardiner, and he 's Gardiner and Mulbridge both."

No one changed countenance, but a sense of Cap'n Billy's wit sparely, yet satisfyingly, glimmered from the eyes of Cap'n George and the store-keeper, and Cap'n Jabez closed his knife with a snap and looked up. "Perhaps," he suggested, "she 's seen enough of him to know beforehand that there would be too much of him."

"I never rightly understood," said Hackett, "just what it was about him, there in the army, — coming out a year beforehand, that way."

"I guess you never will — from *him*," said Cap'n Jabez.

"Laziness, I guess, — too much work," said old Cap'n Billy. "What he wants is a wife with money. There ain't a better doctor anywhere. I 've heard 't up to Boston, where he got his manifest, they thought everything of him. He 's smart enough, but he 's lazy, and he always was lazy, and harder 'n a nut. He 's a curious mixtur'. 'N' I guess he 's been on the lookout for somethin' of this kind ever sence he begun practicing among the summer boarders. Guess he 's had an eye out."

"They say he 's pop'lar among 'em," observed the store-keeper thoughtfully.

"He 's been pooty p'tic'lar, or *they* have," said Cap'n Jabez.

"Well, most on 'em 's merried women," Hackett urged. "It 's astonishin' how they do come off and leave their husbands, the whole summer long. They say they 're all out o' health, though."

"I wonder," said old Cap'n Billy, "if them coaliers is goin' to make a settled thing of haulin' inside before they signal a pilot."

"I know *one* thing," answered Cap'n Jabez; "that if any coalier signals *me* in the channel, I 'll see her in hell first." He slipped his smooth, warm knife into his pocket, and walked out of the store amid a general silence.

"He 's consid'able worked up about them coaliers," said old Cap'n Billy. "I don't know as I 've heard Jabez swear before, — not since he was mate of the Gallatin. He used to swear then, consid'able."

"Them coaliers is enough to make any one swear," said Cap'n George. "If it 's any ways fair weather they won't take you outside, and they cut you down from twenty-five dollars to two dollars if they take you inside."

Old Cap'n Billy did not answer before he had breathed a while, and then, having tried his cigar and found it out, he scraped a match on his coat-sleeve. He looked at the flame while it burned from blue to yellow. "Well, I guess if anybody 's been p'tic'lar, it 's been him. There ain't any doubt but what he 's got a takin' way with the women. They like him. He 's masterful, and he ain't a fool, and women most gen'ly like a man that ain't a fool. I guess if he 's got his eye on the girl's prop'ty, she 'll have to come along. He 'd begin by having his own way about her answer; he 'd hang on till she said Yes, if she did n't say it first-off; and he 'd keep on as he 'd begun. I guess if he wants her it 's a match." And Cap'n Billy threw his own into the square box of tobacco-stained sawdust under the stove.

Mrs. Maynard fully shared the opinion which mocked Dr. Mulbridge's defeat with a belief in his invincible will. When it became necessary, in the course of events which made Grace and Libby resolve upon a short engagement, to tell her that they were going to be married, she expressed a frank astonishment. "Walter Libby!" she cried. "Well, I *am* surprised. When I was talking to you, the other day, about getting mar-

ried, of course I supposed it was going to be Dr. Mulbridge. I did n't want you to marry him, but I thought you were going to."

"And why," demanded Grace, with mounting sensation, "did you think that?"

"Oh, I thought you would have to."

"Have to?"

"Oh, you have such a weak will. Or I always thought you had. But perhaps it 's only a weak will with other women. *I* don't know! But Walter Libby! I knew he was perfectly gone upon *you*, and I told you so at the beginning; but I never dreamt of your caring for *him*. Why, it seems too ridiculous."

"Indeed! I 'm glad that it amuses you."

"Oh, no, you 're not, Grace. But you know what I mean. He seems so much younger."

"Younger? He 's half a year older than I am."

"I did n't say he *was* younger. But you 're so very grave, and he 's so very light. Well, I always told Walter Libby I should get him a wife, but you were the last person I should have thought of. What 's going to become of all your high purposes? You can't do anything with *them* when you 're married! But you won't have any occasion for them, — that 's one comfort."

"It 's not my idea of marriage that any high purpose will be lost in it."

"Oh, it is n't anybody's, before they *get* married. *I* had such high purposes I could n't rest. I felt like hiring a hall, as George says, all the time. Walter Libby is n't going to let you *practice*, is he? You must n't let him! I know he 'd be willing to do anything you said, but a husband ought to be something more than a mere & Co."

Grace laughed at the impudent cynicism of all this, for she was too happy to be vexed with any one just then. "I 'm glad you 've come to think so well of husbands' rights at last, Louise," she said.

Mrs. Maynard took the little puncture in good part. "Oh, yes; George and I have had a good deal of light let in on us. I don't suppose my character was much changed *outwardly* in my sickness," she suggested.

"It was *not*," answered Grace warmly. "It was intensified, — that was all."

Mrs. Maynard laughed in her turn, with real enjoyment of the conception. "Well, I was n't going to let on, unless it came to the worst; I did n't say much, but I kept up an awful thinking. It would have been easy enough to get a divorce, and George would n't have opposed it; but I looked at it in this way: that the divorce would n't have put us back where we were, any way, as I had supposed it would. We had broken into each other's lives, and we could n't get out again, with all the divorces under the sun. That 's the worst of getting married: you break into each other's lives. You said something like it to me, that day when you came back from your sail with Walter Libby. And I just concluded that there could n't be any trial that would n't be a great deal easier to bear than getting rid of all your trials; and I just made up my mind that if any divorce was to be got, George Maynard might get it himself; a temporary separation was bad enough for me, and I told him so, about the first words I could speak. And we 're going to try the new departure on that platform. We don't either of us expect we can have things perfectly smooth, but we 've agreed to rough it together when we can't. We 've found out that we can't marry and then become single, any more than we could die and come to life again. And don't you forget it, Grace! You don't half know yourself, now. You know what you have been; but getting married lets loose all your possibilities. You don't know what a temper you 've got, nor how badly you

can behave, — how much like a naughty, good-for-nothing little girl; for a husband and wife are just two children together: that's what makes the sweetness of it, and that's what makes the dreadfulness. Oh, *you'll* have need of all your good principles, I can tell you; and if you've a mind to do anything practical in the way of high purposes, I reckon there'll be use for them all."

Another lady who was astonished at Grace's choice was more incurably disappointed and more grieved for the waste of those noble aims with which her worshiping fancy had endowed the girl even more richly than her own ambition. It was Grace's wish to pass a year in Europe before her husband should settle down in charge of his mills; and their engagement, marriage, and departure followed so swiftly upon one another that Miss Gleason would have had no opportunity to proffer remonstrance or advice. She could only account for Grace's course on the theory that Dr. Mulbridge had failed to offer himself; but this explained her failure to marry him, without explaining her marriage with Mr. Libby. That remained for some time a mystery, for Miss Gleason firmly refused to believe that such a girl could be in love with a man so much her inferior: the conception not only disgraced her idol, but cast shame upon all other women, whose course in such matters is notoriously governed by motives of the highest sagacity and judgment.

Mrs. Breen hesitated between the duty of accompanying the young couple on their European travels and that of going to the village where Libby's mills were situated, in Southern New Hampshire. She was not strongly urged to a decision by her children, and she finally chose the latter course. The mill property had been a long time abandoned before Libby's father bought it, and put it in a repair which he did not hasten to extend to the village. This had remained in a sort of picturesque neglect, which harmonized with the scenery of the wild little valley where it nestled; and Mrs. Breen found, upon the vigorous inquiry which she set on foot, that the operatives were deplorably destitute of culture and drainage. She at once devoted herself to the establishment of a circulating library and an enlightened system of cess-pools, to such an effect of ingratitude in her beneficiaries that she was quite ready to remand them to their former squalor when her son-in-law returned. But he found her work all so good that he mediated between her and the inhabitants, and adopted it with a hearty appreciation that went far to console her, and finally popularized it. In fact, he entered into the spirit of all practical reforms with an energy and intelligence that quite reconciled her to him. It was rather with Grace than with him that she had fault to find. She believed that the girl had returned from Europe materialized and corrupted; and she regarded the souvenirs of travel with which the house was filled as so many tokens of moral decay. It is undeniable that Grace seemed for a time to have softened to a certain degree of self-indulgence. During the brief opera season, the first winter after her return, she spent a week in Boston; she often came to the city, and went to the theatres and the exhibitions of pictures. It was for some time Miss Gleason's opinion that these escapades were the struggles of a magnanimous nature, unequally mated, to forget itself. When they met, she indulged the habit of regarding Mrs. Libby with eyes of latent pity, till one day she heard something that gave her more relief than she could ever have hoped for. This was the fact, perfectly ascertained by some summer sojourners in the neighborhood, that Mrs. Libby was turning her professional training to account by treating the sick children among her husband's operatives.

In the fall Miss Gleason saw her heroine at an exhibition of pictures. She rushed across the main hall of the Museum to greet her. "Congratulate you," she deeply whispered, "on realizing your *dream!* Now you are *happy;* now you can be at *peace!*"

"Happy? At peace?"

"In the good *work* you have taken up. Oh, nothing, under Gawd, is lost!" she exclaimed, getting ready to run away, and speaking with her face turned over her shoulder towards Mrs. Libby.

"Dream? Good work? What do you mean?"

"Those factory children!"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Libby coldly; "that was my husband's idea."

"Your husband's!" cried Miss Gleason, facing about again, and trying to let a whole history of suddenly relieved anxiety speak in her eyes. "*How* happy you make me! *Do* let me thank you!"

In the effort to shake hands with Mrs. Libby she knocked the catalogue out of her hold, and vanished in the crowd without knowing it. Some gentleman picked it up, and gave it to her again, with a bow of burlesque devotion.

Mrs. Libby flushed tenderly. "I might have known it would be you, Walter. Where *did* you spring from?"

"I 've been here ever since you came."

"What in the world doing?"

"Oh, enjoying myself."

"Looking at the pictures?"

"Watching you walk round."

"I thought you could n't be enjoying the pictures," she said, simply. "I 'm not."

She was not happy, indeed, in any of the æsthetic dissipations into which she had plunged, and it was doubtless from a shrewder knowledge of her nature than she had herself that her husband had proposed this active usefulness, which she once intended under such different conditions. At the end of the ends she was a Puritan; belated, misdated, if the reader will, and cast upon good works for the consolation which the Puritans formerly found in a creed. Riches and ease were sinful to her, and somehow to be atoned for; and she had no real love for anything that was not of an immediate humane and spiritual effect. Under the shelter of her husband's name the benevolent use of her skill was no queerer than the charity to which many ladies devote themselves; though they are neither of them people to have felt the anguish which comes from the fear of what other people will think. They go their way in life, and are probably not disturbed by any misgivings concerning them. It is thought, on one hand, that he is a man of excellent head, and of a heart so generous that his deference to her in certain matters is part of the devoted flattery which would spoil any other woman, but that she consults his judgment in every action of her life, and trusts his sense with the same completeness that she trusts his love. On the other hand, when it is felt that she ought to have done for the sake of woman what she could not do for herself, she is regarded as sacrificed in her marriage. If, it is feared, she is not infatuated with her husband, she is in a disgraceful subjection, without the hope of better or higher things. If she had children, they might be a compensation and refuge for her; in that case, to be sure, she must be cut off from her present resource in caring for the children of others, though the conditions under which she now exercises her skill certainly amount to begging the whole question of woman's fitness for the career she had chosen. Both parties to this contention are, strange to say, ladies. If it has not been made clear, from the events and characters of the foregoing history, which opinion is right, I am unable to decide. It is well, perhaps, not to be too explicitly in the confidence of one's heroine. After her marriage perhaps it is not even decorous.

W. D. Howells.

ORIGIN OF CRIME IN SOCIETY.[1]

II.

FAILURE OF THE PUNITIVE SYSTEM.

NOTHING better illustrates the power of heredity, when fortified by widely prevalent custom, than the tenacity with which civilized races still cling to arbitrary punishment for the repression of crime. It is assumed without question that three things are essential to public security: the government must have power to compel the obedience of the subject; punishment by statute furnishes adequate deterrence to law-breakers; the withdrawal of criminals by death, imprisonment, or reformation diminishes the ratio of criminals at large. These assumptions are jealously maintained, and on analysis they possibly reveal that the fear of criminals is greater than confidence in human nature, that faith in statutes is stronger than faith in social laws, and that reliance upon brute force is more esteemed than a proper understanding of the remorseless compulsions of national metamorphoses. In matters of crime, the public mind largely ignores the part which civilization plays as a perpetual persuasion, in slowly moulding the most diverse and obdurate elements of self-interest into still more diverse and recondite forms, which pass under a thousand altruistic names.

It is proposed to examine into the authority for maintaining arbitrary punishment. The first point to be taken up is the assumption that punishment tends to reduce the number of criminals at large. This falsehood will be best exposed by considering the relation of human nature to risks. From the time that the Montgolfiers made an aerial ascent, in 1683, to the year 1838, every forty-seventh adventurer was killed, and, on an average, seventy-five ascensions have terminated in a fatal catastrophe. Nevertheless, aeronauts continued to tempt fate. In July, 1873, M. Durnof and his wife were prevented by the municipal authorities from making an ascension at Calais, because the wind was blowing toward the North Sea. The spectators hissing him for supposed cowardice, he obtained his car from the authorities by a subterfuge, entered it with his wife, and, cutting the ropes, they were driven seaward five hundred miles by the gale. They descended in the Skager Rack, their car tossing in the waves, themselves clinging to the rigging, and would have been lost had not Captain Oxley and James Buscome, of the smack Grand Charge, put out with a boat, and rescued them from their perilous drifting. On reaching England, they were warmly welcomed by Mr. Coxwell, the aeronaut, who tendered them the use of his balloon; with which, notwithstanding their recent escape, they ascended from the Crystal Palace, in view of twelve thousand spectators. So far, all ventures at navigating the air have failed, and every attempt at reaching the North Pole has hitherto come short of success; yet Professor Mitchell to-day proposes not only to navigate the air, but to steer to the North Pole. It would seem as if he wished to prove true the paradox of M. Zola, "Only the impossible occurs." Blondin crossed Niagara on a rope to make a fortune, and several men were found ready, for the sake of notoriety, to sit in his wheelbarrow and be trundled over this treacherous bridge. Merchants risk their capital in ships on the capricious waves; farmers sow the last bushel of their seed, although they know that there must be a blight every seven years. The mind of man is constituted

[1] See Atlantic Monthly for October, 1881.

to run risks, and his entire conduct is based on the more or less accurate calculation of probabilities.

The criminal follows this universal law of human conduct. He voluntarily faces the risks which beset the career that he prefers, and these are not greater than are incurred by many belonging to the industrial class. The knife-grinders of Birmingham have an average life of only forty years, while the expectation should be sixty. The compensation is furnished in proportionately higher wages, and it is related that they have struck against a protector that would shield the lungs from steel-dust and prolong their lives, because its introduction would reduce their wages. How does the career of lawlessness of habitual criminals compare with the every-day life of laborers? The average duration of the crime career of convicts in Sing Sing prison was found to be 11.35 years, of which 7.84 were spent in criminal liberty, and 3.71 in prison. Here the measure of crime risks is far below the hazards of the miner, who holds himself ready to spend three hundred days a year, or eighty-two per cent. of his life, in an occupation much more self-denying than imprisonment is, for a remuneration yielding only the bare necessaries of life; while the criminal sacrifices only thirty-four per cent. of his life to secure sixty-six per cent. of license and self-indulgence.[1] It is related that during the late war a detail of three hundred volunteers was needed as a forlorn hope to carry a redoubt. The call was made with the statement that only three could ever hope to return; in ten minutes the volunteers were mustered. The word was given to march at double quick, and the redoubt was won, but only five men came back as living heroes of the hour. This is in the chronicle as one of the heroic deeds of the war, and it will go into the hands of our children's children as a sacrifice of patriotism worthy of emulation. The incident is so thrilling, and our admiration of the act is so sincere, that few have stopped to ask whether every man in that volunteer company was not the man who expected to return covered with glory. What death before the foe is to the patriot, punishment is to the criminal. Human instinct in each case leads one to expect to draw the prize in the lottery of immunity which will make him scathless. It is not the fear of consequences, but the certainty of escape, that predominates. Legal punishment is a device for artificially raising the risks which the criminal assumes. The efficacy of this punishment is secured by bringing the reflective faculties to bear upon those probabilities which involve painful consequences; but it demands of the criminal the exercise of faculties which our experience shows to be the least developed among this class, and their exercise at a time when temptation is at its maximum.

It is worth while to trace the nature and the degree of success which the deterrent method has obtained. Pure deterrence originates with savages. Its form is retaliation on offending comrades and reprisal on alien aggressors. It suits only that form of society where violence and plunder are resorted to as a proper means of procuring wives or of prolonging life in the struggle for existence under famine or attack. Savage impulse visits on the clan the blow aimed at the individual. Blood feud, which existed before primitive law exercised authority over private wrongs, required the next of kin to avenge the murder or injury of his relative on the offender or his family, and raised deterrence to its highest power. It incited the prosecutor to a private feud, while the collective responsibility of the offender's brother hood converted them into a police to re strain the lawless members of their clan. Blood feud led to such destruction of

[1] The Jukes, page 101.

life and social order that the measures adopted to limit its excesses prepared the way for criminal law. Gradually it became the custom of the family to compound the offenses of its members by the payment of a sum of money to the person injured, and the law enacted a tariff for every recognized offense, giving the injured party the alternative right to choose revenge or compensation. If he accepted compensation he must give up revenge, but the law did not at first compel him to accept the fine. The government sought only to check feuds, not to punish offenders; but by degrees it converted the practice of collective liability of the tribe into the legal forms of vicarious obligation. In the process of breaking down the custom of blood feud, sanctuaries and cities of refuge were established where the persecuted could flee for safety. Within these inclosures inquests could be held to determine the guilt of the fugitive, and if this could be established he was given over to the vengeance of his pursuer. When government became more centralized, and the personal vindicator was superseded by the impersonal executioner, vicarious obligation was gradually supplanted by individual responsibility for individual crimes. But the establishment of cities of refuge and sanctuaries where the vilest criminal was safe from molestation, and the introduction of compensation in money, even for murder, which were among the most important of the earlier interventions of the government between the offender and his victim, tended to mitigate the severity of punishment by protecting the life of the malefactor, and, according to the theory of deterrence, to lessen his fear of consequences. Nevertheless, this important step was taken, the state assuming the authority of executing the death penalty. Thus deterrence in its barbaric form was transferred to the government, and the savage element of vindictiveness took the form of exemplary punishments, which have survived down to the middle of the nineteenth century.

It remains to see if the heritage was a profitable one. Savage law visited larceny with death, and when George III. added one hundred and fifty-six crimes to the sixty-seven which three dynasties of kings had already made punishable by death, he only extended old law to new variations of crime made possible by advancing civilization, and put the surviving but crippled conception of deterrence fully upon its last legs. Executions were made public in order to inspire the wicked with terror, but the effect produced upon the king's loyal subjects by the "many cartloads of our fellow creatures carried once in every six weeks to slaughter"[1] was that they flocked to the "holiday at Tyburn" to see the unfortunate "die game." Did exemplary punishment deter? During the interval from 1806 to 1819 the sanguinary code remained nearly unchanged, and the hangings nearly doubled in the four years ending 1819 as compared with the four years ending 1809, while the number of indictable offenses committed increased one hundred and seventy per cent., or nearly triple. In the year 1820 there was a decrease of six per cent. over 1819, and of seven per cent. over 1817. Had punishment become more rigorous? No; for the executions were decreased by one hundred to one hundred and fifty, but 1820 was a year of unparalleled harvest as to quality and quantity, the yield of grain being one third greater than the average. The ratio of crime continued to decrease until 1824, when it was again augmented by a bad harvest. If we take the period from 1858 to 1875, when the criminal law remained almost stationary, when capital punishment, except for murder and treason, had ceased, when the hulks had been abolished, when transportation was so nearly given up that England was ab-

[1] Fielding's Increase of Robbers.

sorbing her indigenous criminals, when the most cruel punishments were disused, a decrease of thirty-three per cent. will be observed in indictable offenses, and of seven per cent. in the aggregate of all offenses. The list includes indictable crimes, summary convictions for larcenies, malicious mischief and assaults, and offenses against the game laws. Here we may note a second period, during which the government itself discards the methods of the savage, which it had adopted from the established customs of an earlier stage of national organization; and coincident with their abolition will be noticed a decrease in the severity and extent of crime. The further details are examined the more conspicuous is the failure of the sanguinary code. Of one hundred and sixty-seven persons under sentence of death attended by the Rev. W. Roberts, chaplain of the Bristol jail, one hundred and sixty-four had attended hangings.[1] Another witness[2] reported that out of forty persons whom he had seen executed, all but two had witnessed hangings. On the evening of the day when one Miller was hanged for murder, one Jessmer, while stabbing a comrade, declared he "would be hung like Miller." Husbands have kicked their wives to death, saying they were ready to swing for it. And it is related that in 1786 a man was executed for house-breaking, who was cut down and resuscitated, and in a few days sent home; but on his way he stole a saddle and bridle, for which he was this time hanged in earnest.

Neither brutality nor fear answered, even when death was proclaimed to the thief. The appeal to reason through fear broke down, because the legislator ignored the nature of the criminal. "In proportion as punishments become more cruel," wrote Beccaria, one hundred and twenty years ago, "the minds of men, as a fluid rises to the same height with that which surrounds it, grow hardened and insensible; and, the force of the passions still continuing, in the space of a hundred years the *wheel* terrifies no more than the prison." The unvarying habit of the human mind to estimate the probabilities of immunity limits the deterrent effect of any given punishment to a fixed quantity, which will be overcome when a temptation above the average disturbs the balance. If deterrence enters as an element into the calculations of habitual criminals, it acts chiefly as a stimulant for contriving new methods by which the penalty may be evaded. Upon habitual criminals, therefore, the effect of punishment acts constantly in a diminishing degree. The theory of intimidation presupposes that offenders calculate the cost of crime, and restrain themselves accordingly; the fact being that they are chiefly occupied with the expectation of success in their operations. The successful criminals are not affected by the terrors of laws which they know how to evade, while the unsuccessful or foolhardy notoriously lack foresight; they seldom plan crimes, much less modes of escaping punishment. The shame and disgust and apprehension of the halter or prison have no place in the moments of excitement or temptation which precede the felonious act.

Then, if the penalty comes, how much does it punish? At least sixty out of every hundred felon convicts have been in prison before. Has their experience of punishment compelled them to respect the laws? The fact is that, while the first chastisement hurts, its repetition blunts the feelings, nature adapting itself so readily to unfavorable conditions that there is no permanent conscious memory of pain. This is the emotional condition of what we call the "hardened criminal." The law has no terrors for him, and the difficulty with the punitive system is that it does not rightly appreciate and fails to apply the method of reward, which stimulates to

[1] Charles Phillips.
[2] The Rev. H. G. Lyford.

correct conduct because it awakens pleasures which are always sweet and therefore live in the memory. Here is the quandary, then, when it is urged that you must increase the penalty. Larceny shall no longer be punished with the county jail; whipping shall be added, and the timid transgressors shall be frightened from the ranks of the offenders. They tried this policy with the Huguenots in France. Heresy was a crime to be stamped out with torture and death. What was the result? Half a million of timid Huguenots swarmed into Switzerland and the Carolinas. The government did not suppress heresy, but it forced emigration; and the more courageous and crafty Huguenots, who stayed in France, replied to the *peine forte et dure* with a guerrilla warfare of twenty years in the fastnesses of the Cévennes, and participated in the uprising of the Revolution. So, when whipping begins, you do not suppress larceny, but force emigration. The timid thief in New York seeks a less rigorous market for his calling in New Jersey, while the more hardy and callous Jersey rogue crosses the state line to farm his chances in the fields of temptation in New York. We are not rid of the thieves by increasing the deterrence, but invite to ourselves a more desperate lot, and favor Jersey with our cravens. They understood things better than this in England two hundred years ago. Previous to 1688 it was customary to brand on the hand such thieves as were entitled to the benefit of clergy, the usual penalty for theft being death. In 1688, it was enacted that such persons should be branded on the cheek; but after an experience of eight years this act was repealed, because it had "not had its desired effect by the deterring offenders from the further committing of crimes and offenses, but, on the contrary, such offenders, being rendered thereby unfit to be intrusted in any service or employment to get their livelihood in any honest and lawful way, become the more desperate." [1]

One would have supposed that the perception of this truth would lead to its application to the general question of punishment, and modify the sanguinary code; but governments are not consistent, as individuals are. The few are convinced before the many, and there is no such logic even in men as there is in books; for men follow their feelings by preference, while books follow their argument. So, nearly two hundred years have elapsed since this astute preamble was engrossed in the statutes of England, and yet, amazing to relate, the authorities in most of our States still hold that striped clothing is a proper degradation of the guilty; that the lock-step, which habituates a man to tread automatically with his left foot foremost, so that his step ever after brands him as a felon, is an essential aid to prison discipline; and that the forfeiture of citizenship must be added to the infliction of the arbitrary punitive sentence. Has all this artificial effort reduced the number of criminals at large? Not at all. It is the effective temptation that regulates the ratio. The punishment does not in the least affect the degree of temptation, or essentially touch the rate of risk. The rise in risk has been canceled by a rise in the venturesomeness of the offender.

But if legal punishment does not decrease the crime ratio, at least the death, sequestration, or reform of the criminal must tend to lessen the number of criminals at large. "Don't you see?" says the defender of the old system; "here are ten thousand active thieves; catch two thousand, and that leaves only eight thousand, — twenty per cent. decrease." Nothing is more simple in arithmetic, nothing more illusive in social science. How accurately Archbishop Whately described transportation as "a system

[1] 5 and 6 Anne c. 6; also, Statutes of the Realm, 6 Anne, c. 9.

begun in defiance of all reason, and persevered in in defiance of all experience," can be gathered from facts which have transpired since he wrote these words to Earl Gray. From 1828 to 1838 the average convict population of Great Britain was fifty thousand, while from four to five thousand were transported every year to her penal settlements, of whom at least two thirds stayed in the colonies or died there; and yet the crime ratio was increasing, though to be sure in a decreasing degree. But from the day transportation was checked in 1853, and finally abolished in 1867, the crime ratio in England has gradually been reduced to nearly one half. There are now but ten thousand convict prisoners and some two thousand ticket-of-leave men, and the crime ratio is steadily on the decrease.

We are here met by the seeming anomaly that the fewer men there are in prison the fewer criminals there are at large. The fact is that something has been overlooked. The transportation of the malefactor has only affected the number of adults without decreasing the capital stock of criminals, for the progeny is left to follow in the footsteps of the father. Nor is this all. The withdrawal of a portion of the thieves, while the degree of effective temptation remains the same, simply eases up the competition among the thieves who are at large, and enables a new set to take the place of those withdrawn. Instead of the father you have the son; instead of the native you have the foreigner; instead of the professional you have the neophyte, who, being more easily caught, swells the census of the penal colony. What is true of transportation is also true of imprisonment. Its inevitable tendency is to make criminals at the expense of the State. Indeed, it is supposable that, if all the criminals of the State of New York were to be incarcerated within twenty-four hours, the foreign thieves, hearing of a virgin market for their operations, would flock in as they did to the scene of plunder during the celebrated draft riots of 1863. By successively arresting and imprisoning the new-comers, not only would the New York prisons be full, but the necessity for an indefinite number of penitentiaries would arise, till it had constituted itself the penal colony of the entire commercial world of English-speaking people. Fortunately for the State of New York, such an experiment is impossible. It would entail a taxation equivalent to devastation long before the international exchange of convicts was completed. In other words, the withdrawal of criminals from a country while the degree of effective temptation remains the same does not permanently reduce the crime ratio. It only redistributes the criminals who are at large. The true policy seems to be gradually to dispense with the expedient of imprisonment. Let the criminals be returned upon the community under certain conditions of probation. If they disregard these conditions, they will at once compete with those at large, and before long will drive out those unfit for the criminal calling, to monopolize it themselves. The prisons will then be empty; the active criminals will decrease in number; the taxes will be lessened; and the loss by theft will not be materially augmented. Were the law governing the number of criminals other than one which is self-regulative, there would be no basis for civilization, and no hope for the amelioration of the race.

This proposition may startle many, as if it were the entering upon anarchy; but let it be remembered that before prisons existed the forces of civilization were slowly but persistently marching on, and that they will not halt because this innovation has been dared. It is, indeed, less an innovation than it seems. From the history of the changes in prison management itself, a gradual decline can be traced in the coercive system,

and a constant confession of its failure. Hanging and torture have never put a stop to crime. Transportation effected nothing in this direction. While it was in full activity, offenses in England rose from 1821 to 1848; while from 1858 to 1865, during which years it gradually ceased, until in 1867 it was entirely given up, crime fell in a marked degree. The history of transportation contributes to demonstrate the fallacy of deterrence, because it led to experiments in the colonies which in the mother country would have been impossible during the present century on account of public bigotry and fear to make the trial. In Australia the policy of cruelty within the prison was pushed to such extremes that it utterly broke down. Convicts were outraged on method: they had to salute empty sentry-boxes as a mark of self-abasement; they were "lashed" for insolent looks, and for offenses they did not commit, on the ground that they deserved punishment for undetected breaches of discipline. The convicts sent out to make roads and construct public works were packed for safe keeping, from sunset to sunrise and during all the Sunday, into movable vans or boxes, "which held from twenty to twenty-eight men, but in which the whole number could neither stand upright nor sit down at the same time, except with their legs at right angles to their bodies."[1] In 1834, twenty-nine ringleaders in an unsuccessful attempt at mutiny were tried for murder. When passing the sentence of death the eyes of the judge filled with tears, and when one of the accused was asked why judgment should not be pronounced, the remark of the criminal that "a man's heart is taken from him, and there is given to him the heart of a beast," caused the Chief-Justice to burst into tears. Sixteen of these men were reprieved, and the Vicar-General of Australia, Dr. Ullathorne, volunteered to take the news to the pardoned, and to console the condemned. His astonishment on announcing the tidings is best told in his own words: "As I mentioned the names of those who were to die, they one after another, as their names were pronounced, dropped down on their knees and thanked God that they were to be delivered from that horrible place, whilst the others remained standing mute. It was the most horrible scene I ever witnessed." Is it wonderful that it was found necessary, as one of the rules of discipline, to deny the convicts the use of knives and forks, so that they had to tear their food like wild beasts, because convicts and guards had been "cut up like meat" by prisoners in the barracks for the bare chance of escaping into the wilderness on the journey to the nearest court and to certain conviction; and that the Chief-Justice of Australia should depose before the Parliamentary Committee on Transportation that the cruelties were "such as to render death desirable, and to induce many prisoners to seek it under its most appalling aspects"?[2]

These are the acts of a highly civilized people, and some of them were perpetrated less than fifty years ago. They were intended as "aids to discipline," but may be more rightly called incentives to revolt. They show that within the prison was the essential environment of savage life, and that the submission of the undisciplined malefactors to its influences produced all the features of savage retaliation. It is only another illustration of the statement already made, that men care less for life than for the things for which they live. It was just after a revolt in one of the English penal settlements, when the government and the convict stood at bay, that Captain Maconochie confronted the question "of dragging up two thousand of my fellow-men, al-

[1] Bishop Ullathorne's pamphlet On the Management of Criminals.

[2] Parliamentary Report.

most by the hair of the head, from perdition." Only one hundred and sixty soldiers and five superintendents were allowed him on Norfolk Island to govern this mass of desperadoes, many of whom were the reconvicted felons of New South Wales and Tasmania, "the dregs of the dregs of criminality," whom deterrence had failed to tame! How did he conquer these savages within a year? Well, he discarded that "miserable instrument of government,"[1] fear, and substituted "laws that will execute themselves," because they accord with the spirit and possibilities of human nature. He proposed to rely on increasing rewards to stimulate, instead of continuous punishment to deter. Henceforth the term of imprisonment was to be divided into three stages: the first, hard, repulsive, solitary; the second, in associated gangs of six, each convict choosing his mates; and the third, under conditional liberation. The arbitrary "time sentence" of the law was set aside, and the convict could literally *purchase* his freedom with wages earned under a "labor sentence," which required that a definite amount of work should be done by him before he could be discharged. The convict was *paid* in "marks," an expedient for money, which he had to earn like an ordinary laborer, in proportion to the amount of work he performed. With these marks he bought his medical attendance, his food and clothing, even his education if he desired one, which items might cost him from three to five marks a day; and whatever he could save above this expenditure he could apply to the ransom by which he regained his liberty. Ten marks saved counted for one day of commutation, and it was possible to save ten a day by over work and frugality. In the second stage Captain Maconochie, to insure good discipline, revived the institution of "peace pledge," which best suits the uncivilized and was the first form of police organization in ancient Britain. Six convicts were associated together, and the marks they saved were pooled in a common fund. If any man misbehaved, a fine proportionate to the offense was levied on this fund, so that each one was not only bail for his own conduct, but for his companions'. Thus, arbitrary coercion was superseded by the loss of an advantage already earned, and "the simple non-collection of reward performed the office of punishment." In the third stage the convict was allowed to live in a separate cabin, to work part of the time for himself, and to enjoy a degree of liberty, the privilege of which depended on the condition of good conduct. The analysis of Captain Maconochie's plan shows how closely it conformed to the development of society. Its basis was useful labor; its law was the exchange of service to the state for service from the state; its lesson was abstinence from present gratification for future advantage; and its objective aim was social responsibility under liberty. Captain Maconochie was never allowed to reap the fruit of his policy. The government, through the mingled jealousy and contempt of the officials who ranked him, prevented him from carrying out his promises of commutation of sentence for good conduct; and, after two years of trial, the disappointed convicts became mutinous, and the opportunity was improved to remove Captain Maconochie and bring the important experiment to a close.

Nevertheless, in subsequent years, a modified copy of the Australian success was introduced into England and Ireland under the names of the "Crofton" and the "Mark" systems; adopting the three stages and the ticket-of-leave, but rejecting the labor sentence and the "peace pledge" with associated labor, which are the distinctive features of Captain Maconochie's plan. The labor sentence was rejected chiefly because

[1] Adam Smith.

the law provided only for a time sentence, with which it was incompatible. The associated labor in gangs, with mutual bail for good behavior, was rejected chiefly because it is claimed that the contamination resulting from the congregation of many rogues multiplies the number of criminals and makes them desperate, an assumption which requires analysis. From the days of Howard the one constant and seemingly unanswerable cry has been that the jail is the school where the neophyte graduates into the hardened villain; and so completely has the statement become identified in the popular mind with the crime question that a description of the jail and its influence which should omit this philanthropic fiction would be considered lacking in point and argument. A little reflection, in the light of the law which regulates the crime ratio, would greatly modify the view. It is quite true that many boys sent to the reformatory for a petty offense learn pocket-picking and "stalling to steal"[1] from accomplished though youthful offenders; but one does not necessarily become an habitual criminal because he has consorted with thieves in a prison. Before he can range in the category of the habituals two things must have come to pass: he must have the disposition to prefer this mode of gaining a livelihood, and he must be able to make his living by this means. If his aptitude for crime falls below the average required, he becomes a bankrupt in the business, no matter how keen his disposition may be to pursue it. The prison or the jail is merely the official accident which determines the meeting of the true teacher and the true scholar, the agent for selecting the recruits, not the creator of the criminals. The prison is the market established by law, the deliberate act of society in creating a criminal exchange: it simply collects the pupils of crime, and puts them beside the most competent teachers. But this does not increase the crime ratio. If the county jail were made what it should be, a place where the accused are held for trial and are separated from all communication with one another, then the apt scholar and the able teacher would be found to "hang out" at "The Burnt Rag," or "sport" at "The Buckingham," or at gambling hells where gay young blades wind up their careers with embezzlement. Nor is the dangerousness of the criminal necessarily determined by his consorting with other jail-birds. It is the effective opposition of the community in guarding its property which raises the standard of criminal ability and daring. No criminal gives himself more effort than is necessary to secure the "swag" he "goes for," any more than the farmer yokes a pair of oxen to hoe a row of onions. When Silas Herring invents a burglar-proof safe, he challenges the capacity of "Johnny Hope;" when the United States treasurer employs the Continental Bank-Note Company to engrave the greenbacks, he sharpens the skill of Ulrich; and when Miss Flora promenades Central Park with her diamond ear-rings, she heightens the daring of "Young" Soper. It is idle to urge that the meeting of Hope, Ulrich, and Soper in the Tombs would produce burglary, counterfeiting, or snatch-thieving. The mere chance meeting of these worthies and their mutual consultation would be barren of results unless they were confronted with obstacles in the way of a coveted opportunity for the "cracking" of the Manhattan Bank, the counterfeiting of a treasury note, or the snatching of a lady's diamonds. It is the difficulty of accomplishing the job, not the bragging around the corner, that determines who shall be the successful competitor in "raiding" the public. Words are no more potent in teaching thieves how to steal than they are in the university for

[1] Distracting the attention of a store-keeper while a confederate steals.

teaching how to win success in life. If, however, the contamination of the prison is an undoubted fact, and actually increases the crime ratio, it only adds another reason for discontinuing imprisonment as a mode of "repressing crime;" and even as matters stand to-day the present generation is to be congratulated on the gradual abolition of many of the old features of prison practice.

This brings us back to the consideration of the gradual decay of the so-called punitive theory. When the English government adopted the Mark and the Crofton systems, the ticket-of-leave, given from one to five years before the expiration of the sentence, enabling the convict to live at large on condition of reporting to the authorities at stated times and avoiding the company of thieves, was a virtual abandonment of the time sentence, and the abatement of imprisonment to that extent. This step, however, was anticipated by the change in juvenile imprisonment, when children of fourteen years and under were withdrawn from the jails and hulks and placed in reformatories, which took more the character of training schools than of prisons. The establishment of industrial schools, designed to educate children whose parents were criminals, paupers, or habitual drunkards, followed the reformatories. The reformatories themselves underwent changes in construction and management, and gradually all the features of a prison were withdrawn, and a similitude of home life, under the name of the "family system," substituted in its place. The reform has not stopped here. In Massachusetts they concluded that even the reformatory was hurtful to many children, the "institutionalizing" which it produces having the bad effect of preventing the formation of habits of self-reliance. A new office was accordingly created in 1867, to be held by a visiting agent, whose duty was to attend the trials of children, and in cases where the child seemed worthy or promising to place him in the care of some private family. The point was to avoid even a committal to the reformatory. It was then seen that, if imprisonment or even a reform school was injurious to a child, it might deteriorate an adult; if apprenticing the juvenile offender in good families was most propitious for forming the character and obtaining the training suitable to the prospective station in life which these children might be placed in, many adults sentenced for the lighter offenses might best be dealt with in a similar manner. Thus, in 1872, the practice of conditional liberation, first devised in Australia and adopted in England as a mitigation of imprisonment, was carried a step further in Massachusetts. First, offenders upwards of twenty-five years of age, who appeared to be deserving, were placed on probation after sentence had been suspended, and imprisonment was avoided altogether. They were required to report to an officer appointed for the purpose; and thus partial supervision, so that the conduct and companions were noted, was exercised over the "probationists," but otherwise they were unrestricted. It is understood that so far the plan has given satisfaction.

What is the lesson of all this? The prison as a remedy for crime is a failure. After ages of trial it is falling to pieces of its own accord; and were not the fear of criminals greater than our confidence in human nature (an unfounded fear, which was entertained when conditional liberation was first tried in England), the prison as a mode of repressing crimes against property would soon cease to be an institution of civilized life. Its methods are essentially incongruous with the causes of crime. Civilization has changed alike our prisons and our criminals. If the prison does not keep down the crime ratio by sequestration or reform; if it fails as an agent in increasing the moral compulsions of society; if

if does not deter the criminal; if it accustoms a certain portion of the habituals to cell life, so that they become indifferent to imprisonment; if it pauperizes (and all these propositions are true), is there any useful function which it can serve? We think there is. The prison will continue to be necessary for the life confinement of murderers and of criminals addicted to offenses of great violence against persons, — a class requiring absolute restraint. But it will be a long time before the public will consent to have its criminals remain at large, under conditions the details of which there is no space to set forth in this paper. During this interval the prison can be usefully employed as a field for experiment. We know so little concerning the offending class, as its members ramify through the complex web of society, that new and long-continued observations need to be made, extending to their ancestry, to the surroundings of their childhood and manhood, to their social, mental, moral, physical, and industrial disabilities, before a clear conception can be obtained of the multiform agencies by which a criminal can be lifted into a useful and honorable career. By means of the adult reformatory the question of success in individual cases of discipline can be treated, although this will not affect the ratio of criminals at large. It will have the advantage of showing that hereditary instinct can be overcome by adequate educational influences; it will render possible a registration of the specific process of instruction which has been applied to a given case; and it will impart to a number of persons a knowledge and practice of adult education which must in the end enormously increase the effectiveness of the educators as an expert class dealing with the psychological, as distinguished from the scholastic, aspect of the educational problem. There is now, and for years to come there will continue to be, a necessity for institutions with the aims of the State Reformatory at Elmira, New York, but it cannot be admitted that there is either need or justification for such "state-prisons" as New York and other States are responsible for. Built in violation of hygienic requirements, intended only to punish, with a barren discipline and a bad system of labor, officered by political time-servers, and turning out their convicts without instruction in trade, in manners, or in books, it is difficult to characterize them without offense to their managers. Nothing thorough has ever been done until a visible necessity arose for vigorous action. It was not until capital punishment for minor offenses was abolished in England that the police was rendered efficient. It was not until the hulks were broken up that the educational and industrial training of youthful offenders was carried forward with zeal. It was not until transportation was discontinued that conditional liberation was adopted. It will not be until prisons are virtually abolished and the last remnants of the punitive system finally set aside that the question of hereditary crime will be thought of enough importance to justify an exhaustive inquiry into the physical and social conditions which keep up the entailable attributes of the malefactor. Gradually puerilities are passing, and the arbitrary imprisonment of criminals must go with the rest of them.

It would seem that the whole attitude of society toward the criminal must shortly change. The Massachusetts experiment of probation indicates the approach of the time when all good citizens will be courageous enough to apply conditional liberation under suspense of sentence to those who are under condemnation with greater frequency; it is possible that a revival of the peace pledge may take place in some form fitted to the complexity of modern life; for an extension of the practice of giving sureties for good conduct might be made to play an important part in a wiser criminal

jurisprudence. If these changes shall be reached in the next quarter of a century, we shall have history again repeating itself. In the beginning of man's experience personal deterrence, in the form of feuds, was broken down because it threatened to extinguish the social order; to-day corporate deterrence, after centuries of trial, succumbs to industry, emulation, and training under liberty. The way to civilization is not by the discarded expedients of savage life, but through the agencies of civilization itself.

Richard L. Dugdale.

SHAKESPEARE AND BERLIOZ.

Of Hector Berlioz as a musician, others have spoken with an authority to which I cannot pretend. His glory is now complete; even the Parisians, after having treated him as a madman, overwhelmed him with silly calumny, and finally killed him with indifference and ingratitude, now bow very low before his tomb, and proclaim him the glory of the modern school of French music. In the following essay an attempt will be made to study Berlioz from a particular point of view, to trace the influence of Shakespeare upon his life and upon his genius.

Up to the very day of his death, Hector Berlioz was an ardent Shakespearean. The epigraph of his remarkable Mémoires is a translation of some lines from Macbeth, and the last words of the volumes are the same lines in the original English: —

"Life 's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Indeed, Shakespeare was the cause of Berlioz's happiness and of his misfortunes, the inspirer of his musical efforts, and in a certain way the origin of his moral disasters and of what he calls the greatest drama of his life.

This drama comprised a sad and romantic story. In the year 1827 a company of English actors, amongst whom were Charles Kemble, Abbot, Liston, Chippendale, and Henrietta Smithson, came to Paris, and gave a series of performances at the Odéon Theatre. Berlioz, a young man of twenty-four years of age, was then struggling against all kinds of privations. His parents were opposed to his studying music, while he himself had the conviction that music was his true vocation. In order to procure his daily bread, Berlioz entered the Théâtre des Nouveautés as a simple chorus-singer, at a salary of fifty francs a month; and as his modest garret was not an inviting place to dine in, he used in summer time to buy some bread and some dried fruit, raisins, dates, or prunes, and eat them seated at the foot of the statue of Henri IV., on the Pont Neuf. There, without thinking of the capon which that good monarch desired each of his subjects to have in the pot at least on Sundays, he ate his frugal meal as he watched the sun go down behind Mont Valérien; "following," as he writes, "with charmed eyes, the radiant reflections of the rippling Seine that flowed murmuringly before me, and with my mind ravished by the splendid imagery of the poems of Thomas Moore, a French translation of which I was reading lovingly for the first time." Berlioz was then simply a young man of talent and enthusiasm, seeking his path, and finding himself, like all the fiery Romanticists of his time, out of harmony with the old order of things, and

not quite knowing what the new order was to be. At this period of fierce passions and infinite joys he became acquainted with Weber's genius in the Freyschütz, with that of Glück in Iphigénie en Tauride, and with that of Spontini in La Vestale. One night he happened to be present at the Odéon at the first performance of Hamlet by the English company. The *rôle* of Ophelia was played by Miss Smithson, a charming Hibernian beauty, who turned many heads, and who revealed to the Romanticists — to Victor Hugo, to Alfréd de Vigny, to Alexandre Dumas, to Théophile Gautier, and the rest of the illustrious pleiad — the peculiar Northern sweetness and grace of the characters of Ophelia, Juliet, and Cordelia. Miss Smithson left a very distinct mark in the annals of the French stage, and her memory is still fresh in the minds of some of the veteran critics and playgoers. Berlioz did not escape the charm. In his Mémoires he says, "The effect of her prodigious talent, or rather of her dramatic genius, on my imagination and on my heart can be compared only to the bewilderment into which I was thrown by the poet, whose worthy interpreter she was. I cannot say more. Shakespeare, falling thus unexpectedly upon me, dismayed and astounded me. His lightning, in opening to me the firmament of art with a sublime thunderclap, illuminated the most distant depths. I recognized true grandeur, true beauty, dramatic truth. At the same time I comprehended the immense absurdity of the ideas which Voltaire had circulated in France about Shakespeare, — Voltaire,

'Ce singe de génie,
Chez l'homme, en minion par le diable envoyé,' —

and the pitiable paltriness of our old pedagogic Poetics. I saw, . . . I understood, . . . I felt, . . . that I was really conscious of life, and that I must now rise up and walk."

The performance threw the young musician into such a fever of excitement that he resolved never again to expose himself to the flame of Shakespeare's genius, and as a matter of course he returned to the theatre the next day, and saw Romeo and Juliet. After the melancholy, the heart-rending grief, the tearful love, the cruel irony, the dismal meditations, the sinister catastrophes, of Hamlet, after the clouds and icy winds of Denmark, it was in truth dangerous to expose his soul thus heedlessly to the ardent sun of Italy, and to the spectacle of Southern love, — swift as thought, burning as molten lava, imperious, irresistible, pure and beautiful as angels' smiles. Those furious scenes of vengeance, those desperate embraces, those terrible struggles between death and a love that is stronger than death, affected Berlioz with a force that was still further augmented by his sensitive and passionate temperament. At the end of the third act he felt that he was lost. And yet, not knowing at that time a word of English, and reading Shakespeare only in the cloudy version of Letourneur, he necessarily lost that poetry that envelops Shakespeare's creations like a splendid net-work of gold. But the play of the actors, and especially that of Miss Smithson, the succession of the scenes, the pantomime, and the accent of the voices impregnated him with Shakespearean ideas and passions a thousand times more profoundly than Letourneur's pale and unfaithful translation.

After having seen these two performances Berlioz sank into a state of stupor and despair which lasted several months. His thoughts were absorbed in Shakespeare, and in the inspired artiste, the fair Ophelia, about whom all Paris was raving. He compared her glory with his own obscurity, and then, by a supreme effort, he shook off his lethargy, and determined to make himself a name whose glory might reach even her eyes. This was the first act of the sad tragedy of his marriage.

In order to put his resolution into execution, Berlioz, by dint of great efforts, organized a concert at the Conservatoire, hoping that Miss Smithson might be present to witness his triumph. It was love's labor lost. The charming actress, entirely occupied by her brilliant task, was ignorant of the very existence, much more of the efforts, of her obscure slave. However, the concert was noticed favorably by the critics. It was the first time that Berlioz had appealed to their judgment; he had now only to continue working.

Shortly after these incidents Beethoven came to Paris. The effect that this composer had upon Berlioz was almost as great as that of Shakespeare had been. Beethoven opened to him a new world of music as Shakespeare had revealed to him a new universe in poetry, and, with the audacity of youthful genius, he resolved to accomplish the impossible. He desired to be, as a musician, noble and majestic like Spontini, fantastic like Weber, gentle and sweet like Theocritus and Virgil, trivial and sublime like Shakespeare, and grand like Beethoven.

In his Mémoires, Berlioz narrates with curious minuteness the sufferings that were caused him by his unrequited passion for Miss Smithson. "It upset my whole life," he says, "and if it had not been for an almost equally strong passion for Shakespeare which spurred me to work, I should simply have wasted several years in blank despair." As it was, however, he went on composing and competing for the Prix de Rome at the Institute. He wrote, at this time, his fantasia on Shakespeare's Tempest, which was produced at the opera, as mischance would have it, during such a violent storm of rain that the performance was heard by an audience of only about two hundred people. It was literally a *coup d'épée dans l'eau.* Meanwhile, Miss Smithson had gone on a tour in Holland, and in 1830 Berlioz, having at last won the Prix de Rome, went to Italy to spend three years, according to the regulations of the Institute.

In the description which he has given us of his studies at the French Academy in the Villa Medicis at Rome, the name of Shakespeare constantly recurs. Now he is writing the overture to Le Roi Léar; now he is wandering amongst the monuments of Florence, "dreaming," as he says, "of Dante and Michael Angelo, or reading Shakespeare in the delicious woods that fringe the left bank of the Arno, and whose profound solitude permitted me to shout with admiration at my ease." Often, as they are roaming together in the ruins of the Colosseum, he shocks Mendelssohn, that polished gentleman, with his violent expressions of admiration of Shakespeare. Mendelssohn, by the way, in one of his letters written at that time, described Berlioz as "a veritable caricature, without a shadow of talent, feeling his way in the darkness, and believing himself the creator of the world; and, besides that, he writes the most detestable things, and talks and dreams only of Beethoven, Schiller, and Goethe. He is also a man of incommensurable vanity, and treats with superb disdain Mozart and Haydn, so that all his enthusiasm seems to me very suspicious." Here let us state, in a parenthesis, that throughout his life the most ridiculous criticisms were attributed to Berlioz. His supposed disdain of Mozart, for instance, was continually thrown in his face by his enemies, and yet it was Berlioz who exclaimed, in one of his musical *feuilletons à propos* of Mozart's Idoménée, "What a miracle of beauty is such music! How pure! What a perfume of antiquity!" Once for all be it said that Berlioz never had the pretension that certain composers have since had. He did not boast that he was *alone* of his kind, nor did he believe that before he came into the world music was an unknown, dark, and uncultivated science; far from denying the ancients, he

prostrated himself with veneration before the gods of the symphony. However, in spite of the wide difference of their national character and temperament, the relations of Mendelssohn and Berlioz at Rome appear to have continued intimate, though they did not appreciate each other so thoroughly then as they did later. But they always had many points of sympathy in common, and both professed an ardent admiration of Shakespeare, whose ideas they were both destined to translate into music: the one in his Midsummer Night's Dream, the other in his Roméo et Juliette. Moreover, when Mendelssohn wrote the letter above referred to he was only in his twenty-first year, and he did not know Berlioz's work. Twelve years later, when Berlioz visited Leipzig, he treated him like a brother.

During his residence in Italy Berlioz composed his Retour à la Vie, the Ballade du Pêcheur, Rob Roy, the ghost scene in Hamlet, and the overture of his Roi Léar. By special authorization he was permitted to return to Paris in 1832, at the same time that Miss Smithson returned to become manager of an English theatrical company. The two came very near taking lodgings in the same house. Berlioz, however, resisted the temptation to go and see her. He had come to Paris to give a concert, and he would do that first of all, at any rate, and then run the risk of catching another attack of love-fever. The programme of the concert was composed of the Symphonie Fantastique, followed by the Retour à la Vie, a monodrama which forms the complement of that work. The subject of this musical drama is no other than the history of Berlioz's passion for Henrietta Smithson. Through the intermediary of a common friend this lady was induced to go to the concert. The poor woman had built her hopes on the constancy of Parisian enthusiasm and on the support of the Romantic school of literature. She had soon been undeceived. Shakespeare was no longer a novelty, the Romantic revolution was an accomplished fact, and the public which two years previously had flocked eagerly to see the English actors now remained indifferent to their efforts. In a few months Miss Smithson was ruined, the theatre was closed, and, to crown all, the unlucky actress fell one day as she was getting out of a cab and broke her leg. In these circumstances Hector Berlioz was formally introduced to her; his old love-fever returned more violent than ever, and, in the summer of 1833, Henrietta Smithson became Madame Hector Berlioz. "On our wedding-day," he writes, "she had nothing in the world but debts and the fear of never being able to appear again on the stage in consequence of her accident. For my part, I possessed three hundred francs that my friend Gounet had lent me, and I had the advantage of having once more quarreled with my parents. . . . But she was mine, and I defied everything."

This marriage turned out unhappily. Fortune did not smile upon the young couple, and the only regular source of income which Berlioz had, his musical *feuilleton* in the Journal des Débats, brought him in only about fourteen hundred francs a year. In 1838 came a godsend. Paganini, enchanted with the symphony of Harold, which had been composed at his instigation, made Berlioz a present of twenty thousand francs. This sum enabled the composer to pay his debts and to have a fair amount of money in hand. He resolved to employ this money *musicalement* by writing a grand masterpiece, and after seven months' work he produced Roméo et Juliette. Shakespeare had once more inspired him. "What an ardent life I lived at that time!" he exclaims. "With what vigor I swam in that mighty sea of poetry, caressed by the wild breeze of fancy, under the warm rays of that sun of love which Shake-

speare lighted; thinking that I was strong enough to reach the marvelous island where stands the temple of pure art!"

After a few years of married life a friendly separation took place between Berlioz and his wife. The lady, it appears, was of a very jealous disposition, a fact which led to disagreeable complications, as may well be imagined when we remember that, professionally, Hector Berlioz was necessarily thrown into contact with theatrical people. Madame Berlioz went to live in retirement at Montmartre, where she died on March 3, 1854. During the last four years of her life she had been paralyzed, and deprived of speech and movement.

Berlioz, who happened to be in Paris at the time of her death, was wild with grief. In the midst of his regret of a love whose flames had been extinguished prosaically enough, he felt, and always had felt, immense pity when he thought of the misfortunes of his wife: her ruin before their marriage; her accident; the disastrous failure of her last dramatic enterprise at Paris; her departed glory; their domestic differences; her vanished beauty; her constantly increasing physical sufferings; the long perspective of death and oblivion. . . . These reflections filled him with infinite compassion and sorrow, as he looked upon the portrait of his wife made in the days of her splendor, when she was the idol of the public, and when her glory eclipsed even that of Mademoiselle Mars, — a portrait that represented her dazzling with beauty and genius. He compared this lovely vision with the corpse that lay below it on the bed, disfigured by long sickness, and in an ecstasy of woe he cried, —

"Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Where is he? Where art thou? It seems to me that he alone amongst intelligent beings can understand me, and must have understood us both; he alone can have had pity on us, poor artists, who loved each other and were torn asunder. Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Thou must have been humane and kind; if thou existest still, thou must receive the wretched! Thou art our father; thou art in heaven, if heaven there be. God is stupid and atrocious in his indifference; thou alone art the God good for the souls of artists. Receive us into thy bosom, father, embrace us! *De profundis at te clami.* Death, annihilation, what is it? The immortality of genius! . . . *What?* . . . *O fool! fool! fool!* . . . Shakespeare! Shakespeare! I feel the flood returning, I am being overwhelmed by grief, and I seek thee still. . . . *Father! Father! Where are you?*"

There is something terrible in this grief, the more so if one has studied the life of Hector Berlioz, and felt what a great mind his was, and what a great man he was. Never had art a more devoted and honest servant; never was there a more ardent admirer of what is truly great in music and poetry.

Henrietta Smithson lies buried in the cemetery of Montmartre, with her head turned northwards towards England. On the tombstone was graven this inscription: "Henriette Constance Smithson-Berlioz: born at Ennis, in Ireland; died at Montmartre, March 3, 1854." The newspapers announced her death coldly. Jules Janin alone had the heart and the gratitude to write in the Journal des Débats a few words of farewell to the woman who "unconsciously was an unknown poem, a new passion, and a whole revolution. She gave the signal to Madame Dorval, to Frédéric Lemaître, to Victor Hugo, to Berlioz! She was Juliet, she was Ophelia. It was she who inspired Eugène Delacroix when he drew that sweet image of Ophelia." The Abbé Liszt wrote to Berlioz from Weimar, soon after his bereavement, a cordial letter, in which he said, "Elle t'inspira, tu l'as aimée, tu l'as chantée; sa tâche était accomplie."

Hector Berlioz lived on, struggling,

writing, composing, admiring, and despairing, until 1869, when he died, a martyr to his musical faith. In the later years of his life he revived a youthful passion for a lady who never knew that she had been the object of his boyish love until she had lived long enough to see her own children married. The two old people — Berlioz was more than sixty years of age, though he was still young in heart and in intellect — corresponded affectionately, and on the last page of his strange memoirs Berlioz congratulates himself on the happiness that he derives from the mere fact of this lady knowing that he adores her. "I must console myself for having known her too late as I console myself for not having known Virgil, whom I should have loved so much, or Glück, or Beethoven, . . . or Shakespeare, . . . who might perhaps have loved me."

Theodore Child.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

LIII.

It was not with surprise, it was with a feeling which in other circumstances would have had much of the effect of joy, that as Isabel descended from the Paris mail at Charing Cross she stepped into the arms, as it were, or at any rate into the hands, of Henrietta Stackpole. She had telegraphed to her friend from Turin, and although she had not definitely said to herself that Henrietta would meet her, she had felt that her telegram would produce some helpful result. On her long journey from Rome her mind had been given up to vagueness; she was unable to question the future. She performed this journey with sightless eyes, and took little pleasure in the countries she traversed, decked out though they were in the richest freshness of spring. Her thoughts followed their course through other countries, — strange-looking, dimly-lighted, pathless lands, in which there was no change of seasons, but only, as it seemed, a perpetual dreariness of winter. She had plenty to think about; but it was not reflection, nor conscious purpose, that filled her mind. Disconnected visions passed through it, and dull sudden gleams of memory, of expectation. The past and the future alternated at their will, but she saw them only in fitful images, which came and went by a logic of their own. It was extraordinary, the things she remembered. Now that she was in the secret, now that she knew something that so much concerned her, and the eclipse of which had made life resemble an attempt to play whist with an imperfect pack of cards, the truth of things, their mutual relations, their meaning, and, for the most part, their horror rose before her with a kind of architectural vastness. She remembered a thousand trifles; they started to life with the spontaneity of a shiver. That is, she had thought them trifles at the time; now she saw that they were leaden-weighted. Yet even now they were trifles, after all; for of what use was it to her to understand them? Nothing seemed of use to her to-day. All purpose, all intention, was suspended; all desire, too, except the single desire to reach her richly constituted refuge. Gardencourt had been her starting-point, and to those muffled chambers it was at least a temporary seclusion to return. She had gone forth in her strength; she would come back in her weakness; and if the place had been a rest to her before, it would be a positive sanctuary

now. She envied Ralph his dying; for if one were thinking of rest, that was the most perfect of all. To cease utterly, to give it all up, and not know anything more, — this idea was as sweet as the vision of a cool bath, in a marble tank, in a darkened chamber, in a hot land. She had moments, indeed, in her journey from Rome, which were almost as good as being dead. She sat in her corner, so motionless, so passive, simply with the sense of being carried, so detached from hope and regret, that if her spirit was haunted with sudden pictures it might have been the spirit disembarrassed of the flesh. There was nothing to regret now, — that was all over. Not only the time of her folly, but the time of her repentance, seemed far away. The only thing to regret was that Madame Merle had been so — so strange. Just here Isabel's imagination paused, from literal inability to say what it was that Madame Merle had been. Whatever it was, it was for Madame Merle herself to regret it; and doubtless she would do so in America, where she was going. It concerned Isabel no more; she only had an impression that she should never again see Madame Merle. This impression carried her into the future, of which from time to time she had a mutilated glimpse. She saw herself in the distant years, still in the attitude of a woman who had her life to live, and these intimations contradicted the spirit of the present hour. It might be desirable to die; but this privilege was evidently to be denied her. Deep in her soul — deeper than any appetite for renunciation — was the sense that life would be her business for a long time to come. And at moments there was something inspiring, almost exhilarating, in the conviction. It was a proof of strength, — it was a proof that she should some day be happy again. It could n't be that she was to live only to suffer; she was still young, after all, and a great many things might happen to her yet. To live only to suffer, only to feel the injury of life repeated and enlarged, — it seemed to her that she was too valuable, too capable, for that. Then she wondered whether it were vain and stupid to think so well of herself. When had it ever been a guarantee to be valuable? Was not all history full of the destruction of precious things? Was it not much more probable that if one were delicate one would suffer? It involved, then, perhaps, an admission that one had a certain grossness; but Isabel recognized, as it passed before her eyes, the quick, vague shadow of a long future. She should not escape; she should last. Then the middle years wrapped her about again, and the gray curtain of her indifference closed her in.

Henrietta kissed her, as Henrietta usually kissed, as if she were afraid she should be caught doing it; and then Isabel stood there in the crowd looking about her, looking for her servant. She asked nothing; she wished to wait. She had a sudden perception that she should be helped. She was so glad Henrietta was there; there was something terrible in an arrival in London. The dusky, smoky, far-arching vault of the station, the strange, livid light, the dense, dark, pushing crowd, filled her with a nervous fear, and made her put her arm into her friend's. She remembered that she had once liked these things. They seemed part of a mighty spectacle, in which there was something that touched her. She remembered how she walked away from Euston, in the winter dusk, in the crowded streets, five years before. She could not have done that to-day, and the incident came before her as the deed of another person.

"It 's too beautiful that you should have come," said Henrietta, looking at her as if she thought Isabel might be prepared to challenge the proposition. "If you had n't — if you had n't — well, I don't know," remarked Miss Stack-

pole, hinting ominously at her powers of disapproval.

Isabel looked about, without seeing her maid. Her eyes rested on another figure, however, which she felt that she had seen before; and in a moment she recognized the genial countenance of Mr. Bantling. He stood a little apart, and it was not in the power of the multitude that pressed about him to make him yield an inch of the ground he had taken, — that of abstracting himself, discreetly, while the two ladies performed their embraces.

"There 's Mr. Bantling," said Isabel, gently, irrelevantly, scarcely caring much now whether she should find her maid or not.

"Oh yes, he goes everywhere with me. Come here, Mr. Bantling!" Henrietta exclaimed. Whereupon the gallant bachelor advanced with a smile, — a smile tempered, however, by the gravity of the occasion. "Is n't it lovely that she has come?" Henrietta asked. "He knows all about it," she added. "We had quite a discussion: he said you would n't; I said you would."

"I thought you always agreed," Isabel answered, smiling. She found she could smile now; she had seen in an instant, in Mr. Bantling's excellent eye, that he had good news for her. It seemed to say that he wished her to remember that he was an old friend of her cousin, — that he understood, — that it was all right. Isabel gave him her hand; she thought him so kind.

"Oh, I always agree," said Mr. Bantling. "But she does n't, you know."

"Did n't I tell you that a maid was a nuisance?" Henrietta inquired. "Your young lady has probably remained at Calais."

"I don't care," said Isabel, looking at Mr. Bantling, whom she had never thought so interesting.

"Stay with her while I go and see," Henrietta commanded, leaving the two for a moment together.

They stood there at first in silence, and then Mr. Bantling asked Isabel how it had been on the Channel.

"Very fine. No, I think it was rather rough," said Isabel, to her companion's obvious surprise. After which she added, "You have been to Gardencourt, I know."

"Now, how do you know that?"

"I can't tell you, except that you look like a person who has been there."

"Do you think I look sad? It 's very sad there, you know."

"I don't believe you ever look sad. You look kind," said Isabel, with a frankness that cost her no effort. It seemed to her that she should never again feel a superficial embarrassment.

Poor Mr. Bantling, however, was still in this inferior stage. He blushed a good deal, and laughed, and assured her that he was often very blue, and that when he was blue he was awfully fierce.

"You can ask Miss Stackpole, you know," he said. "I was at Gardencourt two days ago."

"Did you see my cousin?"

"Only for a little. But he had been seeing people. Warburton was there the day before. Touchett was just the same as usual, except that he was in bed, and that he looked tremendously ill, and that he could n't speak," Mr. Bantling pursued. "He was immensely friendly, all the same. He was just as clever as ever. It 's awfully sad."

Even in the crowded, noisy station this simple picture was vivid. "Was that late in the day?"

"Yes; I went on purpose; we thought you would like to know."

"I am very much obliged to you. Can I go down to-night?"

"Ah, I don't think *she* 'll let you go," said Mr. Bantling. "She wants you to stop with her. I made Touchett's man promise to telegraph me to-day, and I found the telegram an hour ago at my club. 'Quiet and easy,' — that 's what

it says; and it 's dated two o'clock. So you see you can wait till to-morrow. You must be very tired."

"Yes, I am very tired. And I thank you again."

"Oh," said Mr. Bantling, "we were certain you would like the last news;" while Isabel vaguely noted that after all he and Henrietta seemed to agree.

Miss Stackpole came back with Isabel's maid, whom she had caught in the act of proving her utility. This excellent person, instead of losing herself in the crowd, had simply attended to her mistress's luggage, so that now Isabel was at liberty to leave the station.

"You know you are not to think of going to the country to-night," Henrietta remarked to her. "It does n't matter whether there is a train or not. You are to come straight to me, in Wimpole Street. There is n't a corner to be had in London, but I have got you one all the same. It is n't a Roman palace, but it will do for a night."

"I will do whatever you wish," Isabel said.

"You will come and answer a few questions; that 's what I wish."

"She does n't say anything about dinner, does she, Mrs. Osmond?" Mr. Bantling inquired jocosely.

Henrietta fixed him a moment with her speculative gaze. "I see you are in a great hurry to get to your own. You will be at the Paddington station to-morrow morning at ten."

"Don't come for my sake, Mr. Bantling," said Isabel.

"He will come for mine," Henrietta declared, as she ushered Isabel into a cab.

Later, in a large, dusky parlor in Wimpole Street, — to do her justice, there had been dinner enough, — she asked Isabel those questions to which she had alluded at the station.

"Did your husband make a scene about your coming?" That was Miss Stackpole's first inquiry.

"No; I can't say he made a scene."

"He did n't object, then?"

"Yes; he objected very much. But it was not what you would call a scene."

"What was it, then?"

"It was a very quiet conversation."

Henrietta for a moment contemplated her friend.

"It must have been awful," she then remarked. And Isabel did not deny that it had been awful. But she confined herself to answering Henrietta's questions, which was easy, as they were tolerably definite. For the present she offered her no new information. "Well," said Miss Stackpole at last, "I have only one criticism to make: I don't see why you promised little Miss Osmond to go back."

"I am not sure that I see myself, now," Isabel replied. "But I did then."

"If you have forgotten your reason, perhaps you won't return."

Isabel for a moment said nothing; then, "Perhaps I shall find another," she rejoined.

"You will certainly never find a good one."

"In default of a better, my having promised will do," Isabel suggested.

"Yes; that 's why I hate it."

"Don't speak of it now. I have a little time. Coming away was hard; but going back will be harder still."

"You must remember, after all, that he won't make a scene!" said Henrietta, with much intention.

"He will, though," Isabel answered gravely. "It will not be the scene of a moment; it will be a scene that will last always."

For some minutes the two women sat gazing at this prospect; and then Miss Stackpole, to change the subject, as Isabel had requested, announced abruptly, "I have been to stay with Lady Pensil!"

"Ah, the letter came at last?"

"Yes; it took five years. But this time she wanted to see me."

"Naturally enough."

"It was more natural than I think you know," said Henrietta, fixing her eyes on a distant point. And then she added, turning suddenly, "Isabel Archer, I beg your pardon. You don't know why? Because I criticised you, and yet I have gone further than you. Mr. Osmond, at least, was born on the other side!"

It was a moment before Isabel perceived her meaning; it was so modestly, or at least so ingeniously, veiled. Isabel's mind was not possessed at present with the comicality of things; but she greeted with a quick laugh the image that her companion had raised. She immediately recovered herself, however, and with a gravity too pathetic to be real, "Henrietta Stackpole," she asked, "are you going to give up your country?"

"Yes, my poor Isabel, I am. I won't pretend to deny it; I look the fact in the face. I am going to marry Mr. Bantling, and I am going to reside in London."

"It seems very strange," said Isabel, smiling now.

"Well, yes, I suppose it does. I have come to it little by little. I think I know what I am doing; but I don't know that I can explain."

"One can't explain one's marriage," Isabel answered. "And yours does n't need to be explained. Mr. Bantling is very good."

Henrietta said nothing; she seemed lost in reflection.

"He has a beautiful nature," she remarked at last. "I have studied him for many years, and I see right through him. He 's as clear as glass; there 's no mystery about him. He is not intellectual, but he appreciates intellect. On the other hand, he does n't exaggerate its claims. I sometimes think we do in the United States."

"Ah," said Isabel, "you are changed indeed! It 's the first time I have ever heard you say anything against your native land."

"I only say that we are too intellectual: that, after all, is a glorious fault. But I *am* changed; a woman has to change a good deal to marry."

"I hope you will be very happy. You will at last, over here, see something of the inner life."

Henrietta gave a little significant sigh. "That 's the key to the mystery, I believe. I could n't endure to be kept off. Now I have as good a right as any one!" she added, with artless elation.

Isabel was deeply diverted, but there was a certain melancholy in her view. Henrietta, after all, was human and feminine, — Henrietta, whom she had hitherto regarded as a light, keen flame, a disembodied voice. It was rather a disappointment to find that she had personal susceptibilities, that she was subject to common passions, and that her intimacy with Mr. Bantling had not been completely original. There was a want of originality in her marrying him, — there was even a kind of stupidity; and for a moment, to Isabel's sense, the dreariness of the world took on a deeper tinge. A little later, indeed, she reflected that Mr. Bantling, after all, was original. But she did n't see how Henrietta could give up her country. She herself had relaxed her hold of it, but it had never been her country as it had been Henrietta's. She presently asked her if she had enjoyed her visit to Lady Pensil.

"Oh yes," said Henrietta. "She did n't know what to make of me."

"And was that very enjoyable?"

"Very much so, because she is supposed to be very talented. She thinks she knows everything; but she does n't understand a lady correspondent! It would be so much easier for her if I were only a little better or a little worse. She 's so puzzled. I believe she thinks it 's my duty to go and do something immoral. She thinks it 's

immoral that I should marry her brother; but, after all, that is n't immoral enough. And she will never understand, — never!"

"She is not so intelligent as her brother, then," said Isabel. "He appears to have understood."

"Oh no, he has n't!" cried Miss Stackpole, with decision. "I really believe that 's what he wants to marry me for, — just to find out. It 's a fixed idea, a kind of fascination."

"It 's very good in you to humor it."

"Oh well," said Henrietta, "I have something to find out, too!" And Isabel saw that she had not renounced an allegiance, but planned an attack. She was at last about to grapple in earnest with England.

Isabel also perceived, however, on the morrow, at the Paddington station, where she found herself, at two o'clock, in the company both of Miss Stackpole and Mr. Bantling, that the gentleman bore his perplexities lightly. If he had not found out everything, he had found out at least the great point, — that Miss Stackpole would not be wanting in initiative. It was evident that in the selection of a wife he had been on his guard against this deficiency.

"Henrietta has told me, and I am very glad," Isabel said, as she gave him her hand.

"I dare say you think it 's very odd," Mr. Bantling replied, resting on his neat umbrella.

"Yes, I think it 's very odd."

"You can't think it 's so odd as I do. But I have always rather liked striking out a line," said Mr. Bantling, serenely.

LIV.

Isabel's arrival at Gardencourt on this second occasion was even quieter than it had been on the first. Ralph Touchett kept but a small household, and to the new servants Mrs. Osmond was a stranger; so that Isabel, instead of being conducted to her own apartment, was coldly shown into the drawing-room, and left to wait while her name was carried up to her aunt. She waited a long time; Mrs. Touchett appeared to be in no hurry to come to her. She grew impatient at last; she grew nervous and even frightened. The day was dark and cold; the dusk was thick in the corners of the low brown rooms. The house was perfectly still, — a stillness that Isabel remembered; it had filled all the place for days before the death of her uncle. She left the drawing-room and wandered about; strolled into the library and along the gallery of pictures, where, in the deep silence, her footstep made an echo. Nothing was changed; she recognized everything that she had seen years before; it might have been only yesterday that she stood there. She reflected that things change but little, while people change so much, and she became aware that she was walking about as her aunt had done on the day that she came to see her in Albany. She was changed enough since then; that had been the beginning. It suddenly struck her that if her aunt Lydia had not come that day, in just that way, and found her alone, everything might have been different. She might have had another life, and to-day she might have been a happier woman. She stopped in the gallery in front of a small picture, a beautiful and valuable Bonington, upon which her eyes rested for a long time. But she was not looking at the picture; she was wondering whether, if her aunt had not come that day in Albany, she would have married Caspar Goodwood.

Mrs. Touchett appeared at last, just after Isabel had returned to the big, uninhabited drawing-room. She looked a good deal older, but her eye was as bright as ever and her head as erect; her thin lips seemed a repository of latent meanings. She wore a little gray

dress, of the most undecorated fashion; and Isabel wondered, as she had wondered the first time, whether her remarkable kinswoman resembled more a queen regent or the matron of a jail. Her lips felt very thin indeed as Isabel kissed her.

"I have kept you waiting because I have been sitting with Ralph," Mrs. Touchett said. "The nurse had gone to her lunch, and I had taken her place. He has a man who is supposed to look after him, but the man is good for nothing; he is always looking out of the window, — as if there were anything to see! I did n't wish to move, because Ralph seemed to be sleeping, and I was afraid the sound would disturb him. I waited till the nurse came back; I remembered that you know the house."

"I find I know it better even than I thought; I have been walking about," Isabel answered. And then she asked whether Ralph slept much.

"He lies with his eyes closed; he does n't move. But I am not sure that it 's always sleep."

"Will he see me? Can he speak to me?"

Mrs. Touchett hesitated a moment. "You can try him," she said. And then she offered to conduct Isabel to her room. "I thought they had taken you there; but it 's not my house, it 's Ralph's, and I don't know what they do. They must at least have taken your luggage; I don't suppose you have brought much. Not that I care, however. I believe they have given you the same room you had before; when Ralph heard you were coming, he said you must have that one."

"Did he say anything else?"

"Ah, my dear, he does n't chatter as he used!" cried Mrs. Touchett, as she preceded her niece up the staircase.

It was the same room, and something told Isabel that it had not been slept in since she occupied it. Her luggage was there, and it was not voluminous; Mrs. Touchett sat down a moment, with her eyes upon it.

"Is there really no hope?" Isabel asked, standing before her aunt.

"None whatever. There never has been. It has not been a successful life."

"No; it has only been a beautiful one." Isabel found herself already contradicting her aunt; she was irritated by her dryness.

"I don't know what you mean by that; there is no beauty without health. That is a very odd dress to travel in."

Isabel glanced at her garment. "I left Rome at an hour's notice; I took the first that came."

"Your sisters, in America, wished to know how you dress. That seemed to be their principal interest. I was n't able to tell them; but they seemed to have the right idea, — that you never wear anything less than black brocade."

"They think I am more brilliant than I am; I am afraid to tell them the truth," said Isabel. "Lily wrote me that you had dined with her."

"She invited me four times, and I went once. After the second time she should have let me alone. The dinner was very good; it must have been expensive. Her husband has a very bad manner. Did I enjoy my visit to America? Why should I have enjoyed it? I did n't go for my pleasure."

These were interesting items, but Mrs. Touchett soon left her niece, whom she was to meet in half an hour at the midday meal. At this repast the two ladies faced each other at an abbreviated table in the melancholy dining-room. Here, after a little, Isabel saw that her aunt was not so dry as she appeared, and her old pity for the poor woman's inexpressiveness, her want of regret, of disappointment, came back to her. It seemed to her she would find it a blessing to-day to be able to indulge a regret. She wondered whether Mrs. Touchett were not trying, whether she had not a desire for the recreation of

grief. On the other hand, perhaps she was afraid; if she began to regret, it might take her too far. Isabel could perceive, however, that it had come over her that she had missed something; that she saw herself in the future as an old woman without memories. Her little sharp face looked tragical. She told her niece that Ralph as yet had not moved, but that he probably would be able to see her before dinner. And then in a moment she added that he had seen Lord Warburton the day before; an announcement which startled Isabel a little, as it seemed an intimation that this personage was in the neighborhood, and that an accident might bring them together. Such an accident would not be happy; she had not come to England to converse with Lord Warburton. She presently said to her aunt that he had been very kind to Ralph; she had seen something of that in Rome.

"He has something else to think of now," Mrs. Touchett rejoined. And she paused, with a gaze like a gimlet.

Isabel saw that she meant something, and instantly guessed what she meant. But her reply concealed her guess; her heart beat faster, and she wished to gain a moment. "Ah, yes, — the House of Lords, and all that."

"He is not thinking of the lords; he is thinking of the ladies. At least he is thinking of one of them. He told Ralph he was engaged to be married."

"Ah, to be married!" Isabel gently exclaimed.

"Unless he breaks it off. He seemed to think Ralph would like to know. Poor Ralph can't go to the wedding, though I believe it is to take place very soon."

"And who is the young lady?"

"A member of the aristocracy; Lady Flora, Lady Felicia, — something of that sort."

"I am very glad," Isabel said. "It must be a sudden decision."

"Sudden enough, I believe; a courtship of three weeks. It has only just been made public."

"I am very glad," Isabel repeated, with a larger emphasis. She knew her aunt was watching her, — looking for the signs of some curious emotion; and the desire to prevent her companion from seeing anything of this kind enabled her to speak in the tone of quick satisfaction, — the tone, almost, of relief. Mrs. Touchett of course followed the tradition that ladies, even married ones, regard the marriage of their old lovers as an offense to themselves. Isabel's first care, therefore, was to show that, however that might be in general, she was not offended now. But meanwhile, as I say, her heart beat faster; and if she sat for some moments thoughtful — she presently forgot Mrs. Touchett's observation — it was not because she had lost an admirer. Her imagination had traversed half Europe; it halted panting, and even trembling a little, in the city of Rome. She figured herself announcing to her husband that Lord Warburton was to lead a bride to the altar, and she was of course not aware how extremely sad she looked while she made this intellectual effort. But at last she collected herself, and said to her aunt, "He was sure to do it some time or other."

Mrs. Touchett was silent; then she gave a sharp little shake of the head. "Ah, my dear, you're beyond me!" she cried, suddenly. They went on with their luncheon in silence; Isabel felt as if she had heard of Lord Warburton's death. She had known him only as a suitor, and now that was all over. He was dead for poor Pansy; by Pansy he might have lived. A servant had been hovering about; at last Mrs. Touchett requested him to leave them alone. She had finished her lunch; she sat with her hands folded on the edge of the table. "I should like to ask you three questions," she said to Isabel, when the servant had gone.

"Three are a great many."

"I can't do with less; I have been thinking. They are all very good ones."

"That 's what I am afraid of. The best questions are the worst," Isabel answered. Mrs. Touchett had pushed back her chair, and Isabel left the table and walked, rather consciously, to one of the deep windows, while her aunt followed her with her eyes.

"Have you ever been sorry you did n't marry Lord Warburton?" Mrs. Touchett inquired.

Isabel shook her head slowly, smiling. "No, dear aunt."

"Good. I ought to tell you that I propose to believe what you say."

"Your believing me is an immense temptation," Isabel replied, smiling still.

"A temptation to lie? I don't recommend you to do that, for when I 'm misinformed I 'm as dangerous as a poisoned rat. I don't mean to crow over you."

"It is my husband that does n't get on with me," said Isabel.

"I could have told him that. I don't call that crowing over *you*," Mrs. Touchett added. "Do you still like Serena Merle?" she went on.

"Not as I once did. But it does n't matter, for she is going to America."

"To America? She must have done something very bad."

"Yes, — very bad."

"May I ask what it is?"

"She made a convenience of me."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Touchett, "so she did of me! She does of every one."

"She will make a convenience of America," said Isabel, smiling again, and glad that her aunt's questions were over.

It was not till evening that she was able to see Ralph. He had been dozing all day; at least he had been lying unconscious. The doctor was there, but after a while he went away, — the local doctor, who had attended his father, and whom Ralph liked. He came three or four times a day; he was deeply interested in his patient. Ralph had had Sir Matthew Hope, but he had got tired of this celebrated man, to whom he had asked his mother to send word that he was now dead, and was therefore without further need of medical advice. Mrs. Touchett had simply written to Sir Matthew that her son disliked him. On the day of Isabel's arrival, Ralph gave no sign, as I have related, for many hours; but towards evening he raised himself, and said he knew that she had come. How he knew it was not apparent, inasmuch as, for fear of exciting him, no one had offered the information. Isabel came in and sat by his bed in the dim light; there was only a shaded candle in a corner of the room. She told the nurse that she might go; that she herself would sit with him for the rest of the evening. He had opened his eyes and recognized her, and had moved his hand, which lay very helpless beside him, so that she might take it. But he was unable to speak; he closed his eyes again, and remained perfectly still, only keeping her hand in his own. She sat with him a long time, — till the nurse came back; but he gave no further sign. He might have passed away while she looked at him; he was already the figure and pattern of death. She had thought him far gone in Rome, but this was worse; there was only one change possible now. There was a strange tranquillity in his face; it was as still as the lid of a box. With this, he was a mere lattice of bones; when he opened his eyes to greet her, it was as if she were looking into immeasurable space. It was not till midnight that the nurse came back; but the hours, to Isabel, had not seemed long; it was exactly what she had come for. If she had come simply to wait, she found ample occasion, for he lay for three days in a kind of grateful silence. He recognized her, and at moments he seemed to wish to speak; but he found no voice. Then he closed his eyes again, as if he

too were waiting for something, — for something that certainly would come. He was so absolutely quiet that it seemed to her what was coming had already arrived; and yet she never lost the sense that they were still together. But they were not always together; there were other hours that she passed in wandering through the empty house, and listening for a voice that was not poor Ralph's. She had a constant fear; she thought it possible her husband would write to her. But he remained silent, and she only got a letter, from Florence, from the Countess Gemini. Ralph, however, spoke at last, on the evening of the third day.

"I feel better to-night," he murmured, abruptly, in the soundless dimness of her vigil. "I think I can say something."

She sank upon her knees beside his pillow; took his thin hand in her own; begged him not to make an effort, — not to tire himself.

His face was of necessity serious, — it was incapable of the muscular play of a smile; but its owner apparently had not lost a perception of incongruities. "What does it matter if I am tired, when I have all eternity to rest?" he asked. "There is no harm in making an effort when it is the very last. Don't people always feel better just before the end? I have often heard of that; it 's what I was waiting for. Ever since you have been here, I thought it would come. I tried two or three times; I was afraid you would get tired of sitting there." He spoke slowly, with painful breaks and long pauses; his voice seemed to come from a distance. When he ceased, he lay with his face turned to Isabel, and his large unwinking eyes open into her own. "It was very good of you to come," he went on. "I thought you would; but I was n't sure."

"I was not sure, either, till I came," said Isabel.

"You have been like an angel beside my bed. You know they talk of the angel of death. It 's the most beautiful of all. You have been like that, — as if you were waiting for me."

"I was not waiting for your death; I was waiting for — for this. This is not death, dear Ralph."

"Not for you, — no. There is nothing makes us feel so much alive as to see others die. That 's the sensation of life, — the sense that we remain. I have had it, — even I. But now I am of no use but to give it to others. With me it 's all over." And then he paused. Isabel bowed her head further, till it rested on the two hands that were clasped upon his own. She could not see him now; but his far-away voice was close to her ear. "Isabel," he went on, suddenly, "I wish it were over for you." She answered nothing; she had burst into sobs; she remained so, with her buried face. He lay silent, listening to her sobs; at last he gave a long groan. "Ah, what is it you have done for me?"

"What is it you did for me?" she cried, her now extreme agitation half smothered by her attitude. She had lost all her shame, all wish to hide things. Now he might know. She wished him to know, for it brought them supremely together, and he was beyond the reach of pain. "You did something once, — you know it. Oh, Ralph, you have been everything! What have I done for you, — what can I do to-day? I would die if you could live. But I don't wish you to live; I would die myself, not to lose you." Her voice was as broken as his own, and full of tears and anguish.

"You won't lose me, — you will keep me. Keep me in your heart; I shall be nearer to you than I have ever been. Dear Isabel, life is better; for in life there is love. Death is good, but there is no love."

"I never thanked you; I never

spoke; I never was what I should be!" Isabel went on. She felt a passionate need to cry out and accuse herself, to let her sorrow possess her. All her troubles, for the moment, became single and melted together into this present pain. "What must you have thought of me? Yet how could I know? I never knew, and I only know to-day because there are people less stupid than I."

"Don't mind people," said Ralph. "I think I am glad to leave people."

She raised her head and her clasped hands; she seemed for a moment to pray to him.

"Is it true, — is it true?" she asked.

"True that you have been stupid? Oh, no," said Ralph, with a sensible intention of wit.

"That you made me rich, — that all I have is yours?"

He turned away his head, and for some time said nothing. Then, at last, —

"Ah, don't speak of that; that was not happy." Slowly he moved his face toward her again, and they once more saw each other. "But for that — but for that" — And he paused. "I believe I ruined you," he added softly.

She was full of the sense that he was beyond the reach of pain; he seemed already so little of this world. But even if she had not had it she would still have spoken, for nothing mattered now but the only knowledge that was not pure anguish, — the knowledge that they were looking at the truth together.

"He married me for my money," she said.

She wished to say everything; she was afraid he might die before she had done so.

He gazed at her a little, and for the first time his fixed eyes lowered their lids. But he raised them in a moment, and then, —

"He was greatly in love with you," he answered.

"Yes, he was in love with me. But he would not have married me if I had been poor. I don't hurt you in saying that. How can I? I only want you to understand. I always tried to keep you from understanding; but that's all over."

"I always understood," said Ralph.

"I thought you did, and I did n't like it. But now I like it."

"You don't hurt me; you make me very happy." And as Ralph said this there was an extraordinary gladness in his voice. She bent her head again, and pressed her lips to the back of his hand. "I always understood," he continued, "though it was so strange, so pitiful. You wanted to look at life for yourself, but you were not allowed; you were punished for your wish. You were ground in the very mill of the conventional!"

"Oh, yes, I have been punished!" Isabel sobbed.

He listened to her a little, and then continued, —

"Was he very bad about your coming?"

"He made it very hard for me. But I don't care."

"It is all over, then, between you?"

"Oh, no; I don't think anything is over."

"Are you going back to him?" Ralph stammered.

"I don't know, — I can't tell. I shall stay here as long as I may. I don't want to think, — I need n't think. I don't care for anything but you, and that is enough for the present. It will last a little yet. Here on my knees, with you dying in my arms, I am happier than I have been for a long time. And I want you to be happy, — not to think of anything sad; only to feel that I am near you and I love you. Why should there be pain? In such hours as this what have we to do with pain? That is not the deepest thing; there is something deeper."

Ralph evidently found, from moment to moment, greater difficulty in speaking; he had to wait longer to collect

himself. At first he appeared to make no response to these last words; he let a long time elapse. Then he murmured simply, —

"You must stay here."

"I should like to stay, as long as seems right."

"As seems right, — as seems right?" He repeated her words. "Yes, you think a great deal about that."

"Of course one must. You are very tired," said Isabel.

"I am very tired. You said just now that pain is not the deepest thing. No, — no. But it is very deep. If I could stay" —

"For me you will always be here," she softly interrupted. It was easy to interrupt him.

But he went on, after a moment: —

"It passes, after all; it's passing now. But love remains. I don't know why we should suffer so much. Perhaps I shall find out. There are many things in life; you are very young."

"I feel very old," said Isabel.

"You will grow young again. That's how I see you. I don't believe — I don't believe" — And he stopped again; his strength failed him.

She begged him to be quiet now. "We need n't speak, to understand each other," she said.

"I don't believe that such a generous mistake as yours — can hurt you for more than a little."

"Oh, Ralph, I am very happy now!" she cried, through her tears.

"And remember this," he continued: "that if you have been hated, you have also been loved."

"Ah, my brother!" she cried, with a movement of still deeper prostration.

LV.

He had told her, the first evening she ever spent at Gardencourt, that if she should live to suffer enough she might some day see the ghost with which the old house was duly provided. She apparently had fulfilled the necessary condition; for the next morning, in the cold, faint dawn, she knew that a spirit was standing by her bed. She had lain down without undressing, for it was her belief that Ralph would not outlast the night. She had no inclination to sleep; she was waiting, and such waiting was wakeful. But she closed her eyes; she believed that as the night wore on she should hear a knock at her door. She heard no knock, but at the time the darkness began vaguely to grow gray she started up from her pillow as abruptly as if she had received a summons. It seemed to her for an instant that Ralph was standing there, — a dim, hovering figure in the dimness of the room. She stared a moment: she saw his white face, his kind eyes; then she saw there was nothing. She was not afraid; she was only sure. She went out of her room, and in her certainty passed along dark corridors and down a flight of oaken steps that shone in the vague light of a hall window. Outside of Ralph's door she stopped a moment, listening; but she seemed to hear only the hush that filled it. She opened the door with a hand as gentle as if she were lifting a veil from the face of the dead, and saw Mrs. Touchett sitting motionless and upright beside the couch of her son, with one of his hands in her own. The doctor was on the other side, with poor Ralph's further wrist resting in his professional fingers. The nurse was at the foot, between them. Mrs. Touchett took no notice of Isabel, but the doctor looked at her very hard; then he gently placed Ralph's hand in a proper position, close beside him. The nurse looked at her very hard, too, and no one said a word; but Isabel only looked at what she had come to see. It was fairer than Ralph had ever been in life, and there was a strange resemblance to the face of his father, which, six years before,

she had seen lying on the same pillow. She went to her aunt and put her arm round her; and Mrs. Touchett, who as a general thing neither invited nor enjoyed caresses, submitted for a moment to this one, rising, as it were, to take it. But she was stiff and dry-eyed; her acute white face was terrible.

"Poor aunt Lydia!" Isabel murmured.

"Go and thank God you have no child," said Mrs. Touchett, disengaging herself.

Three days after this a considerable number of people found time, in the height of the London "season," to take a morning train down to a quiet station in Berkshire, and spend half an hour in a small gray church, which stood within an easy walk. It was in the green burial-place of this edifice that Mrs. Touchett consigned her son to earth. She stood herself at the edge of the grave, and Isabel stood beside her; the sexton himself had not a more practical interest in the scene than Mrs. Touchett. It was a solemn occasion, but it was not a disagreeable one; there was a certain geniality in the appearance of things. The weather had changed to fair; the day, one of the last of the treacherous May-time, was warm and windless, and the air had the brightness of the hawthorn and the blackbird. If it was sad to think of poor Touchett, it was not too sad, since death, for him, had had no violence. He had been dying so long; he was so ready; everything had been so expected and prepared. There were tears in Isabel's eyes, but they were not tears that blinded. She looked through them at the beauty of the day, the splendor of nature, the sweetness of the old English church-yard, the bowed heads of good friends. Lord Warburton was there, and a group of gentlemen unknown to Isabel, several of whom, as she afterwards learned, were connected with the bank; and there were others whom she knew. Miss Stackpole was among the first, with honest Mr. Bantling beside her; and Caspar Goodwood, lifting his head higher than the rest, bowing it rather less. During much of the time Isabel was conscious of Mr. Goodwood's gaze; he looked at her somewhat harder than he usually looked in public, while the others had fixed their eyes upon the church-yard turf. But she never let him see that she saw him; she thought of him only to wonder that he was still in England. She found that she had taken for granted that, after accompanying Ralph to Gardencourt, he had gone away; she remembered that it was not a country that pleased him. He was there, however, — very distinctly there; and something in his attitude seemed to say that he was there with a complex intention. She would not meet his eyes, though there was doubtless sympathy in them; he made her rather uneasy. With the dispersal of the little group he disappeared, and the only person who came to speak to her — though several spoke to Mrs. Touchett — was Henrietta Stackpole. Henrietta had been crying.

Ralph had said to Isabel that he hoped she would remain at Gardencourt, and she made no immediate motion to leave the place. She said to herself that it was but common charity to stay a little with her aunt. It was fortunate she had so good a formula; otherwise she might have been greatly in want of one. Her errand was over; she had done what she left her husband for. She had a husband in a foreign city, counting the hours of her absence; in such a case one needed an excellent motive. He was not one of the best husbands; but that did n't alter the case. Certain obligations were involved in the very fact of marriage, and were quite independent of the quantity of enjoyment extracted from it. Isabel thought of her husband as little as might be; but now that she was at a distance, beyond its spell, she thought with a kind

of spiritual shudder of Rome. There was a deadly sadness in the thought, and she drew back into the deepest shade of Gardencourt. She lived from day to day, postponing, closing her eyes, trying not to think. She knew she must decide, but she decided nothing; her coming itself had not been a decision. On that occasion she had simply started. Osmond gave no sound, and now, evidently, he would give none; he would leave it all to her. From Pansy she heard nothing, but that was very simple: her father had told her not to write.

Mrs. Touchett accepted Isabel's company, but offered her no assistance; she appeared to be absorbed in considering, without enthusiasm, but with perfect lucidity, the new conveniences of her own situation. Mrs. Touchett was not an optimist, but even from painful occurrences she managed to extract a certain satisfaction. This consisted in the reflection that, after all, such things happened to other people, and not to herself. Death was disagreeable, but in this case it was her son's death, not her own; she had never flattered herself that her own would be disagreeable to any one but Mrs. Touchett. She was better off than poor Ralph, who had left all the commodities of life behind him, and indeed all the security; for the worst of dying was, to Mrs. Touchett's mind, that it exposed one to be taken advantage of. For herself, she was on the spot; there was nothing so good as that. She made known to Isabel very punctually — it was the evening her son was buried — several of Ralph's testamentary arrangements. He had told her everything, had consulted her about everything. He left her no money; of course she had no need of money. He left her the furniture of Gardencourt, exclusive of the pictures and books, and the use of the place for a year; after which it was to be sold. The money produced by the sale was to constitute an endowment for a hospital for poor persons suffering from the malady of which he died; and of this portion of the will Lord Warburton was appointed executor. The rest of his property, which was to be withdrawn from the bank, was disposed of in various bequests, several of them to those cousins in Vermont to whom his father had already been so bountiful. Then there were a number of small legacies.

"Some of them are extremely peculiar," said Mrs. Touchett; "he has left considerable sums to persons I never heard of. He gave me a list, and I asked then who some of them were; and he told me they were people who at various times had seemed to like him. Apparently, he thought you did n't like him, for he has not left you a penny. It was his opinion that you were handsomely treated by his father, which I am bound to say I think you were, — though I don't mean that I ever heard him complain of it. The pictures are to be dispersed; he has distributed them about, one by one, as little keepsakes. The most valuable of the collection goes to Lord Warburton. And what do you think he has done with his library? It sounds like a practical joke. He has left it to your friend, Miss Stackpole, 'in recognition of her services to literature.' Does he mean her following him up from Rome? Was that a service to literature? It contains a great many rare and valuable books, and, as she can't carry it about the world in her trunk, he recommends her to sell it at auction. She will sell it, of course, at Christie's, and with the proceeds she will set up a newspaper. Will that be a service to literature?"

This question Isabel forbore to answer, as it exceeded the little interrogatory to which she had deemed it necessary to submit on her arrival. Besides, she had never been less interested in literature than to-day, as she found when she occasionally took down from the shelf one of the rare and valuable

volumes of which Mrs. Touchett had spoken. She was quite unable to read; her attention had never been so little at her command. One afternoon, in the library, about a week after the ceremony in the church-yard, she was trying to fix it a little; but often wandered from the book she had in her hand to the open window, which looked down the long avenue. It was in this way that she saw a modest vehicle approach the door, and perceived Lord Warburton sitting, in rather an uncomfortable attitude, in a corner of it. He had always had a high standard of courtesy, and it was therefore not remarkable, under the circumstances, that he should have taken the trouble to come down from London to call upon Mrs. Touchett. It was of course Mrs. Touchett that he had come to see, and not Mrs. Osmond; and to prove to herself the validity of this theory, Isabel presently stepped out of the house and wandered away into the park. Since her arrival at Gardencourt she had been but little out-of-doors, the weather being unfavorable for visiting the grounds. This afternoon, however, was fine, and at first it struck her as a happy thought to have come out. The theory I have just mentioned was plausible enough, but it brought her little rest; and if you had seen her pacing about you would have said she had a bad conscience. She was not pacified when, at the end of a quarter of an hour, finding herself in view of the house, she saw Mrs. Touchett emerge from the portico, accompanied by her visitor. Her aunt had evidently proposed to Lord Warburton that they should come in search of her. She was in no humor for visitors, and if she had had time she would have drawn back behind one of the great trees. But she saw that she had been seen, and that nothing was left her but to advance. As the lawn at Gardencourt was a vast expanse, this took some time; during which she observed that, as he walked beside his hostess, Lord Warburton kept his hands rather stiffly behind him and his eyes upon the ground. Both persons, apparently, were silent; but Mrs. Touchett's thin little glance, as she directed it toward Isabel, had even at a distance an expression. It seemed to say with cutting sharpness, "Here is the eminently amenable nobleman whom you might have married." When Lord Warburton lifted his own eyes, however, that was not what they said. They only said, "This is rather awkward, you know, and I depend upon you to help me." He was very grave, very proper, and for the first time since Isabel had known him he greeted her without a smile. Even in his days of distress he had always begun with a smile. He looked extremely self-conscious.

"Lord Warburton has been so good as to come out to see me," said Mrs. Touchett. "He tells me he did n't know you were still here. I know he 's an old friend of yours, and as I was told you were not in the house I brought him out to see for himself."

"Oh, I saw there was a good train at 6.40, that would get me back in time for dinner," Mrs. Touchett's companion explained, rather irrelevantly. "I am so glad to find you have not gone."

"I am not here for long, you know," Isabel said, with a certain eagerness.

"I suppose not; but I hope it 's for some weeks. You came to England sooner than — a — than you thought?"

"Yes, I came very suddenly."

Mrs. Touchett turned away, as if she were looking at the condition of the grounds, which indeed was not what it should be, while Lord Warburton hesitated a little. Isabel fancied he had been on the point of asking about her husband, rather confusedly, and then had checked himself. He continued immitigably grave, either because he thought it becoming in a place over which death had just passed, or for more personal reasons. If he was con-

scious of personal reasons, it was very fortunate that he had the cover of the former motive; he could make the most of that. Isabel thought of all this. It was not that his face was sad, for that was another matter; but it was strangely inexpressive.

"My sisters would have been so glad to come if they had known you were still here, — if they had thought you would see them," Lord Warburton went on. "Do kindly let them see you before you leave England."

"It would give me great pleasure; I have such a friendly recollection of them."

"I don't know whether you would come to Lockleigh for a day or two? You know there is always that old promise." And his lordship blushed a little as he made this suggestion, which gave his face a somewhat more familiar air. "Perhaps I 'm not right in saying that just now; of course you are not thinking of visiting. But I meant what would hardly be a visit. My sisters are to be at Lockleigh at Whitsuntide for three days; and if you could come then — as you say you are not to be very long in England — I would see that there should be literally no one else."

Isabel wondered whether not even the young lady he was to marry would be there, with her mamma; but she did not express this idea. "Thank you extremely," she contented herself with saying; "I 'm afraid I hardly know about Whitsuntide."

"But I have your promise, have n't I, for some other time?"

There was an interrogation in this; but Isabel let it pass. She looked at her interlocutor a moment, and the result of her observation was that, as had happened before, she felt sorry for him. "Take care you don't miss your train," she said. And then she added, "I wish you every happiness."

He blushed again, more than before, and he looked at his watch.

"Ah, yes, 6.40; I have n't much time, but I have a fly at the door. Thank you very much." It was not apparent whether the thanks applied to her having reminded him of his train, or to the more sentimental remark. "Good-by, Mrs. Osmond; good-by." He shook hands with her, without meeting her eye; and then he turned to Mrs. Touchett, who had wandered back to them. With her his parting was equally brief; and in a moment the two ladies saw him move with long steps across the lawn.

"Are you very sure he is to be married?" Isabel asked of her aunt.

"I can't be surer than he; but he seems sure. I congratulated him, and he accepted it."

"Ah," said Isabel, "I give it up!" while her aunt returned to the house, and to those avocations which the visitor had interrupted.

She gave it up, but she still thought of it, — thought of it while she strolled again under the great oaks whose shadows were long upon the acres of turf. At the end of a few minutes she found herself near a rustic bench, which, a moment after she had looked at it, struck her as an object recognized. It was not simply that she had seen it before, nor even that she had sat upon it; it was that in this spot something important had happened to her, — that the place had an air of association. Then she remembered that she had been sitting there six years before, when a servant brought her from the house the letter in which Caspar Goodwood informed her that he had followed her to Europe; and that, when she had read that letter, she looked up to hear Lord Warburton announcing that he should like to marry her. It was indeed an historical, an interesting bench; she stood and looked at it, as if it might have something to say to her. She would not sit down on it now; she felt rather afraid of it. She only stood before it, and while she

stood the past came back to her in one of those rushing waves of emotion by which people of sensibility are visited at odd hours. The effect of this agitation was a sudden sense of being very tired, under the influence of which she overcame her scruples and sank into the rustic seat. I have said that she was restless and unable to occupy herself; and whether or no, if you had seen her there, you would have admitted the justice of the former epithet, you would at least have allowed that at this moment she was the image of a victim of idleness. Her attitude had a singular absence of purpose; her hands, hanging at her sides, lost themselves in the folds of her black dress. Her eyes gazed vaguely before her. There was nothing to recall her to the house; the two ladies, in their seclusion, dined early, and had tea at an indefinite hour. How long she had sat in this position she could not have told you; but the twilight had grown thick when she became aware that she was not alone. She quickly straightened herself, glancing about, and then saw what had become of her solitude. She was sharing it with Caspar Goodwood, who stood looking at her, a few feet off, and whose footfall, on the unresonant turf, as he came near, she had not heard. It occurred to her, in the midst of this, that it was just so Lord Warburton had surprised her of old.

She instantly rose, and as soon as Goodwood saw that he was seen he started forward. She had had time only to rise, when, with a motion that looked like violence, but felt like she knew not what, he grasped her by the wrist, and made her sink again into the seat. She closed her eyes; he had not hurt her; it was only a touch that she had obeyed. But there was something in his face that she wished not to see. That was the way he had looked at her the other day in the church-yard; only to-day it was worse. He said nothing at first; she only felt him close to her. It almost seemed to her that no one had ever been so close to her as that. All this, however, took but a moment, at the end of which she had disengaged her wrist, turning her eyes upon her visitant.

"You have frightened me," she said.

"I did n't mean to," he answered; "but if I did, a little, no matter. I came from London a while ago by the train, but I could n't come here directly. There was a man at the station who got ahead of me. He took a fly that was there, and I heard him give the order to drive here. I don't know who he was, but I did n't want to come with him; I wanted to see you alone. So I have been waiting and walking about. I have walked all over, and I was just coming to the house, when I saw you here. There was a keeper, or some one, who met me; but that was all right, because I had made his acquaintance when I came here with your cousin. Is that gentleman gone? Are you really alone? I want to speak to you." Goodwood spoke very fast; he was as excited as when they parted in Rome. Isabel had hoped that condition would subside; and she shrank into herself as she perceived that, on the contrary, he had only let out sail. She had a new sensation; he had never produced it before; it was a feeling of danger. There was indeed something awful in his persistency. Isabel gazed straight before her; he, with a hand on each knee, leaned forward, looking deeply into her face. The twilight seemed to darken around them. "I want to speak to you," he repeated; "I have something particular to say. I don't want to trouble you, as I did the other day, in Rome. That was no use; it only distressed you. I could n't help it; I knew I was wrong. But I am not wrong now; please don't think I am," he went on, with his hard, deep voice melting a moment into entreaty. "I came here to-

day for a purpose; it's very different. It was no use for me to speak to you then; but now I can help you."

She could not have told you whether it was because she was afraid, or because such a voice in the darkness seemed of necessity a boon, but she listened to him as she had never listened before; his words dropped deep into her soul. They produced a sort of stillness in all her being; and it was with an effort, in a moment, that she answered him.

"How can you help me?" she asked, in a low tone, as if she were taking what he had said seriously enough to make the inquiry in confidence.

"By inducing you to trust me. Now I know, — to-day I know. Do you remember what I asked you in Rome? Then I was quite in the dark. But to-day I know on good authority; everything is clear to me to-day. It was a good thing when you made me come away with your cousin. He was a good fellow, — he was a noble fellow; he told me how the case stands. He explained everything; he guessed what I thought of you. He was a member of your family, and he left you, so long as you should be in England, to my care," said Goodwood, as if he were making a great point. "Do you know what he said to me the last time I saw him, as he lay there where he died? He said, 'Do everything you can for her; do everything she will let you.'"

Isabel suddenly got up.

"You had no business to talk about me!"

"Why not, — why not, when we talked in that way?" he demanded, following her fast. "And he was dying; when a man's dying it's different." She checked the movement she had made to leave him; she was listening more than ever; it was true that he was not the same as that last time. That had been aimless, fruitless passion; but at present he had an idea. Isabel scented his idea in all her being. "But it does n't matter!" he exclaimed, pressing her close, though now without touching a hem of her garment. "If Touchett had never opened his mouth, I should have known, all the same. I had only to look at you at your cousin's funeral to see what's the matter with you. You can't deceive me any more; for God's sake, be honest with a man who is so honest with you! You are the most unhappy of women, and your husband's a devil!"

She turned on him as if he had struck her.

"Are you mad?" she cried.

"I have never been so sane; I see the whole thing. Don't think it's necessary to defend him. But I won't say another word against him; I will speak only of you," Goodwood added, quickly. "How can you pretend you are not heart-broken? You don't know what to do; you don't know where to turn. It's too late to play a part; did n't you leave all that behind you in Rome? Touchett knew all about it, and I knew it too, — what it would cost you to come here. It will cost you your life! When I know that, how can I keep myself from wishing to save you? What would you think of me if I should stand still and see you go back to your reward? 'It's awful, what she'll have to pay for it!' — that's what Touchett said to me. I may tell you that, may n't I? He was such a near relation!" cried Goodwood, making his point again. "I would sooner have been shot than let another man say those things to me; but he was different; he seemed to me to have the right. It was after he got home, when he saw he was dying, and when I saw it too. I understand all about it: you are afraid to go back. You are perfectly alone; you don't know where to turn. Now it is that I want you to think of me."

"To think of you?" Isabel said, standing before him in the dusk. The

idea of which she had caught a glimpse a few moments before now loomed large. She threw back her head a little; she stared at it as if it had been a comet in the sky.

"You don't know where to turn. Turn to me! I want to persuade you to trust me," Goodwood repeated. And then he paused a moment, with his shining eyes. "Why should you go back? Why should you go through that ghastly form?"

"To get away from you!" she answered. But this expressed only a little of what she felt. The rest was that she had never been loved before. It wrapped her about; it lifted her off her feet.

At first, in rejoinder to what she had said, it seemed to her that he would break out into greater violence. But after an instant he was perfectly quiet; he wished to prove that he was sane, that he had reasoned it all out. "I wish to prevent that, and I think I may, if you will only listen to me. It 's too monstrous to think of sinking back into that misery. It 's you that are out of your mind. Trust me as if I had the care of you. Why should n't we be happy, when it 's here before us, when it 's so easy? I am yours forever, — forever and ever. Here I stand; I 'm as firm as a rock. What have you to care about? You have no children; that perhaps would be an obstacle. As it is, you have nothing to consider. You must save what you can of your life; you must n't lose it all simply because you have lost a part. It would be an insult to you to assume that you care for the look of the thing, for what people will say, for the bottomless idiocy of the world! We have nothing to do with all that; we are quite out of it; we look at things as they are. You took the great step in coming away; the next is nothing; it 's the natural one. I swear, as I stand here, that a woman deliberately made to suffer is justified in anything in life, — in going down into the streets, if that will help her! I know how you suffer, and that 's why I am here. We can do absolutely as we please; to whom under the sun do we owe anything? What is it that holds us? What is it that has the smallest right to interfere in such a question as this? Such a question is between ourselves, — and to say that is to settle it! Were we born to rot in our misery? Were we born to be afraid? I never knew *you* afraid! If you only trust me, how little you will be disappointed! The world is all before us, and the world is very large. I know something about that."

Isabel gave a long murmur, like a creature in pain; it was as if he were pressing something that hurt her. "The world is very small," she said, at random; she had an immense desire to appear to resist. She said it at random, to hear herself say something; but it was not what she meant. The world, in truth, had never seemed so large; it seemed to open out, all round her, — to take the form of a mighty sea, where she floated in fathomless waters. She had wanted help, and here was help; it had come in a rushing torrent. I know not whether she believed everything that he said; but she believed that to let him take her in his arms would be the next best thing to dying. This belief, for a moment, was a kind of rapture, in which she felt herself sinking and sinking. In the movement she seemed to beat with her feet, in order to catch herself, to feel something to rest on.

"Ah, be mine, as I am yours!" she heard her companion cry. He had suddenly given up argument, and his voice seemed to come through a confusion of sound.

This, however, of course, was but a subjective fact, as the metaphysicians say; the confusion, the noise of waters, and all the rest of it were in her own

head. In an instant she became aware of this. "Do me the greatest kindness of all," she said. "I beseech you to go away!"

"Ah, don't say that! Don't kill me!" he cried.

She clasped her hands; her eyes were streaming with tears.

"As you love me, as you pity me, leave me alone!"

He glared at her a moment through the dusk, and the next instant she felt his arms about her, and his lips on her own lips. His kiss was like a flash of lightning; when it was dark again she was free. She never looked about her; she only darted away from the spot. There were lights in the windows of the house; they shone far across the lawn. In an extraordinarily short time — for the distance was considerable — she had moved through the darkness (for she saw nothing) and reached the door. Here only she paused. She looked all about her; she listened a little; then she put her hand on the latch. She had not known where to turn; but she knew now. There was a very straight path.

Two days afterwards, Caspar Goodwood knocked at the door of the house in Wimpole Street in which Henrietta Stackpole occupied furnished lodgings. He had hardly removed his hand from the knocker when the door was opened, and Miss Stackpole herself stood before him. She had on her bonnet and jacket; she was on the point of going out.

"Oh, good morning," he said. "I was in hope I should find Mrs. Osmond."

Henrietta kept him waiting a moment for her reply; but there was a good deal of expression about Miss Stackpole even when she was silent.

"Pray, what led you to suppose she was here?"

"I went down to Gardencourt this morning, and the servant told me she had come to London. He believed she was to come to you."

Again Miss Stackpole held him, with an intention of perfect kindness, in suspense.

"She came here yesterday, and spent the night. But this morning she started for Rome."

Caspar Goodwood was not looking at her; his eyes were fastened on the door-step.

"Oh, she started" — he stammered. And, without finishing his phrase, or looking up, he turned away.

Henrietta had come out, closing the door behind her, and now she put out her hand and grasped his arm.

"Look here, Mr. Goodwood," she said; "just you wait!"

On which he looked up at her.

Henry James, Jr.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Say not the eaglet never loved the nest,
Because, full-fledged, he cannot choose but know
True life is aspiration, and not rest.
With haunting eyes reproachful, to and fro
In my soul's sight forever come and go
The forms of those who loved me first and best.
Reproach me not! I could not love you so,
Were life not spent in Truth's eternal quest.

Though she roll back the curtain of the skies,
And show the mirrored face of baffled man
Where I had pictured heaven with childish eyes,
Truth is my guide alone. O friends of youth,
Old friends, old faiths, old ways where life began,
Farewell! I love you all, — I follow Truth!

W. C. L.

THE HABITANT OF LOWER CANADA.

At the conquest in 1760, Lower Canada contained seventy-two thousand French Canadians, the descendants of less than ten thousand emigrants from France. This was a marvelous increase, considering that the little colony had twice recruited the army of Montcalm, waged unceasing war for a century and a half against the Indians, and sent out settlers and traders to the uttermost confines of New France. After the conquest, seven thousand colonists, mostly seigneurs and their families, returned to France. The English statesmen of that period confidently expected that the French language would soon die out and the habitant be absorbed in the British settlements, and the province was divided up, to that end. But the stone, in this instance, is breaking the hammer. The French Canadian population in Quebec now numbers twelve hundred thousand souls. There are one hundred thousand people of Acadian descent in the Maritime Provinces. Manitoba is nearly half French. French Canadian settlements are found in the valley of the Saskatchewan and on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, is more French than English. The habitant has crossed the line dividing Upper and Lower Canada, and is marching westward through the counties of Glengarry, Dundas, and Prescott, and northward by the valley of the Ottawa. The French language, which is universal in Quebec, has the same legal status as English in the Dominion Parliament and the Supreme Court of Canada. Even the comparatively new English settlements in the Eastern Townships are being overrun. Somerset becomes Saint-Morisette, Stamfold Sainte-Folle, Boulton Bouton, as parish after parish is invaded by the race which England thought she had effaced on the Plains of Abraham. The habitant has also swarmed over the boundary into New England and the Western States, and the sixty-five thousand peasants left to shift for themselves in the abandoned colony which Voltaire described as "a few arpents of snow" have increased, until their number in North America is not short of two million souls.

The French Canadian is an admirable colonist. He may lack enterprise, but his staying qualities are not surpassed by those of the Scotchman. He is a living monument to the truth of the old saw that "blood will tell." New France, unlike many colonies founded by European nations, was not a penal settlement. The earliest emigrants were honest and intrepid pioneers, like Cartier and Champlain, who led them. The seigneurs came of the best stock in France, being chiefly young nobles whose purses were not long enough to enable them to bask at Versailles, and retired officers. From 1621 to 1641 the settlers came mostly from Normandy, Beauce, Poitou, Perche, Ile de France, and Le Pays d'Aunis.

In 1665, the Prince de Carignan regiment, the first European corps sent to America, arrived in the colony, and was disbanded. The officers, nearly all of whom belonged to the *haute noblesse*, received land grants and founded family dynasties, some of which exist to this day. The common soldiers were also put upon the land, and this crack regiment, fresh from fighting the Crescent on the plains of Hungary, was speedily absorbed in the population. Laval, the first bishop of Quebec, whose see extended from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, was a high-born Montmorency. Ladies of rank and fortune, headed by Madame de la Peltrie, a handsome young widow of Alençon, founded the first religious houses, of which the Hôtel Dieu was endowed by Richelieu's niece, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. The governors, the intendants, and the minor officers of the king were of the bluest blood in France, and their influence upon the manners of the people is visible to this day.

The habitant was the French peasant transported to a better world. He was a devoted royalist, believing with Pernetty that when kings are good they are a present from Heaven; when they are bad, they are a chastisement. The French peasant of that period was crushed beneath the noble and the tax-gatherer. At the close of the seventeenth century La Bruyère wrote: "Certain savage-looking beings, male and female, are seen in the country; black, livid, and sunburnt, and belonging to the soil which they dig and grub with invincible stubbornness. They seem capable of articulation, and when they stand erect they display human lineaments. They are, in fact, men. They retire at night into their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots." On the banks of the St. Lawrence the serf breathed the air of freedom. He was still a serf, under the Custom of Paris; but the Canadian seigneur was a kind master, and the king's assessor no longer reaped where the husbandman sowed. The Récollets, who were the first missionaries, attended to his spiritual wants; and when they gave place to the Jesuits, churches soon dotted the clearings. If the church bled the habitant freely for tithes, its numerous saints' days lightened his drudgery. Moreover, he paid the tithes cheerfully; for, unlike the Irish peasant under the Protestant garrison, he was not maintaining an alien creed. *Cœlum, non animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt:* the habitant, in the loneliness and isolation of the forest, cherished with deeper affection the faith as well as the superstitions of his native land. The king's was a paternal government. The minister Colbert provided the settler with a wife, and encouraged large families by royal premiums. The first batch of girls sent from the parent country to meet the keen demand in the matrimonial market arrived October 7, 1665; and the Mother of the Incarnation, superior of the Ursuline Convent, relates in her diary that they were all, to the number of one hundred, happily married by October 29th. La Hontan has made a cruel charge against these state brides. They were peasant girls, chosen for their robustness and virtue, and orphans of good character, taken from the Hôtel Dieu at Paris. Boucher, writing in 1663, declares that when a black sheep was found among them she was at once sent back to France; and this is corroborated by Father C. Leclercq, 1673–90. La Fontaine writes to his friend, Saint-Evremond, in 1687: —

> "Le mieux est de me taire,
> Et surtout n'être plus chroniqueur de Cythère,
> Logeant dans mes vers les Chloris,
> Quand on les chasse de Paris.
> On va faire embarquer ces belles :
> Elles s'en vont peupler l'Amerique d'Amours.
> Que maint auteur puisse avec elles,
> Passer la ligne pour toujours!"

This may or may not have been true of the girls sent to New Orleans and St.

Christopher in the West Indies; upon those sent to New France it is a libel. The registers of the church of Notre Dame at Quebec bear testimony to the singular purity of the people. In the first seventy years of its settlement, when the population of Quebec was composed of a motley crowd of soldiers, sailors, and peasants, there were only two illegitimate births. Charlevoix, in 1720, testified that at that day the French Canadian women preserved their reputation unsullied. A royal gratuity of twenty francs was given to lads who married at twenty years of age or under, and to girls who found husbands before they were sixteen. It was no uncommon thing for the united ages of the bride and bridegroom to fall short of thirty years. A premium of three hundred francs was awarded to parents with ten living children, and of four hundred francs to those with twelve. Men of family were preferred to bachelors for the petty public offices. Young widows, obeying his most Christian majesty's edict, soon dried their tears. Dollier de Casson, in his history of Montreal, tells of one who married her second husband whilst number one lay dead in the house. Large families are the rule to this day. M. Ouimet, the excellent superintendent of education in Quebec, is the twenty-sixth child in his family. At a funeral at Beauport, not long ago, twenty-seven children followed the remains of the twenty-eighth to the grave. Fourteen golden weddings have been celebrated at one time in a single parish in L'Assomption. The seigneurs married the daughters of seigneurs, and Talon, the intendant, occasionally wrote to Colbert for a consignment of "young ladies of good birth and breeding," for the subalterns of the Carignan regiment and the young civil officers whose taste could not be suited in the colony. Feudalism and religion walked hand in hand in those days, and the colony waxed strong with a pious, thrifty, and prolific people. The Norman colonist was a veritable Aberdonian in acquisitiveness. His Breton neighbors said he prayed not for wealth, but only to be placed near somebody who had it. Emigration from France practically ceased in 1700. Since then the French Canadians, in spite of the conquest, the burdens imposed upon them by the early British governors, the stream of British emigration that has been steadily running into Canada since the union of the two provinces in 1841, and the overflow from Quebec into New England and the West, have increased to such a degree out of their own loins that now, like Israel in Egypt, "the land is filled with them."

The feudal tenure, which existed for two centuries and a half, has left an ineffaceable mark upon the character of the habitant. It was the feudal institution of France modified by local usages. The royal commission to La Roche, the king's governor and lieutenant-general in 1598, and the conveyance in 1626 of a certain tract of land to Louis Hébert, the first head of a family who settled at Quebec (1617), contain traces of the Custom of Paris. But in 1627–28 the colony was vested by royal charter in the Hundred Associates, who were to enjoy it *à perpétuité, en toute propriété, justice et seigneurie*, together with a monopoly of the fur trade, on payment of tribute in the shape of a crown of gold, four pounds in weight, to each new king of France. This charter established the feudal tenure throughout the country, and in 1663 the company made the first *concession en fief* to Robert Giffard, seigneur of Beauport, a doctor who settled there with a party of Percherons. The title of the Hundred Associates was extinguished in 1663, and the government was wielded by the king, acting through the Sovereign Council at Quebec; but the colony was ceded in the following year to the West India Company, which was abolished by royal

edict in 1674, and from that time until the conquest the royal administration held entire sway. The feudal tenure, however, was continued after the conquest, until 1854, when it was quietly abolished, at a direct cost to the united provinces of Upper and Lower Canada of six million dollars. But as Upper Canada had to be compensated for this purely Lower Canadian expenditure, the act of extinguishment, accomplished after fifty years of bloodless agitation, may be said to have cost the country ten million dollars, — an enormous outlay for that poor and straggling population. France introduced the seigneurial system into the colony solely as a means of peopling it. The seigneurs rendered homage to the king's representative at Quebec once a year, and the custom was continued under British rule. The seigneur knelt before the governor, delivered up his sword, placed his hand between the hands of the governor, and repeated the oath of allegiance. The seigneur also paid to the king the right of *quint;* that is to say, the fifth part of the price received for the property whenever it changed hands. He was bound also, by the right of *banalité*, to build grist-mills on his estate for the benefit of the *censitaires*, or tenants; to use all due diligence in inducing emigration and colonization; to perform military service when called upon; to see that the clergy were well treated; and under certain fiefs to administer justice, *haute*, *moyenne*, *et basse*. In France the banalité was conventional, and had no existence at common law. In Canada it was also conventional until 1686, when it was recognized and enforced by statute; the seigneurs being bound, as has been said, to build grist-mills, and the censitaires being compelled to carry their grist there, and nowhere else, paying the seigneur a fourteenth part for the grinding. Again, the seigneur in France was absolute master over his estate, in that he might rent it or not as he saw fit; but in Canada the seigneur could not lock up his lands, nor refuse to cede them to censitaires for a fair price, fixed according to the average rent paid in the neighborhood. This law prevented the holding of land for speculative purposes; indeed, so keenly alive were the king's ministers to the danger of "holding for speculation and monopoly" that by the *arrêt* of 1732 it was provided that lands lying fallow, or remaining uncleared, should after a certain time lapse to the crown. The seigneur could not exact anything from the censitaire when the latter entered on possession, nor demand a rent of more than two sous per superficial acre; but the *lods et ventes*, an impost by which the seigneur secured a twelfth part of the value of the farm whenever it changed hands, and the banalité were a source of large profit. It must not be supposed, however, that the seigneur ate the bread of idleness. "At St. Ours," writes one of the king's agents, "I saw two young ladies at the plow-tail." The dowry of Mademoiselle Magdelaine Boucher, daughter of a Three Rivers seigneur, who married Urbain Baudry *dit* Lamarche in 1647, was as follows: Two hundred francs cash, four sheets, two tablecloths, six linen pieces, a mattress and coverlet, two dishes, six spoons and six pewter plates, a saucepan and a copper kettle, a table and two benches, a kneading-trough, a trunk with a key, a cow, and two mated pigs. The seigneur's daughters helped their mother to do the household work, and the seigneur himself "bossed" his laborers, and looked after his roads and rents. Little by little, however, the seigneur increased the weight of his feudal exactions. In a lawsuit he had a great advantage over the censitaire, for the judges of course belonged to the seigneur class. The *cens et rentes*, from being two sous an acre, with a forty-sou capon thrown in were increased to six and eight sous. The right of *retrait*, by which the seign-

eur forced a purchaser within forty days after the sale of a farm to transfer it back again, enabled him to protect himself against fraudulent sales; but in later times it was abused, and tended greatly to hamper the transfer of land. The *corvée*, or forced labor upon the roads, was not burdensome (it exists at this day under the name of statute labor); but the same could not be said for the practice which crept in of forcing the purchaser of a farm to compound the lods et rentes by a cash payment. The seigneur might compel the censitaire to supply gratis all the wood and stone required for the estate, and by virtue of the right attached to the *domaine privé* in unnavigable streams he collected rent for water-power for driving mills, and seized a tenth part of all the fish the censitaire caught.

The feudal system was admirably adapted for the creation of a peasant proprietary; and it kept the colony from falling into the hands of a few rich landlords. In 1850, four years before the seigneurial title was extinguished, there were two hundred and twenty-seven seigneuries; but as the seigneur was compelled to lease and sell, his own private estate never became unmanageably large. The degrading badges of vassalage which the *villein* in Europe wore were never fastened upon the French Canadian. The infamous *droit de jambage* is said to have been inserted in the patent of one Canadian seigneur, but no trace of it can be found; nor were any of the fanciful *droits* of the class of *droits honorifiques* in force. The system, rude as it was, taught the people the virtue of obedience to constituted authority. From the seigneur, who had to render *foi et hommage* to the king, down to the poorest censitaire, whose disobedience would either consign him to the dungeon, or bring down upon him the torture of the *cheval de bois*, all were "subject unto the higher powers." And so the habitant of to-day, whether in his native parish, or as an alien in New England, is loyal and respectful to his superiors, — a great conservative force on a continent which has always been the refuge of the uneasy spirits of the world.

Before Jacques Cartier and his comrades sailed from the roadstead of St. Malo in the good ships Grande Hermine, Petite Hermine, and Emerillon, on May 19, 1535, they went reverently to the old cathedral of the town, and received the holy sacrament and the blessing of Bishop Bohier. Their first act, upon touching at Ile aux Coudres, below Quebec, on September 7th, the eve of the feast of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, was to celebrate the holy sacrifice. It was a mellow day in the beautiful Canadian fall. The *coudriers* (hazel bushes) and the odorous pine were tinged with the fierce scarlet which the Indians say is the breath of summer. Dom Antoine and Dom Guillaume le Breton, the almoners of the expedition, carried the sacred vessels ashore, and the company, planting the *fleur de lys* in the name of Francis I., joined in the first mass said on Canadian soil. Religion has entered largely into the history of the country so consecrated. The Jesuit missionaries raised a cross to mark the metes and bounds of their explorations. The old *coureurs des bois* "blazed" crosses upon the trees for guide-posts. The habitant in the new settlements erects a cross near his shanty, and at noon, when he knows by the course of the shadows that it is Angelus time in his native village far away, makes the forest resound with his litanies. A French Canadian settlement is founded on religion and democracy. When the young habitant goes abroad into a new district, his kit consists of little more than his axe and rosary. He works all winter clearing the land, and in the spring puts in his first crop. If the land is good, he returns after seed-time to his friends and neighbors, and tells them the news; the

next fall two or three of them join him, and the process of hewing homes out of the virgin forest begins in earnest. It is hard work, but the habitant is a woodman born. In the course of three or four years the settlement feels big enough for parish and municipal honors, and efforts are made to secure a priest. Religious duties have not been wholly neglected in the mean time. On Sundays the most book-learned man in the party reads aloud out of L'Imitation de Jésus Christ, and the forest reverberates with the peasant's hymn to the Virgin: —

"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours:
Servez-moi de défense,
Prenez soin de mes jours!"

At Eastertide they return without fail to their native parishes. Those who neglect the church at this season are known as *renards*, and the young habitant will walk many a weary mile to the nearest church to escape that branding. At last some good priest offers to visit them once a month. A rude log-house is hurriedly built as a temporary chapel, and the women garnish it with wild flowers. A few pine boards serve as the altar, and the priest brings the sacred vessels with him in his knapsack. Before mass, confessions are heard. Then the little community ask for God's blessing upon their enterprise, and pray for their absent friends. By and by, when the parish has been duly set apart by the bishop, a *corvée*, or "bee," is summoned; a chapel is soon built by willing hands, and a levy is made for a clock, — a clock with a sonorous bell that makes itself heard when the forest is ringing with the din of the axeman and the cries of the teamster to his stubborn oxen. Then the three *marguilliers*, the trustees or churchwardens of the parish, are elected. The marguilliers hold office for three years, the members retiring in rotation. The marguillier whose turn it will be to retire next presides at the meetings in the priest's absence, and on special occasions the ex-marguilliers are convened, and occasionally all the members of the congregation. The marguilliers compose the *fabrique*, or vestry, of which the priest is *ex officio* president. All the temporalities of the parish ecclesiastical are vested in the fabrique for the time being. The marguilliers have seats opposite the pulpit and facing the congregation, and a crucifix and two candles burning before them are the symbols of their authority. It is the duty of the marguilliers to aid the priest in the general management of the parish, and they accompany him at Christmas when he visits the parishioners *pour la quête de l'Enfant Jésus*, soliciting alms for the poor. The habitant is not crushed by clerical imposts. Newly cleared land is exempt from tithes for five years. On other land, the tithes are payable in kind, being one twenty-sixth part of all the grain grown. If the owner of the farm is a Catholic and the tenant a Protestant, the land pays no tithes; the liability depends upon the religion of the actual occupier. The tithe system was established in 1663, when one thirteenth of the harvest was exacted; subsequently, the proportion was reduced to one twenty-sixth, and the system was legalized on the cession of the colony to Great Britain. If a habitant abjures the Catholic faith, his tithe liability *ipso facto* ceases. Besides tithes, the church levies the *supplément*, a tax of from one eighth to one fourth per cent. of the annual assessment of tradesmen and others not subject to tithes.

As a class, the French Canadian priests are men of much merit. Their parishes in very many cases are as large as an English county, and their work, especially in the winter time, involves not only arduous toil, but no small peril. The history of the priesthood is the history of the country. They were the discoverers in the heroic age of the colony; they are the colonization agents now.

They are men of dauntless courage. Fathers Brebœuf and Lalemant, who went to the stake and defied Indian torture on the shores of Lake Simcoe in 1649, have won, if they have not yet received, the martyr's crown; but they were no braver than the priest who risks his life in canoeing rivers during the frosts of November and the thaws of April, or in forcing his way through the bush in the dead of an arctic night to answer a sick call.

The habitant is a model of thrift. He grows his own tobacco, makes his own "beef" moccasins, and manufactures his own whisky. His wife spins the wool out of which is made *l'étouffe du pays*, a kind of frieze, in which he clothes himself. His house is a picture of neatness. The outside is whitewashed at least twice a year; the inside is swept and garnished until it is as bright as a new pin. The floor of pine boards is scrubbed and sanded every day. The walls are hung with pictures, somewhat gaudy as to color, of the Pope, St. Cecilia, St. Joseph, and St. Anne, and photographs of the parish priest and of the children who are away in New England or Minnesota. Over the broad fire-place, in which huge logs blaze in winter-time, hangs the family *fusil*, the old flint-lock a sire carried under Montcalm, and now used to kill an occasional bear, and to fire a *feu de joie* on St. Jean Baptiste day and other great occasions. Near it are medals brought from Rome by the priest or the bishop, and the rosary that has come down as an heir-loom in the family. The house is decorated with sampler work of saints and angels, for which the women are famed. A crucifix hangs above the fusil, and in settlements near a church the house is always supplied with holy water. The patriarch of the family sits in the ingle-neuk, puffing blasts of smoke from his long pipe up the bellowing chimney, and sporting the *toque*, an old-fashioned red night-cap with a brilliant tassel, which his fathers before him wore under the *ancien régime*. The goodwife, in *mantelet* of calico, skirt of homespun blue, and neat Norman cap, is at the spinning-wheel; the eldest daughter, soon to marry the honest husbandman in the next clearing, is weaving her linen outfit at a hand-loom. The pot in which the pea-soup, the staple dish, is made is gurgling on the fire; a smaller pot contains the pork; and in the Gulf parishes the *tiaude*, composed of alternate layers of pork and codfish, is still the *pièce de résistance*. The bedrooms are furnished with old-fashioned bedsteads, covered with patch-work quilts of cunning and patient workmanship. Here too are pictures of the Madonna and St. Ignatius, and a small plaster figure of the great Napoleon, meditating with folded arms on the cliffs of St. Helena; a bough of palm blessed at Eastertide; holy water, a specific against lightning; and the snow-shoes on which the habitant visits his little kingdom of eighty or one hundred arpents in the long winter season. The housewife bottles an infinite variety of preserves in the fall, raspberries, blueberries, blackberries, huckleberries, and other wild fruits which the bush and the swamps yield in abundance; and in the spring the maples furnish a sweet harvest of sugar. When the *défricheur* comes in from the woods on a cold evening, he fortifies himself with a draught of the mordant whisky; the blessing of God is asked on the more substantial repast, and he falls to, a valiant trencherman, with an appetite as keen as his axe. The *bon homme* gets out his rosin and his bow, the lads and lasses come in from the neighboring farm-houses, and as Longfellow has it of the Acadians in Evangeline, —

> "Gayly the old man sings to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
> *Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres* and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*."

The dances of the olden time still hold their own in the country districts. The

cotillons, the *gigues*, the *galopades*, the *menuets*, the *danses rondes*, and the ancient ballads, the Claire Fontaine and En Roulant, are ever new. At ten o'clock the grandfather puts away his fiddle, and reverently gives his blessing to the company, which now disperses, to be up and at work by the first peep of morning.

The parish municipal is organized and governed on a system similar to that which is in vogue in the American and Upper Canadian townships, the people having paramount control of affairs and enjoying absolute home rule. In a French Canadian parish, the habitants, having shared in common the hardships of pioneer life, are divided by no caste distinctions when the sun of prosperity rises upon their horizon. They are one family, and in this unity lies the secret of their strength as colonists. The priest, the notary, the doctor, and the village postmaster are the leaders of public opinion. It was the fashion not long ago, especially among Parisian writers who occasionally paid a flying visit to the province, to describe the habitant as steeped in ignorance and superstition. Oscar Commettant, who published a book of travels in 1860, told how the habitants had asked him affectionately after Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, and were much put out to hear of their death! The absurdest stories always find the readiest credence. As a matter of fact, the system of education in use in Lower Canada is equal to the best on the American continent. The better class of people speak pure French, and nearly all can speak fair English. The church has encouraged education since the earliest times. Pacifique Duplessis, the Franciscan, founded the first school in Quebec in 1616. The College of the Jesuits was opened in 1636. At the time of the British conquest primary education was conducted by the Jesuits, or with the help of the Jesuit endowments, aided by a few Ursuline and Récollet teachers. But in 1800, on the death of Père Cazot, the last of the fathers (the company having been suppressed by Clement XIV. in 1773), the British government seized the property of the order, thus despoiling and closing the parish schools. Some of the early British officials were not distinguished for fair dealing. Governor Murray, writing six years after the conquest, pronounced them the "most immoral collection of men" he ever knew. Monseigneur Plessis, one of Laval's most illustrious successors, struggled for years to save the colony from being made a close Protestant preserve in spite of the liberality of the Articles of Capitulation and the Treaty of Paris of 1763. It was not until 1841 that the church regained control of the primary education of the people. Great progress has been made of late in native literature. Garneau and L'Abbé Ferland, the historians, are dead, but their works will endure forever. De Gaspé, who began authorship at seventy, left behind him a standard work on the manners and customs of the old régime. Among living writers, Benjamin Sulte, L'Abbé Casgrain, Lemoine, Tassé, Dr. Taché, Fabre, Marmette, Ernest Gagnon, Faucher de St. Maurice, and others are creditably sustaining the reputation of the province. M. Frechette, editor of La Patrie of Montreal, and a poet of no mean order, was recently crowned by the French Academy.

Through all these years the habitant has clung to the language of his forefathers with extraordinary tenacity. It is often said by transient visitors, and commonly accepted as true by those who have never set foot in the province, that the habitant speaks a rank *patois*. This is not the case. The Norman accent prevails in some of the rural districts, and the educated classes have almost lost the French intonation; but the French spoken is the pure French, the classic French of the golden age of

French literature, — blurred, however, by anglicisms, and slurred in the pronunciation. It is true that there are hundreds of words in use which are not found in the Dictionary of the Academy. But it must be remembered that the habitant has had to coin words during his life in the bush. There are, for instance, many appliances used in making maple-sugar, in logging, in making potash and pearl ash, of which the Academy never heard; but such words are not barbarisms. In other cases, old words still cherished by the habitant have become debased currency in France. Thus, if you ask after the crops, the habitant will tell you that he has had *de l'avoine à plein*. The phrase *à plein* is not used in France nowadays, but it is sterling coin for all that, being found in Pascal and other writers of his day. If you request the habitant to go for a walk round his farm, he will ask you politely to *espérer*, for *attendre*, a while; but *espérer* is good old French. Other expressions which jar upon French ears are phrases used by the old Norman seadogs which the habitant has preserved. Thus, the peasants *embark on* and *disembark from* their wagons. They do not *dress* but *rig* themselves; they *refit* a broken vehicle, and so on. The words which the habitant has coined are those which most offend the Parisian. But what does Paris know of the forest *sucrerie*, of the *brassin*, *goudrelle*, *toque*, *tire*, *trempette*, and other technical terms of the backwoods refinery? The Forty Immortals never saw the inside of a shanty, and their French is incapable of describing the technicalities of lumbering; yet when they hear the words and phrases of this industry they accuse the habitant of speaking an unintelligible jargon! Nor are the Immortals learned on the subject of a Canadian winter. *Baliser un chemin* is an expression which a recent French writer quotes in support of his charge that the peasant speaks a *patois*, and he translates it "to ballast a road." *Baliser* is a nautical term, meaning to mark out by beacons or buoys, and *baliser un chemin* is to plant trees on the roadside, so that when the road itself is obliterated by snowdrifts the teamster may know how to steer and take his bearings. So, also, the habitant, when storm-driven, says, *Je me suis trouvé dégradé par la tempête*, a phrase derived from his seafaring ancestor, whose ship was often *dégradé;* that is to say, *abandonné* or *jeté hors de sa route par la violence des vents*. Littré knew what a *raquette* (snow-shoe) was, but a French journalist not long since gravely informed his readers that the Canadians traveled in winter *en jaquette!* The anglicisms used by the habitant are indeed barbarous. Thus he calls a light-house *litousse;* speaks of his *boss* in the shanty or the shop, of *marchandises séches* for dry goods, and so forth. But when it is considered that he has been surrounded and governed by English-speaking people since the conquest, the wonder is not that anglicisms should have crept in, but that any French should have survived.

In his instructions to the committee appointed in 1852 to search for French ballads, M. Ampère noted these marks of the ancient ballad: "The use of assonance in place of rhyme; the brusque character of the recital, the textual repetition, as in Homer, of the speeches of the persons; the constant use of certain numbers, as three and seven; and the representation of the commonest objects of every-day life as being made of gold and silver." Judged by this standard, the French Canadian ballads are the pure and unadulterated article of the Middle Ages. Indeed, the French collectors have actually been indebted to their transatlantic kinsmen for some of the best specimens of the ballad of Normandy and Brittany. The first three verses of En Roulant ma Boule will give the reader a good idea of the subject matter and style of these ballads: —

"Derrière chez-nous ya-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule.
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

"Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

"Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant
En roulant," etc.

The king's son is a leading personage in many of the ballads, and his weapons and accoutrements are always of gold and silver. In some ballads, the Claire Fontaine for example, a love-sick youth discourses with a nightingale on the merits of his mistress; others deal with seafaring incidents, and others, again, with field sports and military adventures. The ballad of St. Malo is a very popular one. It begins: —

"A Saint-Malo, beau port de mer (bis)
Trois gros navir's sont arrivés,
Nous irons sur l'eau
Nous y prom' promener,
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

"Trois gros navir's sont arrivés (bis)
Chargés d'avoine, chargés de bled," etc.

Cutting out the repetitions, the following translation expresses the sense of the ballad: —

"At St. Malo, good port of the sea,
Three big ships in the harbor be,
Laden with grain right heavily;
To purchase it go goodwives three!
'Merchant, what may thy figures be?'
'Six francs the wheat, the oats for three.'
'Too dear by half for us goodwives three.'
'But, goodwives, come on board with me.'
'Dealer, none of thy truck take we.'
'Well, if sell it I can't, here, take it free.'
'Ah, well, at that price we may agree!'"

The habitant holds fast to the ballads of his forefathers, as to their language, religion, and legends. In all things he is a strict conservative. To the church he renders faithful obedience. Every island and rock in the St. Lawrence marks the scene of a miracle, or of the exploit of some sainted missionary; and wherever he goes he carries with him a primitive belief in the Christian mysteries which rarely succumbs to the materialism of these latter days. The church has taught him to "fear God," and the church and the feudal tenure to "honor the king."

Edward Farrer.

BRITISH STATE ASSASSINS AND THE DEFENSE OF INSANITY.

The tragedy of the 2d of July last suddenly revived public interest in an old topic, — the defense of insanity in capital cases. It is a well-worn theme, much discussed, and always with an unsatisfactory result. What is moral insanity? What is legal insanity? Conclusive answers to both these questions have often been attempted, but never given with such definiteness and decisiveness as to shut off debate. Every day the controversy is resumed in our courts, and apparently will go on to the end of time. It is settled one day, and the day after we find it is not settled at all. "What," said the late Dr. Forbes Winslow, "is my test of insanity? I have none. I know of no unerring, infallible, and safe rule or standard applicable to all cases." So, too, the British judges, whose effort to define the undefinable we shall presently examine at length, after all their elaboration of statement touching what does and what does not constitute legal insanity, finally confessed that "the facts of each particular case must of necessity present themselves with endless diversity, and with

every shade of difference in each case." But if it be difficult to define what is legal insanity, which is a mere matter of human law, how much more difficult is it to determine and define what is moral insanity? Dr. Sam Johnson declares that "all power of fancy over reason is a degree of insanity," and Montaigne asserts that between genius and madness there is but "a half turn of the toe." M. Taine concurs in this dictum, and philosophically avers that "insanity is not a distinct and separate empire; our ordinary life borders upon it, and we cross the frontier in some part of our nature."

It has been the periodic mission of the assassin to revive this moot question. One day the world stands and shudders with an unanimous horror, and the next divides upon the old issue, — Was he insane? It is oppressively monotonous, in looking back over these historical tragedies, to find how invariably the modern imitator of Brutus comes down to the footlights with a pistol in one hand and a plea of insanity in the other. In American history, so far, we have had only two creatures corresponding to what, in the vocabulary of Europe, would be called regicides. In the first case there was no opportunity offered to the assassin to plead insanity. A vast amount of legal lore and medical metaphysics was forestalled by the summary shooting of Wilkes Booth in the barn where he was brought to bay.

The mother country has had a far greater familiarity with such criminals within the current century, and a glance at her records in this regard would seem to have a timely interest.

The initial year of the century witnessed the first of a series of attempted and successful assassinations of British sovereigns and statesmen. It was the evening of the 15th of May, 1800. Fashionable London was in the height of the season, and Drury Lane Theatre was packed from pit to gallery for a performance at which the king was expected to be present. Sheridan was the manager of Drury Lane at that time. The house was brilliantly lighted, and there was not a suggestion of tragedy in the air. The royal box at the side of the stage was eagerly watched for the appearance of the king. Suddenly there was a quick movement among the audience, and as one man it sprang to its feet, in accordance with the custom that obtained whenever royalty appeared. The portly form of King George the Third was seen advancing to the front of the box, bowing in recognition of the popular salute. As the king bowed the second time the house was startled by the report of a pistol, and as a puff of smoke curled upwards from the pit, directly in front of the royal box, the cry went up, "Secure the villain!"

The aim of the would-be assassin was bad; the king was unhurt; and a few minutes later, the villain having been meantime secured, Mrs. Jordan came down to the footlights, and amid frantic cheering sung the national anthem with this impromptu addition, composed on the spur of the moment by the brilliant Sheridan: —

> "From every latent foe,
> From the assassin's blow,
> God shield the king!
> O'er him thine arm extend;
> For Britain's sake defend
> Our father, prince, and friend!
> God save the king!"

Such was the abortive attempt of James Hadfield (or Hatfield, as some authorities have it) upon the life of George the Third. As soon as he had fired he dropped his pistol on the floor of the pit. A score of stout arms assisted to drag him over the orchestra railing and into the music-room, under the stage. Sheridan and the Duke of York, who was one of the royal party that evening, came in to see him immediately afterwards. The duke instantly recognized in the king's assailant one of his old orderlies, who had served him in the French

war with great fidelity and gallantry. Turning to the duke, Hadfield said, "God bless your royal highness, I like you very well; you are a good fellow!" It turned out that the pistol was loaded with two slugs, one of which was found in Lady Milner's box, directly under the king's, and the other in the orchestra. Hadfield affected to have no malice against the king. "I was tired of life," he said, "and my plan was to get rid of it by other means. I did not mean anything against the life of the king; I knew the attempt alone would answer my purpose."

He was soon after put on his trial, and Mr. Erskine undertook his defense. Insanity was the plea which he elected to put in. Nor can it be denied that he made out a plausible case. The evidence submitted in Hadfield's behalf may be summarized thus: that at twenty-two years of age he had enlisted as a soldier, and was at once sent into active service in France; that in an action near Lisle, in 1794, he had exhibited rare bravery, receiving several sabre wounds in the head, and being left for dead upon the field; that these wounds had permanently injured the texture of his brain, and deranged his mind; that he had acted insanely, at intervals, ever since; that he had, shortly before making his attempt on the king's life, tried to destroy the life of his own infant child, aged eight months, under the delusion that his time was come, and that he must not leave it behind him; that he had long held the hallucination that his death would somehow benefit mankind, and had gone to the Drury Lane Theatre with the absurd notion that he must immolate himself in imitation of the Saviour; that he had some time prior to this entertained the idea of firing over the king's coach, but that he abandoned this project on reflecting that a mob might tear him to pieces. In this last-mentioned whim he vividly reminds us of Guiteau's nervous anxiety at the Baltimore and Potomac depot, and after his arrest, lest a mob should seize and rend him.

Mr. Erskine proceeded to call witnesses to prove these facts. Major Ryan testified that the prisoner, in a paroxysm of madness, came near stabbing him with a bayonet at the Croydon barracks in 1796. John Laine, a private, deposed that Hadfield, in the hospital at Brussels, imagined himself to be King George, and, calling for a looking-glass, felt about his head for his crown of gold. Three doctors testified to the fearful nature of his wounds, and that the resulting injuries had, in their opinion, affected his brain. Several of Hadfield's relatives deposed that he had, at different times, fancied himself to be Jesus Christ and God. On the morning of the day on which he attempted the king's life, as they testified, he said he had seen God in the night, and that he (Hadfield) had been dining with the king.

The jury, without leaving the box, found a verdict of "Not guilty, on the ground of insanity," and he was thereupon committed to Bedlam "during his majesty's pleasure." This escape of Hadfield through the loop-hole of insanity was strongly resented by the public opinion of the day, and the resentment found voice in Parliament. Some changes in the law followed, of which more hereafter.

Eleven years later came an assassin for whom the plea of insanity was raised in vain; indeed, it was scarcely permitted to be raised at all. This was John Bellingham, between whose crime and that of Guiteau not a few American writers have drawn a somewhat fanciful parallel. It was on the evening of Monday, the 11th of May, 1811, that Bellingham suddenly threw London into a state of consternation and horror by the assassination of Mr. Spencer Perceval, the prime minister of the day, on the very threshold of the House of Commons. The shadows were deepening

around Palace Yard, and, the hour for the assembling of Parliament having arrived, honorable members were hurrying, singly and in groups, through the lobby to their several places. Leaning on the arm of Lord Osborne, the prime minister reached the entrance to the lobby, and was in the act of passing in, when a tall, raw-boned man, with a thin, long visage, aquiline nose, and short brown hair, who had been observed loitering in the vicinity for an hour past, drew a pistol and fired upon him at nearly point-blank range. Mr. Perceval staggered, and exclaiming, "Oh, I am murdered!" fell to the ground, and expired before the gentlemen who rushed to his assistance could carry him into the speaker's private room. As the body was being lifted from the floor of the lobby the cry was raised, "Where is the rascal who fired?" "I am the unfortunate man," said Bellingham, coolly stepping forward, and quietly submitting to arrest. He was hurried into one of the antechambers of the House of Commons, and a magistrate was sent for. Meantime, the news spread rapidly. On the floor of the House the report passed from mouth to mouth, "Mr. Perceval has been killed!" and, upon the hasty conclusion that it was the work of a secret political conspiracy, it was suggested that the doors of Parliament be closed and locked. Bellingham, however, had no accomplices. General Gascoyne, the member for Liverpool, went into the apartment where the assassin was detained, and at once recognized him as a man who had long and persistently pestered him with petitions and memorials respecting some alleged claims which he had upon the government for compensation for services rendered to it in Russia, — a fact which doubtless suggested the parallel instituted between his act and that which has so recently horrified the people of the United States. The parallel is continued by Bellingham's confession that for a fortnight he had been watching for an opportunity to kill his victim. When asked his motive for the act he replied, "My name is Bellingham; it is a private injury; I know what I have done; it was a denial of justice on the part of the government." The fatal ball was of an unusually large size, and the post-mortem examination disclosed the fact that it had penetrated the very centre of the heart, passing completely through it. On the person of the murderer was found a steel pistol, about seven inches in length, the fellow of the one he had used upon Mr. Perceval, and loaded in like manner. It appeared that, to make sure of his work, he had, before going to the lobby entrance, practiced with both pistols. He had repeatedly applied at different department offices to have his alleged claims allowed. "They ordered me to go and do my worst," he said, "and now I have done my worst, and I rejoice in my deed." He was committed to the Old Bailey, and escorted thither by a strong military guard; a necessary precaution, seeing that Palace Yard and all the approaches thereto were blocked by an angry multitude of people, who would otherwise have dealt with him more swiftly than the courts. He had no reason to complain, however, of needless delay. Justice was fleet of foot in this instance. There is much ground for believing that the plea of insanity was as plausible in his case as in any. His crime was indeed premeditated, and apparently "of malice aforethought," but there were not a few circumstances attending its commission that pointed to the probability that he was a victim of mental unsoundness. His bravado, and the stolid self-satisfaction with which he spoke of the deed on his arrest; the utter indifference to the consequences which he exhibited throughout; his conduct after arrest, and finally upon the scaffold, all favor the presumption that he was the most irresponsible of the group of criminals reviewed in this ar-

ticle. On the Tuesday morning following his arrest he wrote a letter to Mrs. Roberts, the woman at whose house he had lodged, at No. 9 New Milman Street, which ran as follows: —

Tuesday Morning, Old Bailey.

DEAR MADAM: Yesterday midnight I was escorted to this neighborhood by a noble troop of light-horse, and delivered into the care of Mr. Newman (by Mr. Taylor, magistrate and M. P.) as a state prisoner of the first class. For eight years I have never found my mind so tranquil as since this melancholy but necessary catastrophe, as the merits or demerits of my peculiar case must be regularly unfolded in a criminal court of justice, to ascertain the guilty party, by a jury of my country. I have to request the favor of you to send me three or four shirts, some cravats, handkerchiefs, night-caps, stockings, etc., out of my drawers, together with comb, soap, tooth-brush, with any other trifle that presents itself which you think I may have occasion for, and inclose them in my leather trunk, and the key please to send sealed by bearer; also my great-coat, flannel gown, and black waistcoat, which will much oblige, dear madam,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN BELLINGHAM.

To the above please to add the Prayer-Book.

TO MRS. ROBERTS.

Two days later, on Thursday, the grand jury found a true bill against him; on Friday he was tried; and on the Monday following, within less than a week from the time of the assassination, his dead body was on the surgeon's dissecting-table. At his trial he conducted himself in an incoherent fashion. On being asked what he had to say in his own defense, he began by complaining that the papers necessary to his defense were taken out of his pocket when he was arrested, and had not been returned to him. He then expressed his "great obligation to the attorney-general for the objection which he has made to the plea of insanity," and made a rambling speech, of which the following extract is a fair specimen: —

"I think it is far more fortunate that such a plea as that should have been unfounded than it should have existed in fact. That I am or have been insane is a circumstance of which I have not been apprised, except in the single instance of my having been confined in Russia; how far that may be considered as affecting my present situation it is not for me to determine. I beg to assure you that the crime which I have committed has arisen from compulsion rather than from any hatred of the man whom it has been my fate to destroy. Considering the amiable character and the universally admitted virtues of Mr. Perceval, I feel if I could murder him in a cool and unjustifiable manner I should not deserve to live another moment in this world. Conscious, however, that I shall be able to justify everything which I have done, I feel some degree of confidence in meeting the storm which assails me, and shall now proceed to unfold a catalogue of circumstances which, while they harrow up my own soul, will, I am sure, tend to the extenuation of my conduct in this honorable court."

He then proceeded to read a long petition about his visit to Russia: what he had done there for the government; how he had left his wife there in great distress; and how, since his return, he had applied to the departments in vain for relief. At no point in his statement did he connect Mr. Perceval with his grievances, or appear to recognize any logical necessity for so doing. He sat down at last, and his doom was speedily fixed. His counsel rose, read a number of affidavits, and asked for a brief postponement of the trial, in order to bring witnesses from various parts of the country to prove that the prisoner had

long been of unsound mind. This application was refused peremptorily, and the trial was, in fact, an entirely one-sided affair. Committed, tried, convicted, sentenced, and executed all within one week, it could not be otherwise. It was simply mob law judicially administered. Bellingham's conduct at the scaffold, where certainly he no longer had any motive to play the madman, strongly savored of insanity. Standing on the drop, with a vacant stare, he put out one of his hands, as if to feel if it were raining, and calmly remarked to the chaplain, "I think we shall have rain to-day." There was nothing relevant in this remark to the fate with which he was face to face, nor was it pertinent to the state of the weather.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, in conducting his defense of McNaughten, whose case is hereafter reviewed, remarked that "few will read the report of Bellingham's trial without being forced to the conclusion that he was either really mad, or, at the very least, the little evidence which alone he was permitted to adduce relative to the state of his mind was strong enough to have entitled him to a deliberate and thorough investigation of his case," — which he never had.

The case of Edward Oxford, aged nineteen, who, on the 10th of June, 1840, fired two pistols at Queen Victoria, without wounding her, is the next of the series. The facts of the shooting are briefly these: The queen and the late prince consort were driving up Constitution Hill in a low open carriage, when Oxford, who had been awaiting its approach, pacing to and fro with his arms folded, suddenly turned, nodded, drew a pistol from his breast-pocket, and discharged it, at short range, at the carriage. Looking quickly around to see if he were observed, he then drew a second pistol, and leveled it across the first at the queen, who stooped to avoid the fire, which was delivered this time at only six or seven yards' distance. The fellow at once surrendered himself, and on being taken to the police office eagerly inquired, "Is the queen hurt?" — a question which he repeatedly put afterwards to those who visited him in his cell.

Oxford was placed on trial at the Old Bailey on the 9th of July following. The trial lasted three days; Lord Denman, Baron Alderson, and Justice Maule on the bench, and the array of counsel including the attorney-general and solicitor-general (Sir John Campbell and Sir Thomas Wilde), Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Wightman, Mr. Adolphus, and Mr. Gurney for the Crown, and Mr. Sydney Taylor and Mr. Bodkin for the prisoner. Again, as in the case of Hadfield, the defense set up was that of insanity. Oxford's counsel called witnesses to prove that his grandfather and father had both been insane. His mother was a principal witness, and testified that she had married the would-be regicide's father because he had threatened self-destruction if she should refuse; that while she was *enceinte* her husband was in the habit of terrifying her with hideous grimaces and horrible gesticulations, so that one of her children was born, and after three years died, an idiot. As to the prisoner, she deposed that he had always been an erratic, vicious youth, extravagantly vain and ambitious; begging as a boy to be sent to sea, where he believed he would have nothing to do but strut along the deck, give orders, and become Admiral Sir Edward Oxford. A short time previous to her confinement with the prisoner, as she further made oath, her husband had pointed a gun at her head. This was the main substance of the evidence in support of the theory of insanity.

On the other hand, the Crown established the facts that the prisoner had purchased the pistols some days before the shooting, and had practiced with

them upon a target; that he had never at any time, by any one, been treated as insane; and that the attempt was made with all possible method and deliberation. Five doctors, however, who had examined Oxford in his cell, testified their belief that he was insane. The bench instructed the jury with a heavy leaning against this medical testimony, but, after an hour's deliberation, they, following the example of their predecessors who tried Hadfield, brought in a verdict of acquittal on the ground of insanity. Oxford was thereupon committed to Bedlam for life.

The next attempt on the life of Queen Victoria was made on the 30th of May, 1842, by John Francis, aged twenty. Francis discharged at the queen a pistol loaded with powder and, to quote the language of the indictment, "certain other destructive materials and substances unknown." He did not plead insanity, but was convicted, and sentence of death was passed upon him in the ancient form prescribed for prisoners condemned for high treason. This form is curious in its antique barbarity, and runs as follows: "The court now declares the last sentence of the law, which is that you, John Francis, be taken hence to the place whence you came, and be thence drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution; and that you be there hanged by the neck until you be dead; and that afterwards your head shall be severed from your body, and your body, divided into four quarters, shall be disposed of as her majesty shall think fit. And may God Almighty have mercy on your soul." It is perhaps needless to say that no such revolting outrage was enacted upon the body of Francis. In deference to the humane wish of the queen herself, his sentence was, in fact, commuted to transportation for life.

Within five weeks from the date of this act of royal clemency, the queen was once more assailed by one John William Bean, a deformed stripling, aged seventeen. On Sunday, the 3d of July, 1842, as her majesty was going to the chapel royal, Bean presented a pistol at her, and snapped the trigger, but failed to discharge the weapon. He was promptly seized, and on the pistol being examined it was found to be loaded only with powder, wadding, and minute fragments of a clay pipe. Bean was tried for simple misdemeanor; the defense of insanity was not offered; and he was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, with hard labor. In spite of the burlesque character of this assault, the national feeling was by this time excited to a high pitch of indignation by these repeated outrages, and the result was the passing of the Act of Parliament (5 and 6 Vict., chap. 51) entitled "An act for providing for the further security and protection of her majesty's person." This is the statute to which the late British minister at Washington, Sir Edward Thornton, referred in his comments upon Guiteau's crime, intimating his opinion that a like provision of law would have a salutary effect in this country. It provides that whoever "shall discharge or attempt to discharge, or point, aim, or present, at or near to the person of the queen," any fire-arm, whether the same shall be loaded or not, or shall "strike or attempt to strike, or strike at, the queen's person with any offensive weapon," shall be guilty of a high misdemeanor, and be "liable, at the discretion of the court, to be transported for seven years, or imprisoned, with or without hard labor, for any period not exceeding three years; and during such imprisonment to be publicly or privately whipped as often and in such manner and form as the court shall direct, not exceeding thrice."

It was the whipping clause upon which Sir Edward Thornton laid stress. It seems to have had a deterrent influence upon British Guiteaus, as for seven years after its enactment the queen was not again molested. Then, on the 19th

of May, 1849, as she was enjoying an afternoon drive in an open carriage with three of her children, a pistol was discharged at her by William Hamilton, an Irish bricklayer. The shot was fired point-blank at the person of General Wemyss, one of her majesty's attendant equerries, who happened to be in the line of her person. Hamilton was tried on the 14th of June following, pleading guilty, and receiving a sentence of seven years' penal servitude.

We now come to the most remarkable trial in the series under review, that of Daniel McNaughten, who was tried on the 3d and 4th of March, 1843, for the murder of Mr. Drummond, the private secretary of the late Sir Robert Peel. Again the defense offered was that of insanity. The facts of the tragedy may be briefly narrated: Secretary Drummond was returning alone, on foot, to his residence in Downing Street, on the afternoon of Friday the 20th of January, 1843, when McNaughten came close behind him and deliberately shot him in the back with a pistol. While Mr. Drummond was staggering from the effect of the ball, which inflicted a mortal wound, McNaughten drew a second pistol, and was about to fire upon his victim a second time, when he was seized by a police officer, who tripped him up, and, after a desperate struggle upon the ground, secured him. Mr. Drummond died five days later, after great suffering.

McNaughten was the natural son of a Glasgow turner, and had come from that city to London a few months before, bringing with him a considerable sum of money, and leading a life of leisure. He had cultivated a strong dislike of Sir Robert Peel, and had determined to kill him. His killing of Mr. Drummond instead was an accident, due to his mistaken identity. McNaughten undoubtedly fired the fatal shot in the belief that his victim was Sir Robert Peel himself, to whom Mr. Drummond bore a strong personal resemblance. On the morning after the shooting, when it was demanded of him if he knew whom he had shot, he answered, "It is Sir Robert Peel, is it not?" In view of the plea of insanity afterwards set up for him, it is curious to note that this admission was followed by the shrewd remark, "But you won't use this against me." The animus of the fellow against Peel was found in a wild, political antipathy against the Tories generally. They had, he alleged, persecuted him bitterly and persistently. In the month of November preceding the tragedy, he had exclaimed with fury to a companion, on passing Sir Robert's house in Whitehall, "D——n him! Sink him!" and used other violent language of like purport. Otherwise his conduct had not attracted attention, and no one who knew him had ever regarded him as anything more than an eccentric character. His habits were temperate and exceedingly economical. The landlady of the house in which he boarded testified to these facts, and also that she had never supposed him to be a man of disordered mind.

On his trial, McNaughten was defended by Mr. Cockburn, Q. C., afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of England, and well-remembered in this country as the arbitrator representing Great Britain upon the tribunal, at Geneva, which settled the Alabama claims. The acquittal of McNaughten was certainly one of his greatest achievements. The theory which he urged upon the jury was "that the prisoner was laboring, at the time of committing the act, under a morbid insanity, which took away from him all power of self-control, so that he was not responsible for his acts." Mr. Cockburn was careful to mention that he "did not put this case forward as one of total insanity, but as a case of delusion." In support of this theory, the statement signed by the prisoner at his preliminary examination at the

Bow Street Police Court was put in evidence. This statement ran as follows: "The Tories in my native city have compelled me to do this. They follow and persecute me wherever I go, and have entirely destroyed my peace of mind. They followed me into France, into Scotland, and all over England; in fact, they follow me wherever I go. I cannot get no rest for them night nor day. I cannot sleep at night, in consequence of the course they pursue towards me. I believe they have driven me into a consumption. I am sure I shall never be the man I formerly was. I used to have good health and strength, but I have not now. They have accused me of crimes of which I am not guilty. They do everything in their power to harass and persecute me; in fact, they wish to murder me. It can be proved by evidence. That's all I have to say." When formally arraigned at the Old Bailey for trial, and called upon to plead, he repeated this rambling statement in condensed form, saying, "I was driven to desperation by persecution." A number of witnesses from his native town, Glasgow, were put upon the stand to show that he had for a long time past held the delusion that he was being vindictively pursued by the Tories. A landlord of whom he had hired lodgings some seven years prior to the assassination testified that he had got rid of him because of the infidel doctrines he maintained. Other witnesses had heard him say that he was "haunted by a parcel of devils," and that "the police, the Jesuits, the Catholic priests, and Tories, were all leagued against him." A cloud of medical experts then took the stand, and testified their belief in the insanity and irresponsibility of the prisoner. At the close of their testimony Chief-Justice Tindal asked the counsel for the Crown (Sir William Follett) whether he was prepared to offer medical evidence in rebuttal, and on receiving a reply in the negative announced the determination of the court to stop the case. The jury, thus guided by the bench, promptly found a verdict of "Not guilty, on the ground of insanity." McNaughten was thereupon committed to Bedlam "during her majesty's pleasure."

Public feeling was deeply aroused by this verdict, and the general disappointment and dissatisfaction over the escape of the assassin from the scaffold found expression within, as well as without, the walls of Parliament.

Dr. Alfred Swaine Taylor, in his standard work on Medical Jurisprudence, held as an authority on both sides of the Atlantic, comments upon the failure to convict in this case as follows: "When we find a man, not showing any previous intellectual disturbance, lurking for many days in a particular locality; having about him a loaded weapon; watching a particular person who frequents that locality; not facing the individual and shooting him, but coolly waiting until he has an opportunity of discharging the weapon unobserved by his victim or others, the circumstances appear to show such a perfect adaptation of means to ends, and such a power of controlling actions, that it is difficult to understand on what principle an acquittal on the ground of insanity could have been allowed. *I refer here to the case of McNaughten, tried for the murder of Mr. Drummond, January, 1843.* The acquittal in this case was the more remarkable because there was no proof of general insanity, and the crime was committed for a supposed injury. According to the rules laid down by the fifteen judges, from questions submitted to them in connection with this case, *this man should certainly have been convicted.*"

In the House of Commons Sir Valentine Blake moved for leave to bring in a bill to abolish the plea of insanity in cases of murder, except where it could be proven that the person accused was

publicly known and reputed to be a maniac. The motion had no seconder, doubtless because it was seen to be an impracticable proposition. On the same day, however, the House of Lords took up the subject, and a debate of much interest followed, in which law lords of the eminence of Lords Brougham, Lyndhurst, Campbell, Cottenham, and Denman took part. "It is monstrous," said Lord Campbell, "to think that society should be exposed to the dreadful dangers to which it is at present liable from persons in that state of mind going at large." This but feebly expressed the indignation of the country at large. The debate had the practical result, however, of drawing from the fifteen judges of England an authoritative and explicit exposition of the criminal law touching this grave question.

It was agreed by the Lords to submit to the British justices a series of five questions, to which the latter, after careful deliberation, replied. The answers have ever since been accepted and quoted as the standard enunciation of English law upon the subject of insanity as a defense in cases of murder. They are therefore of opportune interest to American readers. These memorable questions and answers read as follows: —

Question I.: "What is the law respecting alleged crimes committed by persons afflicted with insane delusion in respect of one or more particular subjects or persons? — as, for instance, where, at the time of the commission of the alleged crime, the accused knew he was acting contrary to law, but did the act complained of with a view, under the influence of insane delusion, of redressing or revenging some supposed grievance or injury, or of producing some public benefit."

Answer: "Assuming that your lordships' inquiries are confined to those persons who labor under such partial delusions only, and are not in other respects insane, we are of opinion that, notwithstanding the party did the act complained of with a view, under the influence of insane delusion, of redressing or revenging some supposed grievance or injury, or of producing some public benefit, he is nevertheless punishable according to the nature of the crime committed, if he knew, at the time of committing such crime, that he was acting contrary to law; by which expression we understand your lordships to mean the law of the land."

Questions II. and III.: (1.) "What are the proper questions to be submitted to the jury when a person alleged to be afflicted with insane delusion respecting one or more particular subjects or persons is charged with the commission of a crime (murder, for example), and insanity is set up as a defense?

(2.) "In what terms ought the question to be left to the jury as to the prisoner's state of mind at the time when the act was committed?"

Answers: "The jury ought to be told, in all cases, that every man is presumed to be sane, and to possess a sufficient degree of reason to be responsible for his crimes, until the contrary be proved to their satisfaction; and that, to establish a defense on the ground of insanity, it must be clearly proved that, at the time of the committing of the act, the party accused was laboring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was doing; or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong. The mode of putting the latter part of the question to the jury, on these occasions, has generally been whether the accused, at the time of doing the act, knew the difference between right and wrong, — which mode, though rarely, if ever, leading to any mistake with the jury, is not, as we conceive, so accurate when put generally and in the abstract as when put to the party's knowledge of

right and wrong with respect to the very act with which he is charged. If the question were to be put as to the knowledge of the accused, solely and exclusively with reference to the law of the land, it might tend to confound the jury, by inducing them to believe that an actual knowledge of the law of the land was essential in order to lead to a conviction; whereas the law is administered upon the principle that every one must be taken conclusively to know it, without proof that he does know it. If the accused was conscious that the act was one which he ought not to do, and if that act was at the same time contrary to the law of the land, he is punishable; and the usual course, therefore, has been to leave the question to the jury, whether the party accused had a sufficient degree of reason to know that he was doing an act that was wrong; and this course, we think, is correct, accompanied with such observations and explanations as the circumstances of each particular case may require."

Question IV.: "If a person, under an insane delusion as to the existing facts, commits an offense in consequence thereof, is he thereby excused?"

Answer: "The answer must of course depend on the nature of the delusion; but making the same assumption as we did before, — that he labors under such partial delusion only, and is not in other respects insane, — we think he must be considered in the same situation, as to responsibility, as if the facts with respect to which the delusion exists were real. For example, if, under the influence of his delusion, he supposes another man to be in the act of attempting to take away his life, and he kills that man, as he supposes, in self-defense, he would be exempt from punishment. If his delusion were that the deceased had inflicted a serious injury to his character and fortune, and he killed him in revenge for such supposed injury, he would be liable to punishment."

Question V.: "Can a medical man, conversant with the disease of insanity, who never saw the prisoner previously to the trial, but who was present during the whole trial and the examination of all the witnesses, be asked his opinion as to the state of the prisoner's mind at the time of the commission of the alleged crime, or his opinion whether the prisoner was conscious, at the time of doing the act, that he was acting contrary to law, or whether he was laboring under any and what delusion at the time?"

Answer: "We think the medical man, under the circumstances supposed, cannot in strictness be asked his opinion in the terms above stated; because each of those questions involves the determination of the truth of the facts deposed to, which it is for the jury to decide, and the questions are not mere questions upon a matter of science, in which case such evidence is admissible. But where the facts are admitted, or not disputed, and the question becomes substantially one of science only, it may be convenient to allow the question to be put in that general form, though the same cannot be insisted on as a matter of right."

These are the governing principles of English law in such cases, as declared by the highest judicial authority. Under these rules the case of one Robert Pate, who on the 27th of June, 1850, continued the series of assaults upon Queen Victoria, was tried. He had been an officer in the Tenth Hussars, and had retired from the service to live upon his fortune in London. It can scarcely be said that he attempted the life of the queen. The story of his assault is soon told. The old Duke of Cambridge lay dying in Cambridge House, and the queen, accompanied by her children, had made a call upon him. It was about six o'clock in the evening when the queen's carriage turned out from the great gates of the ducal residence into

the public road. As it slowly rounded the corner, Pate, who was well dressed and had been loitering some time in the vicinity of Cambridge House without exciting any suspicion, sprang forward to the side of the carriage, and struck the queen a smart blow across the face with a small cane which he carried. The skin of her forehead was broken, and blood flowed. Instantly the ruffian was seized by the bystanders, and the cane wrenched from his hand. The queen proceeded to Buckingham Palace, and her injuries were so trifling that she appeared at the opera the same evening, where she received a patriotic ovation.

Pate was put upon his trial, at the Central Criminal Court, on July 11th following. He was defended by Mr. Cockburn, whose success in obtaining McNaughten's acquittal we have already seen. Insanity was again the plea relied upon. It was proved that, as an officer in the army, his behavior had been eccentric; that on one occasion he had deserted, but had been allowed to rejoin the service without punishment, because his superior officers regarded him as in an unbalanced state of mind; that in 1842, the loss of three fine horses and a favorite Newfoundland dog had thrown him into a morbid and hysterical condition, and that ever since he had acted strangely. A cab-driver was called to the witness-stand, who deposed that every day, at exactly a quarter past three o'clock in the afternoon, for many years, he had been hired by the prisoner to drive him over Putney Bridge to Putney Heath; always taking the same route, and stopping at the same spot. This and a few other strange habits were shown, and upon them Mr. Cockburn built the theory of "uncontrollable impulse." In summing up the case to the jury, Baron Alderson, addressing himself to this plea of uncontrollable impulse said: "The law does not recognize such an impulse. If a person was aware that it was a wrong act he was about to commit, he was answerable for the consequences. A man might say that he picked a pocket from some uncontrollable impulse; and in that case the law would have an uncontrollable impulse to punish him for it." Pate was convicted, and sentenced to a term of seven years' penal servitude.

Since that time, with the exception of the leveling at her of an unloaded pistol by the boy Arthur O'Connor on February 29, 1872, the queen has enjoyed immunity from assault. The case of O'Connor stands in the same minor category with those of Francis, Hamilton, and Bean, and extended notice of it is not to our purpose.

It is, perhaps, worthy of note that not one of the men who have of late murdered, or attempted to murder, czars or emperors, have offered the plea of insanity. In Great Britain and the United States it seems to be the assassin's invariable defense. And in both countries counsel for the accused start with the advantage of being able to ask the jury, as Mr. Cockburn did in the cases both of Pate and McNaughten, — Could they believe that any sane man could have committed such an act? And that is the question which the tragic event that has recently shocked and saddened both hemispheres once more invests with melancholy importance, and presents for decision to an American jury.

James W. Clarke.

HESTER'S DOWER.

"HERE comes Jeremiah Razee. I'll just run an' ask him to take the yarn to the village, if you'll get it ready, Hester."

So saying, Mrs. Burrill rushed out bare-headed to the road, stopped the farmer as he came along in his market wagon, and explained to him that Mr. Burrill was busy with all the men, and if the yarn was not taken to the weavers soon, Patience and Wait would have no dresses ready for winter. As she chatted on, Hester Arnold came out of the house, and brought two large bundles, which she handed with an ungracious air to Mr. Razee, who said he would leave them with John Mowry, the weaver.

"Tell him," said Mrs. Burrill, "to weave one piece all blue, an' have the warp red an' the fillin' blue in the other."

"I guess I'll remember," said Mr. Razee, stowing away the bundles, and adding, as he leaned over the wagon seat, with his face turned from her, "How do ye do, Hester? Stayin' with Mis' Burrill?"

"Yes," answered Hester, shortly.

"Shubael's kinder poorly," pursued the farmer, with apparent irrelevancy. "It's dretful onconvenient, his bein' sick jest now; but, somehow, Shubael never was handy at choosin' the right time for doin' anything." Hester flushed angrily; the farmer smiled grimly, and went on: "'T ain't near so bad as havin' Jabez sick would ha' been; but then Jabez would n't ha' been sick afore the fall work was done."

"You and he are pretty smart," said Mrs. Burrill.

"Bear our years putty well? Yes, I'm more of a hand at work now than Shubael when he's well, for all he's twenty years younger 'n me. I expec' it was the pettin' mother gin Shubael, he bein' her baby, that kep' him from toughenin'. A good seasonin' to work an' worry don't hurt no boy, an' often makes the man. Wal, I guess I must be goin'!"

"I sent word," said Mrs. Burrill, "to Shubael, this mornin', to come here an' make us all some shoes, as soon as he could. Otis got in the leather last week."

"Oh, I guess he's well enough to do that now," said Mr. Razee, thoughtfully. "I'll see that he comes round to-morrow."

The farmer gathered up his reins, nodded, and drove off. Mrs. Burrill turned to Hester.

"Come in, now," she said, "an' we'll go to work in airnest to make the hog puddin', so we can dip candles to-morrow, an' get through before Saturday's bakin'."

Hester Arnold was the tailoress from the village. She was a straight, tall, dark, handsome woman of thirty-five. Just now an angry light glittered in her eyes. She knew what Farmer Razee meant by saying that Shubael had never chosen the right time to do anything. She remembered very well the day, fifteen years before, when Shubael had asked her to marry him, and she, furious from some quarrel with Jeremiah, who also courted her, had refused the man she had loved ever since she had fought childish battles for him. Shubael had no energy, and when Hester, his sole moral support, the only person, except his mother, who had ever believed in him, fell away from him angrily he was utterly downcast, and sank at once into the character he had ever since maintained of harmless ne'er-do-well. Hester long hoped he would come back to her, but he never had the courage. Jabez never married. Jeremiah, after

Hester had refused him, straightway took a wife, who toiled for him several years, and then died childless, — a desert life that left no trace! Shubael helped do the farm work, made shoes at odd times, and solaced his dreary days by writing doggerel verses, which, when written, he hid carefully from the scornful eyes of his brothers.

When Mrs. Burrill and Hester Arnold reëntered the kitchen, they found a brass kettle that would hold half a dozen gallons swinging over the fire. It was nearly full of milk, and a tall, gaunt woman stood busily stirring it. She looked up, and said, "It 's all ready for the things to go in. Sech a beautiful kettle! I never seed nothin' so lovely. I can't keep my eyes off it. Wal, things does go in a curious, contrary way in this world. If I had married the man o' my ch'ice, *I* might ha' had a brass kettle; but now I 'm nothin' but poor, forlorn, forsaken Mose Almy's wife, — nothin' to cook, an' nothin' to cook it in."

With this dismal lament, the woman who had come in to "help" turned back to her stirring.

"I should think it was more 'n brass kettles might be got by marryin' the man o' your choice," said Hester. When she had said it she flushed a little, and went rapidly to work, bringing molasses, chopped suet, raisins, allspice, and Indian meal, which were to be boiled in the milk.

"The children must go for oak leaves," said Mrs. Burrill, as the afternoon wore away; and Hester looked out of the window and said that a great many leaves had fallen the night before.

Rhode Island farmers used very little white flour at this time, and the great loaves of brown bread which they ate, made of rye and Indian meal, were baked in a brick oven on oak leaves. The leaves were laid on a wooden shovel, the dough was built up on them, and then the shovel was pushed into the oven, and dexterously withdrawn, leaving the bread on the leaves, which marked the bottom of the loaves when baked.

"I 'll go with the children," said Hester, suddenly.

"Are you het up?" asked Mrs. Burrill, who could imagine no other reason for wanting to take a walk in the cool autumnal afternoon.

Hester said "Yes," and went out with the little girls. "Mose Almy's wife" put on her faded hood and shawl, and walked with them down the road till they stopped under a wide-spreading oak-tree. Then she plodded on, hoping to get home in time to have her husband's supper ready, when he should come in from the tin-shop, where he tinkered the worn-out milk pails of the neighborhood. She carried some milk and eggs, the payment of her day's labor, and inwardly exulted at having something to cook.

Hester and the children had slender sticks, each sharpened at one end and having a crotch at the other. They turned over the fallen leaves, chose the largest and most perfect, and strung them on their sticks. When full, the sticks would be hung up in the Burrill garret, to be used as wanted, till the autumn came again. Hester loved the work, for she and Shubael Razee had, in their childhood, gathered leaves together, and gloated over the beauty of their treasures.

As the three were cheerfully busy, they heard the rumbling of a wagon, and Hester looked up to see Jeremiah Razee driving along the road. On the seat beside him sat Shubael. To her surprise, Jeremiah drew up his horse violently at sight of her, and descended to the ground, throwing the reins to Shubael, who took them without lifting his eyes.

As Jeremiah walked towards Hester, she started away, feeling defiant and alarmed, but he stopped her. "Hester,"

said he in a low tone, "you may tell Mis' Burrill I took her yarn an' gin her message all straight. We 're on our way now to the village. I want to git my tire reset, an' Shubael has broke his best awl, an' must get another ef he 's goin' to make shoes."

Hester perceived a slight embarrassment in the farmer's manner, and grew cool. She answered in loud, clear tones, which the shamefaced man in the wagon could not fail to hear: —

"I really have n't the least desire to know why you 're goin' to the village, Mr. Razee. I never was particularly interested in *your* movements, you know; and I can't say that I am very much concerned about Shubael's awl neither, as he don't even take pains to speak to me."

Shubael raised his head at this, and something like a manly gleam came into his dull eyes.

"I don't speak to you now, Hester," he said, "but I will when Jeremiah has had his say."

"Hold your tongue!" shouted Jeremiah, and poor Shubael cowered a little. Hester was certainly made of strange stuff that her heart did not grow cold to the timid man, but there are some women to whom love is like death. Once struck by it, nothing cures them.

"I don't see the need of anybody's saying anything," said she, inconsequently.

"But I do!" growled Jeremiah, coming closer to her. "I want a few things settled afore Shubael goes to Mis' Burrill's to make them shoes. Be you ready to listen to me, at last? You know as well as I do that I hain't been shif'less nor behindhand in my affairs, an' you could n't do better. An' so the long an' short of it is, will you marry me? I hain't nothin' to say agin my wife, — she was a good woman an' a good worker; but you know that I never see the woman that I thought fit to hold a candle to you."

Hester wickedly let him go on with his declaration till he brought it to a full stop himself. She had a fierce delight in the moment. His agitation and the unseemly manner of his proposal showed her that he feared to have Shubael go to Mrs. Burrill's while she was there. Perhaps they had had words about her! Jeremiah's fear shot hope into Hester's heart.

She spoke again in a loud, clear tone: "No, Mr. Razee; you had my answer long ago."

Jeremiah started towards her, as if he would stop her scornful mouth, but she laughed bitterly in his face. He grew very white, and stood still looking at her. Shubael, at this moment, sprang from the wagon, and walked rapidly to the woman, and held out his hand.

"I 'm only a broken-down man," he choked, "but — will you have me?" She silently laid her hand in his.

The elder brother jumped into his wagon, struck the horse heavy blows, and drove away. As the wagon rattled over the brow of the adjacent hill, Hester and Shubael turned to see the two little girls staring, wide-eyed, frightened and amazed.

"Never mind that old fellow," said Hester, with a trembling laugh. "And let 's pick up the oak leaves for Patience and Wait, just as we used to, when we were no bigger 'n they, Shubael."

So these two were engaged, to the astonishment of the country folk, and Jeremiah's wrath waxed ever greater as the days went by. The Burrill children reported all they had comprehended of the strange scene they had witnessed, so that it came to be generally understood that Hester had refused Jeremiah in the very presence of his brother. Some jeering speeches about it were made to the old farmer, who swore that he would yet take his revenge on the woman. These threats were reported by Mose Almy's wife, but Hester only laughed

in downright contempt, — a laugh of which, in turn, old Razee was told, and his evil passion blazed yet higher.

The lovers were married five weeks after their engagement. They hired a house with Mose Almy, and set up their humble home. The winter wore happily away. The luckless Moses and the helpless Shubael took kindly to each other. Hester did her own work, and tried to infuse some order into the proceedings of the Almy half of the house. She still took in sewing, but also laid up stores of homely household wealth for herself, — linen and braided mats, and yarn ready to be woven. She was not a demonstrative woman, but the shoemaker whom she served in such a wifely way was nevertheless a living poem to her. His gentle manner, his pathetically feeble fancies, embodied for her all that was beautiful and lovable under heaven, while she seemed to him wholly adorable in her strength and potency.

When spring came, Hester withdrew her money from the village bank and gave it to Shubael, bidding him buy a lot of land and straightway begin to build a house. He stared blankly at her, as she put the savings of years into his hands. She laughed happily, and said, "That 's the one thing that keeps me from bein' sorry I did n't marry you when you asked me first. If I had, I should never have had anything to give you."

At this tender speech, the Yankee shyness of the husband melted, and he kissed his wife. He had long before spent his paternal inheritance, and before his marriage had lived with his brothers, a mere day-laborer on their land. Now some homesick instinct prompted him, and he bought of them a corner of the old farm on which to erect his humble dwelling. It was a very little house, but in the fall Hester and her husband moved into it with unmixed pride and satisfaction. There they spent six contented months, and then the shoemaker fell ill. It was spring fever, the wife said, as she nursed him; but spring passed, June came, and he grew no better, till at last a bitter truth forced itself into her consciousness with that unrelenting persistency with which bitter truths will intrude.

When the July heat was fiercest, Shubael sank rapidly. "I guess," he said one day, gasping in the hot air that burned his throat, — "I guess heaven 'll be cooler than this 'ere world, and may be it 'll suit me better, somehow, — may be it will. I was allus a round peg in a square hole here, Hester, except for you;" and his faint, spiritualized smile conveyed his tender gratitude for the love that had "suited" his latter days so well. In a moment he spoke again, while the dark, handsome woman hung over him with yearning eyes. "I guess, Hester," he said, "I sha'n't find nothin' in heaven that I 'll like better 'n I 've liked you. So I hope you won't keep me waitin' long."

"I 'd go with you, if I could," she whispered.

"Yes," he said, smiling feebly again. "You 'd make it seem more home-like among all the angels an' the jewels an' the music."

When the cool of the evening came mercifully down, Hester sat alone by her husband's body.

Four days after the funeral Jeremiah Razee knocked loudly at the widow's door. Hester opened it herself, and turned her hard eyes on the farmer's face. Since her marriage, neither he nor Jabez had come near her. They had not even attended poor Shubael's funeral.

"Why do you come now?" asked she.

The farmer smiled with slow malice, and shifted his weight from one foot to the other, as he stood on the little stone step, which Shubael and Hester had laid in place together.

"I come on business," said he, at last.

"I hain't no business with you, nor never mean to have!" retorted the widow.

"No?" said he, inquiringly. "Wal, I've business with you. Shall I step in?"

"No. Whatever you have to say, you may say here."

"Eh? Wal, I guess not. I guess I'd rather walk in."

"You sha'n't do no such thing."

"Wal, I kin wait a little about that. Shubael did n't leave no will, did he?"

"It 's none o' your business!" cried Hester.

"Yes, it is some o' my business. Because, if he did n't, the biggest part of this house an' lot happens to belong to me 'n' Jabez. I hain't said nothing about it afore. Waited till now, thinkin', if there was a will, you 'd be glad enough to perduce it. I s'pose you know you 've only got your widder's dower, if there ain't no will."

"My widow's dower!" cried she. "Why, I gave Shubael every cent he had to buy this land, an' most of the money for the house; an' the rest of it we earned together, he makin' shoes an' I sewin', after we was married. He had n't but three dollars when he married me."

"No, I calk'lated not. He never was forehanded, an' never saved nothin'. I allus told him he was a fool not to lay up for a rainy day, but luck stood him in stead of thrift. He was lucky in marryin' you, — luckier 'n some other folks was, then. But now he 's dead, an' it 's my turn."

Dazed and furious, Hester cried in a low voice, "You wretch! Do you mean to talk of such things, and Shubael only four days in his grave?"

Then she turned away, and sobbed as she had never sobbed since her husband died.

"Wait till you 're axed, ma'am, afore you think a man wants to marry you," said Jeremiah, slowly. "What I mean is that Jabez an' me owns two thirds of this house an' lot now, as Shubael's heirs, an' you have the use of one third for life, an' that 's all. You can stay here if you want to, by payin' rent for the other two thirds. We won't turn you out, but if you choose to go I 've got a tenant in my eye, an' you 'll have your share of the rent he pays. As for the furniture, you own half, an' I 'll send up the officer, this arternoon, to make an inventory, an' divide it square. I won't walk in now, as you don't seem hospitable in your feelin's; but p'raps you 'll remember, arter I 'm gone, how many times you 've thought you 'd got the best of me."

When he had finished, the farmer turned away, walked through the little yard out into the road, got into his wagon, which waited there, and with a grim smile drove on to the village.

When he was out of sight, Hester went into the house, and, though she knew that her husband had never made a will, searched in every possible and impossible place where one might be hid. After this fruitless task was done, she put on her bonnet and walked to the village. The day was sultry, the air was hot, but her heart was hotter. She stopped on her way, and told her story to Mose Almy's wife, asking her to go back to the house she had left and keep guard there, lest the man should come while it was empty to make an inventory of the mats she had braided, the linen she had stitched, and the furniture that she and her husband had gathered around them. Mrs. Almy, full of sympathy, willingly left her house in frightful disorder, and her seven small children gloriously happy in the dirt, and departed for Hester's cottage.

The widow went to Mr. Burgess, the village lawyer, and related her grievance.

"You can't help yourself," said he. "The law is on their side."

She twisted a fold of her gown in her hand a moment. "Will you come back with me," she said at last, "an' see that there ain't no cheating done this afternoon?"

They found Mose Almy's wife standing in the dooryard, gesticulating furiously, and screaming at the top of her voice. Jeremiah Razee and the officer were confronting her doggedly.

"You sha'n't come in here, neither on ye," shrieked Mrs. Almy, — "not till Hester gets here! You 're nothin' but a couple of mean, sneakin' thieves, both on ye!"

Jeremiah turned to Mr. Burgess, as he entered the yard with Hester; but before he could speak she walked by them all, flung open the house door, and called to them to come in. She followed them round, as they went from room to room. She opened every chest and drawer. She verified every memorandum that the officer made, and finally dismissed him with bitter politeness.

"He 's only hired," she said; then turning to Jeremiah, with blazing eyes, "but between you 'n' me the account ain't settled yet."

"No," said the farmer, "it ain't. John Bates is the man I spoke of to you this mornin', as wantin' to hire the place. He 's concluded that two thirds of the house will do for him. His family ain't large, an' he 'll move in next week, an' you kin live in the other part without payin' no rent. There 's six rooms in the house. You kin have any two you like."

Mrs. Almy gasped with amazement, and Mr. Burgess said, "I think you 're rather stretching your authority."

"We 'll see," answered Jeremiah, putting his hands in his pocket. "You ain't the only lawyer in the county. Any way, she owes me 'n' Jabez rent for every day she stays here 'n' keeps the house empty."

"Where is Jabez?" asked Mr. Burgess.

Jeremiah looked a little embarrassed, and Hester said quietly, "I guess he was ashamed to come. It takes such as *him!*" and she pointed at Jeremiah, who fell back slightly cowed.

"The widow has a right to stay for a time without paying rent," said Mr. Burgess.

Jeremiah looked up, surprised, and the lawyer explained to him that he could not carry out his plans for some months yet. Mrs. Almy uttered a cry of triumph, but Hester stood in unmoved silence, till the farmer, somewhat discomfited, took his leave. When he had gone, Hester looked at Mr. Burgess and asked simply, "Will you tell me how it is? I want to understand all about it, and how it comes that I don't own the land I bought, nor the house I built."

The lawyer went over the legal details in a painstaking manner, and dwelt at length on the one mercy the law granted her, that she might stay in the house unquestioned for some time yet.

"But after that I owe him rent for every day?" she asked. He assented, and she said, "Thank you. That 'll do. I understand now. I 'll pay you, Mr. Burgess, when I 've earned some money."

"It is no matter," he said. "I wish I could do more for you."

Then he too went away, and Mrs. Almy sought to console Hester, offering to stay all night, and let her spouse and offspring shift for themselves as best they might.

"I 'd rather stay alone, please," was Hester's reply; and gently thanking her for all her kindness, she let the woman go. In the same quiet way she met and dismissed Mr. and Mrs. Burrill, when they came later on an errand of sympathy. When they too had gone, she sat down a little while in the kitchen. From that room she went into the tiny sitting-room, and thence to her own bedroom. In each she stayed a few minutes, sitting quite motionless, and all

the time she seemed to see Shubael moving about before her, as he had been wont to do. After a time she dragged out from her room an old chest that had been her husband's. She had difficulty in getting it through the doors, and she remembered how she and Shubael had tugged at it together to bring it in. She persevered, and pulled it out of the house, through the yard, and across the road. Then she went back, gathered together Shubael's clothing, a few books, some papers on which he had written his ill-spelt verses, and a few pieces of china. This incongruous collection, with some of her own clothes, she carried and put in the chest. She shut down the lid of the box, and nailed it fast. Next, she rolled and corded the mats, and dragged them and some of the lighter furniture out. She took the tall clock to pieces, and carefully conveyed that also across the road. When she had done this, she stood still, and sobbed once or twice. It was nearly morning now, and Hester's motions were a little hurried, as she went back into the house, and tied up a bundle of her linen and blankets. When she had done this, she went into the kitchen, and stood still an instant, looking round on the things she had left untouched.

"I guess," she said aloud, resting her hands on her hips, — "I guess I 've left a full half in value here."

Then she brought from the woodshed a quantity of small wood, of which she made two great heaps, one on the kitchen floor, and the other in the sitting-room. She emptied round them a barrel of corn-cobs, and strewed about all the paper she could find. She next took a burning stick from the fire-place, where she had been careful to keep alive a fire, carried it to the sitting-room door, and flung it in upon the pile of light wood. With another brand, she deliberately lighted the kindlings on the kitchen floor. Then she drew her skirts close around her, went out of the door, and closed it behind her. She crossed the road, and sat down on Shubael's chest. She saw a red glow shine through the kitchen window, and a fainter light from the sitting-room. She stared steadily till all the house was lighted. It was half an hour before a flame leaped from the roof, but till she saw it she never turned her eyes away. Then she covered her face, and waited, while the sun rose before her in the east, and sent his beams across the flames.

Ten minutes after sunrise Jeremiah and Jabez Razee came running up the road. Hester, in her black dress, sat quietly, with her household goods around her.

"How did it ketch?" screamed Jeremiah, while still afar off.

Hester was silent till the brothers were quite near, and then answered, "I set it on fire. Shall we settle up accounts now, Mr. Razee?"

"You set it on fire!" he cried. "But who saved these things?"

"I brought out my half before I lighted it," said Hester.

Jeremiah swore. Jabez, who was a church member, uttered a more pious ejaculation.

"I *will* settle with you!" said Jeremiah, shaking his fist in the woman's face. She answered with a disdainful look, and the two men turned to see if anything could be done to save the house. A moment's investigation convinced them that it was too late, and they sat down sullenly near Hester, and stared as she had done at the flames, till in a few minutes a troop of neighbors arrived on the scene; Mose Almy's wife in front, and the Burrills not far behind.

Jeremiah then rose, and started for the village. In an hour he came back with the constable. Hester was still there, surrounded by her friends. To the consternation of the crowd, she was formally arrested for arson. She had not foreseen this consequence of her act,

but instantly perceiving the situation, she rose calmly to follow the officer.

"Take care of them things," she said quietly to Mrs. Almy. "You can give 'em store-room while I 'm gone, can't you? And don't you never let Jeremiah Razee lay his finger on 'em."

Some women began to cry, and Mr. Burrill stepped up to Jeremiah, and said fiercely, "You 're the meanest critter I ever see!"

"That 's my lookout," answered Jeremiah. "It 's the law."

"May be it is the law," said Mr. Burrill, "that a woman's own property don't belong to her; but as men are all sinners, I s'pose it 's nigh abaout as easy for 'em to sin makin' laws as any other way."

Hester was taken to the county jail in the city, twelve miles off, in due time was brought to trial, and was sentenced to imprisonment for two years. Some of her old neighbors wanted to get her pardoned; but they were simple country people, and hardly knew how to approach the state magnates, so nothing effectual was done, and she was allowed to serve out her dreary sentence.

Jeremiah Razee, thus left to taste the sweets of vengeance, found them less sweet than he had anticipated. His neighbors looked coldly on him. His unsocial heart could have borne that, but there was one thing that grew difficult for him to bear. Work as hard as he could, early and late, busy his mind as he would, calculating profits, he could not shut out from his eyes the sight of Hester as he had last seen her, in her widow's dress, a prisoner at the bar, under conviction. Her stern, pallid face rose with the dawn and looked at him; and the sun, sinking while the old man still toiled on his farm, left behind a trail of accusing light which showed that changed countenance to him. How changed! He remembered the dark-eyed child whose saucy ways had charmed even his morose nature. He drove back and forth over the country roads, as business called him here and there, and memories started up at the top of every hill, in every valley, under the shade of the old trees: memories of a handsome, happy girl, who had walked in the sunshine till he had spoiled her life; memories, too, of a timid, shrinking lad with beseeching eyes, whose manhood had withered away under his contempt. Once the old farmer had occasion to go to the city, and was forced to pass the jail. He shuddered as he hurried by. In that jail, a disgraced outcast, labored Hester, whom he had known as a little child; a convict now, because she had resented the law which gave to her enemy the fruits of her life's toil and patience. Jeremiah drove hard all the way home. The next day he astonished Jabez by telling him that he was going over the line to visit the Massachusetts branch of the family.

He went, and in two weeks returned, to his brother's still greater astonishment, with one of their second cousins as his wife. She was a tall, bony, hard-featured woman of forty, who spoke her mind freely on any point, and, having thus relieved it, went her way untroubled. When she heard Hester's story, which she had not known till after she was married, she told her husband emphatically that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and then never gave the matter another serious thought. Jeremiah, however, found that marriage had not driven that haunting face from his mind, and he was still conscious of a force stirring within him that made him less satisfied than of yore in contemplating his cattle and his crops. After a time his wife gave birth to a child, and died in the struggle. Jeremiah was smitten with terror and grief. He had not had a particle of sentiment for his wife; he had married her hoping to distract his mind from thoughts of Hester, but he felt as though her death were a judgment upon him.

The months rolled on, and greatly to his own surprise the old man's heart, like ice broken by many storms, began to melt and flow tenderly forth around a tiny clinging baby.

When the time of her sentence was over, Hester came from her prison. Mr. and Mrs. Burrill went for her on the day of her release, and brought her home. They reached the jail early in the morning, so as to get her back before noon. They carried her garments in which to array herself, but were shocked to see how stony and white she looked in the black gown they had brought. At her request they took her to Mose Almy's.

Mrs. Almy bustled about hospitably, laughing and crying by turns. She told all the country gossip, and proudly showed her newest baby.

"Ellen," she said, "after Mose's sister that died, — jest two weeks younger 'n Jeremiah Razee's boy. They do say, Hester, that the old man thinks a sight of that baby. Queer, ain't it? Takes care on him nights, jest like an old woman. It seems as ef he was comin' to his nateral feelin's at last."

"Comin' out on 'em, I should say," said Hester. "All his nateral feelin's was hateful ones."

Towards night the widow wandered forth restlessly. She had not taken a walk for two years. It was autumn again, four years since she and Shubael had gathered the red oak leaves with hands that clasped among their spoils. The glory that she saw hurt her. The land was brimming full of sunshine, and its beauty mocked her. The garnered joy of the harvest basked on the hill slopes, — what had been the harvest of her life? She had reaped a crop she had not sown, and the hazy smile of the Indian summer was not for her.

On she went, till she came to a pasture of the Razee farm, close beside the little inclosure where her home had been. She leaned against the wall, and with heart-sick eyes looked over. The blood rushed to her heart and stopped its beating. She saw a man running from an infuriated bull. She saw other men rising upon her sight from all quarters, rushing to the rescue. She saw the man fall; she saw the animal reach him; she heard sharp reports. The bull rolled over in wounded agony. The pursuers caught up the fallen man. They bore him through the field; Hester climbing the wall, following, reaching them, helping them, till they halted under an old apple-tree close to the wall that separated the pasture from the lot where the ashes of her old home still strewed the ground. Hester had no time to think. She was not conscious of herself at all, till she found that she was sitting under the apple-laden branches, the sunset light all about her, and Jeremiah Razee's head in her lap. They dared not move him further. He lay very quiet, groaning a little. They feared some internal injury. Some one went for a doctor. Hester sat still, mechanically smoothing his hair.

After a while he opened his eyes, and as he saw her a look of terror came into them, as though he had seen a ghost. He tried to move.

"Lay still, lay still," she said; "you must n't stir. We 're doin' all we can for you."

"Is it really you?" he asked, with that frightened look.

"Yes," she said. "Don't let nothin' worrit you; jest keep quiet."

"Be you — out?"

"Oh, yes."

"I 'm — glad," he said, with a long sigh, and closed his eyes. Sometimes he writhed with pain, but the greater part of the time he lay motionless, almost as if he were asleep. His attendants worked over him, trying to ascertain the extent of his injuries and relieve them somewhat before the doctor came.

At last he looked up again at Hester's face. It was flushed, and her emotions

gave it a softer aspect than he had seen it wear for long years. He spoke in a weak but determined voice, evidently meaning to have his say, in defiance of pain and ebbing strength; but he paused often, and shut back the groans with set lips.

"It ain't no use; I'm done for. Hester, it's jest the same as it allus was with me. I ain't no hand to ax anybody's pardon, but I never see the woman as I thought fit to stan' beside you. When you was a leetle red-cheeked gal, — cheeks like apples, — an' when you was a woman grown, as could n't abide me, jest the same; an' I hated you because I liked you, cur'us as it seems. No, don't stop me, — I'm 'most done. Hester, there's that baby of mine. Somehow, a baby takes hold on ye tight with his leetle fists. I'd rather you'd bring him up, nor anybody else. Will ye?"

"Yes, yes, I will," she cried.

He smiled slowly. "You kin call him Shubael," he said; "then he won't never put ye in mind o' me."

She sobbed, "I'll love him as if he was Shubael's son."

A little later, Jeremiah Razee, there, in sight of those memorial ashes, died peacefully, his head on Hester's knees, his gray hair floating over her mourning dress.

S. A. L. E. M.

SOCIALISTS IN A GERMAN UNIVERSITY.

To Leipsic University, in 1877, there had drifted a large part of the radical and socialistic element among the students of Northern Europe: here came German Socialists, Russian Nihilists, iconoclastic Jews, and poverty-stricken radicals from Poland, Roumania, Switzerland, and Greece. Sooner or later most of these bold but indigent spirits landed in the Convictorium, — an institution in the university where three hundred impecunious students received free but scanty board. I entered the university in the autumn of 1877; soon afterwards I conceived the idea of earning my living there for a year, and in consequence I found myself in a remarkably short time in the Convictorium, seated in the midst of the extreme socialistic and nihilistic section. At our table were those alone who had obtained scholarships in political economy; and as the Socialists took the greatest interest in that subject, our party embraced the leading Socialists of the hall. We were twelve: four Germans, two Russians, two Roumanians, and one representative each from Poland, Switzerland, Greece, and America. Our average age was twenty-seven; our dress was varied and nondescript. Daily, at noon, our three hundred hungry and expectant representatives of the studious poverty of all nations were seated on benches before the square tables, with a loaf of black bread for each man, a glass of water for every three, and salt in luxurious profusion. The aged attendants placed on each table a very large pan of very thin soup, which was most equitably distributed by the student whose turn it was to serve. So hungry were we, such quick work did our iron spoons make of the thin fluid, that in two minutes we had emptied our plates, and were waiting with restlessness for the second and grand course. At last came our twelve pieces of overdone meat, half hidden in a mass of potatoes. The server had the first choice: with exasperating deliberation he pronged the largest piece; the man on his right cap-

tured the next largest, and so on to the unhappy twelfth man. But fortune was not always with the server: sometimes he would rashly dive for what he thought a mammoth piece of meat, and in despair would land on his plate a barren waste of bone and gristle. Our Russian friends related a tradition that a twelfth man once hoisted, in wonder, from the *débris* of potatoes, a monster slice of meat, nearly half the size of a diminutive German lady's hand; but this, like other reported miracles, we received *cum grano*. If a man were absent, his portion belonged to the server; if two were absent, the server's right-hand neighbor had also a double portion. How we looked forward to the day when we should serve, and how often were our anticipations disappointed! Frequently the table was full, and, to crown all, there were peripatetic vagabonds prowling around the hall, — not regular members, — who were watching an opportunity of sliding into some vacant seat. If a member came late he lost his meal. The rules required that the full allowance for twelve should be placed on each table, however few were there; but I never knew any food to be left uneaten. I have been one of four who consumed at supper the portion that had been intended for twelve men: that evening will ever remain bright in the annals of our Convictorium life. For supper we had soup and sausage, and sometimes in place of the latter we even had butter. We had no breakfast in the Convictorium, and our food was barely half sufficient for the wants of a healthy Englishman or American; yet I knew many there who took no food in addition, save a cup of coffee and an occasional glass of beer. Sometimes a few brought in eggs, and ate them in their soup; but they were considered reckless Sybarites. One day, on entering the hall, we were astounded at seeing each table resplendent with four bottles of wine: the most gracious King of Saxony desired us on that, his birthday, to drink his health, which we did most heartily, and wished that many such kings ruled over the land. On that day it was noticed that many of us, beguiled by our luxury, spent a full half hour at table. This was indeed remarkable, for usually, by twenty minutes past the hour, every plate had been emptied, and of all who had feasted not one remained.

After dinner some twenty of us, who formed a *quasi* club, commonly appropriated the back parlor of a small Russo-German restaurant, assuaged our pertinacious appetites with coffee and cheap cigars, and criticised the affairs of nations. All were deeply interested in politics, while many of us wrote for the press in Germany and our respective countries, and corresponded with leading politicians. Thus our club became a centre of political news, which was sent to us from Russia, Poland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and France. Among us were long-bearded Russians, kind-hearted and patriotic Poles, sturdy and enthusiastic Germans, jovial Swiss, and keen, able Jews of different nationalities. We were all republicans, and older than the average student. Most of us were poor, and earned at least a part of our living by writing and teaching. Some gave weekly lectures on political economy, history, or literature to workingmen in the socialist workingmen's societies; others had private Sunday classes of workingmen in the same subjects; and nearly all were assisting, either by writing or teaching, the propagandism of liberal ideas. Once or twice a week one of the party lectured to us on some peculiarities in the political or social conditions of his country; and ten or a dozen were found at our resort every evening, reading, writing, and discussing. Most of the party were infidels. Some had suffered hardships, peculiar and severe, and all were good fellows. E. was one of the oldest among us: a man of middle age, with the blonde beard and sturdy frame of the North. A med-

ical student, he earned his bread by contributing scientific articles to Russian journals. As a teacher, a lay doctor, and a propagandist of liberal ideas, he had wandered for ten years among the country districts of Russia. On the confines of Siberia, he had seen the long lines of the condemned on their weary march of weeks to the mines. The prisoners were usually in bands of a hundred, clad in brown cloaks with yellow crosses on the backs, and fastened by pairs to a long chain running the length of the line. Picturesque indeed was E.'s description of the scene: the level waste, with its lonely road stretching to the distant town, whose gaudy church domes shone in bitter contrast to the poverty around; the lonely traveler, who bowed before the painted image at each wayside shrine, and gave his scanty alms to the weakest of the condemned; and that sombre band slowly wending its painful march, in which the sighs and murmurs of the many were drowned by the laughter of the reckless few, by the heavy clanking of the chains, and by the rough, guttural orders of the guards. He had seen these prisoners, sinking from fatigue in the miry road, struck by guns in the hands of their keepers, and among these his only brother,[1] whom he had followed until driven away by the guards. Rough and harsh in respect to trifling woes, he was most tender where real misery existed, and in assistance spared neither means nor labor. Soon he expected to take his degree, and again to wander as a physician and propagandist among the peasants of his native land.

Another remarkable man was B., a Jew from the south of Russia, a laborer's son; tall, spare, muscular, and dark, controlling a fierce and restless energy with a calm, calculating prudence that seldom gave way. Apparently impervious to heat or cold, one of the hardest workers of our party, he subsisted on the food of the Convictorium, without even the assistance of beer. With most of us, prudence was in inverse ratio to our means, and extravagance forced us to devote much time to teaching; but strict economy enabled B. to give his whole attention to medicine and political economy. He lived on forty marks a month, yet was ever in perfect condition. While in the north of Russia, near the borders of Siberia, he had written and published a bitter attack against the government authorities in Siberia for their opposition, in 1875, to the establishing of a journal there.[2] For this he was arrested, placed in a country prison, and kept in a large room having only one window, and that heavily grated, with thirty other prisoners, for six months. Their beds were benches swarming with vermin; the floor was covered with a thick matting of filth; the water given them was impure; and their food, insufficient and wretched as it was, often could not be eaten in its putrid condition. As the jailer received a fixed sum for each prisoner, he cared

1 His brother was among those "administratively banished;" that is, without trial. The October (1880) volume of the Russian Monthly Review, the Russakaya Retzsch, gives the following statistics concerning those thus banished: From 1826 to 1846, 79,909 persons; from 1867 to 1876, 78,650; from 1877 to 1878, 17,955.

2 As there was no newspaper in Siberia before 1875, an attempt was made in that year to start the Siber. The plan was considered a revolutionary plot by the local authorities in Siberia; criminal investigations opposed its originators; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that the journal was finally started. It continued, however, to be under the ban, and in 1879 some of its editors and correspondents were arrested, confined a year, and only released at last by Louis Melikoff, who declared that there was "not a shadow of reason for the whole proceeding." In the spring of 1880, the property of the Siber was destroyed by fire. The publishers were imprisoned on the charge of revolutionary incendiarism, the correspondence was seized at the post-office, and the issue was suspended. When the matter came to the tribunal, the *juge d'instruction*, or the local city marshal, was alone found at fault, and his conduct is to be investigated. At present, however, as far as I am informed, there is again no journal in Siberia.

for them as cheaply as possible. B. described how these thirty men, half clad in the cast-off garments of previous prisoners, changed gradually from restless anxiety to apathetic recklessness and indifference, from health to sickness and disease, from an ineffectual attempt at cleanliness to utter neglect of bodily care or personal appearance, until at last their mental, physical, and moral condition seemed dragged down to and engulfed in the filth and vermin around them. A large number of the prisoners were peasants arrested on suspicion of arson.[1] B. was at last discharged by the revising *procureur* without a trial, and he deemed it useless to take any measures against the *juge d'instruction* who had wantonly imprisoned him.[2]

The Russians in our party were agreed that the condition of the Russian peasant had been growing worse for years. E. claimed that in his ten years' wandering he had seen that condition sink gradually, but surely, lower; that peasants, who in the beginning ate little meat, ended by eating none; that their bread, year by year, grew even poorer and more scanty; that their hovels, which at first were unfit for men, became at last unfit for beasts; and that the peasants, ignorant, imprudent, and weighed down by taxes, were coming more and more into the power of Jewish usurers, against whom the general hatred was becoming more intense, and the outbreaks were growing more frequent and severe.[3]

[1] Then, as now, it was not uncommon for peasants to take revenge on unpopular landlords by setting fire to buildings. In 1874 there were 26,326 fires in Russia, of which 3764 were ascribed to incendiarism, and 14,882 to causes unknown. It was thought, however, that most of these last were due to the peasants. In 1877 there were 28,024 fires, entailing a loss of over 60,000,000 rubles. From September 12, 1880, to October 12, 1880, there were 2714 fires, causing a loss of 8,000,000 rubles. Of these, 415 are admitted to be the incendiary work of peasants, 697 are set down to carelessness, 287 to lightning, and the remainder to "causes unknown." The Russian journal whence this information is obtained is of the opinion that not less than two thirds of these last were also caused by peasants.

[2] B. used to maintain that one half of those arrested and imprisoned by the juges d'instruction were never brought to trial, but were dismissed by the procureurs, when, after months of imprisonment, their cases were finally reached. I could never believe that he was even approximately near the truth, until the following extract from the Tsowremenniga Tswestija (Contemporary News), a St. Petersburg journal, independent in politics, was brought to my notice: "In the year 1877, the number of actions before the revising procureurs exceeded 88,000, most of which had not been brought by them, but by the juge d'instruction. Of these, the procureurs dismissed, with the subsequent sanction of the tribunals, 35,508. Meanwhile this immense number of innocent persons had undergone not only the tribulations of criminal investigation, but the agonies of our prison *régime;* and all this, at the arbitrary bidding of a juge d'instruction! . . . But what wonder, if, in the eyes of our official mind, a simple policeman's denunciation weighs heavier than all judicial sentences put together."

[3] That their observations were not at fault appears from the following facts: In February, 1861, a royal manifest made it possible for the former serfs to buy land. For every six rubles of net yearly produce of the land the peasants paid one hundred rubles, as the price of the land. The peasants were obliged to raise twenty per cent. of this sum, and the government loaned them the other eighty per cent. at six per cent. interest. The peasants were therefore obliged to pay the government 4.8 rubles out of every six rubles of net produce. They had also to pay a head tax, which rose from 28,500,000 rubles in 1862 to 94,500,000 in 1874, and 118,671,251 in 1877. The yearly products were determined by commissions. Where government lands were purchased, the products were placed rather high; but where lands of private parties were bought, influence and bribery induced the commission greatly to overestimate the yearly products, to the advantage of the land-owners, and to the detriment of the peasants. The consequence was that the taxes on some lands were made greater than the products, while the peasants had to pay from twenty to twenty-four per cent. interest to private usurers on the twenty per cent. of price borrowed. So great was the distress of the peasants that in 1871 a commission was appointed to investigate their direct taxes. The report shows that the direct taxes of the former serfs of the crown, that is, those who purchased government lands, were 92.75 per cent. of the *net* return of their lands; that the direct taxes on the former serfs of private landlords were 198.25 per cent. of the *net* return of their lands; and that these peasants were obliged to work as day laborers for the large land-owners, in order to earn the remaining 98.25 per cent. In Saratoff District, in the Saratoff Government, there is a little town containing five hundred peasant farmers, every one of whom, it is said, is obliged at the

The year of my stay at Leipsic was an exciting period for Russia. In September, 1877, some Russian students at Berlin, suspected of being Nihilists, were arrested by the German authorities, at the request of the Russian government, and sent to Russia. Trouble between the students and the government soon after broke out in the universities of Khardow, Kief, St. Petersburg, and Moscow, and five hundred students were expelled, imprisoned, or banished to Siberia. Some of our Russian members had friends and relatives among those imprisoned and banished; but all of us deplored these absurd outbreaks, and there was nothing said in favor of assassination. All were agreed that time and education could alone help Russia; that the status of the people even more than the government was the cause of Russia's misery. A few, like E., were soon to set out for some Russian village: there they would start a school, and after they had trained or found a younger man, both able and willing to carry on the work, they would start afresh in another village, and so on for their lives. Few foreigners are aware of the general ignorance of the Russian people. In 1873, of 12,213,558 children between the years of seven and fourteen, only 839,565 were receiving educational instruction; of the army recruits in 1872, eighty-eight per cent. could neither read nor write. It is the unknown heroes like E., now toiling as teachers in the villages of Russia, who in coming years will raise the Russian people to a worthy place among civilized nations. Two years later, in London, I met some leading Nihilists, and among them H——n, who had become widely known by his attempt on the life of the Czar, and by the refusal of the French government to deliver him to Russia. There I heard many accounts of the imprisonment and banishment of relatives and friends: such, for example, as the story of the three Soubotina sisters, who, at the ages of twenty, nineteen, and seventeen, were arrested in 1875 on the charge of disseminating socialistic ideas, and dragged from prison to prison until 1877, when they were tried and banished to Siberia. The eldest, Marie, died on the way, at Novosenok, from the privations of the march; the others at the last accounts were in the mines. H——n was arrested for a trifling press offense, was placed in a cell so small that walking was impossible, and, clad only in shirt and trousers,

end of harvest to start forth to beg, in order to obtain the full amount of his taxes. Jansen, Professor of Engineering in St. Petersburg University, states, in his work on Russian Statistics, that the *net* return of the soil of the Narva District, in the St. Petersburg Government, is 250,000 rubles, while the tax on the peasants is 400,000 rubles. The same result can be seen in another form. The reports of the Russian Ministry of Public Domains show that the production of grains of all kinds was stationary in Russia during the years 1869–1878; that is, the amount raised during the first five years was only slightly in excess of that raised during the last five years. During this period, the export of grain gradually increased, so that the amount exported in 1878 exceeded that exported in 1869 by 110,884,494 bushels. Up to 1878 there was no increase in the imports of grain. During each of these ten years there was an average increase of population of 1.1 per cent. The result is, more Russians and less grain. The question is, What classes have suffered from this decrease? The nobles have not; while the mercantile class has grown in an unprecedented manner in Russia during the last ten years, and has consumed a larger share of grain than before. The peasants alone remain, — eighty-two per cent. of the population: these have been the losers, and have complained that their present condition is more burdensome than before their emancipation. Thrown upon their own resources, ignorant, intemperate, and imprudent, they have become the easy prey of usurers and middle-men. According to official statements, the peasant is now forced to sell his harvest immediately after it is gathered, in order to pay his taxes and his debt to the usurer; and in the following spring he is forced to repurchase his own grain, on credit, for food and seed, at twice or three times the price at which he sold it. His land, his cows and sheep, are passing into the hands of the Jews. This may explain the frequent attacks upon the Jews in Russia. The government is well disposed towards the peasants, and has remitted some of their taxes; but it is unable to protect them from being ground finer and finer by their fast-accumulating indebtedness. What has been written here refers mainly to the emancipated peasants.

was kept there five months in winter time, while the snow and rain came in through the broken window and froze upon the floor.

The Nihilists have, with all Russians, much to complain of in the tyranny of government officials. Their ultimate aims — the attainment of liberty and representative government — are most worthy; but in attempting assassination they have made a fatal mistake. While we respect the utter self-abnegation, the entire devotion to the welfare of Russia, of a man like H——n, we must censure his deeds none the less severely. The Nihilists claim that if they expound liberal ideas they are banished to Siberia; but that is no reason for attempting assassination, a means which must lose them not only the sympathy and assistance of the civilized world, but also the coöperation of the well-to-do classes in Russia, — a coöperation which seems essential there to a successful revolution. The assassination of the late Czar ought naturally to endear to the throne the Russian masses and all friends of order. Every cruel act of the Russian government, every unjust banishment, will increase the ranks of the opposition; and in time the overthrow of the government will be possible. If the Nihilists have a majority, let them make a revolution; otherwise they will best serve their country and their cause by suffering and waiting. Patience and long-suffering are the indispensable prerequisites of political revolution. Against revolution which has a just cause and reasonable prospects of success there is nothing to say; it is the ultimate resort of an oppressed people; but against political assassination by a party which, without it, would have the aid and sympathy of the lovers of freedom of the civilized world there is everything that can be said against a policy unwise and suicidal.

In our party at Leipsic, all were republicans, although some, including myself, were not Socialists. But regarding immediate practical reforms, all were agreed. The Socialists, for the time being, were simply Liberals. In Germany they demanded a ministry responsible to the Reichstag, the separation of church and state, a reduction in the standing army, and government supervision of workingmen's dwellings and factories. Our members generally followed Karl Marx, the "master Socialist," in desiring that industrial development should proceed unchecked by government. They claimed that capital and land were gradually coming into fewer hands: whenever, in the future, all industries should be controlled by a few persons, then, and then only, the state should confiscate industrial capital, and become the great producer. The concentration of capital in fewer hands, the centralization by Bismarck of the telegraph and railways in the control of the state, were hailed with delight by most of our number as steps towards Socialism. We had great faith in the people, in a democratic form of government; and fondly believed that if the masses were left to themselves experience would lead them ultimately to the best political courses. "The people will do no wrong," was a favorite remark; and no such rank heresy was tolerated as that the masses, if elevated to power, would commit political suicide by the gradual and experimental process of legislation. Poverty had preserved in our number the distinctive features of nationality in dress and taste; while radical opinions had made us, on general questions, quite free from local prejudice. So antipodal were many of our opinions that we ceased to regard any social or political customs as natural, and looked on all by the sole light of expediency. The hard circumstances in which the lives of many of us had been placed tinged our party with melancholy and pessimism: men there possessing great ability had often no ambition; with the keen-

est interest in the advance of their opinions, they were indifferent to personal advancement. The iron customs of Europe, which present so many obstacles against the rise of the *novus homo* in politics, caused most of our party, radicals though they were, to think only of remaining in the ranks. Still, we had a few bold, ambitious spirits, who had already made a more than local reputation as speakers and writers, and who hoped in time to figure in the political arena of Europe.

The Germans and Russians of our party were our ablest men; the Roumanians the most genial and popular. Midway in both respects came the plodding Swiss and the sentimental Poles. The Roumanians and the Hungarians were the most cheerful and generous of impecunious beings; hard workers only from necessity; without ambition; theologues, but often immoral and profane; Socialists in a measure, but caring more for our company than for our ideas. Their end in life was the ease of a country parsonage, where they would have plenty to drink and little to do. We were glad to have their company; for they brought among us a kind and mellow influence, softened our harsh pessimism, and gave to the party its fraternal and convivial cast. The most careless and singular specimen among them was C. A theological student, sent there by a friendly and pious widow, he had never attended a lecture, and cared no more about theology than an Esquimaux about the integral calculus. Gaunt, uncouth, slovenly in dress and careless in manner, he could become at will the centre of conversation. I have seen young German nobles, when thrown into his company, begin by disdaining, and end by humbly admiring him. He was a Bohemian *par excellence*, and had traveled over Europe as a vagabond for four years. Though well educated, he cared more for the life of a farmer than that of a student, and much of his wandering had been among the peasants of Germany. He had worked as a laborer on the large farms of the Rhine, from five in the morning until eight at night; had received his thirty cents per day; and had slept, with the other laborers, in the same stable with the cattle. In Silesia and Mecklenburg, he had lived with the tamed and dispirited "free laborers;" had earned his twenty cents per day in summer; and had slept in a room where fifteen persons, of different sexes and of three different families, were huddled together upon the filthy straw.[1]

C. cared not whether mankind in general rose or fell; but he sympathized warmly with the peasants, among whom he had labored and suffered. He hated only one class, — the village Jews of Germany. In many German villages, where the common land has been gradually parceled in small bits, the farms of the peasants are composed of minute strips of land, scattered over the whole parish. I have seen farms which contained two hundred such strips. Baring-Gould, in his Germany, Past and Present, writes: "In some places the owner of twenty hectares (about fifty acres) will have some one thousand bits of land distributed over the whole surface of the parish. Such is the case on the Main and the Middle Rhine." The lots of land are too small for pasturage; universal tillage drives the price of grain so low that farming is not profitable; while the extra labor necessitated by having land in so many small lots places

[1] Mr. James Howard, M. P., in a paper before the Farmers Club in 1870, quoted the following statements, which were made to him by Baron Elsner von Gronow, a large landed proprietor in Silesia: "Wages of farm laborers in Silesia are 4d. a day in winter, 5d. in spring and autumn, and 7½d. to 10d. in harvest, without victuals. . . . Wages are rising: twenty years ago we did not pay more than 2½d. a day in the winter time. . . . Dwellings are found for the laborers, but they pay for the use of them a day's pay weekly. The houses consist mostly of two rooms and a stall for a cow. Generally two or more families occupy a house." C.'s portrayal of the state of morality in these crowded rooms must be left to the imagination of the reader.

the peasants at a great disadvantage. Legal difficulties and conservatism prevent the exchange of lots and the concentration of farms. A poor year commonly forces the peasants into the hands of the Jews. In each village there are Jews who are continually watching the distresses of the farmer; they induce him in every way to borrow money; and when they once have a hold upon him he seldom escapes. Two successive hard years, combined with ruinous rates of interest, are often sufficient to overwhelm him. The Jews seize his land, and sell it out in small parcels at high prices, as contiguous owners are anxious to enlarge their plots. Some of the meanest specimens of mankind are found among these village Jews, and their severity often causes outbreaks against them. The landed classes sympathize with the peasants in their difficulties; and this explains in a measure the present agitation against the Jews in Germany. Even Bismarck is said to be bitterly opposed to the Jews; his sympathies are with the landed aristocracy, and he dislikes the rise to power of the mercantile and money-lending classes, of which the Jews are the most conspicuous examples. C. was once so deeply involved in a serious outrage committed on the property of an obnoxious Jew that he was forced to leave the village. He confessed that his acts were foolish, but pleaded in excuse the loss of land and home by the peasant with whom he was staying. The Jew had induced the peasant to enlarge his farm by buying lands on loans at excessive interest. A bad year followed, and the peasant was obliged to borrow more money. The Jew, in lending, forced the peasant to take one third of the loan in spirits. The natural consequences followed; the peasant drank too much; his crops were poor; his interest was not paid; and his land was seized by the Jew. The Jews are a harsh but effectual instrument for destroying the system of "small-lot farming:" they bring the owners of "lot farms" into their power, and then sell the lands to those whose farms are in larger lots, and who are therefore prosperous. Historical reasons have caused the small-lot system to exist only among the rich lands of Germany; and it has consequently never been in vogue in Northern Germany. Nevertheless, the poverty of the soil has made the condition of the peasants in the north worse than that of those in the south of Germany.[1]

[1] In considering the condition of the German peasants, five facts should be borne in mind. (1.) The soil of Germany as a whole is poor; and in the south, where the soil is richest, the ruinous system of small-lot farming exists. For example, the average crop of wheat per acre is in Germany fourteen bushels, and in England thirty bushels. (2.) Farming in Germany as a rule is conducted on too small a scale to be remunerative. In Prussia alone there are over four million land-owners. (3.) German farming is backward and unscientific: labor-saving machinery is seldom used; and the farming utensils are ridiculously heavy and clumsy. (4.) The German peasant, even in times of peace, must spend three years of his life as a soldier; and his direct taxes are heavy. (5.) There is greater disparity in keenness and tact between the upper and lower classes in Germany than in most countries; and as the German is harsh and selfish, this disparity lowers the wages of the peasant. He is stupid, long-suffering, and obedient, and is inclined to accept whatever wages his superiors offer him. These observations will prepare us for the following statistics. Dr. Engle has shown, by official reports, that in Prussia, in 1875, out of a population of 24,525,778, 11,572,413 had independent incomes; of the latter, 10,166,166 had less than $225 a year; and of these last, 6,582,100 had less than $105 a year. Of the whole population of Prussia, only 1,402,274 had an annual income of over $225 a year, and only 134,556 had over $750 a year.

Von Goltz and Block have recently published in Berlin some statistics concerning the wages of agricultural laborers in Germany. The wages in some two hundred districts are given: the average price per day is thirty-six cents; the lowest, in the district of Appelm, is 17.5 cents; the highest, in the district of Bremen, is 59.5 cents.

In 1875, a commission, appointed by the congress of German land-owners to investigate the wages of agricultural laborers in the empire, reported for some one hundred districts, and among others the following: —

The average price paid during winter and summer per day, and the quantity of rye it would purchase at the average price for the last ten years, was, —

E., B., and myself by turns ran a Sunday lecture course in a village near Leipsic, with the important assistance of C. Some of the laborers whom we met there read Buckle, Mill, Proudhon, and Marx with great interest. The German laborers are not practical, but many of them possess a rugged mental strength capable of dealing with abstruse subjects far above the grasp of the English and American laborer. Not that the intelligence of the German laborer is above that of his English and American brother; the contrary is true. Compulsory education has diffused school knowledge more widely in Germany than in England, or even America; but millions of stupid and docile Germans have exerted their entire intellectual strength in the effort to learn what they have been commanded. While in school learning the German laborer is in advance of his English, French, and American contemporaries, he is behind them in tact, originality, and self-reliance.

Our lecture was an informal talk on history, and the customs and institutions of foreign countries. C. was the principal attraction; he had always at hand some concrete illustration of our principles, taken often from his personal experience and travels, and it was mainly due to him that we roused an intellectual *furore* in the village. In the afternoon and evening came the regular village dance, in which all, both old and young,

In Prussia,	26.75 cents.	16.76 lbs.
In Silesia (the lowest price),	20.50 cents.	11.91 lbs.
In Rhine Province,	38.50 cents.	19.85 lbs.
In Oldenberg (highest price),	45.00 cents.	24.26 lbs.
In Mecklenburg,	40.00 cents.	22.50 lbs.

If we call the wages of the American agricultural laborer $1.00 per day, he receives the equivalent of fifty-two pounds of rye.

So much for the free laborers. In regard to the contract laborers, Dr. Von Goltz, who made extensive inquiries into their condition while he was Domain Administrator of Prussia, has published, with the assistance of Block, most elaborate data. The contract laborers are found in Northern Germany on the large estates of nobles. These laborers make, each year, a contract with their lords; practically they are semi-serfs, and cannot marry without consent of their masters. They are paid mainly in products of the soil, but receive also a little money. They work usually in threes: a man, his wife, and an assistant. The entire pay of these three, according to Von Goltz and Block, amounts, when estimated in money, to $217.50 per year in Mecklenburg, $227 in West Prussia, and $252.80 in Brandenburg. If the assistant is not of the family he takes some $60 from its income. Von Goltz writes that the highest of these sums cannot furnish the proper wants of a healthy family. C. told me that he had seen numbers of peasants die, whose death could be traced to insufficient nourishment: many of these were mothers, immediately after childbirth, and among them the mother of C.'s supposed child. It is fair to hear both sides of the question. A former pupil of mine in Leipsic, a noble, with large estates in Klein Plasten, Mecklenburg, Herr Friedrich Von Michael, has written to me as follows concerning the peasants on his estate: "The contract laborer has a cottage given him for a very moderate rent, and a small plot of ground annexed, on which he can raise potatoes, fruit, etc. A larger piece of ground on the master's land is also allotted to the laborer, on which he can cultivate flax and potatoes. The laborer owns a cow, pigs, geese, and hens; all of which are fed by the master. The salary consists of money and corn. Potatoes constitute the principal food of the laborer. The master pays for the physician and medicines, takes care of the laborer, and supports the old and infirm workmen until their death. In return for these benefits the laborer must work for his master, and for no one else, every day in the year, except Sundays and holidays. If either the master or the laborer desire to break the contract, notice is given at Easter, and the laborer leaves on the 24th of October. Such changes are, however, rare: for instance, at my home the same families have remained from generation to generation. It is true that large numbers of laborers have emigrated to America during the last few years; but this was caused not by their hardships, but by their inability to become owners of land. Although their property is sometimes quite considerable, it is insufficient to enable them to buy land. Marriage is not contracted without some difficulty, as the permission of the master is necessary. If marriages were free, the population of villages would increase so fast that there would soon be more laborers than could well work on, or be supported by, the land. If the father becomes old or ill, the son usually takes a wife and shares the residence of his parents. The real peasants, that is, the owners of a freehold, are very few in Mecklenburg. As they are independent and never work for others, they have great self-esteem. The condition of the contract laborer is not so miserable as is often represented by the foreign press. As long as he remains on the place he must be supported by the master; so, if he is laborious, orderly, and obedient, he can never fall into any real poverty or difficulty, and can lead a life quite free from care."

joined with a solid delight, purely German. The blunted sensibilities of the German laborer enable him to endure his hard condition with composure; while his deep fund of feeling enables him to derive the highest enjoyment out of the simplest pleasures. In the dance, C. was monarch of all; and, what was peculiar, his gallantries, carried ever so far, seemed never to rouse the jealousy of the village swains. Late at night we walked home, escorted by several of our village friends. Often, on Sundays, we dined with some professor, judge, or politician; sometimes we attended a huge people's meeting, where Liebknecht or Bebel would speak, and which would end, as usual, in beer and dance. Liebknecht, with whom I became well acquainted, was the leader of the Socialists in the German Reichstag, and the head and strength of the Socialist organization. A noble by birth, in 1848 he gave up the editorship of the leading Berlin journal, the Nord Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, refused high official positions, and joined himself with the radical party. His frequent imprisonments gave him time to write his principal works. But in Prussia he was once imprisoned for six months, and on every day of his confinement he was promised, for the next day, writing materials; which were given to him, for the first time, on the day of his release. Meanwhile, he was planning a work. The continual delay was too much for his fiery and nervous disposition; his mind became overcharged with material; and he escaped insanity only by writing, for months, with his fingernails on the walls. He spent some time in London as the pupil of Marx, and on the death of Lassalle drew the latter's followers over to the Marxites. To Liebknecht is mainly due the superb organization of the German Socialists. Since 1879 the Socialist candidates have been unable, except in secret, to address their constituents; their journals have been suppressed, and their correspondence has been intercepted; but their organization, despite these obstacles, has increased the Socialist vote at every election. A good example was given at the election to the Saxon Landtag, at Planitz, in 1879. So sure were the Conservatives of returning their candidate that up to the day of voting their journals congratulated their readers on the prospect of an uncontested election in their favor. But to the surprise of nearly all Saxony, Herr Puttrich, a Socialist, was elected by a large majority. Liebknecht is a man of blows. His hard life and the loss of his wife from anxiety and want while he was in prison have embittered his nature; he hates, and is hated; strife has become second nature to him, and he must battle to the end.

Later, in London, I knew Karl Marx, the founder of Socialism of to-day. He gave to Lassalle, Liebknecht, and Bebel their tenets; and were it not for him, those who are now termed Socialists in Germany would be called advanced Liberals. Marx is a Jew. In 1843, at the age of twenty-five, he edited the Vorwarts in Paris, with the assistance of the poet Heine. The career of the paper was brilliant, but short, as Marx was expelled from France in 1844. For the next five years he was driven from country to country on the Continent. Since 1849 he has lived in London; whence he has directed the movements of the Internationals, and inspired the Socialists. His chief work, Capital, is considered, even by his enemies, as one of the remarkable productions of this generation. Strong yet tender, broad and learned yet keen and logical, Marx has the originality of genius and the qualities of greatness. His personality and career make him an extraordinary man. His life is the study of the industrial and social condition of the world; and with him one seems to enter into the inner circle of events.

Despite the assistance of the Convic-

torium, many of our party spent for extra food more than was paid for board by the average student. This and other extravagances caused us at times to work hard for a living: when we ran behind financially, we gave our whole attention to teaching and writing, until we were again in a solvent condition. E. and myself once tutored eight hours a day for six weeks in Russian and English respectively, and each in Latin and mathematics.

In the beginning of spring came that state of despondency into which most hard-working strangers in Leipsic fall. During the wintry months there is little inclination to walk more than is absolutely necessary in that city, whose sun, a dull, lurid ball of fire, is seen but a few hours daily. Lack of exercise, poor food, excess of stimulants and work, brought us by spring into a spiritless, stagnant state. I knew an able, ambitious Englishman in this condition, who was with difficulty deterred from his purpose of marrying a simple German girl in an obscure village; of managing his wife's tiny estate; of vegetating there, and living and dying in peace. E., B., and myself, in our struggle against this stagnation, determined to work together twelve hours a day: as a consequence, B. broke down. He had long been overworked and ill, and the climax caused him to abhor labor. In his worst state he happened to read of the life among the Hill Tribes in India: "where 't is better to walk than run, to sit than walk, to sleep than sit; and where eternal sleep is best of all." B. became almost a monomaniac in his admiration for this Indian life; C. needed little persuasion to become a convert, and both besieged E. and myself to go to that happy abode. We knew that in a few days some diversion would end the journey; and as B. was quite sick, and needed a change, we consented to start. We departed in secret and with the intention of walking the first hundred miles towards Hamburg. On the second day, as we were passing a pleasant cottage on the outskirts of a village beyond Markrandstädt, we stopped at the sight of a young girl of fourteen, who had the tall, graceful figure, the long, free, finely shaped limbs, which are seldom seen in Northern Germany, but which are sometimes possessed by the maids of Southern Germany, near Switzerland, and often by the fair daughters of the Isle of Jersey. The child, whose face equaled her form, was in bitter woe at the loss of "her baby brother." When we saw the new-born babe we were surprised to find that it appeared to have been suffocated, — surprised, because Prussia was not the place for systematic child murder. But our feelings changed when we found that the parents, who had already two children, had recently moved from the borders of Upper Bavaria and Swabia, — the locality where infanticide is most prevalent. In the rich countries of Upper Bavaria, Swabia, and Central Franconia, the land, on the death of the parents, is divided among all the children. To prevent the division of their farms, which are too small to support more than one family, the peasants seldom have more than two children. On the other hand, the laborers who possess no land have large families; as is also the case among the peasants of Northern Germany, where the land goes to the eldest son.[1] Peasants in Southern

[1] Below are given, for all Germany and for several of her districts, the number of children under fifteen years of age for every ten thousand inhabitants: —

Germany	3449
Province of Bromberg	4006
Province of Koslin	3914
Province of Oppeln	3945
Province of Upper Bavaria	2761
Province of Bavarian Swabia	2896
Province of Lorraine	2973

The first three provinces are much poorer than the last three; but in the latter the custom exists of dividing the land among all the children. In France, where the same custom exists, there are only 2706 children over fifteen years of age for every ten thousand inhabitants. These statistics are taken from Baring-Gould.

Germany have declared to me that it was a sin to bring children into the world only to live in poverty, and to drag down those already born from peasant affluence to misery. Baring-Gould writes: "I confess to an uneasy feeling at seeing the great number of graves of babes in the church-yards" of Southern Germany. "Certain it is that the German day laborer has a swarm of children, and the *Bauer* [peasant] has few; and this is not a caprice of nature." Riehl says: "On the Lower Main, where subdivision has flourished in great exuberance, I know a pair of solitary villages which wage unflagging war with petty parceling. It is an unheard-of thing in those villages for marriage to yield more than two children. The communities are rich and thriving, and the pastors preach against the crying evil, but all in vain." The parents of the babe, who had received their farm from an uncle, had brought with them the customs of their native home. The mother, who was of far finer mould than the ordinary peasant wife, said that her two living children were more delicate than those of her neighbors, and needed that extra care and food which they could receive only if they were the sole children. The father was a kind, stupid man, governed by his wife. B. was greatly taken with the pretty, childish ways of Marie, the young girl, and they became most devoted to one another. The quiet of the village gave B. his needed rest, and he stayed there until quite recuperated. C. also made pleasant acquaintances, and remained with B. E. and I rode back to Leipsic, and were joined by the other two some three weeks later.

In the spring also came the exciting times following the base and foolish attempts on the life of the emperor by Hoedel and Nobiling, — attempts which all of our party most sincerely lamented and condemned. Hitherto, radicalism in politics had been respected, and even popular, in Leipsic; now all was changed. We gave lectures in the Improvement Societies no longer; and the few political meetings of the Socialists were held in secret, and were not devoid of danger. With the dissolution of the Reichstag came increased activity among us, in collecting money for the coming election, in writing, etc. The pretended cause of the dissolution, as given by Bismarck, was his desire to pass the Exceptional Laws against the Socialists. The National Liberals and the Progressists had prevented the passing of those laws after the Hoedel attempt; but after the Nobiling affair, they informed Bismarck that they would do his bidding on that question. Bismarck, however, was naturally unwilling to let this opportunity escape of striking a blow at the Liberals by means of the Socialist scare. He declared that the godless liberalism of the age was the cause of all the trouble in the country, and that the Conservatives could alone save the state. The scare was successful; and thousands of good, gentle Liberals, who looked to their rulers for political opinions, voted as Bismarck directed. The Socialists were attacked with extreme bitterness by the National Liberals, the Progressists, the Conservatives, and the members of the Centrum; their journals were suppressed, and their public meetings prohibited; they were without money and patronage; yet they cast in 1878 more votes than ever before. Although they were arrested for harmless speeches, they committed no violence, even in places where they were in large majorities. Liebknecht told me that, had he and Bebel said the word, they could have held Berlin and Saxony for weeks; but, said he, "we were the party of peace." Although not of the Socialists, I sympathized with them in this election; their immediate aims were those of Liberals, and they were falsely charged with sympathizing with assassination. The

German government would have made greater headway against Socialism, if, in place of suppressive measures, which have invariably increased the numbers of the Socialists, it had attempted to win the support of the laborers by relieving them of some of their burdens, and by promises of future assistance.

At the time of the election I was obliged to leave for England, and at about the same time our party broke up. The suppression of the Socialist journals seriously affected those of our number who contributed to them. Moreover, much as we loved the old city, ten months of continuous sojourn there had tired us. Some went to Russia, Switzerland, and different parts of Germany as private tutors, some took their degrees, and others left for different universities. When I returned to Leipsic, fifteen months later, I found there not one of my old Socialist companions. Other and younger men had our places in the Convictorium, the walls of the university seemed strange and lonely, and I was glad soon to depart. My former associates are scattered over the civilized world, from Russia to South America. C. has married the pious widow, and cares for her estates and rests in the lap of plenty; B., I have heard, is in Siberia; and E. still teaches in the villages of Russia. A few are leading the life of publicists, in Germany and elsewhere, aiming for future fame; but most have gone to quiet vocations, and their present habitation is to me unknown.

Willard Brown.

AT CANTERBURY.

The Canterbury pilgrim of to-day, who is borne southward by one of the quick trains of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, will be apt, as he fitfully attempts to summon the correct associations of the scenes through which he is rushing, to think quite as much of poor little David Copperfield, faring ragged and forlorn toward Miss Trotwood's cottage upon Dover cliffs, as of that stately procession of *ye olden time* immortalized by Dan Chaucer. The spirit of Dickens seems to pervade the Kentish country, and the formality of our visit to its illustrious dead is broken by his arch greeting upon the threshold. It is perchance no fragment of knighte's or clerke's tale which keeps time, in our brains, to the throbbing of the locomotive, but certain heartfelt rhymes of a singer of the far West, who in his native gift of story-telling and vein of humor strikingly resembled Dickens himself: —

"Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire;
And he who wrought that spell? —
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills."

Even when we have descended from the train, and turned our backs upon the noisy station, the fancies of yesterday strive yet, for a little, with the fatalities of the twelfth century and the sombre phantoms of the first millennium. A long reach of the old city wall lies before us, the dark shells of its frequent towers overflowing with ivy and hawthorn, like a row of huge vases upon some terrace of the Titans; but the line of the fortifications is unpleasantly broken, in one place, by the would-be Gothic spires of the youngest, reddest, rawest, and most "dissident" of the chapels of dissent. It is still the versatile Micawber whom we half expect

to see reviewing yon drove of beeves on its way to the cattle-market "with the practiced eye of an Australian farmer," five minutes after the notion of emigration has first been suggested to his mind; we fancy Uriah Heep's fishy eye behind the heart-shaped orifice in yon wooden shutter, and Agnes Wickfield's meek face glances from between the parted curtains of a broad, bow-windowed, brass-knockered mansion close upon the street.

But the tricksy creatures of the modern imagination efface themselves, one by one, as we get deeper into the heart of the strange old town, and the realities of a portentous past assert their proper power. The streets contract. The windows which peer into them from beneath frowning brows become lattices with quarrel-panes. The projecting stories crowd one above another upon either hand, leaving but a narrow line of sky between them overhead, as in ancient Continental towns. There are not many, in Canterbury, of those delightsome old oak-timbered dwellings, richly carved along the faces of their beams, which are the glory of the midland counties (the one perfect style of domestic architecture!), but scores of homesteads and hostelries, whichever way you turn, which inform you at the first glance that they count their age by centuries. It is not, indeed, the Checkers Inn which receives ourselves, though that still exists in the form of an extensive draper's shop; and the Chamber of the Hundred Beds and the vast cellarage adapted to the insatiate thirst of the fourteenth century are yet intact. But it is an inn with a paved court-yard; a long dresser in its entrance-hall, backed by blue and white Bible-tiles, and laden with what would incontinently betray a chinamaniac into one form or another of sin; an oaken stair, moreover, and stained glass in Gothic windows along the corridor into which it leads. Even the waiter who served us our first lunch in Canterbury seemed impressed by the duty of living up to his historic surroundings: "This very spot where you are a-sitting, sir, is more than four 'undred years old." "Have you many younger ones hereabout?" carelessly inquires the genial captain of our expedition, and the solemnity of the waiter's tardy negative has in it something nobly English.

The profusion and prominence of hotels, taverns, inns, and all manner of places of public entertainment, extraordinary for so small a city, is one of the first plain mementos which we perceive of Chaucer and the era of the pilgrimages. Many of these houses are very quaint in their appearance, and almost all have picturesque and suggestive names. Beside the transmuted Checkers, we find the Fountain, the Fleur-de-Lys, the Rose, the Fleece, the Saracen's Head, and the Greyhound; the Guildhall, the Sun, the Star, and the Seven Stars; and two signs of St. George and the Dragon. Not many of these, of course, are as old as Chaucer, but it must be remembered that in his time, and for long afterward, it was only an insignificant portion of the pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas — and those, for the most part, of modest condition — who were lodged in hostelries at all. The palace and the priory which formerly adjoined the cathedral, in the leafy mazes of whose beautiful Saxon and Norman ruins one may literally lose one's self to-day, entertained their hundreds of the more illustrious guests from every corner of Christendom. The magnificent monastery of St. Augustine, which, in the fourteenth century, or two hundred years after the martyrdom of Becket, covered seventeen acres of ground, received its thousands.

There were also numbers of endowed *hospitia*, where the sane were fed as well as the sick cared for. Into one of the most venerable of these we strayed quite accidentally. A low stone arch-

way of the early English form, opening directly from the pavement of the High Street, seemed to invite us into a cool vestibule, which we found haunted by the usual genius, or rather *genia*, of such places, — an old woman with a story to tell.

"What house is this?" we ask.

"Thomas à Becket's house, ma'am."

"How his house? You don't mean that he ever lived here?"

"Yes, ma'am," conclusively, "he lived here, — *before the Reformation.*" This last clause is dropped with the air of a generous *cicerone*, who will give the worth of a shilling, and not withhold a curious bit of historical information. "Come up-stairs," she adds, with the same ungrudging manner, "and see a beautiful picture."

We mount the dim stairway in her wake, and find ourselves in what, although docked of its fair proportions now, and disfigured in its shape by modern partitions, was evidently once a spacious vaulted hall. The walls are clean and ghastly with plaster, everywhere but at the northern end, where shines a noble fresco, with tints as fair as though laid on but yesterday, representing the figure of our Lord, soaring as in a vision, with hands upraised in blessing. The drawing is pre-Raphaelite, but the coloring is beautiful, the expression benign, the action majestic.

"When was this discovered?"

"Only last year, ma'am. They took away the old chimney, and there it was. It cost the Reverend [not his Reverence, as usual] a deal to have it picked out." We can now see plainly on either side of the fresco the converging lines which mark the shape of the old projecting chimney. Outside these lines are dimly discernible, under the whitewash, the outlines of other figures, a crowd of them. It is the merest ghost of a picture, — armed knights and a sinking figure in priestly robes, — and the drawing seems more modern than that of the singularly preserved central figure, but the subject of St. Thomas's martyrdom is unmistakable.

"Why do they not restore the rest of the painting?"

"Oh, no, ma'am! The Reverend never would, on account of they Catholics."

It appears upon investigation, however, that it is not so much the uncompromising Anglicanism of the present guardian of St. Thomas's Hospital which forbids the lifting of this tantalizing veil as the impossibility of removing the plaster, where there has been no brick-work, without bringing the painting with it. Abandoned attempts of this kind vex and sadden us, in great numbers of the old ecclesiastical buildings of England, and help clearly to define our sentiments toward those merciless iconoclasts who were everywhere in such haste to consign to one whited sepulchre the insignia of the ancestral faith.

But to return to St. Thomas's, or, as it is quite as often called, the King's Bridge Hospital. It was, indeed, a foundation of the chancellor archbishop, and the door-way by which we entered, as well as the refectory where the fresco was discovered, and the vaulted and groined underground passage, now become a series of coal-bins, but believed once to have led from the hospital to the cathedral, may possibly have belonged to the original building of Becket's own erection. But the establishment was greatly enlarged and enriched after his canonization had so increased the fame of Canterbury, and, over and above ample accommodations for sick pilgrims, a plentiful supper used to be served in the refectory to such as were too poor to seek the inns. The large, rambling building is now in part an almshouse and in part a school. Our guide showed us the lodging of one of the beneficiaries, a woman of extreme age, but with delicate, even distinguished features, who received us with a certain remote and tremulous dignity. The room in which

she sat was very comfortable, and, chilled to the marrow as we were by three months of English summer, we quite envied the venerable inmate her cosy fire. The place was dimly lighted, and the soft sound of lapping water was distinctly audible under the open lattices. Peering from one of these, we perceive that the opposite buildings are divided from the almshouse, as by a Venetian canal, by the river Stour alone, which runs between their foundation stones so fast and clear that we can see the fine long water-grasses under its surface, carried backward like streaming hair. The narrow vista of red brick walls and irregular mossy gables closed by the single stone arch of King's Bridge is extremely picturesque. We confess to an odd partiality for these private almshouses, — monuments of the piety of a by-gone time, and often, in themselves, as at Warwick and Coventry, beautiful specimens of old-fashioned building. Political economy is supposed to disapprove them, but it certainly seems as if one of the Lord's poor might await his viaticum more peacefully and collectedly in a place like this than in one of those overgrown modern establishments where bodies are fed and souls are sped by steam.

But we linger too long upon the way to the chief goal of our pilgrimage, and must now bend our steps toward the cathedral. The approach by Mercery Lane, at whose entrance from the High Street stands the Checkers Inn aforesaid, is not only the most convenient, but the most impressive. In Chaucer's day, as now, the lane was lined with shops, then principally devoted to the sale of religious relics and mementos of the minster and the town. It is believed also to have displayed, in those days, that singular arrangement of open arcades above the basement story, which is best seen in Chester, and is always a reminiscence of the Roman occupation. If this were so, the passage down Mercery Lane must then have been a mere footway, for it is still extremely narrow. Opposite the end of it stands Christ Church gateway, a beautiful Gothic structure, which deceives at first by a look of exceeding antiquity, due to the softness of the sandstone of which it is built and the wanton devastation of its numerous niches. The comparatively recent date of its erection is recorded on the front, — 1517, — and under its deep archway we pass into the cathedral precinct.

The mighty edifice, or rather heap of edifices, which confronts us has about it something of the essential and unclassifiable grandeur of a great feature of natural scenery. We can scarcely measure with the eye its fine pinnacles, etched far above us upon the always pensive sky of England. It is of all the Christian ages; it is of all the Christian styles; but criticism is dumb before its majestic unity. Antiquaries point to the position of its principal entrance door, upon the south side, as connecting it with that pre-Augustinian church of Britain which the mythical Arthur defended in vain; to a portion of the crypt as dating from the era of Augustine's mission, that is to say, the close of the fifth and beginning of the sixth century; to the still imposing remains, upon its northern side, of erections by Cuthbert under Eadbald, and by Egelnoth under Canute; to the glorious central tower and transepts of Lanfranc, and the nave and chapels of William of Sens. But as a man's memory goes back inviolate through a long life crowded with vicissitudes, — through changes, it may be, of name and frame, and creed and country, — so this great monument, whose proportions the eye may barely embrace, holds fast through the ages its stupendous identity, and may be said, with scarce a figure, in the language of metaphysics, to be "aware of itself as past and future." We shall do well to stray slowly about the spacious and peaceful

close of the cathedral, and study the expression of its lineaments from every practicable point of view, for the aspect of the interior will be found less grateful to the feelings, if not less imposing.

For the first impression which you will receive on entering is unquestionably one of desolation. There is, indeed, the ineffable sublimity of the Gothic nave and aisles, for which no other work of human hands can prepare us, and with which no other can be compared, — the vastness forward and upward, the matchless association of beauteous lines innumerable; but all is stark, silent, vacant, colorless. Efforts are making, certainly, toward bringing back something like the color of health to this pale wilderness of stone by restoring the stained glass of the lofty windows, wantonly shattered by the sprightly soldiery of Cromwell. The most beautiful and renowned window of all, that in the transept of the martyrdom, is said to have been demolished by a single warrior, who went by the appropriate *sobriquet* of Blue Dick, and who shouted, as he plied his playful hammer, that he was "rattling down proud Becket's glassy bones." The officers of the parliamentary army stabled their horses in the cathedral nave, during the occupation of Canterbury. Here, as elsewhere, the modern windows, however elaborate and costly, are painfully inferior to such of the old ones as have escaped destruction. The restorations of twenty years ago and more are, almost without exception, crude, glaring, and ill assorted in their colors, missing entirely the depth of the ancient tints. Those of the last decade which display the subdued *nuances* of the "æsthetic" period are certainly more harmonious and pleasing pieces of color than the others, but are too often impaired by the weakness and sentimentality of their designs.

While we have been musing upon this curious record, in glass, of the fluctuations of modern fashion, there has been a slight movement far away toward the centre of the church, and the gates in the screen of the inclosed choir have been heedfully shut and secured; a faint murmur of intonation announces to the outsider that divine service has begun, and soon a slender sound of chanting goes up among the immeasurable arches, touchingly enough. But the exclusive and invisible rite seems strangely out of keeping with the vast sublimity of the place, and it is hard to resist the comparison of the defended choir with an isolated outpost in a devastated country, once teeming with wealth, and glowing with loyalty from end to end. The figure of the verger pacing up and down like a sentry before the choir screen assists the military illusion.

It is something to be thankful for, however, that, while the service continues, silence is imposed upon the verger. He will have us at his mercy soon, for he alone can admit us to the arcana. Let us, then, while responding in silence to such broken phrases of petition and of praise as may reach us from within the choir, pause on the first landing of the broad steps by which we ascend to its level, and, leaning over the low marble wall which divides them from the north transept, survey for ourselves the scene of the martyrdom, unvexed by the dreadful volubility of its authorized showman.

There seems every reason to suppose that the stone pavement beneath us is the very one upon which Becket fell. A piece of one of the flag-stones, about six inches square, said to indicate the exact spot, was carried away to Rome as a relic ages ago, and replaced by another which we see. The altar which was erected hard by as soon as the church was reconsecrated after the crime has long since disappeared, though traces of its position may yet be discerned. The central pillar, against which the archbishop made his intrepid stand when he refused to be dragged by the murderer

from his sacred post, has been removed, and through the open door we look into the self-same cloister — sunny and peaceful now, though its exquisite arches are black with time — along which, in the brief twilight of December 29, 1170, the victim moved firmly and with full consciousness of his mortal danger to his memorable doom. He passed from the archiepiscopal palace of the day along the eastern and southern aisles of the cloister, endeavoring to infuse something of his own courage into the terrified monks who huddled around him, while the four barons, Tracy, Fitsurse, Le Bret, and Morville, hurried around the western and northern aisles, and they met in the north transept of Lanfranc's cathedral.

There is no room in this idle narrative for a serious discussion of the character or the cause of Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury; and if there were, it might be as well to decline it. There is perhaps no figure in all mediæval history which has been so amply illustrated from so many different points of view. The emotions which his name excited, and still excite after seven hundred years, range all the way from the most enthusiastic religious veneration to the most acrimonious civic hostility and personal contempt. The cloistered chroniclers of his own time have told us his story with a circumstantiality and a vividness such as they seldom attain, and two of the most authoritative of living historians have devoted each a volume, within the last five years, to his career, and to elaborately correcting each other's quotations and demolishing each other's deductions from the original records which bear upon the case. The modern reader without any previous bias either way — and most modern readers aspire to be considered such — may take his choice between the regal saint of the great ecclesiastical period, the meek martyr of the ritualistic revival, the coarse monster of Froude, the unscrupulous usurper of Freeman, and the high-souled chancellor of Ozonam. But of one thing we may all be sure: there is a reason in the nature of things for this man's ubiquitous and imperishable celebrity. Not by chance did the most powerful monarch of the twelfth century perform so abject and agonizing a penance for his own implication in the crime which was committed here; not by chance did others of the kings of the earth continue for generations afterward to bring the glory and honor of their costliest treasures to the vanished shrine in the chapel at the far eastern end of the cathedral; while the deep hollows in the flight of stone stairs that lead up to it, and in the pavement round about, attest the devotion of myriads of unnamed men. Still less is it insignificant that the name of Thomas à Becket is now, perhaps, not less than ever, a battle-ground for men who agree but in the one point of holding his canonization an empty form and the offerings at his shrine as the outcome of a degrading superstition. There must have been, there must still be, an intense and perhaps even yet but half-appreciated import in his entire story: the fiery and ambitious nature, the proud ecclesiastical consciousness, the resolute self-discipline and unguessed austerity, the heroic manner of his death, and his extraordinary posthumous honors.

A Bohemian nobleman of the fifteenth century, Leo von Rozimal, who wrote an account of his travels in England, has left us in a single sentence a summary of the chancellor archbishop's career, so simple and so precise that it is fit to replace the memory of tomes of controversy: —

"In eo templo occisus est Divus Thomas Cantuariensis archiepiscopus ideo quod iniquis legibus quas Rex Henricus contra Ecclesiæ Catholicæ libertatem rogabat sese constanter opposuit. Qui primum in exilium pulsus est, deinde, cum revocatus esset, in templo sub vespertinis precibus, a nefariis hominibus,

qui regi impio gratificari cupiebant, Deum et sanctos invocans, capite truncatus est."

This artless expression of the "common sense" of mankind upon the whole subject, three hundred years after the tragedy and four hundred years ago, may be found embodied in a long extract from the quaint narrative of Rozimal in the appendix to the late Dean Stanley's admirable Historical Memorials of Canterbury. The chapter on the murder of Becket, in the same volume, contains a remarkably graphic and complete account of the final scene and the circumstances immediately preceding it. The lamented dean's residence as canon at Canterbury gave him rare facilities for comparing the different contemporary narratives; while, in his study of the localities, he must have enjoyed — a capital point — a glorious independence of the verger. It is, naturally, not a sympathetic picture which he draws, — sympathetic with the saint, that is to say, — but it is both highly dramatic and minutely faithful. Thanks to Dean Stanley's thorough investigations, and to his picturesque and popular pen, any one may now know as much of the course of events upon that fatal Tuesday evening as it is possible to know of any day so long gone by. It is thus that we are incidentally made to see, in a light clearer and less colored than the suffusion of devout partisanship might have allowed, the unwavering constancy of the martyr, his ascendency over his assassins and over death. It is thus that the conscientious methods and the analytic skill of the rationalizing school often serve, unintentionally, the cause of supernatural truth.

Not less valuable and agreeable shall we find Dean Stanley's assistance in recalling and grouping those scenes in the life of the Black Prince which associate him with the self-chosen spot of his burial, and helped, no doubt, to fix his preference upon it; for England's most ideal knight, as well as her most eminent ecclesiastic, was interred inside these walls. And now, at last, the verger has claimed us for his own, and is sweeping us, along with other human material which has been collecting while we mused, through the north aisle of the choir to the desolated chapel of the Shrine and Crown. A gilded crescent, no doubt a crusading trophy, and the sole remnant of all the priceless offerings with which the place was once enriched, hangs high in the dome of the apse. On the right hand is the tomb of King Henry IV., and we trust, as we glance at it in passing, that the head which wears that crown has long lain easy now. On the left, we are suffered to pause for a moment before the monument of the hero of Cressy and Poitiers. It is in beautiful preservation, the rigid effigy, with slender hands folded and fine features, evidently a perfect likeness, quite unscathed. Even the symbolic representation of the Holy Trinity, the object of the Black Prince's peculiar devotion, painted on the wooden canopy above the tomb, is quite distinct. Round about the sides of it those most appropriate mottoes of the sleeper, *Hoch muth* and *Ich dien*, are inwoven with the ornamentation; above it hang his mouldering surcoat, with its embroidery of lions and *fleur-de-lys*, his helmet, saddle, shield, gauntlets, and scabbard. We render grace to Oliver Cromwell for the touch of national and reverent feeling which led him to forbid the desecration of this one tomb; yet we feel a slight reaction of wrath also when we reflect how much else he might have spared to us, in equal integrity, if he would. As it is, he rifled the scabbard of its illustrious sword for his own private collection.

Lastly, before being dismissed into the nave once more, we are permitted by the verger to gaze for a moment on the so-called seat of St. Augustine, a sort of huge, elementary arm-chair of gray mar-

ble, in which the primates of England have been enthroned for many generations, which is certainly of Saxon workmanship, and may have been the identical throne of the Saxon kings of Kent. Whether or no St. Augustine ever sat in it, — and it is not very likely that he did, — it leads us to his memory. It fixes our thoughts, as we bid good-by to the cathedral, on the austere and aureoled figure of that adventurous missionary, who came to recall, somewhat sternly as we can but fancy, to the memory of Englishmen the faith of which they had once heard imperfectly from Christian soldiers of the Flavian and Antonine Cæsars, — the faith for which St. Alphage and St. Thomas were to die in after years, and which Edward Plantagenet was to hold so fervently.

The memorials of St. Augustine are for the most part outside the cathedral and beyond the city walls. The noble monastery which he founded, a small portion of whose beautiful remains are now incorporated in a missionary college of the Church of England, was built upon land granted him by Ethelbert, the Saxon king, which had been a cemetery in the Roman times, and was therefore necessarily, by the law of the twelve tables, outside the circuit of the city. As we make the tour of the existing college buildings, we observe curiously how the nice taste which has everywhere adapted the new to the old has necessitated an unmixed monasticism of aspect and arrangement: in the dim and narrow cells of the students, the spacious but barren refectory, the mournful little mortuary chapel, with its altar and preparations for kneeling beside the dead. But the college buildings, though spacious, cover but a tithe of the ground once occupied by the convent. Stately fragments may be detected here and there throughout a large surrounding neighborhood, incorporated in quaint dwellings, overshadowing vulgar stable-yards, letting the sunshine in upon brilliant flower-beds through Gothic arches, ivy-wreathed. The most impressive of all these relics of the past lies at the extreme eastern point of the ancient monastery precinct. It is an entire arch, built not merely of Roman brick, which may be descried, in great numbers, in many of the old structures hereabout, but by Roman hands, and its remarkable history is fairly well authenticated. It formed a part of what was first a Roman temple, afterwards the seat of Ethelbert's pagan worship; granted by him, after his conversion, to Augustine, and then dedicated to the boy martyr, St. Pancratius, whose name it still bears, probably, as Dean Stanley suggests, in memory of those yellow-haired lads, the *non Angli, sed angeli* of the great Gregory's compassionate pleasantry, whose presence in the Roman market-place suggested the first thought of St. Augustine's mission.

Interesting as this ruin is, however, there is a spot yet to be visited which is even more intimately associated with those figures of the remote past, — Augustine, Ethelbert, and Bertha. Emerging from the old monastery grounds, we find ourselves presently at the lych-gate of the oldest Christian church in Great Britain, St. Martin's-on-the-hill. The king whom St. Augustine found in Kent was a pagan when he came, but the queen was a Christian. Bertha was a French princess, one of that long succession of royal brides and exiles from a brighter birthplace, for whose inevitable homesickness in this insular atmosphere and under these frowning skies we feel an undying sympathy. We do not know much about Queen Bertha, but the fact that her Kentish lord — a monarch of mark and might in his day — was won over to her faith after their marriage inclines us to invest her image with something of power as well as of charm. She was accompanied by a chaplain and confessor, whose name every ancient writer spells as him listeth,

and no two alike; but all agree that he was a man of exceptional holiness, and that he consecrated for her use, to St. Martin of Tours, the bowed, shapeless, ivy-smothered chapel on the slope before us, and afterwards baptized King Ethelbert within its walls. The archæologists, after long and dubious discussion of the case of this venerable little church, and much of denying and disproving, inform us, at last accounts, that we may say with a species of truth, *within its walls*. The greater part of the building must have been reconstructed, partly out of Roman materials, in a much later reign than Ethelbert's, but a fraction of the original edifice remains. Two things within the shadowy interior strike even the lightly-learned observer as pointing to such a conclusion: the font, which unwavering tradition declares to have been that of King Ethelbert's baptism, is decorated around its lower section with Runic rings, and the pavement of a portion of the chancel is of inch-square Roman tesseræ.

The view from the porch of St. Martin's is one of rare loveliness. Framed in the rustling foliage of the trees which overshadow the church-yard, we see below us the fair cathedral spires, towering over the red-tiled roofs of the town, and the soft and cultured hills beyond them, which enfold the valley of the Stour. We all know that some landscapes possess, independently of the grace of their contours, an indescribable amenity of *look*, a tender and appealing physiognomy, and this is such an one. It seems to hold suspended for us the emotions of countless others of our kind who have surveyed it from this spot. We cannot choose but fancy the smile which it wore to Queen Bertha when she looked upon it, after the devoutly desired consummation of her husband's baptism; that King Ethelbert may have paused upon the threshold here, seeing in the scene, as in a mirror, the reflection of his altered life; that its wistful beauty may have wrung from the appeased and subjugated spirit of the saint himself one of those poignant cries of his, which even the secular world cannot forget, for they tremble with the passion of his stormiest years: "Too late I loved thee, O thou Beauty of Ancient Days, old and yet ever new, — too late I loved thee!"

We are presently shown a touching proof of how deeply one of the gentlest spirits of our own time felt the spell of this time-hallowed spot. The Deans of Canterbury have usually been buried in the cathedral, but the late Dean Alford desired to be laid here, and himself selected the place and the inscription for his extremely simple monument: "Deversorium viatoris Hierosolymam proficiscentis." As we linger near it we wonder for a moment why this tomb seems to have so very intimate an interest for our individual selves, who knew so little in his life-time of him who sleeps below. And immediately there start forth phrase by phrase, rhyme by rhyme, out of the mists of the past, certain stanzas with his name attached, cut from a newspaper corner three thousand miles away when the writer of this was a very child, and conned over with that powerful attraction toward what is saddest and tardiest in human experience which some children are possessed to feel: —

"The dead alone are great.
When heavenly plants abide on earth,
Their soil is one of dewless dearth;
But when they die, a mourning shower
Comes down and makes their memories flower
With odors sweet, though late.

"The dead alone are dear.
When they are here, strange shadows fall
From our own forms and darken all;
But when they leave us, all the shade
Is round our own sad footsteps made,
And they are bright and clear.

. . . . . .

"The dead alone are blest.
When they are here, clouds mar their day
And bitter snow-falls nip their May;
But when their tempest-time is done,
The light and heat of heaven's own sun
Broods on their land of rest."

Strange that these plaintive numbers, overlaid, and seemingly forgotten for so many years, should have been always waiting, ready to recur beside their author's dust so aptly. With them we take our leave of the spirits of St. Martin's churchyard.

Associations like those which have their centre in the historic streets and buildings of old Canterbury — and we have not named the half — widen out through all the surrounding region like ripples, and dimple with their charm a circumference of fifty miles of pleasant country. We may follow them in what direction we will, albeit the configuration of the land hereabout has greatly altered within historic times. We may go down to the Isle of Thanet, — strictly speaking, an island no longer, — and find the memory of the spot where St. Augustine probably landed preserved in the name of the now inland farm of Ebbes Fleet. We may go northward to Reculver, to the hoariest and most desolate ruin upon the coast of sea-girt England, — a pair of gray church towers, long a landmark for mariners, corroded by the sea wind, and smeared with orange-colored lichen. The waves are sapping their very foundations today, as they have already swallowed up two sides of the otherwise indestructible wall of the Roman fortress within whose circuit they were built, probably in the earliest Norman times. Inside the same impregnable defenses was reared the palace to which King Ethelbert retired when he ceded to Augustine his former residence in Canterbury as a site for Christ Church, now the cathedral. The foundations of the palace only remain, but in Ethelbert's day they were a mile in shore. Or we may wander westward from Canterbury to Harbledown, the last halting-place, before their arrival, of pilgrims to the shrine, from London and the north, — a place described by Chaucer with somewhat elephantine humor: —

"Woot ye nat where ther stant a litel town
Which that ycleped is Bob-up-and-down."

There we shall encounter another hospital of St. Thomas, another immemorial church, the phantom of a yew-tree under which the archbishop may well have sat, and sundry household utensils of his, — or so they say; they are antiquated enough, certainly, — all displayed for what you please by worthless, attenuated, stone-deaf beneficiaries.

Turning homeward from Harbledown, we get our best distant view of the cathedral. The hour is sunset, the breeze fresh, the quiet prospect enchanting. Everywhere about the valley the men are busy harvesting and stacking the golden wheat. The serried armies of the hop-fields carry their pale green plumes proudly aloft for yet one week longer, ere they fall a prey to the pickers. The windmills upon the heights wave their long arms cheerily. The great bell-Harry tower of the cathedral begins to speak.

"Bell'arry 's gone six" is the way they express it in the Canterbury streets; "it 's time to quit." He has a glorious voice, Bell'arry, big and deep and mellow. But the Cantuarians whose comings and goings are regulated by his stately summons seem not a whit more respectful of the passing time than if it were less magnificently measured out to them.

Harriet W. Preston.

CASTE IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Society in America is not an entity. It is rather the reflection of the mood of the individual who is contemplating it, the incarnation of certain tastes, and has neither locality nor measurement. For some it possesses elasticity, for others immobility; all desire to enter where many have disappeared in an apotheosis of self-laudation, and when there find that their circle is not society, which is ever beyond and ever narrowing.

One lady, a leader of Boston fashion, stated that though "society" consisted of about twenty-five families, yet in the invitations to a general ball it might be safe to include from four to six hundred persons. Society, though not existing *per se*, is deified as a goddess; its decrees are passports, or edicts of social banishment and death; a knowledge of its laws is the preliminary, and obedience to them the final, requisite for admission. There is no New England, no New York, no Western society; there was Southern society, founded on inheritance of name, on ownership of land and slaves; but so long as there are annual governmental changes in the body politic, and constant reverses of private fortune, through the money markets and opportunities for Bonanza stock, and the advantages of high school in the East and of college education in the West offered free to all, there never can be a dominant force, — society. Manner conquers society sooner than wealth or education; an individual is relegated to his proper social sphere, in the minds of all spectators, as soon as he enters a room. The depth of his bow, the tones of his voice, and the breadth of his smile have averaged him. Manner, however, is constantly reinforced by mind, and the republican mind is one of growth. The absurdity of American social life is to talk of entering society; for as soon as an American tries to bring society into focus to be interviewed, it divides itself into numerous facets of prismatic brilliancy. As a protest against any attempt to define society stands Mrs. Whitney's We Girls; in which some girl invites some one "next" to her, and that next some one next in turn to her, till finally the whole village is related in a community of interests.

This constant enlargement of a social sphere, or the infinite subdivisions of acquaintanceship, prevent society (granted for the moment that such an entity exists) from being a unified power for evil or good; while because there is no such thing as society in itself, but circles of individuals combining for social purposes, these circles represent the social and educational force of life in its less specialized aspects. The absence of any one social power is the safety-valve of American life; and any person who has been so unfortunate as to have lived, moved, and had his social being in only one set becomes thoroughly provincial.

The power of society as a unit reached its fullest exemplification in the days of the early French salons. The salon was to Paris what the newspapers and monthlies now are to us. Then the salon made public opinion, and literary criticism was a matter of experience and reflection. Even now the French critic imbibes the mental atmosphere of his equals, and thinks and weighs before he writes; whilst many of our critics go tired from the theatre, lecture, or concert to the newspaper office, to have put in type their fresh opinions, — perhaps slightly tinged by the headache or their somnolent condition, — which the public next morning adopt as the general way of right thinking; forgetting that a critic is but one person, after all,

(and possibly, also, not one fortunate in so-called social recognition), and that the impressions of an evening or of quick reading are less valuable than the criticisms of lengthier observation and reflection. Our critics are often only what are denominated as literary hacks; honest and true as far as in their power lies, but under the necessity of daily production, which must injure original quality and expression. Yet they exercise upon the public the formative power of the old salon, and render null any necessity for its existence. The second reason for the absence of salons lies in the non-existence of any one circle of people who, by virtue of inheritance, actual deed, or promissory note, can definitely establish and maintain their own social boundaries. American life is too busy for definition; men are too tired, women too anxious, to feel the delight of constant recreation through conversation at one another's firesides; we are all so willing to be hospitable by the blazing warmth on our own purchased or ancestral andirons that there are few who go out for others' entertainment. We are all at home — to nobody. Moreover, in a salon half the world were eager listeners, forgetful of themselves; but now we all must talk to prove our position, express ourselves to show that we have mind, or else look wise, hoping to see, by the swelling on our brows, the growth of the thought within.

American society is an anomaly which must puzzle all those who do not believe in it; who do not see that its varying centres are but eddies on the surface of the fixed conviction that one man is the equivalent of another in capacity, and that his failure to prove it by results is the consequence of circumstances beyond his individual control. It is this fixed belief which constitutes the essence of American impudence, boasting, aggressiveness, want of grace, and knock-you-down manner. It is also the source of our sturdy independence, our valuation of character as the final estimate, our reliance upon the common sense of our enemy rather than on the glittering generalities and evasions of our friends. As soon as these social variations are perceived, we become conscious that caste rules in American life with an iron rod, tempered only by the fiery furnace of much wealth or rare intellectual ability: the lower we descend, in what is called social life, the more perceptible become its demarkations. In the working class its sway is omnipotent. A marriage between the ragpicker who carries her rags on her back and the man who rolls them in a wheelbarrow is contrary to all the rules of propriety, and ends in family feuds. The regular visitant at hotel cupboards who receives pie is farther removed from the tattered mendicant at back-doors than a member of the diplomatic corps from a native of Washington. In a certain well-known alley resided a shrewd brother and sister of twelve and fourteen, who assigned to each of the other dwellers his proper place in the social status of the by-way, through sumptuary laws of their own devising. These little magnates stayed at home, and sent their agents begging; all food so obtained was delivered into their keeping, and then portioned out, as the Educational Bureau would say, not according to "the illiteracy of each section, but according to its geographical area." Shapeless pieces of bread and cold flapjacks were for the tenants of cellars and attics; muffins and tit-bits of croquettes were for those who occupied the ground-floor and middle stories of the tenements.

Among the workingwomen is a feeling of exclusiveness most noticeable, while with workingmen it is no more prominent than with professional men. "It is this spirit of caste," says a workingwoman of fifty years, "which keeps us all down. If we could nag one another it would be some gain, but we avoid one another instead. There is no union

among us, never was, except for a little while through the French International Association, which has died out. We never can raise ourselves from the bondage of ill-paid labor till we combine, and most of us would rather starve to death than associate with those beneath us." Another one complains that "the skilled workwomen pride themselves too much upon their skill to be willing to pull up the unskilled, just as in the professions a good lawyer or physician will not take a poor partner. It is social ambition, caste, that rules us; it begins with us, and goes up and up to kings and emperors. A woman with many servants despises her with one, and she with one despises the woman who does her own work, and she who does her own work looks down upon her who goes out to work, and the one who goes out to do special housework scorns the scrub-woman, who is the end of womankind."

Many of these people feel that the higher grades of labor can be protected only by recognition of social lines, and talk of "the laziness and ignorance of the lower class of workingwomen." Even when out of employment, or perhaps engaged in some "uncongenial occupation as a temporary make-shift," they still feel keenly that they "belong elsewhere." "An honest workingwoman," said one of them, "whether of the upper or lower grades of labor, holds herself infinitely superior to the trashy, flashy sort. We may not get work, but we can go from work to poverty, from poverty to exhaustion, from exhaustion to death, but not to sin, — *those who follow that are a different class, with which we have nothing to do.*"

In a conversation with several of them, it was asked, "What is the real grievance of the workingwomen?" And the general answer was, that it was due to the spirit of caste, which prevented combination and coöperation, the two agents that could lighten the burdens of ill-paid labor; yet they had sufficient intelligence to see that social union among themselves must first be effected. The stern self-restraint, the power of self-sacrifice, the delicacy of taste, refinement of feeling, appreciation of knowledge, and acts of touching kindness to one another that are found among hundreds of them do not negative the statement that the social line, based on kinds of labor, is closely drawn among them.

"Kindness based upon equality!" exclaimed one woman. "No, it is kindness based on caste. It is Arlington Street and Fifth Avenue that make the North End and the Battery. Employers don't care for employees. If a firm give their girls parlors, lunch or sleeping-rooms, it is n't because they care, but because they can get more out of us if we are comfortable. Your republican government does n't do away with caste; it is the population to a square foot that makes poverty, and according to the laws of caste it is only for the poor to emigrate. Did you ever hear of a rich man emigrating to make room for others? He squats forever, and it is n't called squatting. Talk of emigration and agriculture to factory and city folks, who have neither money nor health to emigrate! We working-people don't envy you your pie or your pictures, if we can have bread. It is the deeper thing which makes us indignant: it is being called fools and simpletons by our employers, and bearing it, because we must have the one dollar. Labor is owned, and women are owned more than men, and will be until they can dare to combine and dare to refuse offers of ill-paid work, larded with harsh words and lunch privileges."

Is there rank, then, in all industrial pursuits? A tailoress declares that "nowhere are the lines of caste more strictly drawn than among tailoresses and sewing-girls. Those on "custom work" and those on "sale work" need not necessarily know each other. Here is a classification given by one who understands, works, and aids others in various

ways: "Employments of working-people are either subjective or objective: one cannot consort with another. Under the first are included (1) the stenographer, (2) the newspaper hack, (3) the type-writer, (4) those engaged in life-insurance business and in any sort of nursing. The second division embraces (1) mercantile women, (2) saleswomen, (3) tradeswomen, and (4) servants, who are Pariahs, so to speak, in the eyes of all other workingwomen." These words plainly indicate wherein lies the difficulty of obtaining good domestic service. Not only is there a certain loss of personal independence as to hours and meals, but housework ranks lowest in the scale of honest labor; ambition, uppishness, or aspiration is of national growth. The proof-reader by universal testimony ranks highest in the scale of laborers, for good proof-reading requires not only an excellent elementary education, but also an intuitive mind. A copy-reader often advances to be a proof-reader, whereas a type-setter seldom or never becomes a copy-reader. The most amusing instance of drawing the line is seen in the superbly quiet manner in which the "ladies" behind the counters at large dry-goods establishments regard the "women" in thread-and-needle stores; and they in turn look down upon the "girls" employed in confectioners' shops, and the still lower kind of *omnium gatherum* stores always to be found in the neighborhoods of the poor. They all may stand upon their feet throughout the day and sell goods, but that is all they have in common, except through incidental charitableness. Again, the newspaper hack-work ranges from that of the regularly paid "lady contributor" on certain subjects, to that of the "woman" with the ready wit to puff up patent medicines and do a job in twenty minutes.

In talking with the thinking workingwoman one is struck by the philosophical terms (obtained through processes of imitation and by imbibing mental atmospheres) which spring as readily to her lips as do the words "feeling," "tone," "values," to those of writers on art. Such women analyze life, lay down propositions, premises, and reason from them. Very often their foundation is weak. One of them, whose analysis of the mental requisites for different kinds of labor was very keen, observed, "There are sensuous and supersensuous classes. The supersensuous care less about the technique of their work, and fail in execution, but they are capable of improvement if lofty motives are appealed to, and are ever ready to encourage the stumblers; they long to be all they feel, and their lives are full of strivings and failures. The sensuous could be represented by the Irish girls, who don't know, and don't know that they don't know; they are honest and virtuous, but their tastes are on a low plane."

The workingwomen are struggling against the identical limitations within themselves which philanthropists and believers in social coöperation and those of notable good-will in churches have always felt. These women recognize the power of mutual aid; they acknowledge that employers are not individual tyrants, and that their only chance for a freer, happier life lies not in strikes, but in combinations backed by a public sentiment in favor of equal wages for men and women. Then, the more intelligent daily see the hopelessness of any such attempt at union, on account of the intensity of the caste feeling among them; the enjoyments and occupations of each class are distinct, the latter being the cause of the former.

One more generalization can be given, made by one who is doing all she can to elevate the character of her fellow-workers: "Caste is a nuisance to those who want to get into what you call society, and it is our curse. There is among us (1) the sensuous class, those who

dance; (2) the domestic class, who stay by themselves and get their own meals, or live with their parents in rooms, who work all day and sew all night, and go to church on Sunday, or remain at home without gadding about; (3) then the God-forsaken class, who stay honestly in their attics and die by inches, who are not skilled workwomen by birth, and who never can be, any more than all can be artists, but they can do slop-work and starve to death (why don't the skilled pity the unskilled, and look only to the slow process of better born generations to do away with the amount of unskilled labor?); and (4) there are the servants," and she shrugged her shoulders, as if mention of them were needless.

This desire for combination, as the means of a general elevation, obtains among the more thoughtful portion of the women. It does not follow that because these women do not know much they therefore think little. Life experience has made them rich in thought, and the socialistic and free-thinking papers urge them on to clearer definition of their needs, often in a wrong direction. Many of them have attempted the formation of clubs and societies of their own, which have almost always failed, if for no other reason than because they have so little surplus time and strength for anything which is not daily bread. When entertainments have been provided for them, the very fact that they were for them included a stigma. Friendly and social evenings have also been established for them here and there, but only when any suspicion of kindness even has been omitted have they been successful. This unwillingness of the more intelligent and ladylike to associate with the less intelligent renders it still more difficult for others to form any classes for their instruction or make social attempts for their enjoyment. The spirit of caste dominates them far more than people in society. Some will not come, fearing patronage of the rich; others from dread of being ignored by those of a higher grade, who yet work for self-support. The Irish feel this incubus of caste far less than the Americans. Difference in station is an Old World fact with which the Irish and their ancestors have long been familiar. Their church frowns on any combination for intellectual purposes which might disintegrate their religious faith, and the sodalities themselves supply avenues for social intercourse, with the added benefit of spiritual instruction.

Among the Western women who are farmers, caste is founded on the aristocracy of energy: she who makes the best butter, "raises" the finest eggs, "steps round smartest," and cooks the biggest dinner for the largest number of farm hands is the leader. At the harvest festivals and the county fairs, the wives of the poor and of the rich farmer meet on the same social plane; the one assuming and the other acknowledging the superiority born of deftness and strength. The hired girl is a neighbor's daughter, who will soon marry, have a farm, and be just the same as the woman for whom she is now working; so there is no snubbing her. Whoever is the best cook and the earliest riser will have the means for a better dress, and in all meetings will be the equal of her stalwart husband, in his coarse, ready-made suit; while the weak, inefficient woman stays at home, has no new dresses, and misses the stimulus of the Grange meetings and agricultural shows. Poor woman! Children have multiplied, and the farm income has not kept pace with their growth. Yet she is the socially recognized equal of her better-to-do neighbor in all but energy. Caste is founded in the far West on its primal, lawful ground of ability, whether physical or mental.

With the colored women there is much dissatisfaction in regard to obtaining employment. They do not ask, they say, to go to the white folks' par-

ties, clubs, lectures, or houses, — all these they have among themselves; but they complain bitterly, and with justice, that when their daughters graduate from the high and normal schools, with ability equal to that of the white girls, they can find no honorable occupation open to them. Their daughters can neither teach in our schools, nor can they enter first-class establishments as cutters or saleswomen. Even if the employer personally is willing, he excludes them on account of his customers, or of those at service in his store.

In other circles the demarkations of caste are felt more than they are seen, but the test of consciousness is more absolute than that of sight. It is after all a personal feeling, far more indefinable since the position of woman has so widely changed. She is no longer merely the housekeeper, obedient wife, or needle-and-thread mother. Almost all have some interest outside their home. Once only Quaker women spoke in church. Now all churches recognize that the power of deposition from the pulpit, or of elevation to it, rests with the women; they really rule the church. The prayer-meeting itself is an avenue to public life. "Women have no business outside of their home," said a countryman. But his wife went to a prayer-meeting, and a neighbor reported that "she had made a feeling, eloquent prayer." The husband slightly winced. She went to a temperance gathering, and spoke fervently and piously, and the men talked of Farmer B.'s wife; and Farmer B. "smartened up," got his wife a hired girl, and declared that "his wife warn't one of the show-off kind, but that she begun low down in a prayer-meeting, and worked her way up."

As this ability to manage outside affairs increases, women will have too little time to be patient with the limitations of caste, for they must choose their working comrades from those who possess personal power, though not station. Already has the "committee life" of women done much to break down society's barriers. "Oh, yes, I took the initiative," said a fashionable woman, "and invited her first. I knew her on the Board of ——; never heard of her before; but she knows how, and has style too, — is a lady." The society leader recognized the only two words that really open wide all doors, *knowledge* and *ladyhood*. Manner, *savoir faire*, is imperative; no slur is worse than the indifferent utterance, "Oh, she is no lady," or, "He is not a gentleman." Saints are charitable toward outward failings, but busy and gay people alike demand the passport of manner, whose little pleasantnesses are no more than the exchangeable silver coin of society. If no exchange, then no sociability.

Since women have acquired such complex duties or relations, the varieties of society within a city's limits are queer. The superabundance of women perhaps has necessitated the frequent reading of a poem or essay as an introduction to the later supper. The washerwoman has her "bricabrac coterie." The wife of a small store-keeper invites you to pass a pleasant, social evening at her residence, and ghastly poems are recited, and original songs on crumpled paper drawn from waistcoat pockets are sung. The wholesale merchant takes the retail trader to dinner at a hotel, not to his club nor to his house. At a reception of "choice friends," loose, disjointed kid gloves encase long, lank fingers, which give a lingering pressure on introduction, as a deep voice asks, "Where do you belong?" or, "What are you doing for society or the world?" or, "Have you a calling?" and if one could be sure that annual revenues would never fail one would like to exclaim, "I do nothing, am nobody, and aspire to nothing! I live on my estate." A widower says, "Since my wife's death, I am endeavoring to maintain her social reunions. Will you come and read?" and you go,

— and find the pictures near the ceiling. The height at which pictures are hung establishes, in the eyes of the social connoisseur, the society standing of their possessor. Money can buy color and frames, inherited taste alone can hang them; all other signs may fail, but the height of a picture will ever be the true indicator of one's social position. Intellectual entertainment is no test of one's social standing; the lowest and the highest are eager to offer this *pièce de résistance*. It takes the place of supper, or whets the appetite for something substantial, and is as often the bane as the delight of an evening. People are no longer supposed to possess enough intelligence to talk for two hours at their own sweet will, but the topic must be assigned by the paper, essay, *brochure*. Even coffee-parties are intellectualized; a kettle-drum, a ball, or a huge reception, remains as the only entertainment incapable of mental improvement. When every one can offer original mental food, who shall lead? The coterie in the side street is as large as that on the fashionable avenue. Within the course of a few days, a lady went to four lunches, two kettle-drums, and two evening receptions, and did not meet the same person twice. The larger the city, the more conspicuous is this variety of circles. Where is society? At each door there were carriages, and each house was well appointed. Some would fold their napkins; others would throw them crumpled on the table. Some would have wine, others water. In one house it was *en règle* to remove your bonnet; in another, to wear it. Here "gents" were invited; there, "some of our best society." In one the men carried opera hats, and wore white cravats, and bowed deeply; in another, frock coats and flat scarfs, and shook hands. All and each averred they knew how, and all and each secretly feared they did n't.

The outcome of all this variety is that while there is caste there is no ruling force. The most exquisite kindliness and the freshest *bonmots* are met with among people forever unknown to fame. Clever talk and story-telling are often most graphic among those who read little. Literary satire, analysis, and epigrammatic wit abound among the more cultured; and a quiet sympathy, restful manner, and keen, general intelligence, with a thorough knowledge of one's own specialty (where there is such), among the *most* cultured. Just at present it often requires moral courage to invite a friend to a family dinner, or to ask an acquaintance to meet an undistinguished guest, to hear an unauthorized voice; a social evening is burdened with a purpose, belittling sociability and rendering impossible the grace and freedom of the French salon. To many, a celebrity has a mercantile value, as increasing the number of those who will come to them; the more noted the celebrity, the more are they "in society." Only let it be remembered, the grocer's wife, who lives over her husband's store, also issues invitations to meet some one who has written something, or is going to do it; and guests of as much real intelligence will be met with in the retail merchant's house as in that of the wholesale jobber.

The timidity and ever-obtruding self-consciousness of our people prevent us from constantly asking the same persons; we are afraid lest they fancy we like them. A sympathetic spirit in the host and real devotion to intelligent culture are the only means by which American society can approach the merits of the old salon. Subordination of one's self, interest in others' gifts, and willingness to speak of one's own if asked, will conquer caste and render society delightful. A friend's friends are generally the persons who consent neither to be amused, nor to amuse others, but they exist in every circle. Introductions are like courses at dinner: we have hardly found of what one is composed before another dish or stranger is presented.

There will always be worthy unknown people whom one ought to know in *all* ranks of American life. The clerk, on eight hundred a year, wonders that you have not read his brother's article in the last magazine; the concocter of hair-oil in an obscure village supposes every one has heard of her contribution to society's physical welfare; you take tea in a little room, and eat pickles, cheese, and bread with a lady and gentleman well known for their devotion to humanity (you never heard of them before, but that is your ignorance); you are invited to a reception for the president of —— (you were unaware of such an association); you have pamphlets of real excellence sent you (the authors bore all the expenses of publication, so little were they appreciated); you meet with the wife of a representative to the General Court (you had never heard of her husband); cards come on uncanny paper asking you to meet an artist or musician who exhibits his pictures or sings in some unknown hall or church vestry; you meet with a noble author, and can hardly recall his books, or a great scientist or genius, and your questions resemble those of a French grammar. And so it goes! But all this *is society*, and it is all fine and true, though with foibles that amuse, and little awkwardnesses that grate, and stiffness that chills. Every one is of importance in his own circle; how important will be shown by his universality. Some English ladies, in lunching with one of the best families, said that was the first house they had seen where manners were so simple that they dared to ask if they might see the range and the kitchen *ménage*. We are more shy than cold, and more self-conscious and self-depreciatory than shy; we honestly do not think any one can care to know us, or that we can give, in our own personality, any pleasure.

Whence is it that, with caste in every direction, the best society, as such, does not exist? It is owing to our wretched self-consciousness, ambitions, and want of calm self-respect that caste exists, and it is the real excellence, the glory, of American life that there is no such an unit as society; whilst both the evil and the excellence are inherent in republicanism and our gratuitous public-school education. Theoretically, all children are educated in the public schools; practically, business interests demand mutual assistance. Universal suffrage gives the same right to the clodhopper, author, or merchant. Any one may be where some one else is, for force of will and long-headedness conquer. This is what our Declaration of Independence stands for. Are our children to repeat, "All men are born free and equal," and then to covet social superiority? The only position that has ever been acknowledged cheerfully by the American people has been the small circle of first-class historians, poets, and scientists. Prescott, Motley, Ticknor, Agassiz, Bryant, Longfellow, were — Longfellow and Lowell still are — leaders of intellectual, social life, because each unites an exquisite kindliness and active sympathy for others' needs with his own attainments. There is also political society, of all degrees of honesty and grace; but towards even the purest statesmen there are varying degrees of personal animosity, kindled by difference of opinion, which leave him a doubtful social empire. Certain families have always stood for certain ideas, and extended hospitality towards those of the same faith. Money, position, or literary success is generally supposed to unbar the gates of caste; but money does not do it for those of the first generation, though their children may be accepted. Position is of variable tenure, and small literary success is cheap. Force of character is worth a dozen magazine articles, and if the small number of our best intellectual men had been anything less than manly, simple, and true in their

nature, American aggressiveness would never have honored them as social leaders. Character, not intellectual force, is what republicans worship; but discontented aspirants are parasites on society, which adores literary mediocrity.

Common sense can never grant that only a few know what society means, though willing to confess that a few alone understand the laws of conventionality. Republican common sense cares to adapt the means to the end, and if it can have a jolly time in its own parlors, if it can think and read and write papers and dance and sing, it is not going to be told that it is not — society. Each one is worth the whole of himself; it was thus with his ancestors, and will be so with his descendants; every true democrat will create a little world around himself by virtue of his own being, whilst the old aristocrat will appeal to inheritance and land. When our presidents are often the unknown third man, brought from comparative obscurity to retire again into mellowed light; when presidents' wives cannot banish wine from the tables nor frizzles from the brows of the women, are Americans to talk of the power of society? The power of tact, of sympathy, of native force, of real intelligence, not of idle appreciation, is the only power that American individualism will ever consent to honor. Our high schools and the minimum examinations in colleges will make it more and more possible for cultured circles to exist on small incomes; a love for scholarship, enjoyment of great works, and perception of the opportunities that the simplest forms of nature offer for original research, even to the child botanist, will make literary life less a sham, power and money less a god, until good manners and simplicity of thought and life are as universal possessions in our republic as they are in our theories. Caste in its unkindest or most exclusive forms will gradually disappear in the reality of our living, though it may always remain as an undefined aroma from unknown distances. But society, — where is it? Everywhere.

Kate Gannett Wells.

PYRRHUS' RING.

I MARVEL much about this wondrous ring:
Plain gold the circlet, set with agate stone,
On which were graved, by Nature's craft alone,
Pierian streams and trees, Apollo king,
And all the Muses as in act to sing.
Not only was each lovely presence known
By form, and robe, and mien, but one would own
The lyre was there, nor wanting any string!

'T was lost, with other precious things of old, —
A long time lost, till some poor husbandman
Upcast it, gleaming, from a fallow mould,
And to a sordid lapidary sold.
I know not all the chance and change it ran;
At last, a poet was its sacristan!

Edith M. Thomas.

EAST OF THE JORDAN, AND OTHER BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

The topography and archæology of "the Holy Land" are to Christians the most interesting in the world, and the names of the men who have written on them, from the times of the Talmudists, and Josephus, Abulfeda, and Edrisi, to our own, present such an array of genius that it is no small praise to Mr. Merrill to say that his book[1] merits a prominent place in the literature of the subject. It is indeed a matter for congratulation that, as American missionaries have taken the lead in practically reforming the East, Americans like Robinson have also been among the first to solve the problems of scriptural geography. There are now two societies, one English and one American, devoted to exploring Palestine, the former working in the east, which is comparatively well known and easily accessible, while our own is busy with the west, our author having labored for the latter. It has been asserted that this latter division is the least important and least interesting, and if Mr. Merrill had achieved nothing more than refuting this error, as he has most successfully, his work would still be of great value. Those who are not familiar with the works of De Vogué, Wetzstein, Guillaume, and others who have written on this region are generally under the impression that it is a mere desert, with a few decaying *tell* or mounds marking the site of ancient towers; when, on the contrary, it abounds with the magnificent remains of what were scores of splendid cities, their circuses, baths, temples, palaces, and triumphal arches being often only half ruined, and presenting perfect studies of architecture from the mysterious primeval Cyclopean, through Phœnician, Greek, Græco-Roman, and Romanesque, to the Saracenic. Following W. H. Waddington, Mr. Merrill observes in this region the manner in which Græco-Syrian architects, with new social or religious needs, employed with grand logic the elements of the Græco-Roman orders, and developed from them the first stage of the Transition. Yet this region has been very rarely visited. Like Arles, "the best of it lies buried 'neath the ground," and immense archæological treasures await the excavator. There are the ruins of threescore great cities in the Hauran group, all of them covering, "as monkish writing covers older text," the remains of the very ancient cities of Bashan. "It is impossible to say how many layers of civilization may exist beneath any one of these towns."

We regret that our limits will not allow our giving the grounds, topographical and philological, on which Mr. Merrill identifies many of the sites of the Bible. In many cases he convinces, but in as many more this "identification" depends so much on fancied and forced resemblance to modern vulgar Arab words, and is conjectured through such an array of Talmudic, Arabic, and Greek substitutions of vowels and "daring guess-work," as would hardly hold good in law; so that we are tempted to write of it, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la science." There is certainly much brilliant imagination displayed in proving that many places are the same as those mentioned in the Bible. "Here would I locate," "here it is supposed," and "many think" are great authorities in this work, — as, indeed, with most on Palestine. This is, however, the only

[1] *East of the Jordan: A Record of Travel and Observation in the Countries of Moab, Gilead, and Bashan, during the years* 1875–1877. By Selah Merrill. With Illustrations and a Map. With an Introduction by Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D. D., President of Union Theological Seminary, New York. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

manner in which Mr. Merrill displays much imagination. He is usually very dry and straightforward, so much given to the business in hand that once he would not copy a Nabathæan inscription which came in his way, because at the time he was looking for Greek; reminding us of the colored man who threw the perch back into the river because he was "arter catties, an' only follered one perfession at a time."

Although Mr. Merrill knows the Arabs well, he astonishes us by remarking that he wonders, when an Arab says his prayers, "if he knows *anything* of God;" from which we should infer either that he is ignorant that the Muslim religion is a pure theism, or else that, like many good folk, he holds that an atheist means "anybody who differs from us in any way as to religion." There is also a little inconsistency in pointing out that "a man can be a good Moslem while nursing angry passions in his heart," and anon convincing us that these heathen are on the whole far honester than the correspondingly poor in Europe or America. He is not a quick observer of such Oriental ways as would explain the Bible, and he communicates the most worn-out, infant-school information as to the Arabs with an innocence which is amusing. Yet he now and then gives us some good points: as, for instance, when a Jew explains that the general dirtiness of his race in Palestine, both as to their faces, hands, houses, and streets, is owing to the fact that government "will do nothing for them." We are also obliged to him for a list of the names of Arab girls: for example, Misses Fascinating Fly, Sociable Slider, Safe Chatterer, Victorious Camel Driver, Benevolent Old Shoe, Pink Thick Lip, Enough, Diamond Molasses Maker, and Blessed Butter Maker.

It is remarkable that Mr. Merrill, like Captain Warren, seems to be ignorant that excavated objects which crumble and vanish on being touched can always be preserved by simply sprinkling them with a solution of gelatine or glue, which in its turn it is easy to make from bones, parchment, etc. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that the author, in regretting that this Western Holy Land is so little explored, gives unconsciously good reason for it, by telling us that most Europeans or Americans who attempt it soon die. It is indeed one of the most unhealthy countries in the world, and as destructive with its heat as the Arctic regions are with cold.

There are men who when mad try, like Hamlet, to conceal it by shamming madness, and there are others who when they feel that strong drink is daunting them play the drunkard, and like them there are frivolous authors who affect a light, fantastic tone in a manner meant to convey the impression that, airy as they seem, they are in reality like the diplomatist who was described by the Persian prince as being "one deep lake, always serene at bottom, though he may be rumpled up-stairs with playful waves." Yet such men may be clever in their way, and Signore de Amicis, though an advanced type of the species, certainly produces books which are at times rather interesting, and occasionally moderately amusing. Heine appears to have been his model, — that is to say, Heine in the French version, and in his weaker parts, — and he gives us, if not the wine of the great German Jew, at least his froth, which is to children the best part of champagne. Perhaps the first test of a mere book of travel is the degree to which it excites a desire to visit the country described; the next being the number of passages in it which impress themselves on the memory. Judged by both standards, Spain and the Spaniards[1] is a little better than most works of the

[1] *Spain and the Spaniards.* By EDMONDO DE AMICIS. Translated from the Italian by WILHELMINA W. CADY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

kind, although the first is often due to glittering exaggeration, and the second to eccentric trifles. Thus, he weeps beyond reason. His eyes fill with tears on seeing the handwriting of Columbus. In Seville, "when sitting by one of the noblest creatures whom he has ever known," the looking at the stars and talking of the Infinite cause him, when the "noblest creature" takes his hand, to exclaim, "*It is true!*" while a flood of scalding tears filled his eyes, and he began to cry like a child. *What* it was that was true does not at all appear, but that is of no consequence; the "entusymusy" was there, "all the same." In the next paragraph Signore de Amicis tells us that a picture of St. Anthony had such an effect on him that he was as weary as if he had seen a great gallery, and was seized with a tremor which lasted as long as he remained in the room. In Granada, in the court-yard, he trembles like a leaf, while two tears are running down his cheeks. This he swears, "on the heads of his readers." And after far too many other instances of the too, too utterly ineffable emotional character of his heart he weeps while departing, and in the last line of his book, to think that he shall never see Spain again. It is true that he seems to doubt at times whether this record of such a very rainy season of sentiment will be believed, since, after telling us that when he beheld a masterpiece by Murillo he grasped by the arm one Señor Gonzalo Segoria y Ardizona, — nothing less, — "one of the most illustrious young men in Seville," and uttered a cry, he expresses a wish that this gentleman was beside him to testify with his signature to this fact. But if he is an Italian Job Trotter at weeping, he can also be at times a French Sam Weller in cheerfulness; for, fortunately, he is as easily moved to smiles as tears. Thus, he bursts out laughing when he first sees Cadiz, even as the negro of olden time is said to have guffawed at the sight of Niagara. When a dealer in dagger-knives shows him his wares, he is so appalled at the "horrible, barbarous-looking weapons" that "he steps backwards every time that one is opened;" and as the merchant exhibited twenty it would seem that the Signore de Amicis must have receded and advanced altogether about one hundred and twenty feet, before he finally bought "the most enormous navaja in the shop." A traveler who weeps, faints, runs back, and laughs hysterically, like Signore de Amicis; who at one time drinks soberly a bottle of Val de Peñas, but who scarcely swallows his first glass of sherry "before a spark runs through his veins, and his head is heated as if full of sulphur," is generally susceptible to beauty; and it may be thought an inducement to the wicked to peruse his works when we declare that there are in Spain and the Spaniards many passages which would indicate intense erotomania, were they not all closely imitated from Heine or the Heinites. In the would-be burning address to the long-departed Arab beauty, Itamad, in his chapter on Seville, and in the sudden transition to an unexpected wetting, we have combined the most unmistakable touches of the Reisebilder. The reader will even suspect that the Italian knows his Mark Twain, when he fancies the hair of a poor traveler "standing on end from fright" when in Portugal a dinner bill is brought to him for eight hundred reis. There are, however, times when the author's *naïveté* is purely unaffected, as, for instance, when he declares that in a mock bull-fight among a few school-boys "seas of blood" were shed. Yet withal he is always in such sympathy with his subjects that he gives many racy touches, not without real value. There is no other work on Spain which depicts so vividly the influence of politics on the Spanish people. "Even the stranger becomes affected by it. The passions are so strong, the

struggle is so fierce, and the future welfare and life of the nation are so evidently at stake in this struggle that it is impossible for any one with Latin blood in his veins to remain indifferent." Wherever he went he was cautioned as to his conversation. "Be careful! That man is a republican." "Hush! Your neighbor is a Carlist," and so on. The sketch given in the chapter on Burgos of the thirty political parties in Spain, absolutists, moderates, conservatives, and radicals, is admirable. "If you wish to be accurate you can subdivide these parties again, but it is better to get a clear idea of things as they are." Our American politicians who believe the Spaniards are an effete race may learn from De Amicis that they manage "the machine" with a skill which might excite the envy and admiration of the most practiced "boss" in our republic, and have, as a finishing stroke of art, so contrived to interest the entire Spanish population in their factions that among their thirty parties there is not one which aims at overthrowing the professional politicians themselves. As the traveler in Egypt always makes his chapter on the dancing girls the *grande pièce de résistance* of his banquet, so the Spanish tourist by "old custom" reserves his great display for the bull-fight, and it is no small credit to Signore de Amicis that his description of this great national disgrace is equal to any extant. "When the *espoda* kills the bull at the first blow, then follow from the audience the words of a lover, wild with delight, and the gestures of madmen: 'Come here, angel! God bless you!' They throw kisses, call him, and stretch out their hands as if to embrace him. What a profusion of epithets, *bonmots*, and proverbs! How much life!" It is worth observing how the writer, in his sympathetic sketches of such follies, unconsciously reveals the real causes of Spanish national debility. There occur occasionally in his book some good bits, or touches, as when he describes a priest with his school-boys, or tells us of a fellow traveler who was ever earnest in pointing out and describing the scenery, and in crying out, "'Look!' hitting me on the side where my pocket-book was," and who eventually picked the traveler's pocket. We also recognize the faithful reporter in him when he, sworn at by angry Spaniards, instantly writes down their oaths in his note-book. It is giving Signore de Amicis far more than his due to speak of him as unrivaled, for he is inferior in most respects to Inglis, George Borrow, the author of the Black Country of Spain, and a dozen others; neither does he excel, as a dozen reviewers have declared, in wit, brilliancy, poetry, strength, and grace; but he may assuredly be commended as a lively sentimentalist, generally shallow, although occasionally shrewd, whom we often laugh with, but who is more frequently the cause in himself of our laughter.

Major Serpa Pinto[1] seems to have been raised up, in a generation which had lost all faith in Portuguese energy, to show that the spirit of Vasco de Gama has not departed from his race. And when we remember that his great predecessor, and possible ancestor, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, was labeled, and indeed a little libeled, by Shakespeare as a typical traveling liar, it is with pleasure that we find his follower much less prone to overflowing and coloring than most Southern Europeans. It is indeed appalling to think what we might have been called on to read had a De Amicis passed through unknown countries, peopled, *inter alia*, with princesses seeking the love of every white

[1] *How I Crossed Africa from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean.* By Major Serpa Pinto. Translated from the author's manuscript by Alfred Elwes. In two volumes containing fifteen Maps and Illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott. 1881.

traveler, and among such marvels as the major met. In this book the conscious or unconscious foibles and frailties of the author are so charmingly mingled with instances of courage and prompt and wise action in startling emergencies that, before perusing many pages, the reader will perceive that the major himself is the most entertaining object in the book. That he, like Benvenuto Cellini, frequently tells the truth as if he were romancing is due partly to his indulging to a great extent in the weakness of the Cenci family as set forth by Shelley, or "the trick of self-examination," and tenderly confiding the results to the reader, and partly to his translator, Mr. Elwes, whose reckless English casts a veil of vulgarity over a probably fair original. Thus we are told that a negro "went off his head," meaning that he became insane; that "a lot more carriers were got together;" while (page 55) "I had to" does duty for "I should have." Neither is it commendable that through the book the natives are spoken of as "niggers." What the explorer practically effected was, however, by no means trifling. Skilled in scientific observation, his discoveries of the affluents of the Zambesi, and of the topography, geology, and resources of Inner Africa, as described by him, are hardly inferior in value to those of any of his predecessors in African travel. He passed through untraveled lands, "and met with men to man ne'er known before," and describes them well. The strangest of the latter are the Muccassaquere, a race of *white* Hottentots, hideous beyond belief, like caricatured Mongolians, and evidently lower even than the Fuegians of South America in the scale of humanity. "In some respects they would seem to be even below the wild denizens of the jungle; for the lion and tiger have at least a den [query, dens ?] in which they seek shelter, while the Muccassequere have neither." It is gratifying to observe that Major Pinto is bitterly opposed to the slave-trade, and was always ready, like a true knight, to set lance in rest with fiery zeal, and attack the leaders of slave-gangs, *vi et armis*, and free their captives; albeit, like Don Quixote with his galley-slaves, he is sometimes at a loss to know how to dispose of them. Indeed, on one occasion he found the liberated exactly like the boy Andreas when rescued by the Don, — better satisfied with matters as they went before the war, and anxious to return to the oppressor. He shows as clearly as Thomson has done in the Central African Lakes that as the slave-trade diminishes the blacks rise in civilization, but he believes that slavery will last while polygamy shall endure. His work is full of wild adventure, but, as every reader of African travels, from the days of Park and Clapperton to the present time, will anticipate, it is principally occupied with the miseries and difficulties attendant on settling down, and the manner in which the savages rob the traveler, or drive him away; so that on the whole his experiences form a pretty evenly balanced record of camping, scamping, and decamping, happy if scampering be not the parting pace. The author is frequently amusing, chiefly so when least aware of it, and very much so when he contemplates and describes his own virtues. It is indeed to be desired that something could be done to prevent African explorers from giving us so much in detail the saintly manner in which they resisted the temptations of black or tan beauty. It was all very well for Mr. Thomson to tell us how he left a beautiful young Arab girl to the very extreme of misery among savages, unheeding her tears to be rescued, lest people might talk about him. He was playing good boy for the Geographical Society; and Major Pinto appears to have been under a knightly vow of virtue. But unfortunately there are in this world many who are not bound to

be good, either to geographical societies or to Mrs. Pintos, and it is to be apprehended that if these Confessions of Pure Souls — *flores d'alma* — are to be continued, Africa will be over-traveled by the wicked long before the elephant shall have disappeared from that very zoölogical continent. From what we have said it will be apparent that this record of crossing Africa combines the agreeable with the useful to a degree which will render it interesting to the most varied tastes; it only remains to be added that the work is excellently printed, mapped, and illustrated. In two respects the title-page or the translator does the book great injustice, since it contains not only fifteen maps, but also forty-six ethnological illustrations.

It is a most inauspicious omen for the accuracy of a book when its author begins with a quotation which he tells us is from Goethe, "if his memory serves him aright;" nor is it a very promising proof of style when the reader is informed that it has always been his aim to write only of the less frequented countries, "whether or not they offered the most romantic opportunities for picturesque description." And when we find within the limits of the first three paragraphs of the book before us [1] not only these expressions, but such others as "prior wanderings," "now would I take," "perforce be niggard," and "boreal travel," we naturally enough anticipate one of the many invalid works in which debility of thought is varied only by chills of pedantry or fevers of fine writing. The reading world knows by sad experience that to treat of countries little known is no proof of excellence in a book. Even in the Middle Ages it was proclaimed that the gosling which flew over the Rhine returned as a goose, and that the jackass pilgrim to Jerusalem came back a donkey. And when a writer speaks of the happy "Cockney hunting-ground of Scandinavia" as if it were *remotis terris*, far in realms unknown, we cannot help thinking that Mr. Vincent must indeed believe that his work will be read only by the humble folk to whom a trip to Europe is still a marvel. As the learned Lightfoot made himself so much at home in ancient Jerusalem that he forgot the way about his own farm, so Mr. Vincent has been so long astray in Central Asia and far Cathay that he has lost the course of modern geography, and does not know that Scandinavia and Egypt have been annexed to *la grande route*, and that there is no longer a *terra incognita*. It is true that he mentions traveling twelve hundred miles by a route seldom attempted, but his brief description of it rivals the country in barrenness. Yet in this discouraging beginning we have nearly all the defects of the book. It is here as with the fore-court to Tieck's fairy-land, — "what is repulsive is what first we see;" and one might think, after getting well under way in the current of the work, that Mr. Vincent had followed Mr. Diedrich Knickerbocker in endeavoring to make his beginning as unattractive as possible, in order to test the faith of the reader in the writer. From the first chapter he gives a plain, straightforward, and accurate account of all that he sees, and he sees clearly all that is practical and sensible. Indeed, we firmly believe that he speaks from his heart when he tells us that he has withstood the temptation of giving a dramatic, not to say an unnaturally theatrical tinge to his experiences," but we may be permitted a doubt as to the existence of the temptation. *Casta est quam nemo rogavit.* He is the antithesis of a De Amicis, but as such is the more welcome to those who prefer rational writing to *delirium scribens*. His observations are, however, often shrewd, and if he rarely contemplates man or

[1] *Norsk, Lapp, and Finn; or, Travel-Tracings from the far North of Europe.* By FRANK VINCENT, JR. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

nature from a really romantic or poetic point, he at least sees them as they are. He is but a second-hand painter, yet he photographs with little blur, and often sketches with tact and vigor. Mines, libraries, museums, roads, reindeer, Lapps, the food and resources of the country, and its industries are all set forth briefly but accurately; nay, he often inadvertently describes with skill beautiful scenery and romantic ruins, showing thereby the extreme to which mere habit may carry a consistent writer, and how truth may be rewarded. But when Mr. Vincent becomes conscious that he has strayed into simile or metaphor he is at once bewildered, as when, describing the Folgefond, he declares that "a most beautiful sight was the enormous field of ermine, which lay extended before my entranced eyes; but no, I will not call it ermine, for this specimen of nature's dazzling integrity was never stained." It is creditable to Mr. Vincent's own specimens of dazzling integrity in other places that they also are never stained with such confusion. He is never humorous, although the coolness with which he tells us that if a Cape Cod man had been present at the creation he would probably have suggested some important improvements in the working of the universe, and the naïve manner in which one or two other old jokes are passed as original, is certainly amusing. Many minor observations are of value, as when he says that the enormous jelly-fish near Hammerfest swim beside and after steamboats in search of food thrown overboard. "But since they have no cerebrum it is difficult to believe they have so much intuition as this act would seem to imply; that is, supposing it is possible for instinct to exist without brains, a theory which has not yet been proven." Whether "proven" or not, the fact as given is of value to the believers in the theory that the ganglions are all half brains, and that man thinks all over. It may in fairness be also remarked that the work improves with every page, until the instances of needlessly perverted words and uselessly inverted sentences become so rare as to entertain rather than annoy; even as a traveler, vexed and impeded with sprawling king-crabs on a New Jersey beach, regards them with growing interest as they disappear. In fine, Norsk, Lapp, and Finn may be cordially commended as a very good book and an excellent traveling companion, full of valuable hints to all who intend to undertake "boreal travel."

There are four classes of men who print accounts of their travels. First, we have the makers of "tours" and "trips," and "views" and "vacations abroad," who write to be known as having traveled and as "authors." To this great primary division belong young lords fresh from the university, who, before going into "the House," hang up their votive tablets of transmarine adventure in the Temple of Fame in the form of Rambles in the Rocky Mountains, and ladies who never dream that there is anything worth knowing which is not in their guide-book. Then we have the regular professional traveler, who, like the "chanter" or talking man in a show, gets his living by exhibiting the great panorama of the world. He is invariably "a bit of a Barnum," has existed in all ages, and was provocative among the Greeks of several excellent proverbs which discredit all truth in all tourists. Above these we have the perigrinations of great poets, scholars, or diplomatists; and finally the scientific traveler, who, with an object in view, from which death itself must not daunt him, pushes on bravely to the end. It may be a question with the cultured as to which of the last two write the most readable books, but with the world a Humboldt is higher as a traveler than a Goethe, and the immense popularity in England of Stanley proves that, on the whole, feeling inclines to adventure

allied to solid service. It is high praise, therefore, to say of Joseph Thomson, the writer of the book before us,[1] that no one at his age — for he was only twenty when he enlisted with Keith Johnston — ever won his spurs more nobly in the field of African travel and of strictly scientific research. As the conduct of certain members of the Geographical Society of London towards Stanley was most ungenerous, and as it was hoped by some that the very expedition of which this book treats would be the means of discrediting Stanley, it is all the more creditable to Mr. Johnston that, far from sharing such feelings towards the daring American discoverer, he always manifests for him a sincere admiration. That his own work was well done is shown by the public declaration of Sir Rutherford Alcock, "I do not know that there has ever been a more successful exploration in Central Africa, or one more complete in all its parts;" while the president of the Geographical Section of the British Association of 1880 also described it as "one of the most successful and brilliant on record."

It is true that the last part of his work was to correct or verify what had already been discovered and described by Burton, Livingstone, Stanley, and Cameron, but this correction was of itself of the greatest importance. What was done, and what the book most admirably sets forth in a vigorous and manly but never gushing style, amounts to this: that an immense area of country about and between Lake Tanganyika and the sea was traversed for the first time; the explorer being the first to reach Lake Nyassa from the north, to journey between Nyassa and Tanganyika, and to pass for sixty miles down the new-born, but already dying, mysterious river Lukuga. Mr. Thomson was also the first who ever burst into that silent sea, Lake Leopold. His merit appears from the fact that he was at first only a subordinate in the expedition, and that when its commander, Keith Johnston, one of the most skilled of geographers and able leaders, died, at the outset, young Thomson might with propriety have returned, as it was "strictly" his duty to do. That he, under appalling disadvantages, a mere boy, could make up his mind at once to go on was wonderful. He tells us simply that it was the first time in his life he had seen any one die, and that he felt himself alone in the great responsibility of leading what appeared to be a very forlorn hope. He was ill with fever, but "with my foot on the threshold of the unknown, I felt I must go forward, whatever might be my destiny. Was I not the countryman of Bruce, Park, Clapperton, Grant, Livingstone, and Cameron? Though the mantle of Mr. Johnston's knowledge could not descend upon me, yet, Elijah-like, he left behind him his enthusiasm for geographical research, and I resolved to carry out his designs as far as lay in my power." So he achieved what he had resolved to do, suffering terribly at times from illness, or from mutinous men and rascally native chiefs, but always displaying in his dealings a moderation and gentleness which could hardly have been expected in any but a Quaker. It is very creditable to the young captain that he managed his resources with the utmost wisdom, so as to get full value to the last out of every pound expended, and took such care of his men that he brought back, in good condition, to Zanzibar all but one of the one hundred and fifty men with whom he set out. Mr. Thomson congratulates himself that he never was obliged, like Stanley, to kill any natives; but those who read, in chapter

[1] *To the Central African Lakes and Back: The Narrative of the Royal Geographical Society's East Central African Expedition*, 1878–1880. By Joseph Thomson, F. R. G. S. With a short biographical notice of the late Mr. Keith Johnston. Portraits and a Map. In two volumes. Second edition. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; The Riverside Press. 1881.

three of the second volume, of the insults and robbery which he meekly endured from the Wama, and what he bore from his own servants, will admit that his patience is of that kind which passes praise, and which is probably not to be found in any American. Perhaps the outcry which had been raised in England against Stanley for defending himself bravely when in extremes had something to do with this excessive humility; but, though Mr. Johnston's blood did not boil, that of the reader must, in realizing what he suffered. Meekness was the chief virtue of the first explorer, Moses, and as meekness was exactly what the Geographical Society desired of Mr. Thomson, it is not for us to find fault.

The reader will also be pleased to observe that, notwithstanding his trials by native insolence, he firmly believes in the "improvability" of the blacks, and it cannot be denied that he adduces many striking facts to prove his faith. The most remarkable ethnographical observations in the book are those which show that as the rivers and the very soil of inland Africa change miraculously in short spaces of time, so whole nations in a single generation change their characteristics from good to bad, and *vice versa*. Tribes which were in Burton's time, or less than thirty years ago, fiendish in savageness and rapacity, are now mild and generous, owing to the cessation of the slave-trade; while, otherwise, one which was among the cowardly, has, during the same time, owing to a mere assumption of the dress of a warlike people, become ferocious conquerors. The hill-folk, unlike those of Europe, are the most timid and degraded, for they have been driven up from the fertile plains into starvation and misery.

We have nothing but praise for the style and tone of the book, though the somewhat naïvely English use of certain words, as when the writer speaks of nasty hills and nasty rivers, is amusing. Perhaps the highest praise which we can give the work is that it has tempted two thorough perusals. The typographical execution and style of the book, with its two portraits of Johnston and Thomson, are admirable.

Charles G. Leland.

BUDDHA AND EARLY BUDDHISM.

WITHIN two years, or since the appearance of Mr. Edwin Arnold's Light of Asia, the world of London was amused to learn that an eminent native Hindu Buddhist had come among them to examine the field with a view to making English converts. Had he encountered Mr. Arthur Lillie he might have found a convert ready made, and been encouraged by learning that among the pessimists and Schopenhauerites there are many who say that they approve of Buddhism, or admit, as the cautious gentleman did of Niagara, that they have heard it very highly spoken of.

Buddha and Early Buddhism is not a mere exposition and recapitulation of the doctrines of Buddha. Its object, the author tells us in his preface, is to prove that gnostic Buddhism preceded agnostic or atheistic Buddhism. This may be the nominal name of the book, but the reader, before he has finished it, discovers that the real end of Mr. Lillie's studies is to establish as indisputable the fact that Buddha is the only true reformer who has ever existed, and

[1] *Buddha and Early Buddhism.* By ARTHUR LILLIE (late Regiment of Lucknow). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

that the influence of his teachings was the inspiration of Confucius, Zoroaster, Christ, and all the prophets and sages who have lived in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America since the time of the Hindu saint. This is a subject upon which it is comparatively easy for the advocate of Buddhistic perfection to argue. We may not be willing to accept his arguments, but at the same time, as Pantagruel said about the suggestion that the Swiss were formerly chitterlings, we would not take our oath to the contrary. Mr. Lillie says his conclusions are the result of nine years' study, and that his labors were begun with an unbiased mind. They may have been so begun, but they were not long continued with the same impartiality. Mr. Lillie is unmistakably a partisan. Many Europeans who approach the study of Buddhism look upon it as a *Haupterscheinung*, or chief primal development; forgetting that it is really only a reformation of Brahmanism, and in point of importance holds the same relations to it as the Protestant Reformation does to Roman Catholicism. We do not of course speak here to those who regard the church simply as a penny pot in which the splendid flower of the Reformation grew. This is the mistake the author of Buddha and Early Buddhism has made. It is true he declares that the contest between Brahmanism and Buddhism was one between the Rishis, or prophets, and the priests. But once he has said this he quickly loses himself in mystical speculations, astronomical myths, and Indian symbolism. In analyzing the triune of Brahmans and Buddhists, and the connection of the legendary Buddha as the solar hero with the zodiacal signs, he has neglected the question at issue, and has failed to consider it by the only method which could throw light upon the disputed point. To understand the principles of Buddhism in its beginning, and the belief of its founder as to God and a future life, we must first comprehend the nature of the religion from which it sprang, and the reasons which made a reformation possible. If there is one fact in regard to Brahmanism more clearly certain than any other, it is its easy adaptability in point of worship and doctrine. The ease with which the Hindu of to-day makes for himself new demons is only equaled by the readiness with which his early ancestors created new gods. In the sacred books of India we can follow each step in the growth of religion. We see the first crude efforts to explain the Unknown by giving to each element a god to rule it, gradually developing into metaphysical subtleties. No sooner had philosophers assigned a supreme cause to life and nature than they were driven to seek for a cause of this cause. In trying to grasp the Infinite they arrived at many conclusions, and before the time of Buddha there were numerous schools of philosophy, both gnostic and agnostic, but all were considered equally orthodox. The one dogma upon which orthodoxy depended was that which recognized the Brahmans, or priests, as sole possessors of religious truth and undivided masters of the spiritual welfare of the people. It was no matter what a man believed awaited him in the next world so long as he held that his eternal salvation — whatever it might be — could be obtained only through the power of the Brahman. This was the doctrine which it was heresy to question. The object of Buddhism was to destroy the priesthood. According to its teachings, man, without the aid of priest or ritual, could effect his own salvation by following the path of righteousness, and this at once separated irrevocably the reformer from the orthodox. Other speculations would have been passed over in silence. The tendency of Hindu metaphysics was to pronounce activity and existence the highest evils. Non-existence was the goal all longed to reach. Buddhism, pur-

suing the same train of thought, with only this difference, that man was supposed to attain his end unaided, evolved the idea of Nirvâna. It was the logical sequence of Brahmanism. The mission which Buddha undertook was to save man from sorrow and trouble by teaching him to rise superior to the delusion of existence by quenching all desires. A man, to be perfect, must reach a stage of indifference where he can forego every speculation as to the Unseen. He must be an Agnostic in the purest sense of the word, for he must neither deny, nor yet believe in, the existence of God, a future, or a soul. If he ask himself, What was I in the past, what am I now, what will I be in the future? if he declare that he has a self, or that he is conscious of the non-self, or that he has a soul which will live forever, he is still walking in delusion, — "the jungle of delusion, the wilderness of delusion, the puppet-show of delusion, the writhing of delusion, the fetter of delusion."[1] Until he has thrown off every earthly fetter, and until sensations and ideas in him have ceased to be, he is unworthy of Nirvâna. This condition, in which he neither knows, thinks, nor feels, is indeed Nirvâna itself. It is clear that in such a conception there is no place for affirmation or denial, for it is only their absence which constitutes supreme knowledge and insures man's eternal salvation.

Mr. Lillie appears to have profited by the essay on Buddhism recently published in a work on Nepâl by Mr. Oldfield. There is this difference, however, that the schools which Mr. Oldfield classes as materialistic, Mr. Lillie loosely describes as "agnostic." He in fact throws together under this term all schools which are not strictly theistic, or, as he calls them, "gnostic." Mr. Lillie, in studying the Gnosticism and Agnosticism of Buddha, is like the sky in the nursery problem, which goes around the house and around the house, but can never get in it. He considers symbols, modern ritual, and superstitions, and accepts the separate statements of individuals, but never seriously studies the stupendous philosophy which underlies the whole system, and which is the very *ne plus ultra* of the logic which grapples with the *Nichtsein*. He is not fortunate in the facts he has selected as proofs of his theory. The prayers and *credos* which he quotes can be as readily explained as homage rendered to the teacher of divine and saving knowledge as to a God in our sense of the word. The priests of Ceylon may have told a Dutch governor they believed in a Supreme Being, but this by no means proves that such a belief is a doctrine of Buddhism. Nor do the facts which he has collected as to the belief in spirits and demons affect the argument. One might as well study the teachings of Christ by examining mediæval witchcraft and diabolism. Buddha's Parable of an Atheist, which he quotes, instead of proving his point shows very effectually how entirely he has misunderstood Buddhistic philosophy. Mr. Lillie touches upon many interesting topics in the history of the influence of Buddhism upon the Eastern and Western world. There is certainly a strange similarity between the symbolism and rites of Buddhism and those of Gnostics, Therapeutes, and Western mystics. There is yet a wonderful mystery as to the connection between Buddhism and Christian church forms, *pace* Cardinal Newman, whose work has by no means settled the question. The discovery of America by Buddhist missionaries in the fifth century has already been accepted by many scholars as an established fact. In all this Mr. Lillie repeats the arguments of others, and leaves his subjects very much as he found them. Altogether we would say that his book, though interesting, fails to accomplish its main object. The author

[1] See Rhys Davids' Translation of the Sabbâsava Lutta.

has read Buddhistic literature very thoroughly, and has brought together a number of peculiarly important facts; but he has not known how to make use of them, and has distended many in order to adapt them to his purpose. Buddha and Early Buddhism, while it has attractions for the general reader, offers little that is original or of value to the student of Eastern religions and philosophy.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW DEPARTURE.

INCLINATION to forsake the field of assured success, and seek distinction in untried paths, has shown itself a controlling impulse in many an artistic mind. Examples are most frequent, probably, amongst actors, whose eagerness to shine in unexpected situations, and to demonstrate merits apart from those by which they have achieved prominence, is a common characteristic. For reasons sufficiently obvious, these efforts of theatrical aspiration are seldom satisfactory; nor would they be likely to win applause, even if based upon sound judgment and sustained by positive ability. The actor, as a rule, must be content with fame in a single branch of his vocation, unless he is prepared to undertake a fresh career in regions where his person and his precedents are unknown. In other arts ambition is subject to no such restraints. If the power of versatility exists, it is fairly sure of recognition. A Doré may desert the narrower channel of his early fortune, and enlarge his fame in proportion to the breadth of his spreading canvas. Rossini, with a reputation founded upon dozens of dazzling comic operas, could not rest, in his old age, until he had produced a solemn mass which might stand beside the grave works of more majestic composers. Scott, after securing eminence enough to content his modest nature through the exercise of one gift, built himself secretly a higher renown by means of another. Bulwer's less brilliant light shone with a still greater variety of rays. The "deed" may not in all cases be equal to the "attempt," but the evidences of determined endeavor to establish this sort of manifold claim upon public attention and regard have always been abundant, and will be as long as the imagination of men can be turned to creative account.

The publication of Mark Twain's new story, The Prince and the Pauper,[1] supplies a rather striking instance in point, — or, at least, supplies material for illustration of the tendency of writers whose position is fixed and prosperous to give their faculties a new and unexpected range, and strive for a totally different order of production from any previously accomplished. It would be impertinent to pronounce too confidently upon the author's motive, but what he has done is, in one particular, plain to every comprehension. He has written a book which no reader, not even a critical expert, would think of attributing to him, if his name were withheld from the title-page. There is nothing in its purpose, its method, or its style of treatment that corresponds with any of the numerous works by the same hand. It is no doubt possible to find certain terms of phraseology, here and there, which belong to Mark Twain, and characteristically convey his peculiar ideas;

1 *The Prince and the Pauper: A Tale for Young People of all Ages.* By MARK TWAIN. [From advance sheets.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

but these are few, and would pass unnoticed as means of identification, although we recognize their familiarity readily enough, when we are already aware from whom they come. It is also possible to recall episodical passages in his earlier volumes — quaint legends and antique fantasies — which seem to be animated by a spirit similar to that of the present tale; but these, again, would have suggested nothing as to the origin of The Prince and the Pauper, if it had appeared anonymously. So far as Mark Twain is concerned, the story is an entirely new departure; so much so as to make it appear inappropriate to reckon it among that writer's works. It is indisputably by Clemens; it does not seem to be by Twain, — certainly not by the Twain we have known for a dozen or more years as the boisterous and rollicking humorist, whose chief function has been to diffuse hilarity throughout English-reading communities, and make himself synonymous with mirth in its most demonstrative forms. Humor, in quite sufficient proportion, this tale does assuredly contain; but it is a humor growing freely and spontaneously out of the situations represented, — a sympathetic element, which appeals sometimes shrewdly, sometimes sweetly, to the senses, and is never intrusive or unduly prominent; sometimes, indeed, a humor so tender and subdued as to surprise those who are under its spell with doubts whether smiles or tears shall be summoned to express the passing emotion.

The book is not only a novelty of Mark Twain's handiwork; it is in some respects a novelty in romance. It is not easy to place it in any distinct classification. It lacks the essential features of a novel, and while principally about children, is by no means a tale exclusively for children, although the young may have their full share in the enjoyment of it. The subject is so absolutely simple that to know it beforehand deprives the reader of none of the pleasure he has a right to expect. There is no pretense of a formal plot, and all the charm is owing to the sincerity, the delicacy, and the true feeling with which the story is told. Two little boys (one a bright figure in history, the other a gem of fiction; the former King Edward the Sixth of England, the latter a pauper vagrant) accidentally exchange stations at the age of about twelve years, and each remains for several days in his strangely altered condition. A strong resemblance between the two, coöperating with accidents of time and place, makes it possible for the substitution to remain undetected. The sharply contrasting adventures of the pair constitute the whole tale. The incident of the exchange is the sole point that would seem to be hazardous for the narrator; but whether the skill is conscious or not, whether that particular passage gets its truthfulness from the author's own sense of its validity, or is carefully elaborated with a view to the reader's beguilement, it certainly presents no difficulty as it stands. The rest follows naturally and ingenuously. There is no strain upon credulity, for the characters come and go, live and breathe, suffer and rejoice, in an atmosphere of perfect reality, and with a vivid identity rarely to be found in fictions set in mediæval days. The same lifelike verisimilitude that is manifest in many pages of Scott, and throughout Reade's Cloister and the Hearth, glows in every chapter of this briefer chronicle of a real prince's fancied griefs and perils. To preserve an illusion so consistently, it would seem that the author's own faith in the beings of his creation must have been firm, from beginning to end of their recorded career. Unless the teller of a story believes it all himself, for the time, he can hardly impress such conviction as he does in this case upon the mind of the reader.

However skillful in invention a writer

may be, it is certain that his work loses nothing of effect from a studious harmonization with the period in which it is placed. In The Prince and the Pauper this requirement has been scrupulously observed. The details are not made obtrusive, and the "local color" is never laid on with excess; but the spirit of the age preceding that of Elizabeth is maintained with just the proper degree of art to avoid the appearance of artfulness. Critical examination shows that no inconsiderable labor has been given to the preservation of this air of authenticity; but the idea that the results of research are inflicted with malice aforethought is the last that would occur to any reader. On the other hand, if irrelevant phrases may be once or twice detected, their employment is obviously intentional, — the indulgence of some passing whim, the incongruity of which, it is taken for granted, will be excused for the sake of its fun. Such might easily be spared, no doubt, though they do no serious harm. It is in every way satisfactory to observe that the material accessories are brought into view with an accuracy which coherently supports the veracity of the narrative. Dresses, scenery, architecture, manners and customs, suffer no deviation from historical propriety. It would be a pity if our trust in the existence of the little pair of heroes, or of the well-proportioned figures that accompany them, were to be shaken by short-comings in these respects. But there is no danger. The big-hearted protector of guileless childhood is as palpable to our senses as to the grateful touch of the prince's accolade. The one soft spot in the hard old monarch's nature reveals itself to our apprehension as clearly as to the privileged eyes of the courtiers at Westminster. The burly ruffian of the gutters, the patient, sore-afflicted mother, the gracious damsels of pure estate and breeding, the motley vagabonds of the highway, the crafty and disciplined councilors of the realm, the mad ascetic, and the varied throng of participants in the busy scenes portrayed, — all these take to themselves the shape and substance of genuine humanity, and stamp themselves on our perceptions as creatures too vital and real to be credited to fable land. We go beyond the author's cautious proposition in the prefatory lines, that the story "*could* have happened:" we are sure that it ought to have happened, and we willingly believe it did happen.

It will be interesting to watch for the popular estimate of this fascinating book. Of the judgment of qualified criticism there can be little question. That it will be accorded a rank far above any of the author's previous productions is a matter of course. It has qualities of excellence which he has so long held in reserve that their revelation now will naturally cause surprise. Undoubtedly, the plan upon which most of his works have been framed called for neither symmetry, nor synthetic development, nor any of the finer devices of composition. Generally speaking, they served their purpose, without the least reference to the manner in which they were thrown together. They stood, and stand, at the head of all the genuine successes of modern comic writing; but, notwithstanding the frequent flashes of power that give them vigor, the felicities of characterization that brighten them, the pathos that chastens them, and no one can say how many other manifestations of cleverness, they remain the most heterogeneous accumulations of ill-assorted material that ever defied the laws of literature, and kept the public contentedly captive for half a score of years. Now the same public is called upon to welcome its old favorite in a new guise, — as the author of a tale ingenious in conception, pure and humane in purpose, artistic in method, and, with barely a flaw, refined in execution.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE been trying to aid some friends who are delighting themselves with making a collection of old pewter, and I must confess that, after having laughed a good deal at first at such an unromantic fancy as this, I have become much interested in the old platters and bowls myself. I have been taught to recognize the dignity of the time-worn color and shape of old English and colonial ware, and to be disdainful of modern Britannia metal. It is a humbler sort of china craze, but its interest lies, with me, in its bringing the collector into contact with a different phase of life among New England country people. It carries one back, not to the sanctity of the parlor china-closet and the ceremony attendant upon having company, but to the homely every-day living; to the time of wide open fire-places and kitchen dressers, where the pewter plates shone like silver in bright array upon the shelves; to the time when one great platter in the middle of the farmer's dinner-table held the various ingredients of a boiled dish, or the pork and beans, unflanked by side dishes, except potatoes, and unfollowed by dessert. In the early New England days wooden ware was in far more common use than would be supposed, and a handsome set of pewter was an enviable possession. As for china, any amount of that betokened unusual prosperity. There was very little money in the farming districts of New England for many years, and numerous persons live in vastly more comfortable fashion now on the same land which gave their ancestors a bare living fifty years ago. We can have no idea what a serious thing it was in the last century, or early in this present one, to undertake any new expense; for instance, sending a boy to college. To raise an extra two or three hundred a year meant that the men and women both should drudge early and late, and deny themselves most cruelly. Any one who looks closely at the signs that are left us of the pewter-plateage in Massachusetts will find much that is interesting, and he may discover in the fields the nameless graves of many a hero and heroine, unmarked except by a rough lichened stone gathered from the abundant harvest of the soil. The building of so many mills and the rapid growth of the manufacturing villages have afforded better markets; and beside the money that the young people have earned and brought home, the income of the farms has been made larger year by year, and the farm-houses and the way of living in them have steadily grown more comfortable.

The pewter was not all melted into bullets wherewith to fight our foes, but it is fast disappearing in other ways, and my friends' collection may come to be in time most precious. They can tell some amusing stories, as all collectors can, about their securing the chief prizes. The beer-mug, with its clanking cover and many dents and the portraits of William and Mary on its side, came from a charmingly quaint house near the sea; and they like to remember the droll gossip with which a shrewd and merry old woman entertained them one showery afternoon, when they were weather-bound in her house, at last hunting out from the upper-shelf rubbish of her store closet the dearest of their many ancient bowls. She told them how her elbows used to ache in the days when her grandmother (who was a splendid housekeeper, and who brought her up) used to have the pewter scoured. They had to be very careful not to scratch it; and indeed there seems to be a general feeling of relief that the ware has gone

out of fashion, it was so hard to keep it looking as it ought. At any rate, the proper care of pewter is a lost art, I fear; the great platters were one by one gathered to their rest by the tin-peddlers when pewter was high in the war-time, and the little plates have been melted on the stoves by careless cooks.

The peddlers are the men to buy it from: it was not long ago that I found a treasure in this way for my friends, — part of an old communion service which had been used for a great many years in a country church. I suppose that parish rose in the world to the dignity of using plated silver, and this was sold after a while for a few cents a pound, and was thrown among old metal in the store-house of a tin-shop, whence it was brought to me. Old pewter seems to belong only to kitchens and ale-houses, and to the practical side of life; it was strange to see it fashioned into such a shape as this, and put to such a use. It seemed like sacrilege; there was something most pathetic about the dingy, worn old leaden cups to me, and I could not help remembering to what sorrowful lips they had been held for comfort, and what a part they had taken in stories that will never be written or told, — in tragedies of despair and fear, of doubt and pain. They seemed to me, as they had to so many before me, a visible link with the mystical and immortal. I handled them reverently, for a certain awe and sacredness still clung to them; their plainness and poverty thrilled me through and through.

— Mr. Gay, in his lucid article on When did the Pilgrim Fathers Land at Plymouth? seems to have overlooked a fact of some importance. The New England Society of New York eats its annual dinner on the 22d of December, following the date fixed upon by the Old Colony Club of Plymouth in 1769. The question is this: How came the Old Colony Club to make the mistake — if it be a mistake — of celebrating on the 22d instead of the 21st? Mr. Gay seems to imply that "the antiquary of the Old Colony Club" must have been "a careless reader," who was misled by the use of a comma instead of a semicolon, in the narrative of Mourt's Relation. I should not like to say that the gentleman referred to was *not* a careless reader, although antiquaries are not generally such. Even if he never had an existence outside of Mr. Gay's fancy, it is hardly fair to reflect on so venerable a shade when a better and more ingenious reason than carelessness or dullness can be given for his choice of dates. Mr. Gay writes thus: "Judge Davis's suggestion was that the mistake was made by adding eleven days instead of ten to December 11th, Old Style, to make it conform to New Style. But as the Gregorian calendar had been only a few years before adopted by England, it seems incredible that the principal citizens of one of the chief towns of the best educated colony in America could have made such a blunder. Such men could hardly have failed to understand why the Gregorian calendar was adopted, and that to change Old Style into New, ten days only should be added to the day of the month in the seventeenth century." Nevertheless, Judge Davis's suggestion was in all probability the correct one. When the bill for the reform of the calendar was introduced into Parliament in 1751, Lord Macclesfield said, "The same day which, in each month, is with us the first is called the twelfth day of the month throughout almost all the other parts of Europe; and, in like manner, through all the other days of the month we are just *eleven* days behind them." This error of eleven days in the Julian calendar was rectified by the enactment that the year should henceforth commence on the first day of January, and that the day after the 2d of September, 1752, should be called the 14th, — *not* the

13th. What, then, is less incredible, and was more likely, than that "the principal citizens of one of the chief towns of the best educated colony in America" should follow the fashion, not of Paris, by taking off ten days, but of London, by taking off eleven? And if this was a blunder, our friend the antiquary could sue for grace with a lighter conscience than ourselves.

— As different orders of the classic column are distinguished by the peculiar ornament, so we may, if we please, distinguish the architecture of "lofty verse" by the kind and amount of verbal decoration which it carries, as well as by the intrinsic idea and purely musical quality. He would, perhaps, be taking too low a ground of criticism who would claim that poetry is to be differentiated by its adjectives; and yet there would be some justice in his theory, since, above every other class of words, it is the adjective which gives color to the language, whether spoken or written. It might be demonstrated, in this line, that the epic, lyric, and didactic schools have each a distinctive palette, and even that the various prosodic forms have their chosen and recurring adjectives, syllabically assorted. As a rule, the heroic measure looks out for commodious adjectives of one or two syllables; letting alone, if discreet, those of three, which have to be pronounced either with undue stress upon the final syllable, or slightingly as regards the penult. On the other hand, every experimenter with dactylic or anapestic forms knows how pat and trippingly these same trisyllables come to the rescue. Take, for example, this line from Mr. Swinburne's melodious hexameters: —

"From the bountiful, infinite west, from the happy, memorial places."

We might instance the adjectives of Homer, but what would be the use, when we know, beforehand, that the sea is "many-sounding," that the best worthy of Troy will be depicted as "crest-waving," and that every Greek will be "curl-haired" and "well-greaved," Hera "white-armed," and Pallas "blue-eyed" (or "*gray*-eyed," if the intellectual cast please you better)? Let us, instead, sample the adjectives of Milton, and in doing so taste a reminiscence of Dante. Here, in the sly language of Moth, we seem to have come to a "great feast of languages," wherefrom we may profitably "steal the scraps." Nowhere else may one imbibe so much of the "sciential sap" of classic learning and nomenclature: innumerable proper adjectives, and adjectives of geographical description; rich words, that, standing alone, are both poetry and painting. Such are, "Etrurian shades," "Iberian fields," "Serbonian bogs," "Sabean odors," "Atlantean shoulders," "Memnonian palace," "rich Cathaian coast," "the Black-moor Sea," "the starred Ethiop queen," and others equally opulent, from this gold-coining mint of epic verse. Many an impecunious and untraveled muse has been enriched by this free-circulating currency, if the truth were told.

We would also take note of a singular class of adjectives continually recurring in the poetry of Shelley. These may be termed adjectives of negation or privation, and suggest having been transplanted from the Greek. The following phrases will serve as specimens: "*un*ascended majesty," "*un*communicating dead," "*un*transmitted torch of hope," "*un*pavilioned sky." Add to this class such cumbrous polysyllables as "intertranspicuous," "circumfluous," "semivital," "superincumbent," "amphisbænic," etc. Here is a single passage from Prometheus Unbound which well illustrates the adjective repertory of the poet of the "white ideal:" —

"Run, wayward, . . .
Trampling the torrent streams and glassy lakes
With feet unwet, unwearied, undelaying,
And up the green ravine, across the vale,
Beside the windless and crystalline pool,
Wherever lies, on unerasing waves,
The image of a temple."

Note the curious dislocation of accent in the word *crystalline;* with few exceptions this is the pronunciation followed by Shelley.

In the poetic work of Matthew Arnold are many instances of musically-leagued adjectives, two, three, or four in number, preceding the noun, and lending a sort of procrastinating majesty to the verse. In The Strayed Reveller we find such combinations as these: "the warm, grassy, Asopus bank;" "the broad, clay-laden, lone Chorasmian stream;" the

> "Flowing-robed, the beloved,
> The desired, the divine,
> Beloved Iacchus," —

this, with the sublime adagio movement of inrolling waves: —

> "They see the Heroes
> Sitting in the dark ship,
> On the *foamless, long-heaving, Violet* sea,
> At sunset nearing
> The Happy Islands."

— A friend of mine who has just returned from a long residence in the East is much disturbed by the slovenly manner of speaking which he observes to be prevalent among American children of the refined class. His two little girls have been brought up in a colony where their playmates were mostly English, while his son, a boy of ten or twelve, has spent the last six years in America. The relative advantages, so far as the language was concerned, have been nearly the same, yet the contrast between the boy's speech and that of his sisters is remarkable, not only in pronunciation, but also in facility of expression. The girls, who, it should be remarked, are but seven and nine years respectively, pronounce with a clear-cut precision and form their sentences upon a model of incisive brevity refreshing to hear. The boy's language flounders. His phrases are turbid and incomplete, and his words are often docked past recognition, or drawled to an absurd length, besides being enunciated with that nasal twang which, by the way, has oddly enough been called "speaking through the nose," whereas it is caused by obstructing certain sounds in their passage through that organ.

Viewed in the light of the above illustration, the comparison of English-spoken English with American-spoken English is unfavorable to the latter. Leaving out of the question that small and highly cultivated class of Americans who are thought by some to speak better English than the best which England affords, this seems in general to be a true statement of the case. The average colloquial American English is undoubtedly open to criticism on the score of careless articulation, not to speak of the nasal accent, which may possibly find more or less excuse in an instinctive attempt to guard against our great national catarrh by contracting certain muscles. I am reminded in this regard of an acquaintance who used to be accused of "speaking like a book," because he neither mouthed nor curtailed his words.

— Recent unfortunate occasion has obliged me to look about among that order of people which furnishes — or fails to furnish — our servants, and the only advantage that I have thus far gained by it consists in an improved acquaintance with the proper signification of the term *lady.*

For the greater part of this I am indebted to a certain melancholy, molasses-candy-colored mulatto girl, of a scrofulous habit and an exalted notion of her social value, who favored us for a very short time by becoming a member of our household. "Some people," she took pains to remark, "thinks that folks that works ain't ladies, but they is. My sisters works, but they 're all ladies."

A distinguished washer-lady of our neighborhood also illuminated the question by excusing her absence on a Monday with the explanation that she and another lady had been cleaning house for a woman who was about to travel in Europe with her family.

This reversal of definitions doubtless occurs in accordance with the spirit which asserts humanity's right to climb, but it indicates, under the circumstances, that the ideas which bring about such a result are very much underdone. My respected washer-woman and my benevolent cook and my condescending indoor man have reached that half-baked condition of republican development which claims privileges without having taken the intermediate steps. In the mean time these slack-baked notions give rise to endless inconveniences, which make us long for Chinese, Hindus, Nihilists, — persons of any sort, who, pending their attainment of the lecture platform or the presidential chair, are contented to assume that station in life to which their intrinsic worth entitles them.

— In the library of the Literary Institution of Bath, England (as we are told by Dr. Dibdin), there is an unpublished work, in two quarto volumes, MS., written by John Sherwen, M. D., entitled Vindicatio Shakespeariana, in which the author has retrieved and cleverly explained several words in the original text of Shakespeare, by his accurate knowledge of the dialects of the Northern and Border counties. It is much to be regretted that this work has not been published. A glance through almost any of the plays will convince the reader that the poet had not only an extensive familiarity with, but a partiality for, words in provincial use in these counties; and his strikingly correct descriptions of locality and scenery in Macbeth have been adduced as proof that at some period of his early life he had visited Scotland. Be that as it may, such words as the following, — *greet* (to cry or weep), *sag* (to hang down), *shive* (a slice), *sliver* (noun, a small branch, and verb, to tear off), *neb* (the beak), *brock* (a badger), *biggen* (a night-cap), *pick* (to pitch or throw), *scale* (to spread, as manure), *side* (adjective, wide, loose), *clean* (adverb, entirely), *leather-coats* (apples), *clap* (to pat or tap), *chare* (a job of work), *flapjack* (a pan-cake), — and many others, are terms "familiar in the mouth as household words" in the North of England. Mr. Brockett's Glossary has done some service in explaining Northern provincialisms, but it is very imperfect; and the labors of the recently-established English Dialect Society cannot but have a happy effect in shedding light on many a Shakespearean expression that has hitherto been deemed obscure or unintelligible. Take, as an example, the "scamels" with which Caliban seeks to tempt the appetite of his new "King" Stephano. These scamels have for one hundred and fifty years proved an indigestible morsel to the editors, puzzled as they have been to decide whether they were "fish, flesh, or good red herring," and some of them preferring to have *stanniels*, *sea-malls*, or even *shamois* kids served up instead. Now, however, it has been discovered that the "scamel" is simply the provincial name in Norfolk of a "gamey" bird of the godwit species, the flavor of which was undoubtedly familiar enough to the connoisseurs of the London restaurants of the poet's day.

It occasionally happens that a word has a special or provincial signification, in addition to its ordinary one; and obscurity arises from the author using it sometimes in one sense, sometimes in the other. Such a word is the common adverb *soon*. In such passages as the following, — "Soon at five o'clock I 'll meet with you," Com. of Err., I. ii. 26; "Soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo," Mer. of Ven., II. iii. 5; "Come to me soon at after supper," Rich. III., IV. iii. 31; "You shall bear the burden soon at night," Rom. and Jul., II. v. 78; "We 'll have a posset for 't soon at night," Merry Wives, I. iv. 8, and a dozen more, it is evident from the context that "soon" cannot have its common meaning of "in a short time."

Take the first instance above: the time we know exactly to be eleven o'clock, because Antipholus bids his servant go to the inn,

> "The Centaur, where we host,
> And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee;
> *Within this hour it will be dinner time.*"

He then invites his friend, the First Merchant, to dinner: —

> "What, will you walk with me about the town,
> And then go to my inn, and dine with me?"

To which the Merchant replies: —

> "I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
> Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
> I crave your pardon. *Soon at five o'clock,*
> Please you, I 'll meet with you upon the mart,
> And afterward consort you till bed-time."

Now, bearing in mind that noon is the universal dinner-hour in Shakespeare, *six hours* must intervene ere they meet again, which could hardly be called "soon." An examination of the other passages will present the same inconsistency; and yet I believe no editor or commentator has ever given any acceptable explanation of it. Even so exact annotators as the Clarkes only say that "soon" = about or towards; and Dr. Schmidt says that "soon at night" = this very night, which, to say the least, is very unsatisfactory. The fact is that "soon" in these passages is a pure provincialism, and corresponds exactly with the New England expression "at early candle-light," and the Latin "*ad primam vesperam*," for which our term "night-fall" is a good synonym. If a collation of these passages had failed to show the correct meaning of "soon," Mr. Halliwell, in his Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, tells us that in the West of England the word still signifies "evening;" and if this were not sufficient, we have the authority of a book written by Gil, a contemporary of Shakespeare, a head master of St. Paul's School, that the use of "soon" as an adverb, in the familiar sense of "betimes," "by and by," or "quickly," had, when he wrote, been eclipsed with most men by an acceptation restricted to "night-fall."

Another provincial stumbling-block occurs in Coriolanus (V. v. 34), where Aufidius says of his great rival, —

> "I took him;
> Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
> In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
> Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
> My best and freshest men; served his designments
> In mine own person; *holp to reap the fame which he did end all his.*"

Various changes have been proposed and made in the last clause; the most common being to read *ear* instead of "end," and to transpose this word and "reap." But the old text is perfectly correct. To "end" a crop succeeds reaping it, and means to gather it into garners, to house it, or stack it up in ricks. "A well-ended rick of hay" and "well-ended stacks of wheat" are among the commonest harvest technicalities in not only Northern but other English counties. It is the *consummation* of harvest; and Aufidius metaphorically says that after he had reaped the crop of war and victory, Coriolanus had taken the advantage of it to himself by gathering all the glory into his own garners.

This will also serve to explain a passage in L'Allegro, where the poet, referring to Puck, —

> "Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
> To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
> When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
> His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
> That ten day-laborers could not *end*."

The last word has, no doubt, puzzled many a reader, though it is perfectly intelligible to any "Northern farmer."

The word "fettle" is another pure Northern provincialism, meaning to *get ready, prepare, dress one's self.* Many a time have I been told by my father "to *fettle* myself and go to school," "to *fettle up* for church," etc. It is used both as an active and a neuter verb; and Shakespeare has given it its exact signification in Romeo and Juliet, III. v. 154: —

> "But *fettle* your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
> To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church."

The very singular word "pheeze"

occurs twice in Shakespeare, and has bothered the commentators exceedingly to find its correct meaning; some explaining it = to beat, others = to drive. In the North of England they have an old word pronounced *phaze*, meaning generally *to make an impression upon, to arouse, stir up.* It is commonly used in such expressions as "I called the man a fool, but it never *phazed* him," "I hit the door with all my might, but could n't *phaze* it." This word has sometimes seemed to me to come very near fitting the situation in Shakespeare. In Tam. of Shr., Ind., i. 1, Sly says to the hostess, "I 'll *pheeze* you, in faith," that is, I 'll stir you up, I 'll startle you; and in Tro. and Cres., II. iii. 215, Ajax says, "An a' be proud with me, I 'll *pheeze* his pride," meaning, I 'll make an impression on him, I 'll *bring down* his pride.

Another Northern peculiarity is the use of the term *wife* for a woman in general, without any reference to the conjugal relation, in the same way that *femme* in French and *frau* in German are occasionally used. Brockett mentions this, and derives it from the Saxon *wif*, mulier, femina; and says that Bede uses *wif-cild* for a female infant. In Henry V., Act V., chorus, we have, —

> "Behold the English beach
> Pales in the flood with men, with *wives*, with boys,
> Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouth'd sea;"

where "wives" is surely not confined to married women, but includes women of all ages and relations. Again, when Lord Bacon says, "Strawberry-*wives* lay two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pot, and all the rest are little ones," he plainly means all women, married or not, who deal in the fruit; and Charles Reade, in his Scotch novel, Christie Johnstone, frequently calls his heroine and her friend "fish-*wives*," though they are both unmarried girls. I was amused at Grant White, in his Every-Day English, ridiculing the newspaper that spoke of a certain Miss A. K., a young country girl, who raised and sold chickens, as a "lady poultryist." As he sensibly says, if the good old term "henwife" were too homely, she might well enough have been a "poulterer" or "poulteress." This point is interesting, as it helps to establish the accuracy of the Folio text in the celebrated *crux* in Othello, I. i. 21, "A fellow almost damn'd in a fair *wife*," — a line that has exercised the ingenuity of the commentators to the extent of at least sixteen conjectural emendations. Let us examine it for a moment. First, bearing in mind the above-named usage of "wife," we must remember, secondly, that the preposition *in* is frequently used, in old writers, for *on account of, by reason of;* as in Macb., IV. iii. 55:

> "Not in the legions
> Of horrid hell can come a devil more *damn'd*
> *In evils* to top Macbeth;"

and in 1 Henry IV., V. iv. 121, "The better part of valor is discretion; *in the which* better part I have saved my life;" that is, *through which, by reason of which.* And lastly, the line in question has no special reference to Cassio's connection with Bianca, nor with any woman in particular, but is a general photograph of a certain trait of his character, as contemptuously portrayed by Iago. Dashing paladin that he is himself, Iago is bitterly mortified that the general should have passed over him, and preferred to the lieutenancy a man who had no soldierly qualifications whatever. He designates the new officer as a theorist only, a "counter-caster," and a mere *woman's man;* one of those amorous, susceptible fools who are ready to risk all they possess for a fair face or a charming woman. Iago knew that Cassio had one mistress, "a customer," hanging about his neck; and he thought that he was also in love with Desdemona, — "That Cassio loves her, I can well believe it;" and it is through this susceptibility to female fascinations that he

aims to have "our Cassio on [illegible]
He says, "I will abuse him to the Moor in the *rank garb;*" that is, I will take care the general shall know what a libertine his lieutenant is, and what lengths the "voluble knave" will go "for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection." What, then, could be more natural, when Iago is expressing his indignation at the promotion of Cassio, than that he should, in exaggerated language, depreciate those characteristics in the "Florentine" that were most unfitting for a soldier, — qualities, by the way, that he despised the more for being so opposite to his own nature? "One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, a fellow" who is willing to go to perdition, almost to sell himself to the devil, for a beautiful woman, — "a fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife."

Does not this give to the Folio text a clear and easy interpretation, without changing a letter, and without any subtilty or sophistication whatever? If it be claimed that Iago is referring to the lieutenant's connection with Bianca, the line might well enough be paraphrased, "A fellow almost cracked after a good-looking wench;" but I think it more likely that he is speaking of Cassio's general character among the sex, as a gay Lothario or a love-smitten Miss Nancy, and the paraphrase would be, "A fellow who is almost ready to throw himself away, body and soul, for the sake of a pretty woman."

If space permitted, other instances might be adduced of this use of provincial words by the great poet. But the main object of this note was to bring to the attention of the readers of The Atlantic Monthly a word that has caused almost as much conjecture regarding its meaning as any other in the plays, — a word that I have been surprised to find no editor or commentator has done justice to, though some years ago, at least, it was common enough (and may be so still) among the peasantry of the North-

[illegible] difficu[illegible]
I mean the w[illegible]
speech, in All 's Well, [illegible]

"Since Frenchmen are so *braid*,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid."

I need only refer the reader to the Variorum for pages of speculation on the signification of this word. Steevens's explanation, that it is equivalent to *deceitful*, is the one generally accepted. It escaped the notice of Brockett when he compiled his Glossary, and that may partly account for recent commentators missing its provincial meaning. When a boy, I have myself heard this word used, more than once, in exactly the sense that Diana gives to it; and it seems to me that the poet could not have selected a more forcible expression, there being no one English word that so fully gives the sense required. It is evidently derived from the Scotch *braid*, but has acquired a much more comprehensive meaning than our *broad*, the latter being generally applied to language, whereas the *braid* in question is applied to both language and actions, oftener to the latter. *Impudent* comes fairly near to it, but is not quite forcible enough, while *lustful* is perhaps in the other extreme. A man was said to be "braid" whose behavior among women was audaciously gross or insulting, or who had a noted character for making improper advances, or for taking saucy liberties. And now, after the lapse of forty years, when I recall hearing such expressions as these, "John, you munnot be sae braid, noo," or, "He 's far ower braid to keep my company," it seems to me, from his putting this word so aptly in Diana's mouth, that the poet himself must at some time have heard similar expressions. The word "braided," however, so far as I recollect, was no relative of "braid." "Braided" was a word always applied to goods or wares, and meant *dirty, tumbled, crumpled up.* Soiled or damp

clothing, carelessly put away, was said to come out *braided;* that is, in braids, wrinkled, or creased. And, if I am not mistaken, it was applied also to cheap or second-hand articles, especially of haberdashery. It will be remembered that the shepherd's son, in Winter's Tale (IV. iv. 204), asks if Autolycus, in his guise of a peddler, has any "*unbraided* wares;" and his language has generally been supposed to be a press error for "*embroided* wares," which is the reading of Collier's Corrected Folio of 1632. But I have never been able to divest myself of the impression that he rather means any new, fresh, unsoiled wares, — wares that are nice and untumbled, and not second-hand goods. Of this meaning of "braided," as a Northern word, I am not so confident as I am in the case of "braid;" and I have looked in vain for any corroborating references to it in such glossaries as I have access to. Probably some of my readers may be able to add their authority, and so to confirm, or otherwise, what I have written, and thus help to elucidate these long-disputed obscurities in the text of our beloved poet.

— Married women of tender sensibilities on the subject of equal rights, as well as tall boys who are hankering after the rights they have not yet earned, are quietly snubbed in their aspirations, when traveling in the trim little screw steamers on the coast and fiords of Norway. For women accompanying their liege lords and for children under age only half fare is charged. Doubtless, a certain brilliant essayist of the North American Review would not deign to ask the reason for this regulation. But the high-stepping and gray-haired patriarch of our party, elated by this unwonted leniency towards his pocket-book, applied to a good-natured captain for an explanation.

"Captain, why does your company carry a man's wife and children on half tickets?"

The jocund captain removes his well-blackened meerschaum, and declares that all the companies do the same.

"But why, captain? There must be some reason."

"Why, bless your soul, I don't know; only they always have."

The traveler persists, and remarks that he has noticed that the country is poor in everything but children. "May it not be, captain," he inquires, "that this is a plan to encourage matrimony, and to mitigate the hardships that heads of families have to endure while raising a family on these gray old rocks?"

The captain nods assent, and adds, "Perhaps so," in a parenthesis, as it were to his thoughts, as he surveys the bold stranger who has dared to suggest that his grand and cool and healthy Northland may be barren or dreary, or that poverty is really pressing his kinsfolk more closely in their narrow mountain homes than on the broad fields of Minnesota, of which he hears much from his cousins. . . .

Neither the grandeur of the mountains nor the weird intricacies of the fiords serve to keep the terrible woman question out of Norway. The time was, and not long ago, when no self-respecting Norwegian woman would consent to enter the saloon of a steamer to eat in the company of the masculine passengers. The example of the English and American women who travel in that country has changed this custom, and now the officers are no longer vexed by the problem as to how to serve two first-class meals at the same time to the few first-class passengers who frequent their lines of travel. The Norwegian woman traveler is nevertheless a model of quiet reserve and dignity. The influence of English-speaking women in Norway is not confined to table manners alone; a still greater impression is being made upon this proud and energetic race of women in reference to the question of education. The Governesses'

School in Christiania no longer meets their demands, and the younger women especially are restless, and begin to beg that the highest educational privileges may be made as free to them as to men.

— It has been discovered that beer cures intemperance. It has also been discovered that beer causes intemperance, and does not cure it. The British Parliament discovered in 1830 that beer would cure the evil. Forty years later the Convocations of Canterbury and York discovered that beer was one of the chief causes of intemperance. Literary men are just now discovering the beer antidote. One of them says, "He would do a priceless work in the Lord's vineyard who should teach the English lower classes to drink lager beer."

On the side of beer we have two discoveries: (1.) Beer cures intemperance. (2.) England drinks too little of it, and so is not cured. But how much does England drink? Professor Levi tells us that in 1866 she drank .863 of an imperial gallon of proof spirits and thirty-seven gallons of beer and ale for every man, woman, and child. He estimates the proof spirits contained in the beer and ale at 3.393 gallons a head.

So, England drinks about four times as much alcohol in beer and ale as in spirits. This suggests two questions: (1.) Does English intemperance come from the one fifth of alcohol contained in the spirits, or from the four fifths contained in the beer? (2.) If thirty-seven gallons a head is not enough to effect a cure, how much beer does the Lord's English vineyard require?

We will now look at the anti-beer discovery. In 1869, thirty-nine years after England had, by fostering legislation, quadrupled its use of beer, the English church took measures to ascertain the causes and extent of intemperance. The Convocation of Canterbury, through a large committee, sent letters of inquiry to the judges of criminal courts, chief constables, superintendents of police, recorders, coroners, chaplains and governors of prisons and workhouses, and others whose official position gave them special means for observation.

The convocation, in summing up the evidence obtained from 2223 witnesses, say that the parliamentary Beer Act of 1830 appears to be one of the foremost and most prolific causes of intemperance, and that "the testimony on this point, on the part of the magistracy, the constabulary, the parochial clergy, and others most competent to judge, is most emphatic and unanimous." This report was forwarded to the throne with the indorsement of the Upper House, together with 2223 extracts from the evidence on which it was based. Some years later the Convocation of York made similar inquiries. Its report, based on the testimony of 2711 witnesses, is still more emphatic in relation to the disastrous effects of beer on the people of England. We know about how much beer England has used for the last half century. We know, too, or may easily learn, whether it has or has not cured English intemperance.

— Of late years we Americans have had sufficient cause to bemoan ourselves on account of our climate, which not only treats us to the severest extremes of tropical heat and Siberian cold, but springs from one to the other with a suddenness for which no one can be prepared, the most alert Yankee not being "lively" enough to keep up with such volatile weather. Since living in a country with so absurd a climate is really a grave misfortune, we may be thankful to find that there is anything good to be said for it; and I think it may be noticed, as balancing in some degree its unpleasant characteristics, that when the weather *is* in a good humor it can give us as fine days as are to be had anywhere in the world, and a remarkable variety of them. In this month of October there have been days equaling those we may have reveled

in in Italy, and others, again, which for brilliancy of beauty were like the most superb we have known among Swiss mountains, — days when the landscape seemed wrapped in softest haze, which yet was not a haze, since all things appeared in true outline and relief; and other days when the crystalline air was so pure that there actually seemed to be no atmosphere at all, and one fancied that one could touch with the finger objects two or three miles off. Happy is he who, in such rare days, is living in a hill country, for their beauty is there best noted and enjoyed. From where I live, the river (the Hudson) has the look of a lake, or rather of two lakes at north and south, the water directly in front being hidden by trees; but a few minutes' walk brings one to a spot where the straight course of the river may be seen for twenty miles. I passed the place to-day in my afternoon stroll, and had to stop there several minutes, I was so struck with the beauty of the familiar view. The river had taken on that peculiar tint of dark, brilliant, living blue which most suggests the motion, the flow, of water whose movement cannot, on account of distance, be really observed; the imagination could follow the noble stream the long way from its far-off beginning to its end. The hills — we towns-people do not dignify them as mountains, though we are proud of their respectable height — wore that indescribable hue one sees on them only in autumn, which is not purple, but a mingling of red and blue, as in a changeable silk. The house-roofs of the town below, and even the ugly village on the opposite shore, were picturesque, seen in mass and in that splendid light. I knew it all so well! And yet the beauty of it flashed on me as newly as if it were some strange foreign town I was looking on, and an unfamiliar river and hills. On the way home, as the sun declined, the hills became ruby-color, and the sky gold; and soon, with another turn of the kaleidoscope, it was the sky that had flushed rose-pink, while the hills below it were softened to dusky blue. It is this changefulness of aspect in the hills which lovers of them rejoice in; it is like the changes of mood and of countenance we notice in a dear friend, all of whose moods and looks are lovely to us.

Although we constantly speak of nature as painting pictures for our eye, I think the real effect of her on those who are sensitive to her influence is like that of music, suggesting the same strong and quite indefinable emotions. I don't know whether or not this has been remarked upon before, but it is a fact that any nature-lover easily discovers for himself. Why a certain slope of upland, a certain grouping of trees, a certain quality of light, cheers, or soothes, or saddens us it would be hard to say, — as hard as it would be for some of us to tell why and how we are moved by a Schubert symphony. There may be persons who are able to find a reason for their enjoyment, but we who cannot explain the meaning of what we feel are none the less sure of the strength of our feeling. There is a difference in the effect upon us of natural scenes, and some of them — such as the impressions of a desert waste or of Alpine summits, solitary or in glorious companies — we can come nearer to rendering an intelligible account of to ourselves; in the same way, the meaning of certain music, as some of Beethoven's symphonies, we might, if we tried, translate in imperfect fashion into words. Analogies of this sort cannot of course be pressed; nothing of man's invention is strictly comparable to the glory of the great mountains or the sea, yet there is enough of likeness between the sentiments suggested by music and by nature to make the lovers of them both pleased to notice it. I recollect the delight of first hearing Schubert's symphony in C, — a delight the more complete and intense that

it appeared to need not the slightest attempt at analysis; it was pure, unmixed emotion, — without any *conscious* exertion of mind, that is, — and after it was all over the first spontaneous thought was, How like what nature has often seemed to say to us! It was the only comparison one could make between anything else and that quintessence of music as such.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Poetry. The Poets and Poetry of Ireland, by Alfred M. Williams (J. R. Osgood & Co.), is an admirable compilation so far as it goes. The editor has fairly accomplished his purpose, which was to give within the compass of a single volume a connected series of Irish poems from the earliest period down to the present time. Mr. Williams has both gained and lost by strictly adhering to his self-imposed limitations, which excluded the work of Irish-American poets as well as that of Irish poets who were not truly national, — that is to say, such Irish singers as addressed themselves almost wholly to English listeners. The loss and the gain are obvious. Mr. Williams's collection contains little that is commonplace, and much that is rare and not easily accessible to the general reader. His historical illustrations and critical notes add greatly to the value of a unique compendium of Irish poetry. — The same publishers have issued a red-line edition of Miss H. W. Preston's translation of the Georgics of Vergil, originally published in a less elaborate form. The present volume is illustrated with four full-page cuts. — Geraldine, A Souvenir of the St. Lawrence (same publishers) is the title of an anonymous work, in which the author set himself the difficult task of writing a society novel in verse. The author's claim that he wrote the poem before he had read Owen Meredith's Lucile is easily conceded. The resemblance between the two poems is undoubtedly accidental; it is, however, unfortunate. One can scarcely avoid comparing Geraldine with Lucile. A better poem of the kind than Geraldine would suffer by such a comparison. — Roses and Myrtles, by Sarah Jerusha Cornwall (D. Appleton & Co.), is a volume of graceful, brief poems and lyrics, in which the workmanship is rather better than the material.

Holiday Books for Children. The young folks are to have a treat this year, if the first putting forth of gayly-tinted covers is a fair indication of the literary crop to come. No approaching Christmas season has ever been signalized by the appearance of so many attractive books for children. In fact, it is difficult to imagine what more tempting offerings could be brought forward. A book that will undoubtedly take its place as a standard work for young folks is The Children's Book (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), by Horace E. Scudder, author of the Bodley Books and many others. It is almost a whole library in itself, as it contains long selections from the best books that have ever been written for children, — fables, popular tales, stories in verse, stories from Hans Andersen and from the Arabian Nights, Lilliput, Adventures of Baron Munchausen, etc. The illustrations are numerous and excellent, and the book is beautifully bound. A colored frontispiece by Rosina Emmet is very attractive. — The most thoroughly original and the best colored illustrated book of the season is The Glad Year Round. (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.) It is a great credit to the illustrator, Miss A. G. Plympton, and will without the least doubt establish her position among the very best illustrators of children's books in this country. The class of books to which this belongs was the immediate result of the introduction of the Kate Greenaway Books; but while in all other cases the illustrators of these books on this side of the Atlantic have closely followed the teachings of Miss Greenaway, even adopting her costumes, Miss Plympton has made her book purely original and entirely American. The costumes worn by the children whom we see every day in the streets of the city or in the country are suddenly made very picturesque and beautiful under the skillful brush of this artist. The verses are pleasing, and the whole work is extremely delightful. As a piece of printing the book will easily rank with the best of color work. — Mr. Frank R. Stockton is one of the best friends among authors that the children have. His books are invariably full of good reading, and in every respect attractive and interesting. New editions of two of his books (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), Tales Out of School and Roundabout Rambles, are issued this year, with fresh pictures and beautifully decorated colored covers. In their new dresses, these books will delight the children more than ever. — Sunday (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York) is the title of a book of over four hundred pages, filled with stories for children on every conceivable topic, and illustrated in the most generous manner. — Our Young Folks Abroad (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia) is a story of the adventures of four American boys and girls in a journey through Europe to Constantinople, told by James D. McCabe, with innumerable illustrations. — Cross Patch, by Susan Coolidge (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a book that will surely please the juveniles. It is made up of narratives, into which the author has introduced characters and sugges-

tions from the myths of Mother Goose. Illustrated by Miss Ellen Oakford. — The Rev. Edward E. Hale has added the third to his series of Stories of Adventure. (Roberts Brothers, Boston.) It includes true stories of Marco Polo, Cortez, Humboldt, and others. — Mrs. Overtheway's Remembrances, by Juliana Horatia Ewing (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a book for the older children, and younger grown-up people. It is a collection of five stories by the author of Jan of the Windmill, with ten full-page pictures. — Phaeton Rogers, by Rossiter Johnson (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), originally appeared in St. Nicholas, where it was immediately placed on the list of favorites with the young people. It is a capital book, filled with spirited incidents which are cleverly told. The illustrations are a great feature of the book. — Two Cabin Boys, by Louis Rousselet (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is a boy's book. It is filled with the most exciting sea and land adventures, all of which are well told and generously illustrated. The plot is skillfully put together, and there is nowhere any sensationalism or extravagant exaggeration. — Thorncliffe Hall, by Daniel Wise, D. D. (Lee & Shepard, Boston), is a story for older boys. It relates how and why "Joel Milford changed his opinion of boys whom he once called 'goody-goody fellows.'" — Dr. Gilbert's Daughters, by Margaret H. Mathews (Porter & Coates), is a well-conceived and well-written story for girls.

Legends and Folklore. Moncure D. Conway's The Wandering Jew (Henry Holt & Co., New York) is said to be the only existing treatise on the subject. The author has not entered into the study of the legend as a matter of curiosity, but seriously, because he believes the subject has a real and a large significance. He discusses the sources of the myth, the generalization of the legends, and devotes several chapters, all of them full of strange and interesting material, to the wanderer in the folklore of Germany, France, and England. — An Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folklore (Henry Holt & Co., New York), by the Rev. George W. Cox, author of Popular Romances of the Middle Ages, is a most complete work. Its purpose is to give a general view of the mass of popular traditions belonging to the Aryan nations of Asia and Europe, not merely to discuss or relate the Greek and Latin myths. — Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), by Thomas and Katharine Macquoid, contains many stories founded on popular traditions in these countries, and others that have been adapted from the tales of story-telling beggars.

Miscellaneous. Thomas Fowler, professor of logic in the University of Oxford, has written an excellent book on the life, works, methods, opinions, and influence of the great English philosopher, Francis Bacon. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) If one has no technical acquaintance with philosophy it is an exceedingly difficult and tedious task to acquire an understanding of the nature and influence of Bacon, and it was to make this task a pleasant labor that Professor Fowler wrote his book. He has placed his discussions on the different divisions of his subject in an interesting form, and has wisely kept the book down to convenient size. — A First Greek Course (Harper & Brothers, New York), by William Smith, is a new text-book for the use of the lower classes in schools. — The Yorktown Campaign and the Surrender of Cornwallis, by Henry P. Johnston (Harper & Brothers, New York), is a timely publication and a thoroughly well-written book. It gives an account of the final campaign of the Revolution, and of the movements of Cornwallis and Lafayette in Virginia. Several disputed and uncertain points are established by unpublished letters of Lafayette's. Letters by American officers and papers captured in Yorktown, now in the State Department at Washington, as well as numerous plans of the Yorktown siege by French, English, and American engineers, were consulted by the author. A list of authorities on the period to which the book relates is given in the appendix. The illustrations are excellent. — The History of the Discovery of the Northwest, by John Nicolet, with a sketch of his life (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati), is a story of the perseverance of the first white man who visited that part of the United States now divided up into Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The Jesuit Relations were the author's chief resources for information. — The Franklin Square Song Collection (Harper & Brothers, New York) contains over two hundred of the songs and hymns that have, during many years past, become popular in the widest sense. In the midst of a multitude of newer airs these were rapidly being lost sight of. The words are given with the music in each case. The addition of notes on the history and origin of many of the songs is a new feature in such compilations, and a good one, as it gives the book a certain historical value. — The second in the Leaflets from Standard Authors (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) has been compiled by Miss Josephine E. Hodgdon, from poems and prose writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes. These Leaflets are especially designed for use in schools, but as they include the best known and most admired passages they can hardly fail to be useful for homes and libraries as well. — The new volume in the series of Appleton's Home Books (D. Appleton & Co., New York) is Household Hints, by Miss E. W. Babcock. The little book contains a mass of information for housekeepers, and is especially designed for those who are inexperienced in the trials of managing a household. All sorts of difficulties which come up to disturb the routine of a well-regulated home establishment are discussed and perhaps set at rest. At all events, the young housewife has here, in convenient form, practical hints that have evidently been well considered by the experienced, and which to the male intellect, incompetent on such subjects, appears to be almost without value! — The Story of a Scandinavian Summer (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), by Miss K. E. Tyler, is a pleasant account of the movements of a party of travelers during three months in the land of Thorwaldsen. It flavors strongly of the note-book. The author has a great deal of historical information to offer abou'

whichever of the principal cities, places of interest, or scenes in the journey were considered worthy of the required space in the book, and it is in the main interesting. — In 1878 Mr. W. F. Rae visited the Province of Manitoba and a part of the New West as correspondent of the London Times, and two years later, in the same capacity, he journeyed from Halifax, N. S., to the Red River of the North, in Manitoba, and then to the Rio Grande, in New Mexico. The letters which he sent to the Times during these two journeys are now printed in book form (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), under the title Newfoundland to Manitoba. — Louis Moreau Gottschalk, the composer and pianist, made it an invariable rule to keep a daily journal, which, when he was on concert tours, was sometimes extended to many pages. All his notes of travel and many of his letters have now been brought together in book form (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia) by his sister, who in editing the volume added a short biographical sketch and many criticisms. The original work was in French. — The World, Round it and Over it, is the title of a volume made up of letters written to a daily journal by an English barrister-at-law during his travels around the world. The book is illustrated with numerous wood-engravings. (Rose-Belford Publishing Company, Toronto.) — The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford, Dissenting Minister (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is evidently an English book. Whether it is really an autobiography or a piece of fiction the reader will have hard work to determine. It matters little, however, for nothing can save it now from being rather dull and commonplace. — A Critical Review of American Politics (Robert Clarke & Co., Chicago), by Charles Reemelin, is, in book form, a series of chapters on almost all the questions that bear on American politics, from the Declaration of Independence up. The author gives the reader, in the preface and sketch of his own life, the means of forming an idea of the true value of the book, although perhaps unintentionally. — The Great Explorers of the Nineteenth Century, translated from the French of Jules Verne (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is a book that explains itself in its title. It is well illustrated with original drawings by Leon Benett, and fac-similes from early maps and manuscripts. — With the title of the Agawam Edition, G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued the first two installments of Professor Moses Coit Tyler's History of American Literature, in one handsome volume, at a moderate price. This places a valuable standard work within the reach of the general public. The completion of Professor Tyler's task is awaited with interest. — Mr. Edward H. House gives the happy title of Japanese Episodes to a collection of papers published by J. R. Osgood & Co. Mr. House has resided in Japan during the last twelve or fifteen years, and his observations on the manners and traits of that singularly gentle people are of exceptional value. The only serious fault to be found with Mr. House's Episodes is that they are too few. The reader would gladly welcome half a dozen such stories as the Little Fountain of Sakanoshita, and a whole volume of such sketches as A Day in a Japanese Theatre, both of which were originally printed in this magazine. A Japanese Statesman at Home appeared in Harper's Monthly. The bit of travel entitled To Fuziyama and Back is now in type for the first time. It is presumable that the publishers charge nothing for Mr. House's sketches, since the prettily designed cover with its Japanese emblems is alone worth the price of the book. — Roberts Brothers have brought out Mr. A. I. Symington's William Wordsworth in two very neat volumes. The biographical essay is agreeably written, though it is in no sense a profound study of the poet. The extracts from Wordsworth's prose and poetical works display a nice critical taste. — Mr. J. Brander Matthews's papers on the French Dramatists of the Nineteenth Century have been collected in an exquisitely printed 8vo volume. (Charles Scribner's Sons.) — From the press of Didier et Cie, Paris, we have received L'Homme et la Nature, by Dr. Hugh Doherty. — In L'Insegnamento Pubblico ai Tempi Nostri (Forzani, Rome), Signor Fornelli discusses the question of public education from an advanced Italian point of view. — In the two beautifully printed little volumes containing The Comedy of Errors and Cymbeline (Harper & Brothers) Mr. William J. Rolfe has completed his series of Shakespeare's plays for the young. We consider Mr. Rolfe's plan a commendable one. There is a place for just such an edition as he has projected and edited with so much discrimination. — The Poets' Tributes to Garfield is a collection of poems written for the Boston Daily Globe and other journals. (Moses King.) — If we may judge by the two volumes now issued, the Campaigns of the Civil War (Charles Scribner's Sons) promises to be a valuable series of military studies. The initial volume, entitled The Outbreak of the Rebellion, by John G. Nicolay, describes the opening of the conflict, and covers the period from the election of Lincoln to the end of the first battle of Bull Run. The second volume, From Fort Henry to Corinth, by General M. F. Force, contains a narrative of events in the West from the summer of 1861 to May, 1862, involving an account of the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson and a description of the battle of Shiloh. We shall examine the work in detail hereafter. — In the department of essays there is nothing more charming in a thoughtful, graceful way than Mr. O. W. Bunce's Bachelor Bluff, his Opinions, Sentiments, and Disputations. Nearly all, if not all, these papers are collected from the pages of Appleton's Journal, where they were read with a pleasure that insures them a second perusal. (D. Appleton & Co.) — Miss Jewett's Country By-Ways (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) requires no recommendation to those who are familiar with her Deephaven sketches and the pleasant pages of Old Friends and New. Country By-Ways is in some respects a notable advance on Miss Jewett's previous writings. Without losing any of her freshness or simplicity, she has acquired a firmer hand. This is particularly plain in the story of Andrew's Fortune. — Walter Savage Landor, by Prof. Sidney Colvin (Harper & Brothers), is the latest addition to the English Men of Letters series, and is the most interesting

of recent biographical and critical sketches, if we except Mr. George Willis Cooke's book on Emerson (James R. Osgood & Co.). Mr. Cooke has made a loving and adequate study of his subject. It is admirable in an admirable fashion, and is its own justification, if the publishing of such a work at the present time needs a *raison d'être*. The book has a fine steel portrait of Emerson.

Fiction. Mr. De Forest's new novel, The Bloody Chasm (D. Appleton & Co.), is not so sanguinary as its title. It is a love story, with a Southern heroine and a Northern hero, and deals with the period immediately following the collapse of the Confederacy. There are a great many entertaining novels which are not nearly so good as Kate Beaumont, and this is one of them. Mr. De Forest belongs to that small group of American authors who can write novels pure and simple. Others excel him in the presentation of subtile characters, or in the depicting of a single situation; but no one puts so much story into his story, — so much action and every-day life. All these things enter into the composition of the Bloody Chasm, which, though it lacks the well-knit plot and the sustained literary excellence of Kate Beaumont, is a book that the reader will not care to lay down until he has finished it. — Without a Home, by Edward P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), requires no special comment. It does not differ in essentials from the author's previous books. Mr. Roe's purpose is always excellent, and he has had the good fortune to win a large audience. — In the Bush, by the Rev. H. W. Pierson (D. Appleton & Co.), is a thoroughly delightful book. Nothing could be better in their way than the author's descriptions of old-time social and religious life in the Southwest, and nothing could be much more unsatisfactory than the five or six full-page cuts which serve to illustrate the text. — Queen Titania (Charles Scribner's Sons) is one of those pleasant little tales which Mr. Boyesen has taught us to look for at his hands. The volume contains two other short stories, The Mountain's Face and A Dangerous Virtue, the latter being decidedly the gem of the collection. — A Prince of Breffny, by T. P. May (T. B. Peterson & Bros.), is a historical romance of considerable freshness and spirit. A lively young Irish adventurer, serving in the army of Charles III. of Spain, is not at all a bad figure for romance. — The Fate of Madame La Tour, a tale of the Great Salt Lake, by Mrs. A. G. Paddock (Ford, Howard & Hulbert), and Damen's Ghost, one of the latest of the Round-Robin Series of native fictions, complete our list in this department.

Art. A Biography of David Cox, with Remarks on his Works and Genius (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York, London, and Paris), by William Hall, has been issued under the editorship of J. T. Bunce. The author was favored with a long intimacy with Cox, and being an artist himself was therefore able thoroughly to appreciate the efforts of the man whose biographer he has become. The book is much more interesting to the general reader than biographies are apt to be; perhaps, for one reason, because the genius of the man who earned a foremost place among the creators of a school of English water-color painters has not been praised without limit, but has received justice. — The Human Figure, one of Putnam's Art Hand-Books (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), edited by Miss Susan N. Carter, has reached a fourth edition. In her capacity as principal of the Woman's Art School, at the Cooper Union, Miss Carter has had an opportunity to see what is needed in the way of special discussions for students in art, and these volumes appear to be edited understandingly. In the book at hand, which was written by Henry Warren, honorary president of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colors, the drawing, color, and proportions of the human figure are considered in detail. — A Short History of Art (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), by Julia B. De Forest, will have to take its chances with many others which have appeared within a few years. The book is well illustrated. It is intended for students as an introductory to standard works, but, being a book of three hundred and fifty pages, it can hardly be called a "brief" outline of the origin and development of art, although it may be, and evidently is, an interesting and accurate one. — Students in art who desire to give any considerable attention to the history of sculpture, painting, or architecture will find Mr. C. S. Farrar's book, Art Topics (Townsend MacCoun, Chicago), of the greatest assistance. As a reference book and key to standard works on art, it has at present no rival. Its whole purpose is to give a brief biographical history of sculpture, painting, and architecture, with special references to the best works on the subjects, or on any particular divisions of them. These references, given in such a thorough manner, are exactly what students in art need to assist them. — The Magazine of Art for October (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., New York) contains the second paper on The Story of an Artist's Struggle; a second article on Dutch Painters and Woodcutters, with five illustrations; Nuremberg, with five illustrations; an article on The Progress of Academies of Art in Great Britain; a well-illustrated account of Barge Life; and the usual number of pages of art notes. The full-page frontispiece is a wood-engraving of Ars Longa, Vita Brevis, after the original painting by Haynes Williams.

Religious. The following religious books have been received during the month: The Bible Commentary, Vol. III., Romans to Philemon (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), by F. C. Cook, M. A., Canon of Exeter; The American Edition of the Revised Version of the New Testament (Harper & Brothers, New York); The Theory of Preaching, Lectures on Homiletics, by Austin Phelps, D. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York); The Candle of the Lord, and Other Sermons, by the Rev. Phillips Brooks (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York); The Man Jesus, by John W. Chadwick (Roberts Brothers, Boston); The Orthodox Theology of To-Day, by Newman Smyth (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.'S LITERARY BULLETIN

Special attention is invited to the Books named in this and following pages, — to their combination of literary and mechanical excellence, and their fine adaptation for Holiday Gifts.

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Illustration to "The Quaker Widow."

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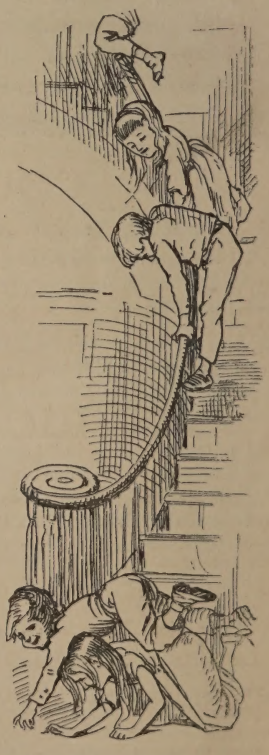

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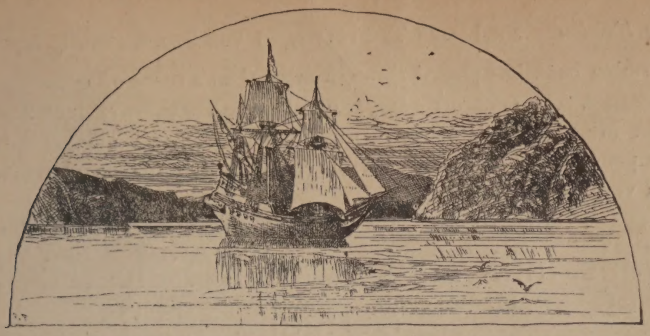

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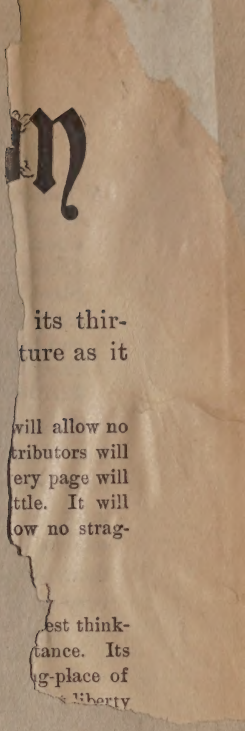

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